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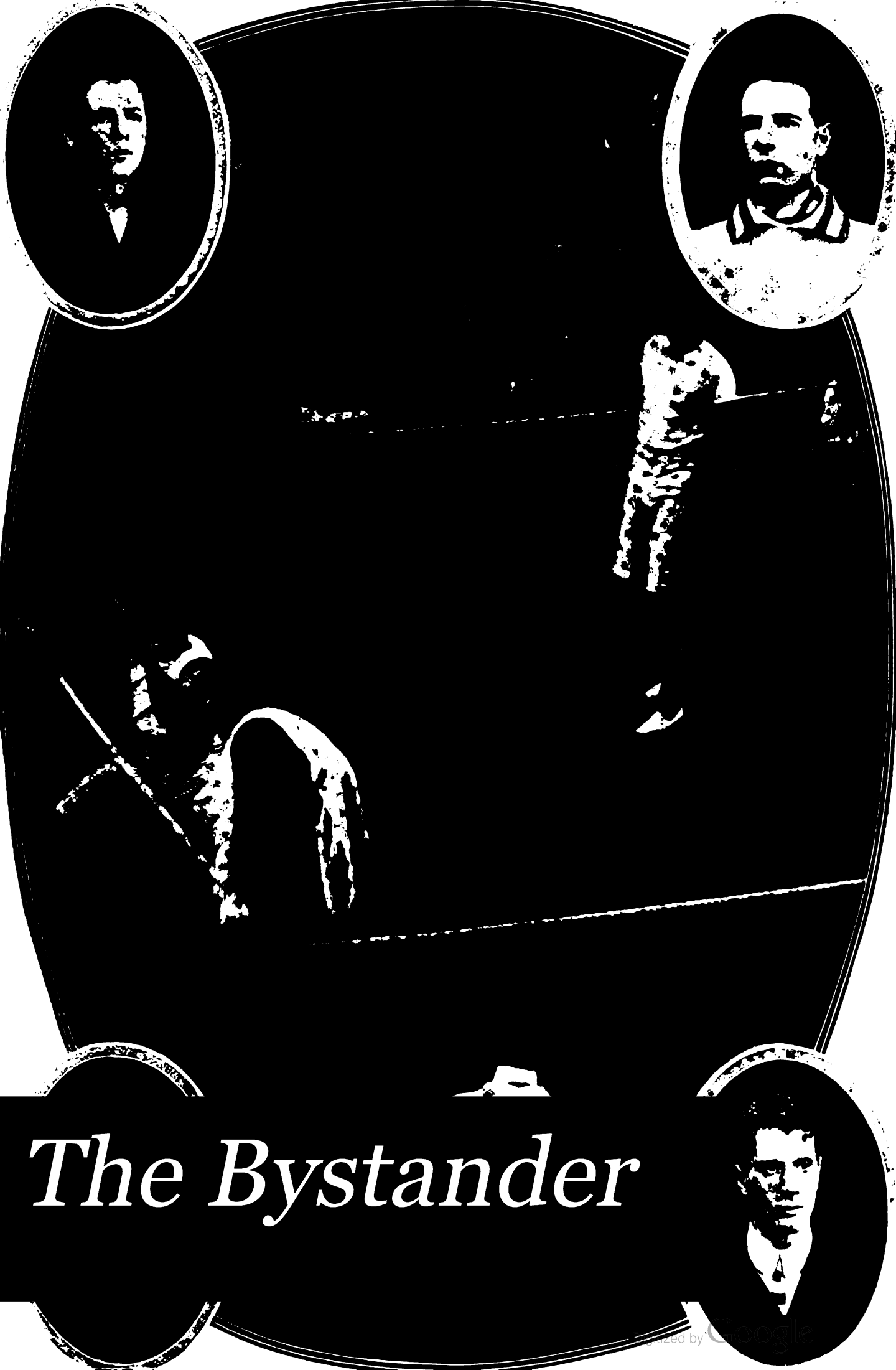

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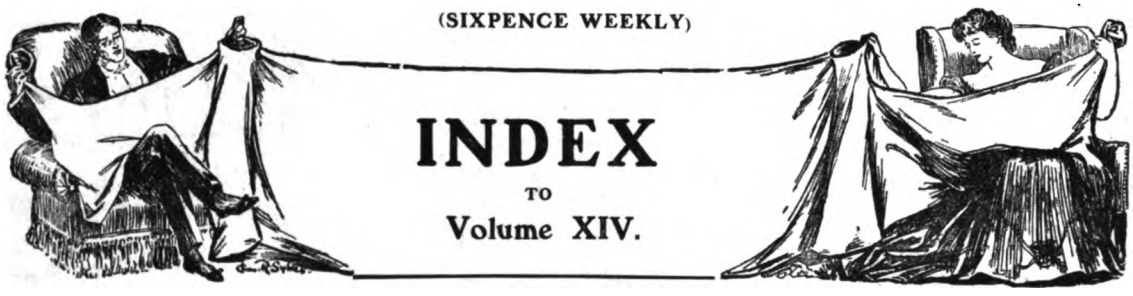

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MISS EVELYN FOSTER

Who is shortly to be married to the Marquis of Downshire. She is the elder daughter of Mr. Edmund Foster, of Clewer Manor, Windsor, and has quite a reputation as an amateur actress. The Dutch wedding at Windsor of her sister, now the Baroness Frans Heemstra, was one of the prettiest events of last season

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No. 174.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

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Bystander Comments

On Facilities

Facilities are a nuisance. They ought to be put down by law. On the surface, they are things that make other things easier. In reality, they are a fertile source of difficulties. Take railway facilities for the Easter Holidays. Have they made the Easter Holidays easier? The answer is a weary smile.

* * *

Easter at Rome

The fact is, facilities tempt one to do what one would never have thought of if left to oneself. You read that railway facilities are such that you can go to Rome for Easter for thirty-five and fourpence cheaper than you could have gone to Rome for at some other period. You don't want to go to Rome for Easter. You would much rather stay at home. But the thing tempts you. "By Jove!" you say, "one can save 35*s.* 6*d.* by going to Rome, and get in forty-one hours there. *Train de luxe*, too. Wonderful the rate they go. It took my great-grandfather a month to do. I think I'll go."

* * *

Afterwards

You do go. So do a lot of other people. When a *train de luxe* is crowded, it's very like any other train—only more so. There are facilities in a sardine-tin, when you come to consider the matter. Rome is Rome, of course. But then, on the other hand, forty-one hours are forty-one hours. You can get a meal or two in—the facilities provide for that—and if you're a good sleeper you can sleep in the train. If you can't, you will, perhaps, have a nervous break-down on your return. There are facilities for getting over nervous prostration, no doubt, and you try them, too. But you wish you hadn't to.

* * *

A Hint for Suffragists

Apropos of facilities, why do not Suffragists study Jiu-Jitsu before their next attack on the House of Commons? It is no good hitting a policeman with a muff. Policemen are pretty easily injured by roughs sometimes (a sturdy Hooligan occasionally accounts for a couple of policemen), but no policeman would care to allow that he was disabled by a blow from a muff. No doubt a muff saves the knuckles of the striker from painful contact with the policeman's buttons, but we decline to think that Suffragists are afraid for their knuckles. Women who will suffer the pangs of indigestion from Holloway diet would not mind losing a little skin.

* * *

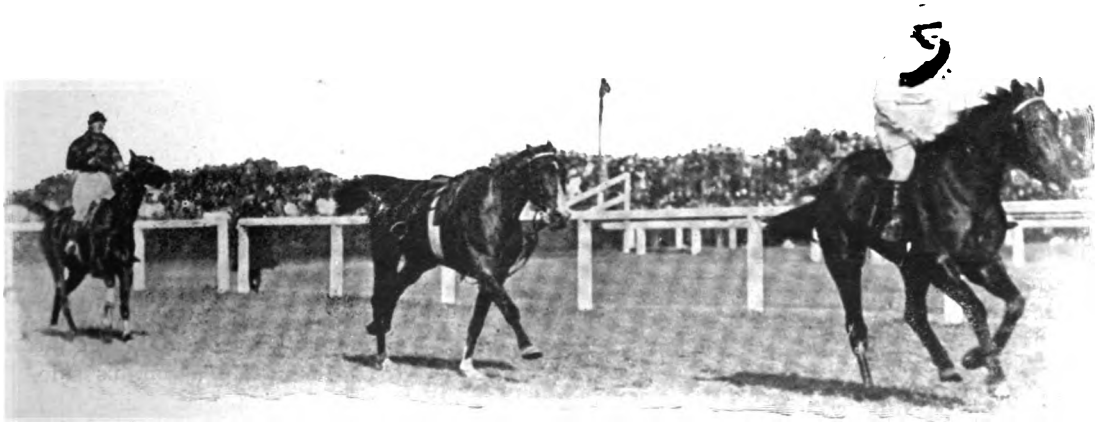
What Would They Do in the House?

But it may be they really do not wish to pass the police. It is difficult to see what they would want in the House itself. Would they begin legislating at once, or would they hurl themselves bodily upon our present representatives? It would be a Homeric struggle—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in the grip of Miss Pankhurst, Mr. Asquith borne to the ground by the united weights of a bevy of Lancashire maidens. Then a fight for the body of Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Straus might take advantage of the *mêlée* to pass his Weights and Measures (Metric System) Bill and the Irish Members to secure Home Rule.

* * *

Weights and Measures

Speaking from the point of view of those who painfully learnt their Weights and Measures at school by heart, we are rather glad Mr. Straus's Bill has failed. It would be annoying to know that we had learnt them all in vain. Of course, they are weird and confusing and illogical and absurd. But then what would become of slate and paper manufacturers, if we could do all our calculations in our heads, as Mr. Straus wants us to do? Besides, the decimal system always suggests counting on one's fingers and thumbs, which no self-respecting Englishman would do. All very well for the Latin races. Not for us.



Eremon winning the Grand National followed by the riderless Rathvale

The victory of Mr. Stanley Howard's horse in the great steeplechase was very popular. Mr. Howard purchased him from Mr. James Daly in 1906 for £400, and after a few runs with the Ward Union Staghounds, sent him to train for the "National," with splendid results, considering Eremon's youth. Following the victor home is the riderless Rathvale

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RACING NOTIONS

A MEMORABLE GRAND NATIONAL. By "CARBINE"

A Popular Success

Eremon deservedly takes rank among the most popular Grand National winners of modern times. Everything about the horse was perfectly above-board. His owner is a keen young sportsman, who races in a small way purely for the love of racing; he does not bet largely himself, but he had the utmost confidence in Eremon, and weeks before the event his friends knew what he thought of the horse, and backed him accordingly. Mr. Stanley Howard has always had very great faith in Coulthwaite, and at Liverpool after the race it was exceedingly pleasant to see the gratitude which was expressed in the hand-shake between owner and trainer. Coulthwaite certainly has a wonderful way with jumpers.

The Truth About Eremon

Some absurd stories about the earlier history of Eremon have appeared in print, forming a "romance" in more senses than one. We are told, for example, that the horse once ran in the "shafts of a milk-cart or a jaunting-car." That is untrue. It has been stated that Mr. Howard got him for £50. That also is untrue. From an authoritative source I learn that Eremon was purchased from Mr. James Daly in Dublin in January, 1906, for £400 by his present owner, after he had been ridden a few times with the Ward Union Staghounds. The young horse went so well that he was tried over a country. After a little difficulty at first, Eremon jumped "as high as a house," and that decided Mr. Howard to send him into training, with the magnificent result now known to the world.

Marvellous Riding

While Mr. Howard and Coulthwaite have received endless congratulations, Newey has not been forgotten, for everyone recognises that more brilliant horsemanship has never been seen in the Grand National. To ride with only one stirrup-iron over thirty of the most formidable jumps known in steeplechasing is a performance unequalled in the annals of the great race. Those who have ever had to ride across country under a similar disadvantage will fully appreciate the extraordinary character of Newey's feat, and I am still wondering how on earth he did it, especially when remembering how much the wretched riderless Rathvale harassed him. When it was all over, Newey had some difficulty in drawing the weight with only one iron, and I am told that to Coulthwaite and others the weighing-in was the "most exciting three minutes of all." Happily, the jockey managed to touch 10st. 1lb., and the race was Eremon's beyond dispute. It was a glorious victory, and will be talked of for many a long day. This week my selection is **Amersham** for the Royal Borough Handicap at Windsor.

Are We Short of Good Riders?

At the opening of a new season we are reminded that the Turf is rather badly off for really good jockeys. Randall, Lynham, Jones, McCall, Halsey, and the rest, no doubt, are all very capable horsemen; but if an owner imagines he has a good thing at a medium weight, he will think first of Maher, and if he cannot get Maher he will go for Madden and Higgs. Those three stand quite at the head of the profession, and Maher is the pick of the three; but the American came under the unfavourable notice of the Stewards once or twice in the latter half of last season, and certainly lost something in prestige. Plenty of good lads of from 6st. to 6st. 10lb. have been brought to the front by the apprentice allowances, but among the seniors real talent is strikingly lacking, and that was evidenced when Stern was brought over from France to ride Troutbeck in the St. Leger.

Archer and Fordham

Comparisons of the sort are difficult and inconclusive, but no two jockeys now riding can, in my opinion, be placed on the same level as Fred Archer and George Fordham. Those contemporaries rank as, perhaps, the greatest riders in the history of the Turf, and even now racegoers who knew them will argue warmly about their respective merits. Archer was the more successful of the two in regard to the number of races won, but he could never give a pound to his famous rival, who was the best "kidder" ever seen in the saddle. A couple of furlongs from the end of a race a favourite dodge of his was to begin riding his horse as though for dear life. His whip would get to work (on his boot), his shoulders would heave convulsively, his backers in the stand would shout, "Fordham's beat!" Perceiving his plight, the other jockeys would at once begin to ride hard for the finish, and a few yards of this would take all the steam out of their mounts. Then Fordham would shoot out in earnest, and win his race comfortably with the laugh all on his side. The wheeze, of course, was of no use against Archer and Cannon, but it often came off against less experienced jockeys, and even Archer himself was occasionally outwitted by the "Demon."

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Public Schools' Boxing Championships

THE FOUR WINNERS

Feather-weights
P. M. R. Anderson, Bedford Grammar School

Light-weights
W. G. Gabain, Charterhouse

Middle-weights
C. O. Lilley. St. Paul's School

Centre photo by Halftones, Ltd.

The Heavy-weights: MacIlwaine (Clifton College) knocks out J. H. Drieberg (Lancing)

In the final MacIlwaine withdrew and G. A. Lilley (St. Paul's) had a walk over

The Public Schools' Gymnastic, Boxing, and Fencing Competitions took place at Aldershot on March 22. The chief honours of the day fell to St. Paul's School

Heavy-weights
G. A. Lilley, St. Paul's School

Portraits by Knight

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The Topictator

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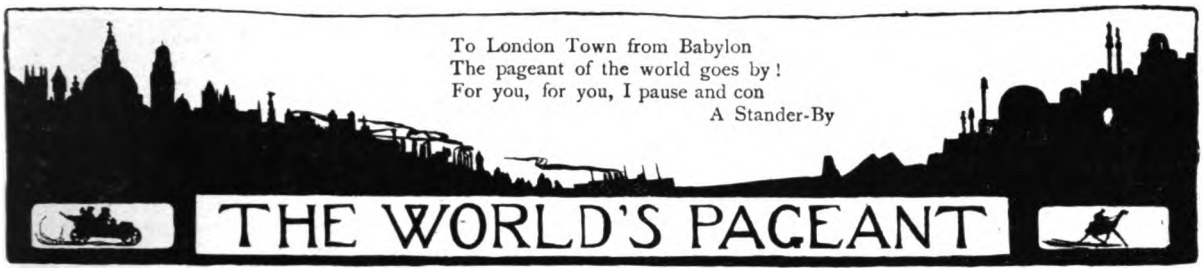

The Royal Cruise

To-day, if present arrangements hold good, the Queen and Princess Victoria join the King on board the Royal yacht preparatory to starting on their Mediterranean trip. Queen Alexandra is probably the keenest yachtswoman in Great Britain. She is never so well or so happy as on board the Royal yacht, perhaps because, in a yachting skirt, a foot or so off the ground, and a reefer coat, the apparent irksomeness of being a Queen is most easily forgotten. Her Majesty, too, is an inveterate and tireless sight-seer. To land, armed with her camera, at some tiny Southern town, to "poke about" unrecognised in tiny old shops, to pretend she is no Queen, these are Her Majesty's chief delights, and these she may indulge to the full while cruising in the Mediterranean.

* * *

The Royal Escort

The cruisers *Suffolk* and *Lancaster* are to form the escort for the Royal yacht on the Mediterranean cruise. The Senior Service, in fact, is to have its share of escort duty for the next week or so. As at present arranged, nearly the whole of the Mediterranean Fleet, under Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Drury, the new Commander-in-Chief, together with the Atlantic Fleet, will escort His Majesty the King when the Royal visit to King Alfonso is made. A visit made most unceremoniously is to be returned with fullest ceremony. No one appreciates better than King Edward the good policy of creating a good impression, and a dozen or so battleships are sufficiently imposing in these days of *Dreadnoughts* and worse.

* * *

The Royal Visit to Ireland

Though no official announcement has been made, according to the Earl of Shaftesbury, the King will shortly visit Ireland. He will be there for the last fortnight in May, and during his stay at Dublin (probably over Whitsuntide) will reside at the Viceregal Lodge. For the last two or three days of his visit, it is expected that His Majesty will be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Lismore Castle, Co. Waterford. Lismore, which we illustrate elsewhere, is, perhaps, the most beautiful seat in Ireland, and, though seldom visited by the Duke and Duchess, is kept up in the same feudally regal style as reigns at Chatsworth. The Castle, from the windows of which some of the finest views in all Ireland can be seen, is perched high up on a wood-clad hill which rises almost perpendicularly from a stream below. A year or two ago, on the occasion of the last Royal visit, Princess Victoria, as good an angler as her sister, the Princess Royal, spent many hours fishing in this water.

* * *

The Princess of Wales

It seems that, in the fulness of time, we are to have yet another beautiful Queen on the throne of England. In that fierce light which beats upon the ballroom of the Ritz—and in that rather subterranean atmosphere—the other day, on the occasion of the Irish Industries Sale, the Princess of Wales looked regally beautiful. Very well-dressed in the manner which is almost the only wear for Royalty, so constantly are they in semi-mourning, the inevitable osprey in her toque, and the sleeves to the wrist which now only Royalties patronise, the Princess wore superb emeralds in honour of St. Patrick. Her Royal Highness looks not a day over thirty. She has grown

Photo *Graphic Photo Agency*

Georgiana, Marchioness of Downshire

In her boudoir at Nizells, Hildenborough, Kent

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The Smartest Lady Lawn-Tennis Player

slim, her face is much slighter in contour, her complexion is beautiful, and her fair, burnished hair is perfectly dressed. At public gatherings such as that at the Ritz, she wears a shy, rather furtive look. Her eyes constantly seek the ground, and she is very serious. When she smiles, she is charming—a type, in fact, of English beauty.

* * *

Royalty on Show

I always give thanks that I am not a Royalty when I see them at public affairs of this kind. Long practice, utter boredom—or is it Royal dignity?—has made of them just machines. They appear to be driven from behind by some unseen power. They walk rapidly. They listen, without seeming to listen, to the explanatory whisperings of the lady-in-waiting. They shake hands with a faint smile. and have passed on before you have reached full height after your curtsey. They are automatic to the last degree; often wooden. They get so accustomed to speaking over the top of one's head as one curtseys that they habitually look through or over people. And oh, how ugly is the necessary "Ma'am," with which they (the Queen and the Princess of Wales) are addressed!

* * *

Lady Downshire

At the Irish Sale, by the way, the Princess bought many lovely Irish embroideries from Lady Downshire. Her ladyship, who has very kindly allowed us to publish a photograph of herself specially taken for THE BYSTANDER, was the recipient of many congratulations on the engagement of her son, Lord Downshire, to Miss Evelyn Foster, of Clewer Manor. Her ladyship, who is, unfortunately, very lame, is Scotch—a Balfour of Balbirnie. She has been a widow for nearly forty years, and resides almost entirely at Nizells, her house near Hildenborough. Her son, the present Marquis, came into the title when he was quite a baby, and his long minority, ably conducted by his uncle, Lord Arthur Hill, his trustee, has made of him a far richer man than any of his predecessors. At her stall, Lady Downshire was assisted by another Irish peeress, Viscountess Massareene, a tall, picturesque figure in trailing velvet embroideries.

* * *

More Lawn Tennis on the Riviera

As I said a week or two since, lawn tennis on the Riviera has a fascination peculiarly its own. There is an element of merrymaking about it—if I may be allowed such an expression in connection with so serious a sport—which, to my mind, nearly doubles its delights. Our illustration depicts Miss Eastlake Smith, the winner of the Ladies' Singles at Nice and Monte Carlo, the Countess Schulenburg, Mr. F. G. Lowe, and Mr. G. M. Simond. Miss Eastlake Smith and Mr. F. G. Lowe are two of the most promising young players we have at present, and of both of them has it been predicted that they will be champions in the future.

A snapshot at the Nice Lawn-Tennis Tournament

G. M. Simond (Referee), Miss Eastlake Smith (winner of the Ladies' Cup), and Countess Schulenburg (finalist, Mixed Doubles). Walking away is F. G. Lowe, Cambridge University. Miss Eastlake Smith is considered the best-looking and the best-dressed lady lawn-tennis player of the day

* * *

Pretty Frocks and Good Looks

Miss Eastlake Smith certainly has the felicity of being the best-looking as well as the best-dressed lady lawn-tennis player of the day. Her success as a sportswoman has not, in her case at any rate, inspired her with a detestation of "feminine fripperies." Mr. F. G. Lowe, too, is quite good-looking. Not so beautiful as the Brothers Doherty, of course (would that be possible?), but his Greek profile comes in for its fair share of admiration, nevertheless. He is a son of Sir Francis Lowe, M.P. for Edgbaston, and both he and his brother, Mr. A. H. Lowe, made their first appearance on the covered court at Queen's Club in the autumn. The Countess Schulenburg is one of the hardy annuals of the Riviera lawn-tennis season. At one time she played only with Reggie Doherty, but this year she is playing mostly with "H. L." of that ilk.

* * *

The Liverpool Races

With the Spring Meeting at Aintree and the Grand National the social racing season began. From now right up to Goodwood there is no long cessation in racing events, and during the present month the most interesting fixtures are the Newmarket Craven on the 16th, the first Spring Meeting at Newmarket on the 30th, the City and Suburban on the 24th, and in the following week that most charming if not most professional of meetings, that of the Household Brigade at Hawthorn Hill. The Aintree Meeting, awful when it is cold, for surely there never was a windier place than Aintree, was delightful this year, for perfect Spring weather reigned supreme all the week. The usual people had the usual parties. Lord Derby, whose colours in the North seem ever increasing in popularity, had at Knowsley the Prince of Wales and a large party, which included the Duke of Devonshire, Prince and Princess Kinsky, Lady Mar and Kellie, Lord Roberts and his daughter, Lady Edith Villiers, and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild.

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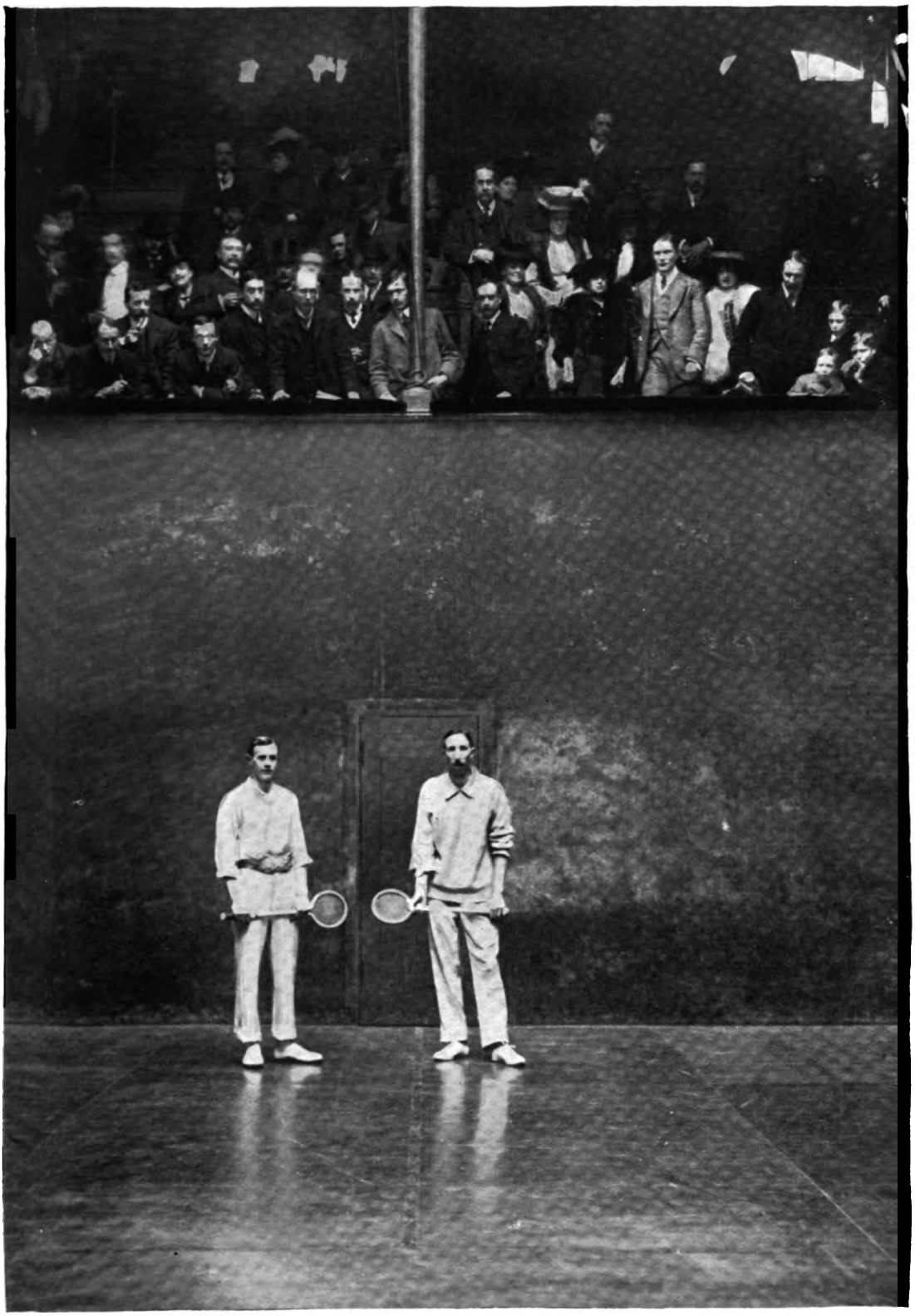
Royalty and Racquets

LITTLE PRINCES WATCH MR. NOEL WIN THE AMATEUR SINGLES



After the Match

Mr. E. B. Noel (right) and Mr. B. S. Foster (left). (The three Princes of Wales and their tutor are seen on the right in the gallery.) Mr. Noel's victory over Mr. Foster by three games to two in the Amateur Racquets Championship was quite unexpected. Mr. Noel, who was educated at Winchester and Cambridge, is an old Blue, but has never before won the Championship. He holds a position on the staff of *The Times*. Mr. Foster, who is one of the famous Worcestershire brethren, and an old Malvernian, is on the stage, playing in *The Hook of Holland*

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Shelley's Niece to Marry an Italian Sailor

At Croxteth, Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, Lord Suffolk, Colonel Lambton, and Lord and Lady Lonsdale are staying with the Earl and Countess of Sefton; while at the Grange, Gateacre, Colonel and Mrs. Hall Walker are entertaining Lord and Lady Ilchester, Count Mensdorff, Lord Dalmeny, and Mr. Gill, K.C., amongst others.

* * *

Weddings and Engagements

April, sandwiched as it is between Lent and the luckless month of May, is full of weddings. Yesterday Miss Rosamund Ramsden, daughter of Sir John and Lady Gwendolen Ramsden, was married to Captain John Ford; to-day Mr. Gerard Hill, the late Lord Hill's youngest son, marries Miss Dorothy Bongey; on Saturday Lord Yarborough's niece, Miss Marjorie Astley-Corbett, is to be married to Mr. Cuthbert Blundell; and on the 11th of this month there are two interesting weddings. By special permission of the King, the wedding of Captain Godfrey Faussett, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, to Miss Eugénie Dudley Ward, will take place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's; and Lord Cole, Lord Enniskillen's son and heir, will marry Miss Miller Mundy. On the 15th Lady Kerry's brother, Mr. Hope, is to marry Miss Dunsmuir, the daughter of the Governor of British Columbia; and on the 25th Mr. Dudley Gordon, who is second heir to his father, Lord Aberdeen, will marry Miss Cecile Drummond. Latest announced engagements include those of Sir Henry Norman, M.P. (once the husband of Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie), to Miss Priscilla McLaren, the daughter of the Member for the Bosworth Division of Leicestershire; Miss Norah Shelley (great-niece of the poet) to Signor Fausta Lena, of the Italian Navy; and Miss Bankes, of Wigan, to Major H. Adair Thompson, of Dungiven, Co. Derry.

Photo *Stéphanie Maud*

Miss Norah Shelley

Great-niece of the famous poet, who is engaged to Signor Fausta Lena, of the Italian Navy

Photo *Thomson*

Miss Cecile Drummond

Who is to marry the Hon. Dudley Gordon on April 25

* * *

Selby

Selby Abbey, Yorkshire, is again rising Phœnix-like from its ashes. The nation is evidently decided not to let this link with the past be utterly destroyed, although the Fates, in the shape of disastrous fire, did their best a few months ago to wipe the Abbey out of existence. The appeal for funds for its rebuilding has been liberally answered from all quarters, and, as our small photograph shows, a new roof is already rapidly coming into being, and similar progress is being made with other portions of the building. Since the Abbey dates from the early part of the twelfth century, no pains should be spared to retain in as good preservation as possible such an historic edifice.

* * *

Rolling Stone Gathers a Title

Lord Lyveden, to whom we are indebted for the latest thing in suggestions for the regeneration of the naughty House of Lords, has had a most varied and remarkable career. He succeeded to the title only six years ago, on the death of his uncle, the news of his succession reaching him at a time when he was saloon steward on a Steam Navigation Company's vessel. Soon after leaving Eton, he enlisted, but after eight months bought himself out and took up the stage as a profession, appearing with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Haymarket in 1882. Tiring of stage life, he went to the States, and, in North Carolina, became a nursery gardener. He failed, however, to make monetary success of the culture of vegetables, so he went to sea as a ship's steward. A year's seamanship sent him back again to the stage. He toured in the States, and, returning to England, ran a company of his own for a year, that monstrous production *Mr. Barnes of New York* being his most successful venture. Marrying in 1890, he once more tried nursery gardening, this time in England, at Stanwick, in Northamptonshire, but, again failing, he went back to sea and became a steward on the ill-fated *Paris*. Since his accession to the title, Lord Lyveden has abjured the rôle of the rolling stone, wintering in Switzerland, where he is great on ski-ing and tobogganing, being the extent of his travels and adventures.

* * *

Lord Lyveden's Reform Proposals

His democratic career would seem to have left him little in sympathy with his fellow peers as a legislative body. He is an advocate for life peerages, and he criticises severely the peerages created by Mr. Balfour as being given for Party purposes, seemingly forgetting that the Liberal Party, his own, of course,

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The One Exception

"MANY A TRUE WORD SPOKEN IN JEST"

INTENDING PURCHASER: "You say he's quiet and will pass anything?"
OWNER: "Yes."
BYSTANDER: "I reckon I knows something he won't pass!"
INDIGNANT OWNER: "What's that?"
BYSTANDER: "The Vet!!"

BY LIONEL D. EDWARDS

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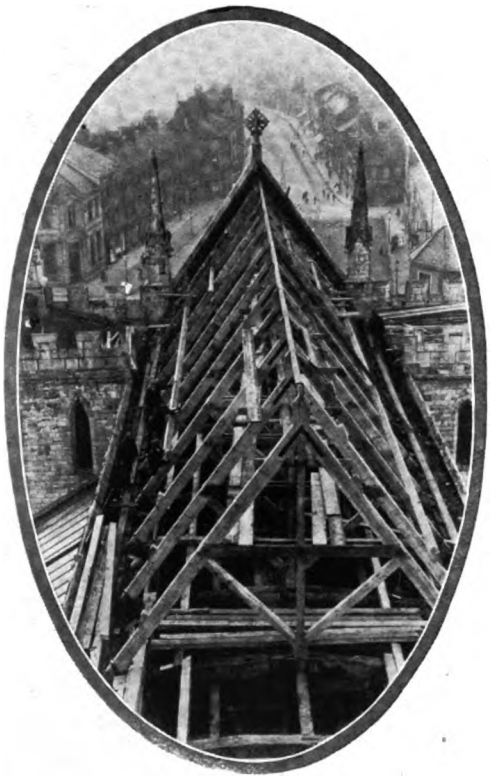
The Restoration of Selby Abbey

is not entirely innocent in these respects either. The two great faults he has to find with the present House of Lords are (1) that they are incompetent for their work, and (2) that they are overpoweringly Conservative in political complexion. He is neither for mending nor ending the recalcitrant assembly of which he is an hereditary member. He would but limit their power — "draw their teeth" as he calls it—by allowing their veto to last for one session only, and would compel the reference of all measures persistently rejected by the Lords to a plebiscite of the whole nation.

* * *

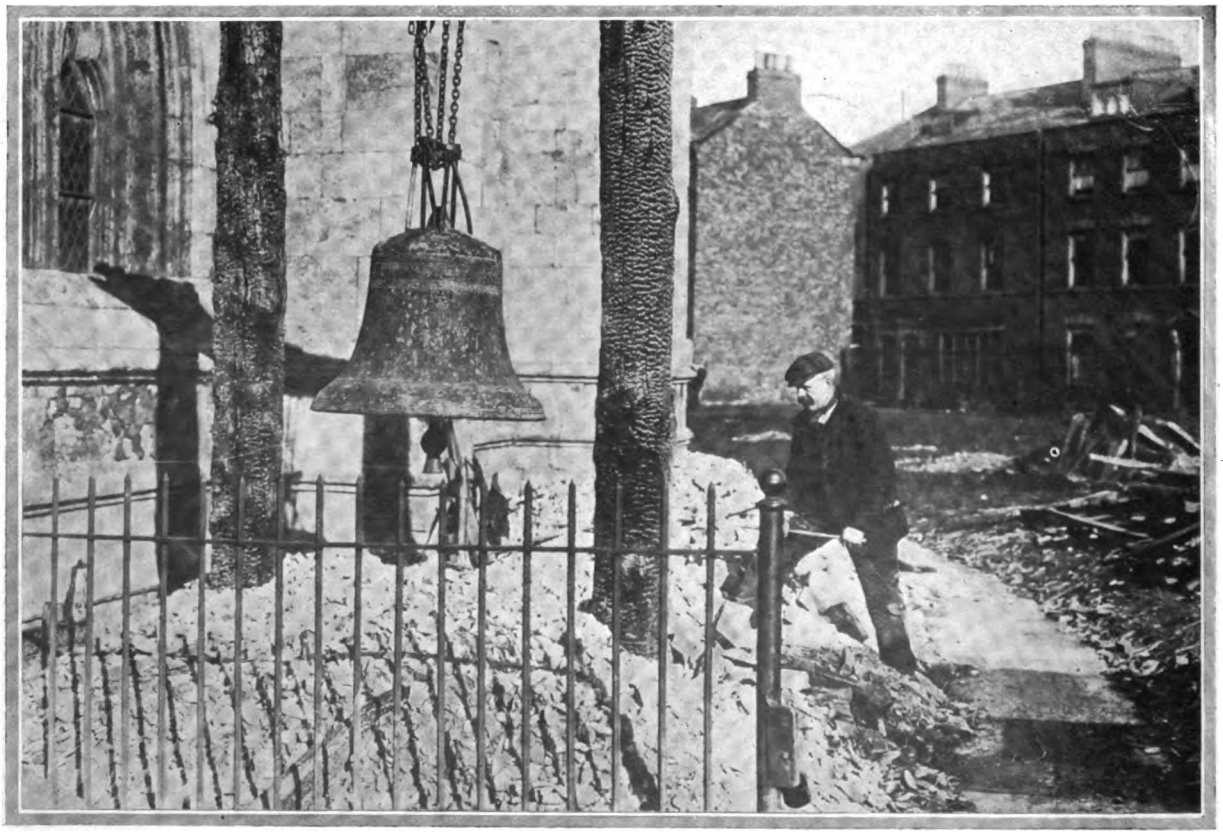
To Welcome the Colonials

And talking of things political, the visit of the Colonial Premiers threatens to keep us, both socially and politically, very lively through a month which is generally dull in both respects. The arrival of General Botha this week is the signal for the fun to begin, and for some time dining and wining and casket-receiving will form a very large part of the careers of the Colonial Premiers. Lord Elgin will be one of their hosts, and, of course, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (whose photograph, taken while he strolled in Fleet Street, we have pleasure in reproducing) will see a good deal of them. Lord Elgin will preside at the Eighty Club dinner on the 13th, and this is to be so vast an affair that I forget whether it is the Albert Hall or Drury Lane Theatre which has been fixed upon for its *milieu*. The Duchess of Sutherland, Lord and Lady Derby, Lady Beauchamp, Lord Strathcona, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Crewe (if she is well enough).



The rebuilding of Selby Abbey, which was burnt down last autumn

The new roof, showing the progress which is being made in the restoration of this historic edifice



Photos *Topical Agency*

Selby Abbey: The temporary "Belfry"

This very temporary belfry, in which one of the fallen bells is hung on three charred beams, has been erected in order to comply with the law, that every church must have a bell hung to qualify for a Government grant. It is to be hoped, however, that before long a new tower will be constructed in which the bells may find a permanent home

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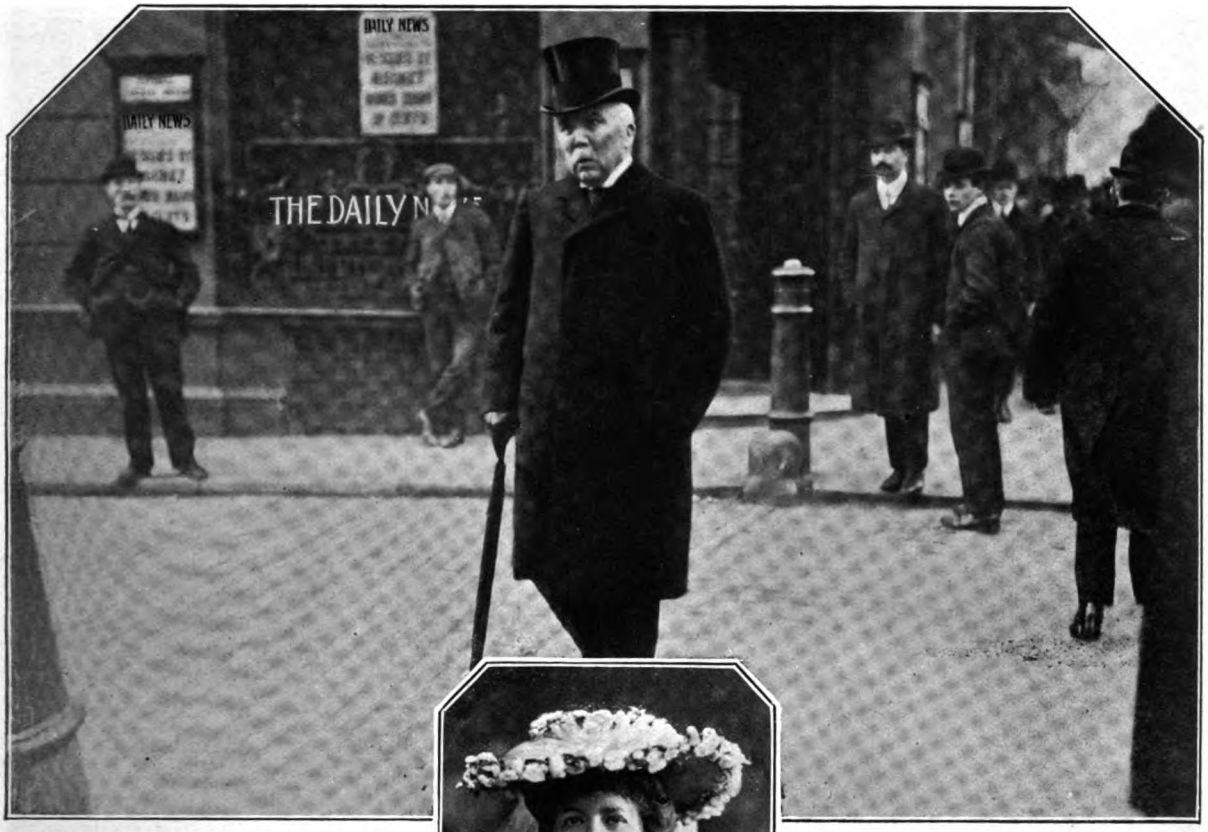
Ready for the Colonial Conference

PHOTOGRAPHS OF TWO PREMIERS AND ONE HOSTESS



Photo

The first Premier of them all

The Right Hon. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, M.P., takes a walk down Fleet Street. Our photograph shows him, appropriately enough, passing the office of his greatest Press supporter, the *Daily News*

Illustrations Bureau

Lady Beauchamp

Who, on behalf of H.M. Government, will entertain the Colonial Premiers on April 15. Her husband (ex-Governor of New South Wales) is Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms *(Photo by H. Walter Barnett)*

Photo] **The first Premier to arrive in England** [*Park*

Sir J. Ward, Premier of New Zealand, and his secretaries, at work at the Hotel Cecil

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The Haunted Musical-Box of Beauchamp

Lady Wimborne, and Lady Portsmouth, all these ladies will entertain our visitors, while the Prince and Princess of Wales will lead the way. City companies, clubs, and institutions are organising functions galore. Upon my word, I don't quite know how the poor Colonials will manage to get everything in, and I foresee the voyage home coming as a species of rest-cure to many weary Little Marys, and arms tired out with casket-receiving.

* * *

Lord and Lady Beauchamp

Lady Beauchamp, who is the daughter of Lady Grosvenor, will entertain the Colonial representatives on behalf of the King's Government on April 15. Lord Beauchamp is Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms (a small appointment kindly given him by the present Government in acknowledgment of his staunch Liberalism). He was once, at the early age of twenty-six, Governor of New South Wales, where his career was not exactly roses, roses all the way. He was nicknamed "Seidlitz Powders" out there, for he had a habit of issuing invitations to receptions at Government House on different cards, one blue and the other white. Lady Beauchamp has had her new house in Belgrave Square most artistically decorated. Both she and Lord Beauchamp take life very seriously—even the family superstition.

* * *

A Musical Heirloom

On the piano in Lady Beauchamp's boudoir is an old musical-box. It belonged to Lord Beauchamp's grandmother, and it had firmly refused for twenty years to justify its existence by playing tunes. Nothing would make it. Its obstinacy was positively feminine. When Lady Beauchamp's eldest boy (Viscount Elmley) was born, it suddenly, of its own accord, and without warning, played a tiny tune. It did not play and was not touched again. Then, when her second child was born, it again behaved in the same uncanny manner, and there is no explanation given. (This is a true story; or, at least, it is told by the principals, so it ought to be.) Madresfield, by the way, the home of this emotional musical-box, is a most charming place. It dates back to Tudor times, and has a moat and a bowling-green of velvet texture; and the house inside is almost completely panelled with beautiful old black oak.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Lyveden

Who has introduced a Bill for the reform of the Gilded Chamber, to which he has himself recently succeeded

Photo *Maclure, Macdonald & Co.*

Lord Blythswood

To entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales on their visit to Glasgow

* * *

Hosts of Royalty

Lord Blythswood, who is to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of their visit to Glasgow, though the first baron and baronet of his line, belongs to a most distinguished Scotch family, being a Campbell-Campbell, and of the same stock as the Duke of Argyll. For his political services, rendered as M.P. for Renfrewshire, Lord Salisbury gave him his barony in 1892. He has no children; his titles, therefore, by special remainder, will go to his eldest brother, the Rev. Sholto Campbell-Douglas, who married a daughter of General Lord Alfred Paget.

* * *

Useful Glasgow Ground Rents

Next to a decided leaning towards amateur science, Lord Blythswood places entertaining as his favourite pursuit. In this last he is encouraged by Lady Blythswood, one of the most hospitable of women, and a sister of Lord Carrington, and Glasgow ground rents provide the wherewithal for all their sumptuous entertainments. Although seventy-three years of age, Lord Blythswood is extremely active, and never tires of showing people over his beautiful old house, which has been immortalised by Burns in his song of "The Gallant Weaver." He is a veteran of the Crimean War, and still bears the scars he got at Inkerman. In the piping times of peace, he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Scots Guards, and Colonel and A.D.C. to Queen Victoria, whom he entertained at Blythswood.

* * *

Lady William Nevill

Sympathy of the most universal and heart-felt description is being offered to Lady William Nevill in her present trouble. A daughter of the house of Murietta, and a sister of the late pretty Duchess de Santona, Lady William Nevill is a fascinating mixture of Irish and Spanish, and in appearance, with her fine dark eyes and high-dressed, prematurely grey hair, is more a daughter of Spain than of Ireland. Her wedding at the Oratory (Lord William Nevill was received into

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The Latest Romance

the Catholic Church while on the staff of Lord Loch at Government House, Melbourne) was a brilliant ceremony, and was honoured by the presence of the King, then Prince of Wales and a great friend of the bride's parents, with whom he constantly "week-ended" at Wadhurst Park. A superb pianist, and accomplished in many other ways, Lady William is a devoted wife. Her loyalty and devotion to Lord "Bill" has never swerved, though her mother, old Mrs. Murietta, practically died of grief at her daughter's troubles, pecuniary and otherwise.

* * *

A Woman's Man

For, as a younger man, at any rate, Lord "Bill" was the kind of man women adore. With the figure of Antinöus he combined the charm and manners of the *ancien régime*. Of late, this elegance, whether with the approach of middle age, or as a result of life's vicissitudes, has, perhaps, a little waned. But he is still exactly like his twin-sisters, Lady Rose and Lady Violet. Both married very young, both divorced, and both remarried—the one to Lord Cottenham and the other to Mr. Robert Myddelton, of Chirk Castle, North Wales—these twin-sisters could, in their youth, be only with difficulty distinguished the one from the other. I was once present at some Tableaux given at the Eridge Schoolrooms. Lady Rose and Lady Violet, girls then and very beautiful, posed, the one in front the other behind an oval-framed mirror from which the mirror itself had been removed. So perfect a reflection were they of each other that the illusion was complete, and it was next to impossible to imagine that two persons were depicted. *Ne vile Velis*—Wish Nothing Mean—is the Nevill motto, and it is particularly applicable, somehow, to the family as a whole, for, as an intimate friend of theirs remarked only the other day, "The Nevills are eccentric, yes, but oh, how patrician!" Lord Abergavenny, Lord William's father, is in his eighty-first year. One of his favourite grand-daughters, Miss Marguerite Nevill, was married a week or so back to Lord Hastings.

Supplied by E. N. A.

Countess Vilma Festetics

Who has recently married a gypsy violinist, Rudi Nyary, at Budapest. Her father is the head of one of the oldest families in Hungary

* * *

Nothing New Under the Sun

The coal trick, readers of Boccacio will remember, is by no means a novelty. Boccacio's story of the exploits of Frate Cipolla tells hows this mendicant and wily friar counted as chief amongst the relics which formed his stock-in-trade a feather from the wing of the annunciatory angel Gabriel. This feather he kept secure in a small box. On a certain occasion he was preaching to the people of Certaldo; when the time came to exhibit the relic for the worship of his congregation, he discovered that the feather had been removed and that two pieces of coal had been put in its place. A ready wit and a colossal impudence were ever-distinguishing features of Boccacio's friars. "See, my brethren," he exclaimed, "a miracle! The festival of St. Laurence is at hand. In place of the feather, behold two coals on which *il santo martire* was roasted!" A nimble wit was ever its own reward. The simple and devout people of Certaldo were edified, and the Frate, having nearly died of laughter in his sleeve, went home to sup gaily with his friends on the proceeds of their piety and munificence.

* * *

The Bank Holiday Sabbath

It is now becoming quite the thing to remain in Town over the Easter recess. Tooting and Tottenham may adjourn to the sea coast for the day, but Mayfair, Kensington, and the aristocratic suburbs of Hampstead, Highgate, Bickley, and Beckenham, stay sedately at home. When the shades of night fall upon the scene they may indulge in a little mild amusement, but for the most part the four Bank Holidays which occur in the course of the year are the only Sabbaths from the round of amusement recognised by those who would be smart and up to date.

Miss Bankes

Major H. Adair Thompson

Of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, who marries, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on Wednesday, April 17, at 2.30 (and afterwards at Hyde Park Hotel, Miss Bankes, daughter of Mrs. Bankes, of Winstanley Hall, Wigan, Lancashire

* * *

A Gypsy and a Countess

The latest story of romance hails from Hungary, where the beautiful daughter of an Hungarian noble, Countess Vilma Festetics, has married a gypsy violinist, Rudi Nyary. When the lady's father first heard of the attachment, he attempted to buy off the gypsy with a sum of £1,000, but the latter refused. The Countess thereupon rewarded her lover's loyalty by presenting him with her house in Budapest, which is valued at something like £12,000. The actual wedding took place at a Registry Office a fortnight ago.

It was another member of the Festetics family, Count Tassilo, who married Lady Mary Hamilton, the divorced wife of the Prince of Monaco.

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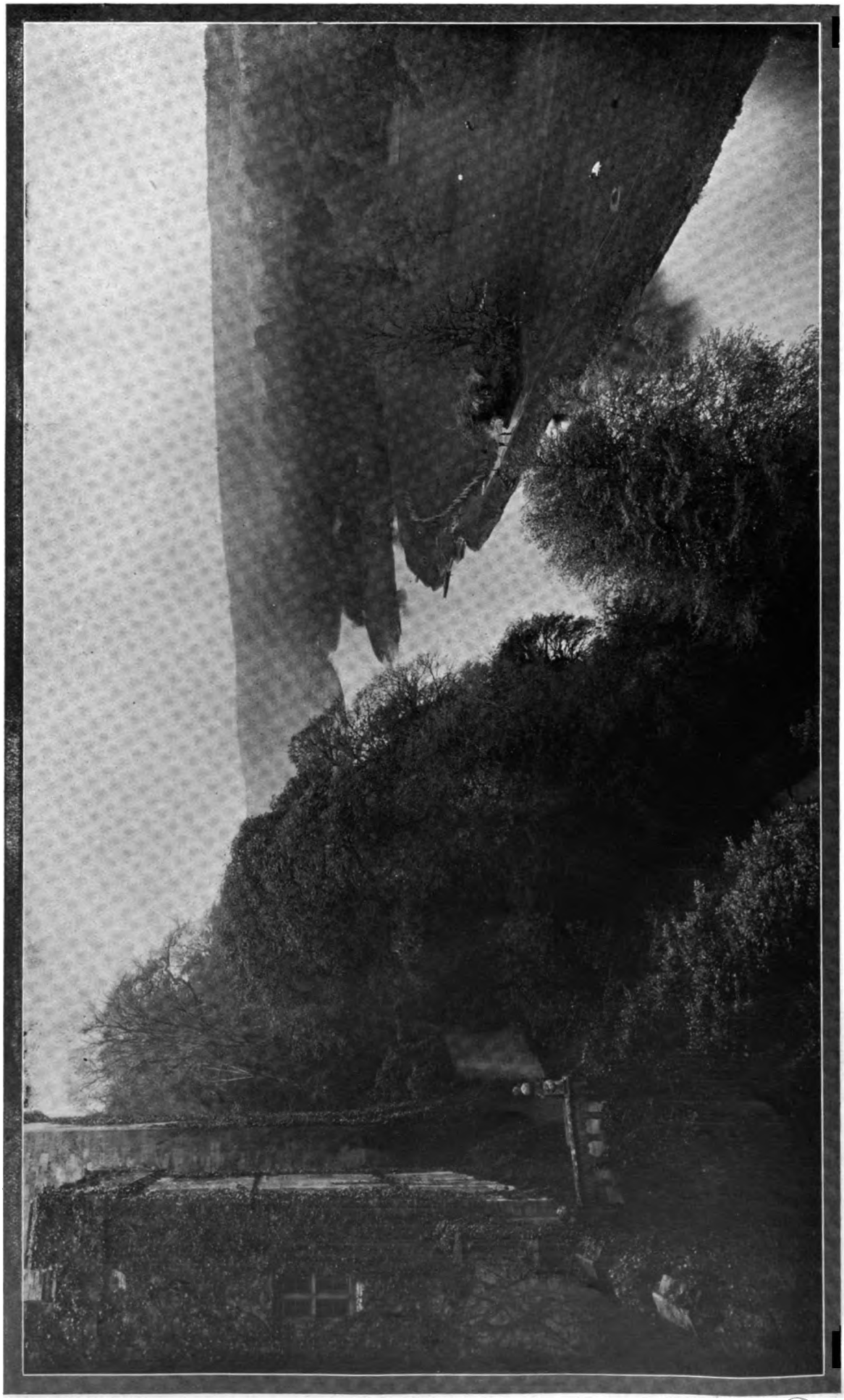

Photo Poole

A VIEW OF THE RIVER BLACKWATER FROM LISMORE CASTLE

As seen from the room in which the King slept on his last visit to Ireland in May, 1905, and which he will probably use when again the guest of the Duke of Devonshire in May

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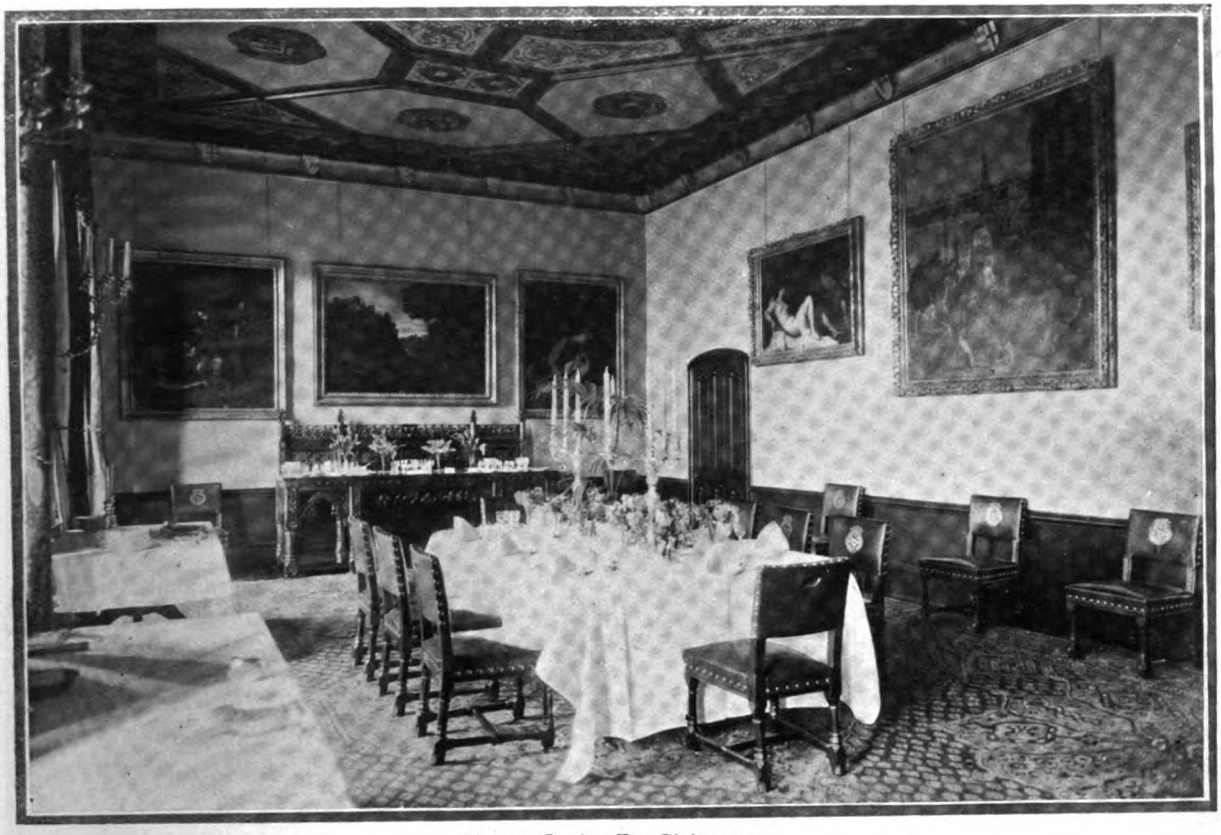
Lismore Castle

WHERE THE KING WILL PROBABLY VISIT THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE SHORTLY



Lismore Castle: The Dining-room

Lismore Castle, which was originally founded in 1185, was for many centuries the residence of the Bishops of Waterford. In 1587 it was given to Sir Walter Raleigh, and passed into the family of the Duke of Devonshire in the middle of the eighteenth century

Photos] **The Great Dining-hall at Lismore** [*Poole*

Though it has not yet been officially announced, there is every likelihood that the King will pay a visit to Ireland at the end of May. While in Dublin he will, of course, stay at the Viceregal Lodge, but he will afterwards visit the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Lismore Castle, their beautiful Waterford seat

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"The Empress of Solitude"

How unsatisfactory it must be to write the life of a person who is still living, and especially when that person is destined to become one of the striking figures of history. That the story of the Empress Eugénie has already attracted writers, good, bad, and indifferent, is quite comprehensible, for where can a more interesting and fascinating subject be found? And yet, for the most part, how vain is their work! Events which have just happened are nearly all out of focus. It takes quite a century for them to acquire their historical proportions, so that a life of the Empress Eugénie written to-day will, in years to come, be considered as so much gossip, so much material for a future biographer to moderate and put into shape. With the same avidity as the writers of to-day draw their material from the story of Napoleon and his ill-fated Joséphine, so the novelists of the next century will turn to the exiled Eugénie.

The Empress Eugénie, at the time of her marriage with the Emperor Napoleon III.
(Reproduced, by courtesy of Mr. John Lane, from "Women of the Second Empire")

An Extraordinary Career

At the time of the Franco-Prussian war (Eugénie's war it was called), the Empress, having played an important political rôle (twice she was Regent), was greatly discussed in the chronicles of the time. Criticism in most cases gave place to bitter hatred, and on her shoulders was placed the blame for most of the evils that France had then to endure. Thirty-seven years, however, have done much to modify this, and there are few to-day who do not, at least, pity the lonely widow in her exile.

What an extraordinary career she has had! What a curious nature is hers! A mixture of egoism and charity, intelligence and irresolution, sweetness and cruelty, her greatest sin was ambition—ambition which brought about the hopeless shipwreck of her cause. From the day that Eugénie turned her energies to politics, the Empire was doomed.

The ex-Empress Eugénie to-day, walking in the grounds of her villa on the Riviera

"THE EMPRESS OF SOLITUDE"

Her Simple Tastes

Even in the days of her glory, the Empress never cared for luxury. Curiously enough, for a Spaniard, her tastes were simple, too simple to please her Imperial husband. Over and over again, he urged her to be more lavish with her dress. Sometimes she complied with his request, but she always felt most elegant when simply attired. Even more economical than her husband was prodigal, Eugénie herself controlled the expenses of her household, paid her own bills, insisted on banking the greater part of her income, and speculating with the rest. When the Emperor expressed his dislike of this commercial spirit, she replied in the same tone: "You are, doubtless, trying to imitate your uncle by giving right and left as he did; he only succeeded in spreading ingratitude." In a short time she accumulated a large fortune, and yet she refused her only son the smallest allowance. Surely she did not suppose then that the wealth it has taken her a lifetime to amass will be spent by some future King of Spain.

Her Visit to Windsor

When the Empress was to be presented to Queen Victoria, the Emperor himself superintended the confection of her gowns. Yet on arriving at Windsor, much to his annoyance, the greater part of his Consort's luggage had been left behind, among other things her dresses. He insisted on her pleading "fatigue" as an excuse for her non-appearance at dinner that evening, but she absolutely refused to do so. From amongst the gowns of one of her ladies-in-waiting, she chose a simple pale blue silk. When she appeared before the Queen of England in this garb, and a single rose in her lovely hair, she created a sensation which has not, to this day, been forgotten.

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Gossip of the Second Empire

There are few people in Paris to-day who have not at some time of their lives seen the Empress Eugénie. Some of the great ladies of her Court are still living, such as the Baronne de Bourgouing and Mme. de Portalès, who delight in recalling the gossip of the Second Empire. No portrait, it appears, ever did Eugénie justice. She was not purely English, Spanish, or French, but had all the grace and charm of the three nations combined.

On two ladies of the Court of the Second Empire, Mesdames de Metternich and de Castiglione, is laid the blame of leading the Empress astray. Mme. de Metternich, wife of the German Ambassador, never seemed to lose sight of this object, in fact many said it was for this purpose she had come to Paris. Hating the Empress with as much ardour as her husband admired her, Mme. de Metternich advised her to imitate her most outrageous actions. Being a person of great intelligence and a domineering nature, not only the Empress, but soon the whole Court followed her. One day, when she had persuaded Eugénie to commit herself in a more audacious manner than ever, a lady-in-waiting took her to task. "Would you advise your Empress to do such a thing?" she asked. "Ah! my Empress is a Royal lady; yours——" came the bitter and unfinished reply.

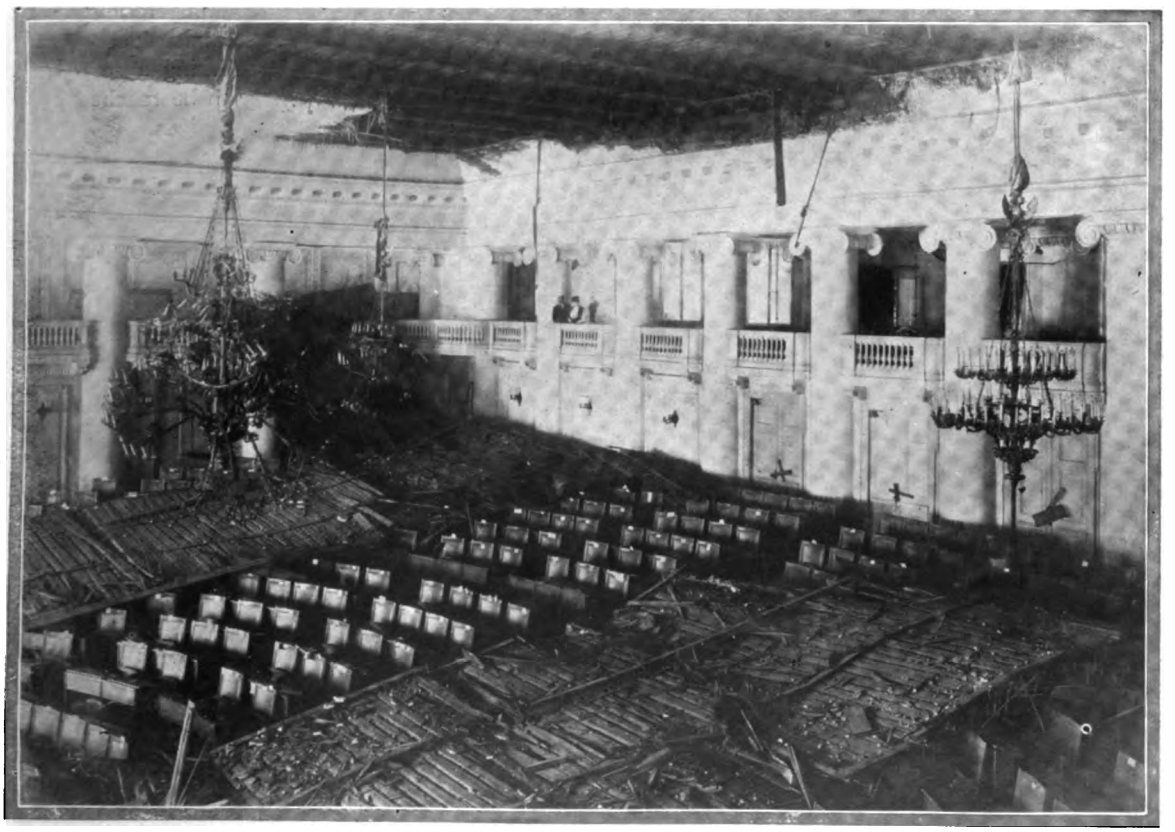
Mme. de Castiglione and Eugénie were rivals in beauty as well as love. By many the Countess was considered even more beautiful than her Sovereign; she certainly was more sympathetic and fascinating. For her beauty she lived. She had herself portrayed in every possible position; of her hands, and feet, and fingers she had models executed; then, when her beauty left her, she locked herself up with these treasures, and not a soul saw her till the day of her death. Over Eugénie's fall, these two ladies were the first to laugh.

* * *

Her Riviera Home

How she can bear to return, an exiled Queen, to the land of her glory no one but herself can tell. Through the streets of Paris, where she once drove in a £4,000 coach, drawn by eight horses, she now drives in a single brougham. She has visited Compiègne, the Tuileries, and even her own room at Fontainebleau. Every year she stays at the Hotel Continental, within a stone's-throw of her old home.

And now follow her to the borders of the deep blue sea, where palm and eucalyptus trees sway continually in the cool, soft breeze. The Villa Cyrnos has again opened its doors. Towards evening, should you by chance pass that way, you may see a dark figure, leaning on an ebony stick, wending its way from the flowery terrace towards the sea; it is the exiled Empress, the Empress of Solitude, as Maurice Barrès has often called her. For a long time in silence she watches the big waves which rush to the shore, then, exhausted, even as quickly they die. "Why does not all nature perish as quickly?" she asks. Then see her later, placing candles at the altar of the Virgin Mother! Before the solitary distress of this widow



The Duma's Escape: View of the wreckage in the Taurida Palace after the fall of the ceiling

Of course, nobody wishes to suggest that the fall of the roof of the Duma was deliberately planned by the Russian Government, but there is no doubt that, had it happened during a sitting of the Chamber, a very large number of the Tsar's awkward critics would have been for ever removed. In fact, only the Ministers and a few members of the Right would have escaped. There is a decided movement in favour of holding future sessions of the Duma in the open air (weather permitting), or, at any rate, in a building not designed "by order of the Tsar"

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in the evening of her life, even her bitterest enemies must be generous.

* * *

The Late M. Berthelot

The scientific world is again in mourning. In just over twelve months, three eminent scientists, Curie, Moissan, and now M. Berthelot, have passed away, and the places will not easily be filled. When the French newspapers billed the latter's death as a "terrible tragedy," the world wondered whether a fate similar to that of M. Curie had befallen the great scientist. Tragedy, indeed! I can think of no more beautiful ending to a long and glorious career than that he should have fallen dead with grief over the body of his beloved wife. The scientist's two great passions were his work and his wife; but he never neglected the one for the other, and he was with them both till the last.

As a man, he was charming, and his noble soul equalled his great intelligence. His country loaded him with honours, twice was he Minister, although those who are competent of judging his political capacities declare he had better have devoted his energy to science.

Had he accepted the many offers he had to go to America, he could have been a millionaire three times over. But he never looked on science as a matter of commerce; and, considering what sacrifices he has made for France, his country might have dowered him with more than honours.

Beauty in Paris Railway Terminal

Fresco showing a glimpse of Alpine scenery in the gorgeous Paris-Lyons and Mediterranean terminus in the Boulevard Diderot. The station is a magnificent building, and its mural decorations are from the designs of leading French artists and architects

* * *

Art and the Railway Terminus

English visitors now passing through Paris on their way to the Riviera find themselves using one or other of two splendid termini, which deserve the attention of the officials of every other railway company in existence. These are the Quai d'Orsay terminus of the Paris-Orleans Company, which is the starting-point for Biarritz, etc., and that of the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Company, in the Boulevard Diderot, where one boards the *rapides* for the Riviera. The Boulevard Diderot Station was entirely rebuilt and remodelled four years ago, and is famous for the decorative work in its halls and waiting-rooms. The leading artists of the day were commissioned to design and execute the panels, representing a selection of the most lovely spots which are to be reached by the "P.L. and M.'s" giant network of lines.

A Fresco of Riviera scenes at the Paris-Lyons and Mediterranean Railway terminus in the Boulevard Diderot, Paris

The above is a hint to the English railway companies, who contemplate rebuilding their termini, as to how London might be brought into artistic line with Paris

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MR. SHAW REVEALS HIMSELF

"Dramatic Opinions and Essays, with an Apology." By Bernard Shaw. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

At last I understand Mr. Shaw. He has revealed himself in the two volumes which contain the dramatic essays contributed to the *Saturday Review* during the years 1895-1898. Until the publication of these inspired volumes I was in a perfect fog regarding the true inwardness of Mr. Shaw. In vain I tried to conjure him up from fugitive articles and a play or two. Now, during one whole day's rapturous absorption, with my nose buried in these two volumes, I have sunk myself into such a state of receptivity that his spirit has appeared to me. Some months ago I described my feelings for him—at one time dazzled by the brilliance of his intellect; at another time crying anathema upon the man and his works; now loving him, now loathing him. I was switched violently and successively to these poles of feeling because the whole gear of the understanding was out of order. Mr. Shaw himself has set the machinery to work.

Mr. Shaw is—a failure—one of the most conspicuous failures of modern times. Armed with all the gifts in the equipment of the writer save one (to be specified later), he has set out to destroy Philistinism. And Philistinism has prevailed. Mr. Shaw is commonly depicted as the wearer of cap and bells. Never was there a more erroneous portrait. The man is in deadly earnest. He has a wonderful *flair* for shams. His mission has been to kill shams with ridicule. What has been the result? He has made himself ridiculous, and shams have increased and multiplied. He has tilted at windmills, and the windmills are still merrily whirling.

These two remarkable volumes comprise the attack of one man upon the British Theatre. After four years he retired from the unequal conflict. I recall the tenour, at any rate, of a plaintive passage in which he referred to his retirement from the post of dramatic critic. As far as I recollect, Mr. Shaw said that his soul was almost dead within him. In his apology, which forms the introduction to the two volumes, Mr. Shaw explains the purport of the essays. They were "a siege laid to the theatre of the nineteenth century by an author who had to cut his way into it at the point of the pen, and throw some of its defenders into the moat." True; but finally he was compelled to raise the siege and pick his way to a sorrowful retreat through the corpses he had slain.

One of the main causes of his failure was lack of a sense of humour. Shaw with no sense of humour! the reader gasps. The truth is always astonishing. Think round the subject for a little while, and it will slowly dawn upon you that the wittiest man in Christendom may yet have no sense of humour. I refer you to Dean Swift as an example. These two volumes sparkle with wit. There is not a solitary gleam of humour in them. A humorous man smiles at the difference between his point of view and another's. Shaw rages at this difference. A humorous man catches the reflection of a particoloured world upon the drab sheet of his own personality: Shaw sets a drab sheet round the world, and attempts to cast upon it the reflection of his own particoloured personality. In humour there is humility; Shaw possesses

Photo] **Miss de Sousa** [*Bassano*

Who will appear at the Gaiety after her present tour in America. Miss de Sousa, who is gifted with an exceptionally well-trained and melodious voice, first made a hit in London as Cinderella in the Drury Lane pantomime. Later she played O Mimosa San in the revival of *The Geisha* at Daly's Theatre

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not one grain of it in his composition. To Shaw the world is a bad, indifferent, or good world, according as it contains some, more, or most Shaws.

In 1893 Mr. Heinemann sent to Mr. Shaw for review a copy of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Nothing that Mr. Shaw has ever written, before or since, can break down the case which he has established by this review against himself. The evidence for the prosecution in this case, "No Humour *v.* Shaw," is damning. I give it to you. In the course of this review he writes :—

I remember that when I saw the play acted I sat up very attentively when Tanqueray said to Paula, "I know what you were at Ellean's age. You hadn't a thought that wasn't a wholesome one; you hadn't an impulse that didn't tend towards good. You never harboured a notion you couldn't have gossiped about to a parcel of children. And this was a very few years back, etc. etc." On the reply to that fatuous but not unnatural speech, depended the whole question of Mr. Pinero's rank as a dramatist. One can imagine how, in a play by a master-hand, Paula's reply would have opened Tanqueray's foolish eyes to the fact that a woman of that sort is already the same at three as she is at thirty-three, and that, however she may have found by experience that her nature is in conflict with the ideals of differently constituted people, she remains perfectly valid to herself and despises herself, if she sincerely does at all, for the hypocrisy that the world forces on her instead of for being what she is. What reply does Mr. Pinero put into her mouth? Here it is, with stage directions: "A few—years ago! *(She walks towards the door, then suddenly drops upon the ottoman in a paroxysm of weeping.)* O God! a few years ago!" That is to say, she makes her reply from the Tanqueray-Ellean-Pinero point of view, and thus betrays the fact that she is a work of prejudiced observation instead of comprehension, and that the other characters only owe their faint humanity to the fact that they are projections of Mr. Pinero's own personal amiabilities and beliefs and conventions.

Could anything be more delicious than this naïve exposition of Mr. Shaw's lack of the saving grace of humour. Unable to appreciate the chord which Tanqueray's remark has touched in the unhappy Paula, Mr. Shaw condemns the answer as untrue to life, because Paula does not spout Shaw; because she is not the pale wraith of the feminine element in Shaw; because she is not the projection of Mr. Shaw's "own personal amiabilities and beliefs and conventions." One wonders that when Mr. Shaw penned this passage the earth did not shake from the heavy laughter of the gods. Mr. Shaw cannot do better than spend the rest of his life trying to live down the publication of this one opinion. Next week I shall deal further with the triumph of the Philistines over Mr. Shaw.

ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

"The Follies"

The sacred lamp of burlesque is now tended by Mr. H. E. Pelissier and his clever company of "Follies." There is as much real fun packed into their production of *Baffles—A Peter-Pan-tomime* as would spread over three musical comedies.

It is commonly supposed that a man who by misadventure picked up the "book" of a modern musical comedy and read it through would hardly survive the shock. As I write there is before me a brief synopsis of "The Follies" burlesque. Five typewritten pages containing two lyrics and many puns. This synopsis gives forth the unmistakable savour of merry fooling. Fun, that will-o'-the-wisp which so often eludes the chase of librettists and lyric-writers of an established reputation, hovers over the shoulder of Mr. H. E. Pelissier as he writes. It hovers over the shoulders of himself and of his companions as they prance with zeal indefatigable about the stage of the Royalty Theatre. I have seen a music-hall comedian who succeeds in being clever for twenty minutes during a "turn" fail dismally as the "star" of a musical piece specially written to exploit his talents. Not so "The Follies." They are just as clever and amusing for three hours on the stage as they have so often been in the past for half an hour on the boards of a Variety Theatre. One of the most amusing episodes in the burlesque is the skit upon Raffles's speech. In the play, when covered by the burglar's revolver, you will recall how Raffles works upon the feelings of the burglar to such an extent as to force him to lower the weapon. The skit passage appeared to the *Daily Telegraph* critic (as to me) worthy of reproduction in his notice. This surely constitutes a record. Excerpts from musical comedy "books" are quoted in a spirit of sadness.

Miss Geraldine Ferrar

Who, it is announced, has just become engaged to Herr Zoltan Doeme, the divorced husband of Mme. Nordica

The second part of the programme is devoted to a burlesque of a music-hall. This is full of good things; but special mention must be made of Mr. Ernest Bathos, the great actor-vocalist, for his rendering of the ballad, "Give my love to mother"; of Mr. George Robeville, the refined humorist; and of Miss May de Colté, the charming serio.

"The Follies" will appear at the New Royalty Theatre positively for four weeks only; so walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up!

E. C. S.

THE KING'S, HAMMERSMITH

"Dan'l Peggotty"

A most interesting suburban event was the recent production at the King's, Hammersmith, of *Dan'l Peggotty*, being an adaptation, by H. Kellett Chambers, from Dickens's "David Copperfield." Mr. Chambers has, with one or two exceptions, done his work well, and the company engaged is, for the most part, exceptionally good, but occasionally the principals are apt to become a little too melodramatic. In Miss Ethel Ward the management have found a sweet and lovable Little Em'ly—a little Em'ly who gains the sympathy of the house at the outset and retains it for the rest of the evening. Miss Ward never for a moment overplays her part, never errs on the side of the melodramatic—in fact, she is just the Little Em'ly one likes to imagine when reading Dickens's novel. The Dan'l Peggotty of Mr. Charles Cartwright is distinctly good.

R. M.

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"Her Son" at the Playhouse

THE FIRST PLAY OF MR. HORACE VACHELL, THE NOVELIST

Miss Wynne Mathison (Crystal Wride) and Miss Winifred Emery (Dorothy)

Mr. Cyril Maude (Richard Gasgoyne) and Master Bobbie Andrews (Min)

Min, whose mother (Crystal Wride) has abandoned him, is the natural child of Richard Gasgoyne. The boy has been adopted by Dorothy, to whom Gasgoyne was once affianced. When he (Gasgoyne) returns from Africa, after a long absence, he finds the child with Dorothy, who has taken the name of Mrs. Armyne, and thinks it is her own. He marries Crystal, who assures him that the child had died

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Florence Haydon and Mr. Alfred Bishop

Her Son, the first play by Mr. Horace Vachell, the talented author of "The Hill" and other novels, has filled the programme at a series of matinées at the Playhouse, though *Toddles* still occupies the evening bill. It is frankly sentimental, but nevertheless it contains some strong scenes, which give ample opportunity for excellent acting on the part of the leading ladies, Miss Winifred Emery and Miss Wynne Mathison

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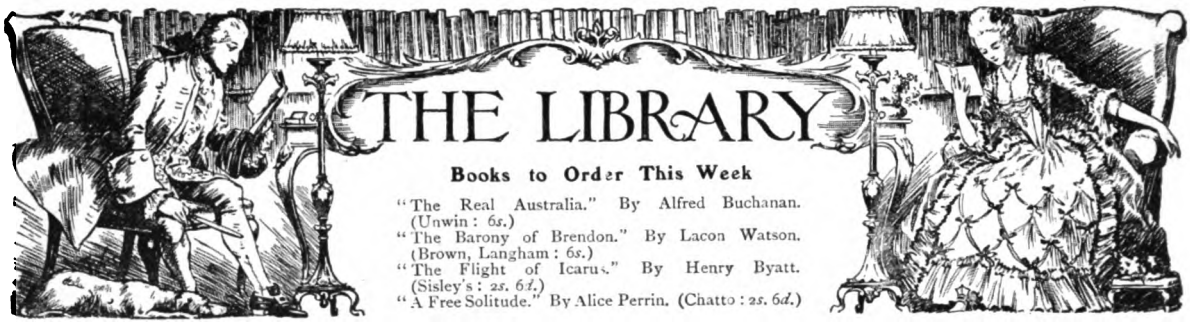

"THE REAL AUSTRALIA"

British Prejudice

The Colonies are going to be terribly topical for the next few weeks or so — hence a very timely literary interest can be claimed for *The Real Australia*, by Mr. Alfred Buchanan (T. Fisher Unwin). There is a note of healthy rebellion running through Mr. Buchanan's pages—a rebellion against that British prejudice which persists in regarding the Southern Continent as a dry and dusty wilderness, inhabited by convicts, kangaroos, cricketers, miners, and larrikins—a topsy-turvy Continent which scorches in January and shivers in July, which is cold in the south and hot in the north; which is, in fact, to British ideas, just one vast sea-girt absurdity. Mr. Buchanan sets forth to convince us that Australia is much as other Continents; that she, too, has a cosmopolitan civilisation, a point of view in politics, art, and literature, a Society, some ideals, and some very fine cities.

The Bane of Australian Fiction

Mr. Buchanan is, if I may say so, quite the most modest pleader who ever had a whole Continent as his case. He has no bombast, no "kanga-roodness." He sets forth to tell us that what is good and what is bad, what is fine and what is coarse in all your civilisations is exactly as good and as bad, as fine and as coarse "down under" as in any other great white community. A somewhat passive pleader, you say? But something passive needed badly to be said in Australia's own defence, for, as Mr. Buchanan himself bears out in his chapters on literature, the curse of his country has been too much activity on the part of its pseudo-Zolas and Gorkys, with their eternal pictures of life in the back blocks, and their idealisation, *toujours*, of the "sun-browned settler, an occasional rugged and vacant-faced youth, an occasional dull-eyed but stout-hearted woman." As the Russia of Gorky is all scowls, so, Mr. Buchanan complains, the Australia of "Steele Rudd," etc., etc., is all smiles.

"Has (he asks) the city life, the business life, the artistic life, the ambitious life, the intense social life of civilised Australia nothing to say for itself? . . . What of our million and a half city residents? What of the light and the love of Collins Street and Circular Quay? It is astonishing how few people, even of those who have lived in Australia all their lives, have succeeded in discovering Australia."

An Irresponsible People

To aid the great work of discovery, Mr. Buchanan himself says a few words. As to the national character:—

"The most pervading phase of Australian character is its irresponsibility. . . . When this irresponsibility reaches its zenith, its nadir, its crown and summit, it produces—the Australian larrikin."

Which latter surpasses in fame and in depravity all the hooligans of London, all the *gamins* of Paris, all the *lazzaroni* of Naples, all the miscellaneous ruffians of Cairo and Port Said. Australians are, according to this one among them, as snobbish in their dependency on "Society" as those at home:

"With all its vice and frippery, and inanity and boredom, the thing called Society is an influence, a power, a far-reaching entity, a commanding and controlling force."

Australian journalism, it seems, stands midway between the sensationalism of New York and the solemn impressiveness of the earlier London school —neither too dull nor too picturesque. In politics, Australia's Labour Party has been in power for years, and has accomplished no one item of its programme:

"Not only has there been nothing revolutionary accomplished, but nothing has even been tried."

Various Australian Characteristics

Australians are graphomaniacs. The writer's ambition is rampant among them. It is more insidious and more pervading even than stage fever or cricket frenzy. Every second dwelling of the middle-class is cumbered with unfinished and unpublished manuscripts. Australia has a poet or two (Lindsay Gordon as its Laureate), a taste in drama which is decidedly preferential towards imported British goods; it possesses a sect of Imperialists as vigorous in their megalomania as in the old country—*plus Royaliste que le Roi!*—and Little Australians, littler than the littlest Englander of us all at home. Mr. Buchanan's book is decidedly the most enlightening impression of Australia that has yet been submitted to us this side, and it is doubly valuable as a criticism that comes from within and from a lover of his country.

A Study in Inanition

Mr. Lacon Watson's *Barony of Brendon* (Brown, Langham: 6s.) is so ideal a holiday sort of story that I wish I had been able to recommend it to readers before, rather than after, the Easter recess. It is a delicious study in inanition, that soothes and lulls the reader. Scholes, the hero, is something new in laziness. He is a symphony in sedateness. The heir to a Barony, he is actually too lazy to claim his title. He prefers philosophy and the middle-class

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society of middle-aged fogeys to the purple and gold of the peerage. And so he potters on until the delightful feminine element intrudes. It has heard of the heir to the Barony, and, itself somewhat ambitious, it takes Scholes unto itself as a husband, fully believing that married, he will, of course, for his wife's sake, if not for his own, claim his title. Scholes is "smartened up," etc., etc., and posed for his purple part. But the feminine element has been counting without its host. You don't dig a philosopher and a fogey out of his mustiness and his snuffiness so easily as the fair designer thought. Years pass by—but they prove to be anything but "Baron" years. At last, Mrs. Scholes has to try desperate measures—elopement with another man, a young "flannelled fool" named Dobson—but even this does not push the refractory one to his peerage. In fact, the story closes on him still a commoner, his wife, repentant, reconciled to that state in perpetuity. We are, however, left expecting that the male child of the marriage may, in the fulness of years, ennoble himself. A somewhat inconsequent story, but pleasant to read, and charged with a very considerable knowledge of human nature as it is. Scholes is quite a welcome addition to the fogeys of fiction—a select, but not unattractive little band.

Miss Alice Perrin

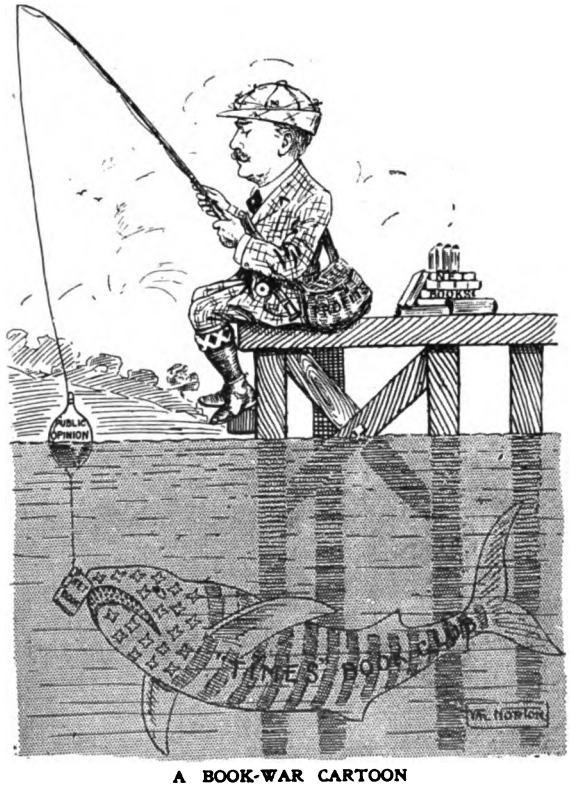
The popular writer of stories of Eastern life, whose *A Free Solitude* is just published (Chatto and Windus: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Flight of Icarus"

Upon the story of one Shabbathai Jebi ben Mordecai, the "Messiah" of early seventeenth-century Judaism, an alleged miracle worker, Mr. Henry Byatt has based a clever little fantasia entitled, *The Flight of Icarus* (Sisley's: 2*s.* 6*d.*). The hero, Michael Cohen, is a sort of Semitic Evan-Roberts-cum-Pigott, who combines a fascinating appearance and a mystic birth with large wealth. He succeeds in arousing in London a Jewish revolution, much to the discomfiture of the Gentiles in general, but only in the end to be unhanded and betrayed, Samson-like, through the agency of a fair charmer. Mr. Byatt succeeds in giving us a modern fantasia which is picturesque and romantic, and free from that burlesque element which has characterised and made monotonous so many previous efforts of the kind.

"A Free Solitude"

In her latest Indian story, *A Free Solitude* (Chatto and Windus: 2*s.* 6*d.*), Miss Alice Perrin, the talented author of "Red Records" and other stories of life "east of Suez," takes the attractive problem of the "pleasures of solitude" as her theme. The story deals with the life of an Englishman, Benjamin Wade, who has inherited some property in a beautiful Himalayan valley, and who is so influenced by his surroundings — the scenery, the freedom, the sport, etc., etc., —that he makes the place his home. Into the seclusion of his life there enters the personality of a girl, the daughter of an Englishman's marriage with a native Princess, who has been bred in India, and who is not as the English are, and the problem is whether Wade can forego his solitude at the appeal of love. There is an exclusively Indian atmosphere about the story which, though dealing with the lives of Europeans, yet is entirely outside that chain of cliques—the society of Anglo-Indian officialdom—which has provided novelists of Eastern life with the bulk of their material heretofore. Miss Perrin may, therefore, be said to possess a place in fiction peculiarly and enviably her own, which makes one await with pleasure each of her successive volumes.



A BOOK-WAR CARTOON

Mr. Frederick Macmillan goes fishing and tries a new bait

(Mr. Macmillan, as the founder of the net book system, believes that therein lies the secret of successful co-operation between publisher and bookseller)

(By Val Norton)

"Lucas Cleeve"

I am happy to dispel the rumours that have been in circulation in literary circles as to the health of that versatile and energetic lady novelist, Lucas Cleeve. They gained circulation, no doubt, by the fact that only three new novels from her pen are promised by one of the publishers for the coming Spring, a reticence which some feared might be traceable to indisposition.

Vivian Carter.

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In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, illustrates the career of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN I

(AFTER THE RACE)

The Gilded Youth, in his desperate efforts to make a living without parental aid, tries the Turf—with not very successful results

SCENE THE NINTH

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AKE'S PROGRESS

one of the phases through which he passes on his progress through life—a "road to ruin" very different from that of his Hogarthian predecessor two centuries before

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

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OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—Nos. 68 and 69

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

No. 68

A "DOUBLE" COURSE

Mrs. Heron-Maxwell
The author of the two short stories we publish this week

HE stood with his back to the cliff, looking across the expanse of purple-blue water, its wide undulations crested with rims of curling white, that broke in giant billows just below, and swept in surging foam over the rocks to his feet. Soon he would be ploughing the Bay of Biscay on his next mission; but for the moment his thoughts were centred on Biarritz, and what it held for him.

Some fisher-women, their baskets slung over their shoulders, passed the corner on their way up to the town, and through the thunder of the surf he could hear their shrill Basque voices calling out that they had fresh anchovies or sardines for sale. He followed them in fancy till they reached the Villa Anglet—the white house with the brown shutters, behind which, in an upper room, she was lying, a cool bandage round her aching head.

The little pencilled note, received early that morning, lay in his pocket. He took it out and studied the address—"Burford Haydon, Esquire, Hotel Espagnol." A firm, free hand, with little eccentricities about the "d's" that showed ingenuity.

"Dear," it began, "I am so sorry not to go with you and your cousins to St. Jean de Luz to-day. It would have been charming, especially the moonlight drive back again. But I have such a headache that I am afraid I shall have to nurse it all day. Picture me disappointed and lonely, and do not forget me altogether, even if the blue-eyed cousin sits next to you on the way back.—Yours, PATRICIA MARCH-MAINE."

"Disappointed and lonely." That was exactly what he felt. He had given up the expedition, arranged at Patricia's suggestion, for the sake of a whole long day together away from the smart crowd of pleasure-seekers that haunted every corner of Biarritz on these Lenten days; away from the watchful, worldly eyes of Lady March.

He had looked forward to wandering about the little border-town by Patricia's side, with a fond hope that in the moonlight she might listen to him again—might even decide to brave her aunt's displeasure for his sake.

After all, ineligible as he was in Lady March's set, he could give Patricia certain things in life she missed at present.

She would lose the luxury that surrounded Lady March's niece, but she would no longer have to pay a heavy price for it—submission to every whim of a selfish and exacting woman who reminded her frequently of her dependent position and of the fact that, the March money being strictly entailed, Patricia would, at her aunt's death, be once more a homeless and penniless orphan; whereas the young attaché could give her a modest home of her own, independence, and unlimited Love.

He strolled on, weighing these things in the balance of his mind, and presently found he had moved in a circle, and was on the edge of the wood behind the town.

A long walk in solitude appealed to him as the best cure for his discontent; and about mid-day he found himself at a cross-roads, in the centre of thick trees, and heard the sound of approaching horses' hoofs. He sat down on a fallen tree to let the riders go by—a man and a girl, galloping hard, until with a sudden pull they halted at the cross-roads.

The girl's gay laugh rang out as the man dismounted, and with the sound of it a lightning flash of knowledge came into Burford's soul, like a bolt from the blue. For it was Patricia who laughed, and the dainty, flower-like face was alight with triumphant enjoyment and good spirits.

"We have got a fair start of them now, Count," she was saying. "We might give ourselves a breather, don't you think?"

Her companion, Count de Brias, eldest son of the Duke de Murago, was well known in Biarritz as one of the most eligible bachelors. Young, good-looking, rich, educated in England, with all the polish of public-school and college training added to the gallant bearing of a Spanish nobleman, he was the leader of the younger generation of visitors, and no cotillon or paper-chase was complete without him at its head.

Patricia's face sparkled with pleasure as he took her hand.

"Yes," he said, "jump down. We will rest for five minutes."

And, as she obeyed him, the arms into which she descended held her closely, and the Count, stooping, looked into her eyes.

"Pat," he said, "you have just time to answer one question. Do you care for me—as I do for you?"

Her answer was inaudible to Burford, listening, watching, against his will, from the shadow of the

(Continued on page 30)

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Otter Hunting Begins

For'ard on!

While some prefer the trail work when the hounds puzzle out the windings of the otter's wanderings to the exciting moments when the otter is actually being hunted, there is no doubt that this sport is one of the most fascinating to be obtained

Photos *L. E. Cooke*

Interesting Sport with Otter Hounds in the Southern Counties

Now that the weather is warmer, otter-hunters are beginning to complete their arrangements for the coming season, which promises to be a successful one. Nearly all the old packs will go on as before, and several new ones have been established

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(Continued from page 28)

trees; but she laid her head down on the Count's shoulder, and he turned his so that their lips met in a long and lingering kiss.

Burford sprang up—her treachery going to his head like new wine—and made a step towards them. But with the slight sound of his movement they started asunder.

"We shall be caught if we don't make haste," exclaimed the Count. "We mustn't forget we are the hares." And he lifted her to her horse.

Then he mounted, shook some fragments of paper out of the bag hanging at his side, and they rode away.

Burford sat down again and thought. For him the veil in the Temple of Life had been rent in twain, and he faced now an empty shrine, where before he had enthroned the image that he worshipped.

Patricia existed for him no longer; her name would mean henceforth only the dust and ashes of a dead passion.

He fought his anger and his grief down, until they yielded to a sense of relief that the wave of blindness had passed in time, and he could see clearly before it was too late.

Sitting there, absorbed in retrospect, he became aware that his impetuous movement, when he started up, had broken a chain of furry caterpillars making a pilgrimage, head to tail, caterpillar fashion, through the wood.

His hasty footstep had destroyed several in succession, and now the advance file was stationary, waiting for the thin, striped line in the rear to pick up with it. Patiently, the chain, moving like one long, narrow serpent, wound its way round the obstacle of its own dead column and joined on to those ahead, and then the procession resumed its progress.

Burford smiled to himself at the lesson, and made up his mind to profit by it. At the cross-roads he tore the pencilled letter into tiny fragments, and added them to the fluttering heap of paper in the centre.

Then he walked briskly back to Biarritz.

There was a ball that night at the Villa Millefleurs, given by an American called Yapp, whose money had floated him and his pretty daughter across the herring-pond straight into the heart of British Society at home or abroad. Patricia and Burford had agreed to give up going to it, for the sake of the moonlight drive back from St. Jean de Luz.

He guessed she would be there, so he went early and waited for her arrival; then, joining the little crowd round her, he said, quietly: "Give me the first one you can spare. I'll be on the balcony until you come."

A moment later Patricia joined him, stepping through the moonlight, the radiance of her face just touched by some questioning doubt.

"Burford," she whispered, breathlessly, "what a delightful surprise! I thought you were at St. Jean de Luz. Did you come home earlier to see me?"

Her lips and eyes were smiling, but there was a little tremor in her voice.

"I never went," he said briefly.

"Oh! how dear of you to give it up. If I had only known! My headache got well in the afternoon, and Auntie insisted on my coming to-night. I mustn't stay long now, as I have to lead the cotillon with Count de Brias. We have invented a new figure, called Chasse à Trois."

She was looking through the open window into the ball-room, and the light in her eyes told him whom she was watching.

"You will dance it admirably," he said, "and I will not detain you for a moment. I only wanted to tell you that I saw you—by accident—at the cross-roads in the wood this afternoon. And that my leave is up, and I am going away to-morrow—so this is good-bye."

"Good-bye!" she stammered; "but, Burford, let me explain; I couldn't bear you to think me insincere. You see, dear, I'm not free to do as I like, but my heart will always——"

He interrupted her with a silencing gesture.

"Your heart is in your own keeping," he said, gravely, "and so is mine—now. Good-bye."

She caught his hand and held it. Burford Haydon had never been so desirable to her as at that moment.

"Wait," she said. "How cruel you are! I can't——"

He gently unloosed her fingers. "You can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds," he said. "No one can, Patricia."

And he left her standing in the moonlight, with the shadow of a new regret creeping over her heart.

But when he reached the garden of his hotel, he found the "blue-eyed cousin" waiting for him.

"We missed you so all day," she said. "We wished we had not gone without you—at least, I did. And this is your last evening, so I waited up to say good-bye."

The blue eyes were tender and tear-laden; the voice rang true; and Burford recalled the lesson of the caterpillars.

"It's not good-bye," he said, "it's only good-night, little girl. I'm going back to Town to-morrow to get my orders from the Foreign Office; but I don't start for a fortnight at least. There's time for a good deal to happen in a fortnight, isn't there?"

"Is there?" she murmured.

"Yes—there's time to get married," he answered. "Shall we?"

And a week later, Patricia heard, with mixed feelings, of two engagements—the outcome of the English season at Biarritz. Burford Haydon, King's Messenger, to his cousin, only daughter and heiress of the well-known banker; and the Count de Brias to Euphrosyne Yapp, only daughter and heiress of the great New York contractor, Peter Yapp.

"You seem to have mismanaged both those young men," said old Lady March, disagreeably, as they travelled North. "I quite thought one or other of them would make you an offer. Perhaps the Count thought you mercenary, and Mr. Haydon feared you might be extravagant. He probably knew you had no private means. I do my best for you now; but the future is your own affair."

And Patricia, looking this dismal fact in the face, with Burford's last speech ringing in her ears, decided that he was right—and that in future she would run straight.

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

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A Charming Singer

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Adrienne Augarde, who is now playing in "The New Aladdin" at the Gaiety

After singing in the chorus in several of Mr. George Edwardes' productions, she was given a leading rôle in *The Duchess of Dantzig*, and afterwards created the title-rôle in *Lady Madcap*. Her greatest success has probably been that of one of *The Little Michus* at Daly's

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OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORY.—No. 69.

AN EASTER EGG

"I THINK that little affair is off," said Lady Smurthley, quietly.

She was always quiet. *Malice prepense* was to her the salt of life, and while she sprinkled everything with it freely, she did so without violence of gesture or elevation of voice.

"Sir Charles is just the sort of man," she continued, "to find pleasure in a romantic marriage, provided there were enough difficulties in the way. Men are still hunters at heart, even in top hats; they like the excitement of the chase. Miss Jessica Grant succumbed too readily."

"You think he has sheered off?" inquired Mrs. Hugo, negligently.

She was still a bride, and devoted to her big, rich, Australian husband; wherefore the annexation of Sir Charles Haviland, either by Lady Smurthley or Miss Grant, was a matter of indifference to her.

"I have eyes," answered her ladyship, briefly.

"They certainly seem less together the last few days," admitted another woman. "It's rather hard lines on Miss Grant, isn't it? Such a brilliant chance for her! He is a charming man."

"I can imagine Mrs. Majendie's face," remarked Lady Smurthley, "if her pet eligible proposed to her companion. She chose Miss Grant out of about five hundred applicants, because she was devoid of relations. She said it was philanthropy—but it wasn't."

"What was it then?" asked someone.

"She likes to be Lady Paramount to everyone connected with her. Orphans are one of her fads. But she prides herself on the success of her house-parties. She says she always asks the right people to meet each other. And she certainly did not ask Sir Charles to meet Miss Grant."

"No? Whom did she ask him to meet?" queried Mrs. Hugo, ingenuously.

There was no answer, but everyone in the room looked at Lady Smurthley, who returned their gaze serenely.

"I think, if Sir Charles had been serious, Mrs. Majendie would have forbidden the banns," she said.

"Whose banns?" asked a gay voice at the door. And Roy Majendie, who had just blossomed into a field battery, came in, followed by his friend, John Hilary, a grave young naval lieutenant a good deal his senior.

"Miss Jessica Grant's," replied Lady Smurthley equably.

"She's going to be married?" demanded Roy, with a quick glance at his friend.

"No—I fancy she's not going to be."

"Good egg!" he said, with a relieved laugh. "You gave me quite a shock, Lady Smurthley. People are so sudden nowadays; they go off before one has time to—to save up for a wedding-present. Besides, what would Aunt Agatha do?"

"Without her useful companion, you mean?" said Lady Smurthley.

"Useful be hanged!" returned Roy. "She's a jolly, ripping companion—that's what she is. I wish she was mine."

"Let us hope the wish is mutual, for your sake; but I think Mrs. Majendie has other views for her favourite nephew." Lady Smurthley rose with the air of one dismissing a boring subject.

She was looking handsomer than usual this April morning, with some touches of white about her widow's dress that hinted at possible consolation, and were eminently becoming.

John Hilary gave her a glance of unqualified disapproval. "Do you mind if I go to the billiard-room, Majendie?" he said, *sotto voce.*

"Right you are! I'll come, too," answered Roy; but as they reached the door it opened and admitted Jessica herself. She looked an epitome of Spring in her lilac dress with its white ribbons, the sunshine glinting in her bronze hair and shining in the golden-brown of her eyes.

People never called Jessica Grant either beautiful or pretty, but she had that indefinable radiating charm about her that comes from some inner grace of fascination, and is like the ineffable sweetness at the heart of a rose.

"I have brought messages from Mrs. Majendie," she said, looking round the morning-room, with a smile. "She says there are bridge and dominoes in the boudoir, and she wants someone to make up a four. Also, she has been asked to take a party over to the Duchess's Charity Theatricals to-night, and she hopes you will all come. And how many of you are going to the Links, because she will order the carriages now? Lady Smurthley"—she turned, with a trace of hesitation in her voice—"do you wish to drive yourself in the Ralli again?"

"Please," Lady Smurthley answered; "I'll run Sir Charles over to the Links, as I did yesterday."

The colour ebbed suddenly in Jessica's cheeks, and left her so pale that Mr. Hilary made an involuntary step towards her, but she recovered herself at once, and her voice was steady as she said: "Very well; I'll tell Mrs. Majendie. Mr. Hilary, what do you wish to do? Will you play golf, too?"

"Won't you entertain me?" he asked, hardily. "Let us go for a walk."

She smiled. "I'm afraid not," she said. "I am going to look after the flowers."

"Better come to the Links, Mr. Hilary," put in Lady Smurthley. "We'll have a foursome."

"Thanks, but I should prefer to potter about the garden."

"You sailor-men seem to lose all your energy when you come ashore. You are such willing captives."

"In what way?" he asked, coldly.

"It only needs a bit of string to tie you up—a woman's apron-string."

"It depends on the woman," he said, and, turning on his heel, left her.

"You are piqued, and you will show your hand all the more openly for it," murmured her ladyship to herself. "That will play my game for me—*ça ira.*"

She was well content with her own diplomacy, and during the next few days watched Mr. Hilary's increasing attentions to Miss Grant, and Sir Charles's

(Continued on page 34)

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Where Winter Lingers Still

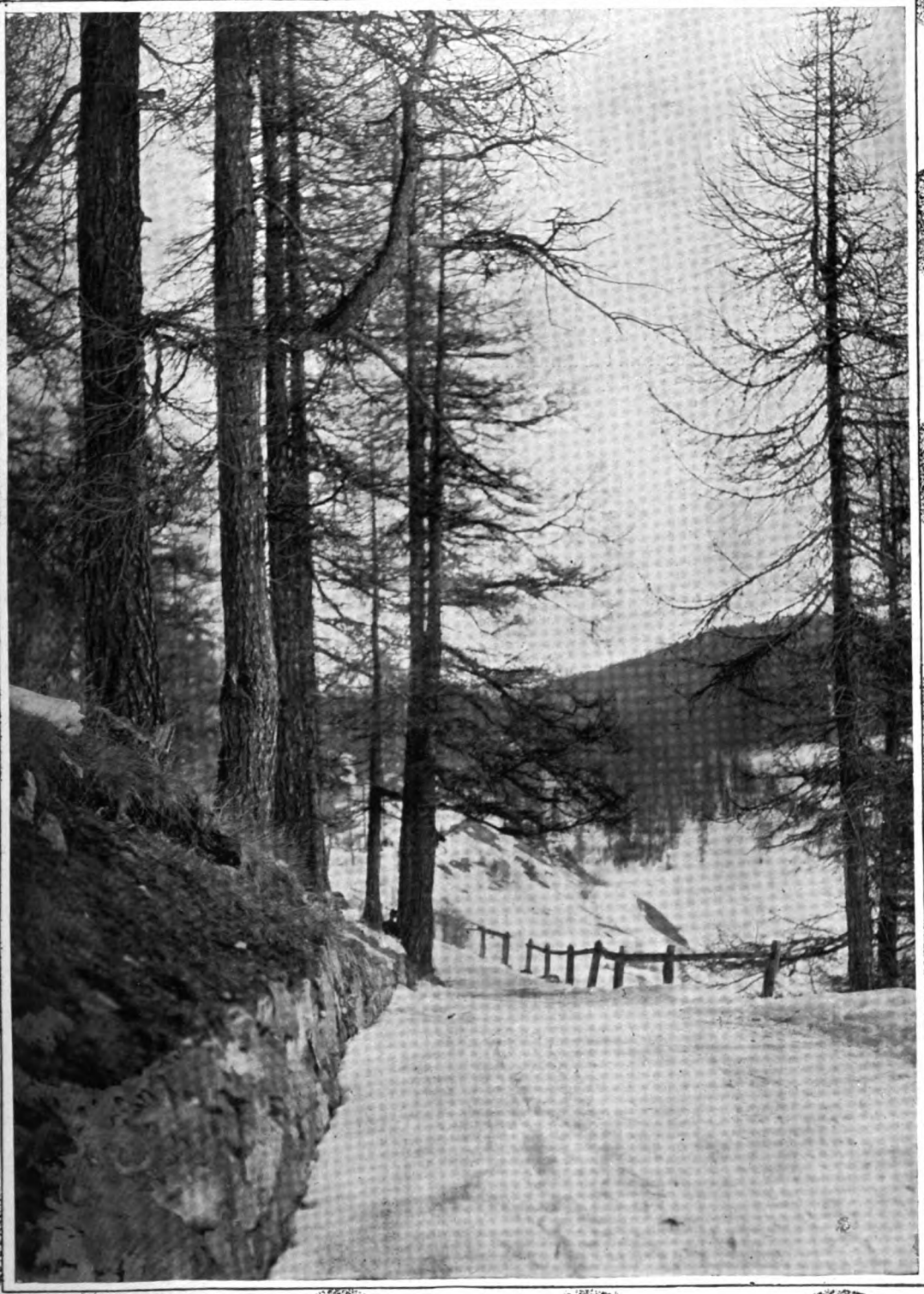

Photo THE WALK FROM ST. MORITZ TO PONTRESINA *Reynolds*

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(Continued from page 32)

growing coldness in the same direction, with a sense of satisfied triumph.

It was absolutely necessary for her to start the season *fiancée* to some rich man; for she had been extravagant during her widowhood, and there were difficulties with dressmakers that must be settled, either by substantial payments or equally substantial promises. Sir Charles Haviland suited her in every way, and she had begun to place a long-standing flirtation with him on a firmer footing.

The only obstacle to her plans had been this sudden inclination on his part to seek out Mrs. Majendie's companion; but now that was nipped in the bud Lady Smurthley felt secure. She had arranged to leave Strangham Paddocks on the same day as Sir Charles, and, if he still hesitated, he was to receive his *coup de grace* that night in Town, at a little restaurant-and-play party she had planned. Twice during the week a touch of uneasiness came to her when Sir Charles's absence from the amusement of the moment seemed unaccounted for.

But the look on Jessica's face, as the days went on, reassured her. It was preoccupied, troubled, wistful; she was evidently taking Sir Charles's desertion to heart, and was not inclined to accept either John Hilary or Roy Majendie in his place. And she was obviously not at all happy in her post as companion to the rich, exacting, hard-featured, and hard-voiced Scotch-American who employed her.

"I provide you with a decent home and a decent salary," Mrs. Majendie said to her one day, when her sharp eyes detected the lurking admiration in Roy's face. "I expect you to make yourself agreeable, in the ordinary way, to all my guests, but at the same time to remember your position and keep your place," the emphasis on the last three words intimating the double meaning attached to them.

It was on the last day of the Easter party that Fate dealt Lady Smurthley a trump card, which she played at once for all it was worth.

The breakfast-tables were full when she descended, and she walked with her usual slow decision to the one presided over by Jessica, at which Sir Charles, Mr. Hilary, and Roy were all seated.

"Did you ever play 'forfeits' any of you?" Lady Smurthley said, as she took her place. "It was the favourite game of my childhood. 'Here's a pretty thing and a very pretty thing, and what shall be done to the owner of this very pretty thing'?"

She held up, as she spoke, a stud, which everyone recognised as belonging to Sir Charles. It was one of two black pearls set in diamonds, egg-shaped, perfect in lustre and in similarity, and of great value.

There was a pause, and then Sir Charles said: "I hadn't missed it. Where did you find it, Lady Smurthley?"

"It was lying just inside a bedroom door," she answered. "I caught the gleam of something between the carpet and the skirting, and as the room was empty, I ventured to go in and pick it up. Perhaps it was your room, Sir Charles."

"No doubt," he answered.

Lady Smurthley still toyed with the stud.

"It's the little room at the top of three steps, just at the turn of the passage," she said evenly; "it has a green paper and curtains. But I remember now there were a woman's things on the dressing-table. Whose room is it, Miss Grant?"

She looked straight into the girl's eyes, and again the quick colour came and went in Jessica's delicate face as she answered steadily: "Mine."

Lady Smurthley made a little exclamation of amused surprise, and flashed a glance round the table. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said, with elaborate embarrassment. "How very stupid of me! The forfeit is yours, then, Miss Grant." And she rolled the stud along the table towards Jessica.

Sir Charles reached out for it calmly. "Thanks," he said; "it's good of you to have taken so much trouble, Lady Smurthley."

It was at this moment Mrs. Majendie entered and said: "Why are you all so quiet; what is happening?"

"Nothing particular," answered Lady Smurthley. "I found a pearl stud that Sir Charles had lost, that is all, and I was just explaining how I came to pick it up in Miss Grant's room."

"Miss Grant's room!" Mrs. Majendie's scandalised face expressed a volume of wrath. "May I ask for your explanation of this, Jessica?"

Jessica rose, white to the lips, and, after one fleeting glance of appeal in the direction of Sir Charles, looked steadily at the incarnation of outraged decorum confronting her. "I have none," she said, in a low voice.

"Then will you kindly go to the boudoir and wait for me there," thundered Mrs. Majendie.

John Hilary sprang to his feet. "One moment, Miss Grant!" he said. "Mrs. Majendie, I am called to Town by the early train, and shall be leaving immediately. I have already given a message from my mother to Miss Grant, asking her to honour us with a visit. If," he turned to Jessica, "you should find that you are able to come to us at once, I need not say how pleased my mother will be. She would send the carriage to meet you, if you wired the time of your arrival."

There was dead silence for an instant, and then Sir Charles walked up to him and held out his hand.

"Thank you, Hilary," he said, "in the name of my wife and myself. Mrs. Majendie," he continued, addressing his hostess, "it is time to clear up this little misunderstanding. Jess and I were married, two days ago, at the Strangham registrar's, by special licence. We both of us dislike fuss of any kind, and we preferred, for various reasons, to have a quiet wedding. I should have taken her straight away that day, but my aunt, Lady Althea, wished to see Jess before we left on our trip—we are going for a yachting honeymoon round the world—and she has hurried home from Mentone on purpose. I was going to take my wife there to-morrow. As it is, I think if you will excuse Lady Haviland, we will start by the early train, with Hilary."

The breathless pause that ensued was broken by Roy, who, paralysed with surprise, had been sitting with one hand holding a spoon suspended in mid-air.

He brought it down on his egg now with a crash, saying: "*Bon Œuf!* Ripping, I call it. Haviland, it's myself wishes I was in your shoes this day."

And in the general laughter and babel of congratulations, Lady Smurthley made a graceful, but unnoticed, exit. BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

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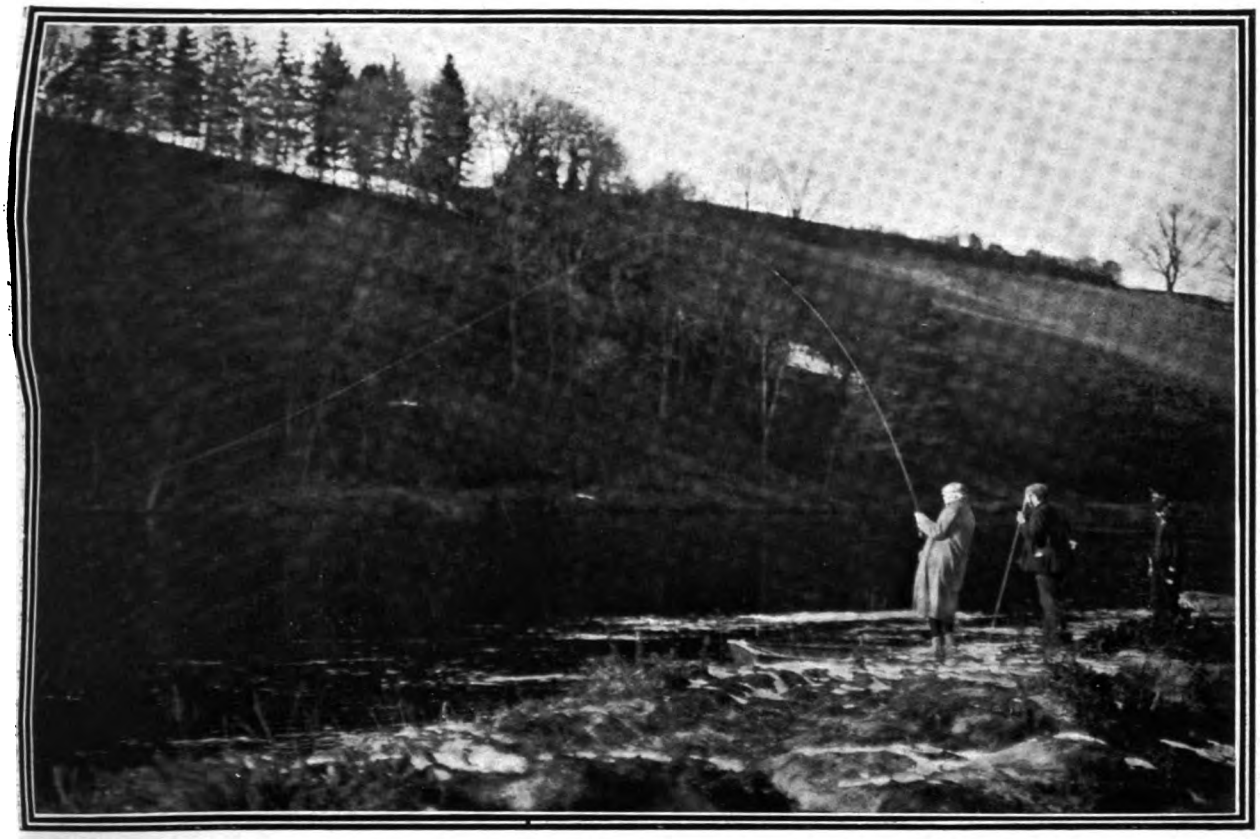
Salmon Fishing on the Tay



Mr. M. E. Sanderson playing a fine salmon at Burn Mouth, on the Tay

Most of the salmon taken on this river are caught from boats. After the fish is hooked, the angler lands, and follows the fish, his object being to keep opposite his prospective catch as much as possible. The great thing for the beginner to remember is to keep the rod held well up, as in this picture, so that, when the fish gives a sudden rush, the rod acts like a spring

Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

The Catch: A fine specimen weighing 20 lb.

In spite of blizzards, excellent sport has recently been had on the Tay, where Mr. Sanderson, a well-known fisherman, killed a 36 lb. salmon the other day

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Golf Notes and Notions

"Keep Your Eye on the Ball"

When a beginner, having duly equipped himself with the implements of the game, starts out to the first tee under the escort of a kindly friend, or a professional, and the inevitable caddie, what is the first piece of advice which is usually given to him? I venture to say that it is nearly always couched in some such terms as these: "Now, mind you keep your eye on the ball." Whereupon, the first tee having been reached, the usual tragedies of a beginner's arduous life are enacted. In most cases the unlucky wretch takes a mighty swipe at the ball, in emulation of his friend or the professional, who will probably have driven a tuitional shot just to show him how it is done, and to his horror and astonishment entirely misses the ball. Then he hears the exasperating phrase which will haunt him during the watches of many a weary night of his golfing *via dolorosa*. "Ah! you didn't keep your eye on the ball. You must glue your eye to the ball. Now mind this next time, keep your eye firmly fixed on the ball."

"Keep Your Head Steady"

How many of us have received that extra bit of warning which ought to form the invariable prelude to the stereotyped phrase which forms the title of my article? How many, I ask, have been told that invaluable maxim, "Keep your head steady"? Very few, I fear. And yet, without that monition, the player cannot possibly understand at its full meaning or value the time-honoured advice about watching the ball. Put shortly, it comes to this. If a man moves his head during the swing, he cannot keep his eye on the ball. *Per contra*, if he keeps his head steady he will hardly ever fail to watch the ball properly. I know a great player and judge of the game who sizes up the form of players who are new to him by watching their heads during the execution of their strokes. If a man keeps his head steady, my friend, *ceteris paribus*, passes him as a player in preference to the shifty-headed man. Therefore, my friends, when you initiate a pal into the mysteries of the great game, do not omit to preface all that golden advice which you generously intend to pour out on his devoted head by inculcating the prime maxim of the game: "Keep your head steady."

"Don't Look Up Too Soon"

But I want to go a little further into the matter than I should if merely considering the case of the beginner. The oldest hands at the game have days when they find it impossible to time the ball properly. In most cases their trouble is due to their moving their head too soon after striking the ball. You will hear a player say, "Oh, confound it, I looked up too soon," when he has duffed his shot. But I am not sure that there is not a Charybdis to this Scylla, in the shape of a too prolonged attention after the stroke to the spot which the ball has occupied. I have only once seen this point mentioned by any authority on the game, and that was by Braid, who, however, omitted to go scientifically into the subject, and merely said that it was almost as bad to keep the eyes fixed on the ground too long after the stroke as to take them off the ball too soon either just before or during the stroke. Taylor advocates keeping the eye on the spot occupied by the ball even after the stroke is finished. How soon does he look up to see the result of his stroke? Is it possible that his off-days, however rare, are due to his not looking up soon enough? No doubt most of us err on the non-Taylor side, and look up too soon. May we not, however, in our anxiety to avoid this common fault, fall into the opposite extreme and commit the vice of not looking up soon enough? There is no doubt in my mind that the solution of the problem of the proper moment to look up will bring with it the solution of the correct timing of the ball.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photo] A Meet of the Old Surrey Staghounds: The Field [*Abrey*

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By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

Hunting in Kent

The Tickham Foxhounds, whose recent meet in the West Kent country is shown in our illustrations, have for many years held rank as one of the smartest packs in the South-Eastern counties. The death of Mr. W. E. Rigden, one of the best judges of horse and hound of his day, and a universal favourite with the farmers and the followers of his pack, was a great blow to the Hunt in 1904. But Mrs. Rigden expressed her willingness to carry on the hounds on much the same lines as during her husband's time. The offer was gladly accepted, and this excellent sportswoman became one of the gradually increasing band of lady Masters of Foxhounds. Mr. George Evans has assisted her in the management of the country, hunting the pack in the field, and the Tickham people are well satisfied with the sport that has been enjoyed under the present *régime*. On the occasion of their meet at Leigh village over 150 horsemen assembled to greet the hounds, and there was a whole host of carriage and motor folk. In fact, it was quite a record gathering for these parts. Happily, there was good sport to follow. The first fox soon went to ground in the rocks at Redleaf, but a second, found in the Powder Mills alder-beds, crossed the Medway, and led the chase through the Hayesdens and up over the Bidborough

Photo *Miss Kendall*

A Coming Quorn Follower: Col. Fawcett's son

Photo *W. Abrey*

The Tickham Foxhounds, which met by invitation, recently, in the West Kent country

The assemblage of hunting people was a record for this part of the country, and some good sport was subsequently enjoyed, as described above

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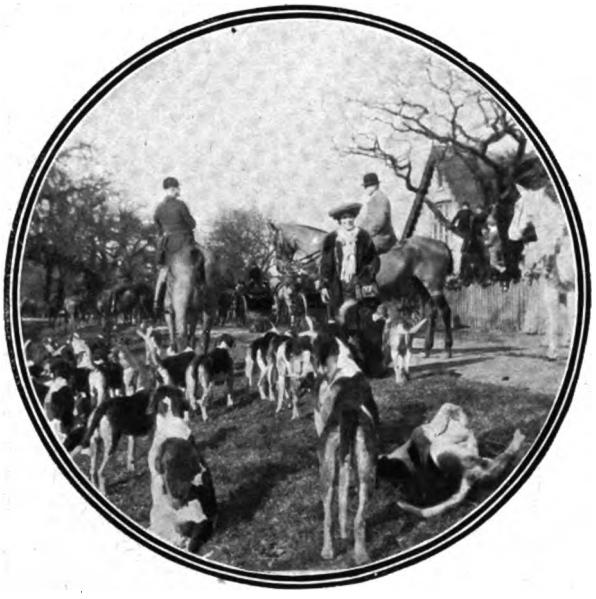
Ridge, where he was left, as the Tickham men were anxious to catch their special train at Sevenoaks.

The South Cheshire's Last Season

Peculiar interest attaches to the accompanying photographs of the South Cheshire Hounds because, in all probability, this will be their last season as a separate pack. At present, it is the intention of the Duke of Westminster, who was recently appointed to the Mastership of the Cheshire Hunt, to re-unite the North and South divisions of the country, and hunt them five days a week, just as was done in the old days. It has already been mentioned in these pages that this decision has caused some regret in South Cheshire, the reason being that it involves the end of Mr. Reginald Corbet's Mastership, which is associated with nothing but pleasant memories to all who have ridden with his smart and workmanlike bitches.



South Cheshire Hounds: The meet at Cholmondeley Schools

These hounds will probably be given up at the end of the season, the Duke of Westminster, the newly elected M.F.H., having decided to re-unite the North and South Divisions of Cheshire

Left to right: Alfred Earp (1st whip), Miss Ethel Nixon, Mr. Starkey, of Marbury Hall, Whitchurch, the hon. sec. of the pack

Some More Hunt Changes

As may well be imagined, Lord Fitzwilliam will have his hands very full next season with the management of his own Yorkshire country and that which is now known as Lord Galway's. He has decided, consequently, to give up his hounds in Ireland, and a new Master is required for that pack. The followers of the neighbouring Wexford Foxhounds are also looking for a new leader, Mr. R. W. Hall-Dare having handed in his resignation after five seasons in the command, during which period he has unquestionably improved the pack and shown good sport. These vacancies have only recently been announced, and they go to swell the rather formidable list of empty Masterships, from which the young sportsman anxious to take hounds can now make a wide selection. Fortunately, we have new appointments to announce as well as resignations. Mr. Washington Singer, who has not been in very good health, and is now on the other side of the world, cabled home his intention of giving up the South Devon Hounds, which will, accordingly, be sold next month. Already this gap has been filled, Mr. Hubert Brunskill having arranged to go from the Silverton to the South Devon country. Mr. Singer's hounds are an exceptionally good lot, possessing much of the valuable Four Burrow blood, and they are sure to realise plenty of money under the hammer. A. W. C.

Photos *R. Brown*

South Cheshire Hounds: The kill near Tern Hill Station

After what was considered by many prominent members to be the fastest and most brilliant run of the season. On the left is standing Earp (1st whip), while Mr Reg. Corbet, the Master, is in the centre

Salmon Fishing on the Tay

Some excellent sport has been enjoyed by salmon anglers on the Tay in spite of blizzards. Our illustrations on p. 35 show an angler playing a fish on the famous Burn Mouth Pool, and the same angler (Mr. M. E. Sanderson) with the fish safely landed. Nearly all the salmon taken by anglers on the Tay are caught from boats. After the fish is hooked, the angler lands at some suitable spot, and often has to follow the fish a considerable distance, scrambling over the rocks and lifting the line over bushes, his object being to keep opposite the fish as much as possible. The great thing for the beginner to remember is to keep the rod held well up; then, when the salmon gives a sudden rush after swimming quietly for a time, the elasticity of the rod prevents the gut or the hold being broken. The rod acts like a spring, against which the fish pulls. It is delightfully exciting to hold a big salmon rod up with the one arm, with the butt levered against your body, while you keep a tight line on him, and wind in or let out line with the other—and it is pretty tiring work, too. In Spring-fishing on the Tay the kelts are the great nuisance, especially on the Murthly Castle and Birnam beats. I have lugged out enough "well-mended" and other kelts there to last me my lifetime. What a blessing it is when, at last, a clean, shapely "fish" takes your line out with a run and shows itself at the end of it. R. B. MARSTON.

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Run to Ground!

AN INCIDENT WITH THE COTSWOLD FOXHOUNDS

Scene I.: Gone to Ground!

The Cotswold Pack, meeting recently at Leckhampton, ran their fox to ground after a good gallop. Observe the first whipper-in at the bottom of photo looking into the earth

Photos] **Scene II.: And After!** [Miss F. Ack

The first whipper-in (Charlie Beacham) holding up the fox, which has just been bolted from the rocks

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THE CARE AND DECORATION OF THE LAWN

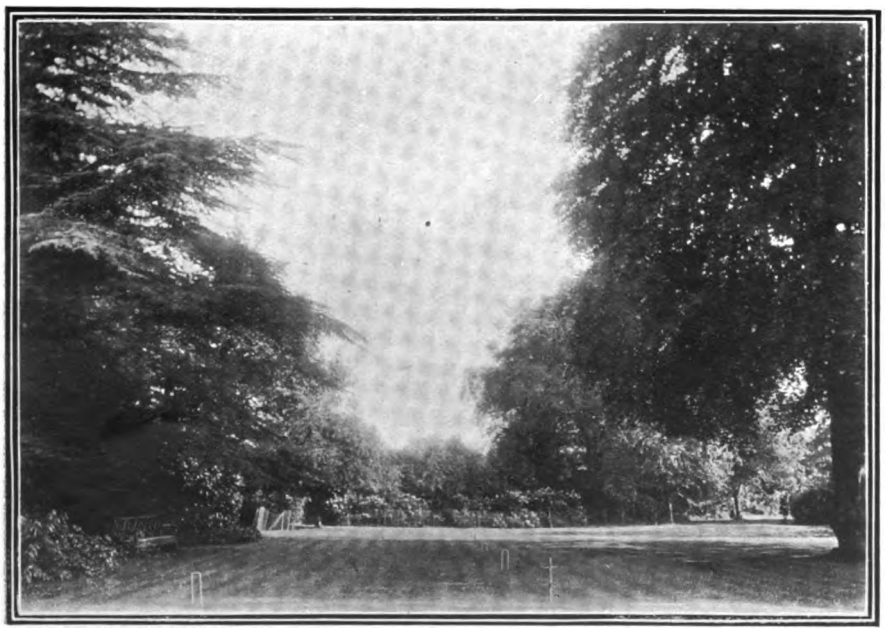
The Cherry as a Lawn Tree

It is curious that fruit-trees should almost invariably be confined to the kitchen-garden. What can be more beautiful than a cherry when covered with snowy blossoms in Spring? And later in the year, when decked with its red fruit, it is scarcely less ornamental. The Japanese place it in the forefront of decorative plants, because of its beauty of form, as well as of the colouring of its flowers, and it certainly is more deserving of a position on our lawns than many other trees that are often seen there. If the conditions are favourable—it grows best over chalk, but badly in wet soil—it attains a large size, the height of a cherry at Hopeton House being estimated many years ago at seventy feet, and as it does not throw a very dense shade, grass and most other plants will grow under it, and climbing roses may be allowed to ramble up among the branches. Sometimes an exudation of gum results in a loss of strength, which may end in collapse. It nearly always originates at a wound caused by an accident, or by injudicious pruning. The knife should be used on the cherry as little as possible, and all wounds should be tarred over. Aphides are sometimes a trouble, and no tree infested by these insects is pleasant to sit under. But if it is sprayed with any ordinary insecticide about the present time, and once or twice again later in the season, they will all be cleared away.

Care of the Lawn

Of course, the objection to trees on the lawn is that the grass will not grow under many of them. There are, however, some kinds of grass which will grow better than others, and seeds of these, specially selected for the purpose, may be obtained from any good firm. They should be sown without delay and covered with a slight sprinkling of leaf-mould, which should then be rolled firm. Any other bare patches may be sown at the same time. But whether by pieces of netting, or by some other means, sparrows must be kept away, otherwise they will eat every seed; and the young plants must be supplied with moisture throughout the summer. What they suffer from most under trees is drought. Given plenty of water—and perhaps a very slight sprinkling of nitrate in June, and again early in August—grass will grow fairly in any but a very dense shade. Daisies, dandelions, and other weeds are now beginning to assert themselves. Certainly the most effectual way to get rid of them is to cut them out, taking care to extract the whole of the root in each case, but for most people this is too slow, too laborious, and too expensive. There is only one other way, and that is to use some such salt as sulphate of ammonia, the active ingredient in what is sold under the name of "lawn sand." One ounce per square yard should be applied evenly in dry weather in April—no more, or the grass will be burned—and the same quantity in May, and again in June, and finally in July. If this is done, it will not only immensely improve the grass, but will kill every broad-leaved weed, such as daisies, plantains, and dandelions. There is no mystery about its action. The sulphate, which is in the form of a fine powder, is a powerful fertiliser to the roots, but is destructive to foliage. As it falls off the narrow, upright leaves of the grass, it does not injure them, but the flat, broad leaves of the weeds on which it lies are destroyed; and if this is repeated three or four times the weeds themselves die from exhaustion.

H. C. DAVIDSON.



An Ideal Lawn

Leaf-mould, and a sprinkling of nitrate in June, will greatly assist the growth of the grass in the shade of trees

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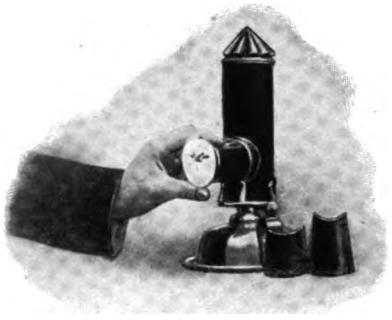
Modern science has brought incubators to such a pitch of perfection that anyone who cares to do so can, at a very nominal cost, and by carefully following certain rules, convert in a short space of time the homely breakfast egg into a lively little healthy ball of feathers.

Methods of Working

The nearer artificial processes approach nature the better the results. This being so, the incubation of eggs is not likely to be successful unless the following matters are provided for. The heat is transmitted from the hen's body downwards. This being so, the incubator is provided with a tank of water through which passes the lamp-flue, which will be seen immediately above the lamp-chimney in the photograph. This flue takes a turn to the left as soon as it reaches the tank, and passes through same in such a manner that the water is kept heated; and, by a process of packing of some non-conducting material above the tank, but not below, the heat is thrown downwards into the air-chamber immediately beneath upon the eggs, which are lying in the drawer, which is shown open in the photo.

Owing to the possibilities of the water in the tank being either under or overheated by reason of the lamp being either too low or too high, it becomes necessary, for the purpose of maintaining an even temperature in the egg-chamber, that some means of regulating matters should be devised. When once the regulator has been fixed correctly, it is possible, in a properly manufactured machine, for the air in the egg-chamber to be kept within half a degree of whatever temperature is desired automatically.



Tamlin's Egg-Testing Lamp

An egg-testing lamp, by the assistance of which it is possible to tell the "live" from the "dead" egg

There is a tray of water immediately beneath the bottom of the egg-drawer, which, by a process of permitting fresh air to filter through a damp cloth placed therein, the desired amount of humidity in the egg-chamber is obtained.

Good and Bad Eggs

The germ floats on top of the egg, and this being so, if it remains in the same position for too long, it is likely to become glued or stuck to the inside of the shell, when it would quickly die. It is necessary, therefore, to turn the eggs daily to obtain the best results. If the incubator is a reliable one, the only matters that require attention after regulating the machine, and placing the eggs in the drawer, is an expenditure of, possibly, a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes morning and evening in turning the eggs and attending to the lamp.

During the process of incubation the eggs gradually engender a considerable amount of animal heat of their own as the chick within develops. This being so, if the hatch is to be a successful one, those eggs that are unfertile, or which, for some cause or other, are not hatching, should be removed, as otherwise they are likely to injure "the live" eggs which are near them by reducing the temperature in their immediate vicinity.

By holding up to the light, unfertile eggs will show clear, addled will be dark in patches, while the good eggs will clearly show a dark substance, with blood vessels radiating therefrom. H. P. SCATLIFF.

The Tamlin Incubator

A sixty-egg incubator, manufactured by W. Tamlin, of Twickenham, just bringing off a hatch. Some of the chicks have been transferred from the "egg-chamber" to the "drying-box" above

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Mirth of the Moment

OLD SAWS (Illustrated)

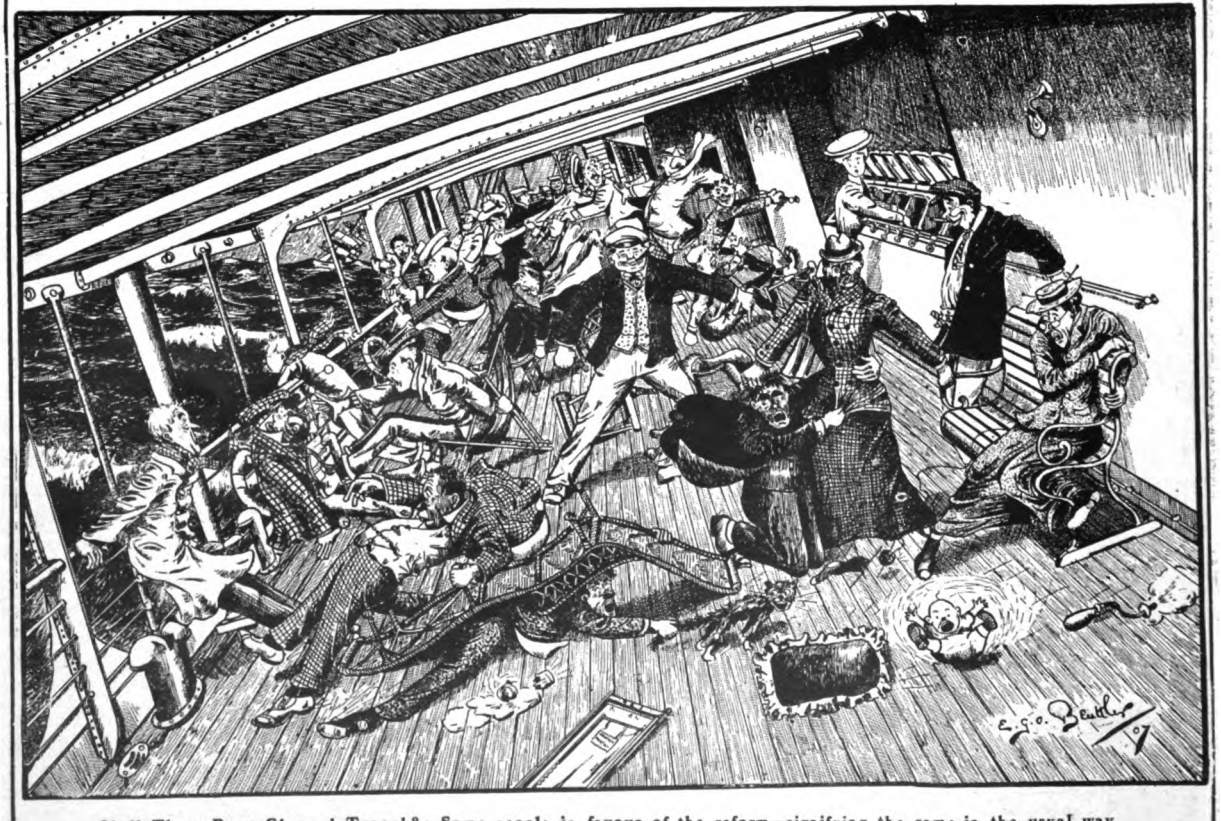
"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends"

By C. Garstin

Amateur (*his first attempt*): "And you—er—saw the picture safely unpacked?"
Carrier (*with an eye to larger tip*): "Yussir, and they weren't *'alf* glad to get it, neither; not as 'ow they *said* nothin', but the way they *laughed* when they'd 'ad a look at it was afair knock aht!"

By Hope Read

THE DEAR OLD CHANNEL CHOPS



Shall There Be a Channel Tunnel?: Some people in favour of the reform—signifying the same in the usual way

By E. G. O. Beuttier

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Yachting Prospects: The Big Boats

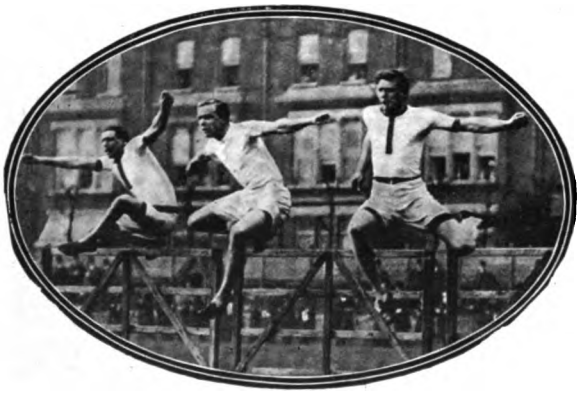
It is a good omen for the future of the new International rating rule that two big cutters are building for Sir James Pender and Mr. M. B. Kennedy, to compete in the first class against Mr. Robert Young's *Nyria*, which made such a successful *début* last season. The old rule, though satisfactory enough in itself as a producer of beautiful and speedy vessels, tended also to produce a type of boat which was a mere shell, and fit only for racing purposes; for, since the rule permitted it, everything was sacrificed to lightness, and the modern racer was not, in the strict sense of the term, a sea-going ship at all. Consequently, when her racing career of, say, two or three seasons duration was over, she was practically valueless; for, if not actually worn out, owing to the flimsiness of her construction, no one would buy her as a cruiser, and the owner would, therefore, get nothing of his original outlay back beyond the price she would fetch for breaking-up purposes, so that it cannot be wondered at that owners were chary of building, and that there was a slump in class racing. The most marked feature of the new rule is that it insists upon a certain solidity of construction, and the result will be that a yacht which is really capable of going to sea and staying there will always have her value as a cruiser, even though she may fail or become outclassed as a racer. That some such restriction upon excessive lightness was bound to come in time was shown by the gradual evolution of the cruiser-racer — a boat which was a racer in every respect but that of weight of hull and internal fittings, and whose owner preferred to build for the cruiser and handicap classes rather than risk failure and total loss of capital on an out-and-out racer. Such boats are *Brynhild* and *White Heather*, while last year Mr. Young built *Nyria* as a racer, but in conformity with, and in anticipation of, the rule which has since become law. How Sir James Pender last year converted *White Heather* from a yawl into a cutter, and Mr. Kennedy tuned up *Kariad* in order to race against the new boat, and how *Nyria* nearly always won, is now a matter of history. *White Heather* has been sold to Mr. Sedgewick, and will be reconverted into a yawl, while *Kariad* has been broken up; but the places of these two will be taken by the new boats already referred to; and the trio should make the racing in the first class as interesting as it was in *Britannia's* time. In the handicap and "A" classes, *White Heather*, the cutter *Merrymaid*, and the schooners *Meteor*, *Susanne*, and *Clara*, with the yawl *Valdora* (now the property of Mr. Price), will form the nucleus.

The 'Varsity Sports: The Quarter Mile

The close finish in the Quarter between C. M. and N. G. Chavasse, of Trinity, Oxford, sons of the Bishop of Liverpool. N. G. was leading twenty yards from home, but C. M. just beat him on the tape

The 52-Footers, etc.

Another effect of the new rating rule will be that we shall have gradually to accustom ourselves to talking in mètres instead of feet or tons. The big boats, for instance, will be the 23-mètre class, and the 52-footers will become the 15-mètre class. This class, remarkable for its success and for the marvellous skill with which the boats were handled last year, is likely to provide even better sport still, for *Maymon*, *Sonya*, *Britomart*, and *Moyana* will be reinforced by two new boats building for Mr. Talbot Clifton and Mr. Yates, and it will be interesting to see whether the old "52's" can be improved upon. Among small yacht sailors the 6-mètre class is already being introduced at Burnham, and is likely to be popular all round the coast. The first actual regatta fixture is the International Regatta at Nice on April 15, while the English season proper begins a month later. But the small raters of the Upper Thames, which are forced, owing to the crowded state of the river in the summer, to do nearly all their racing in the spring and autumn, are already on the move, and the sight of these pretty little craft darting about at Bourne End, Teddington, and elswhere serves to remind us forcibly that the season of their big sisters of the sea is close at hand.



The Hurdle Race

The Hurdle race, which Kenneth Powell, Cambridge (in the centre), won in 15¾ secs., thereby beating the record for the hurdles in these sports, and equalling the British Amateur record made by A. C. Kraenzlein in 1901

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The Tamesis Sailing Club Match at Teddington: Manœuvring at the buoy before the start

Delicia (Messrs. Stewart and Lewis), the winner, is shown on the right

Public Schools' Gymnastics

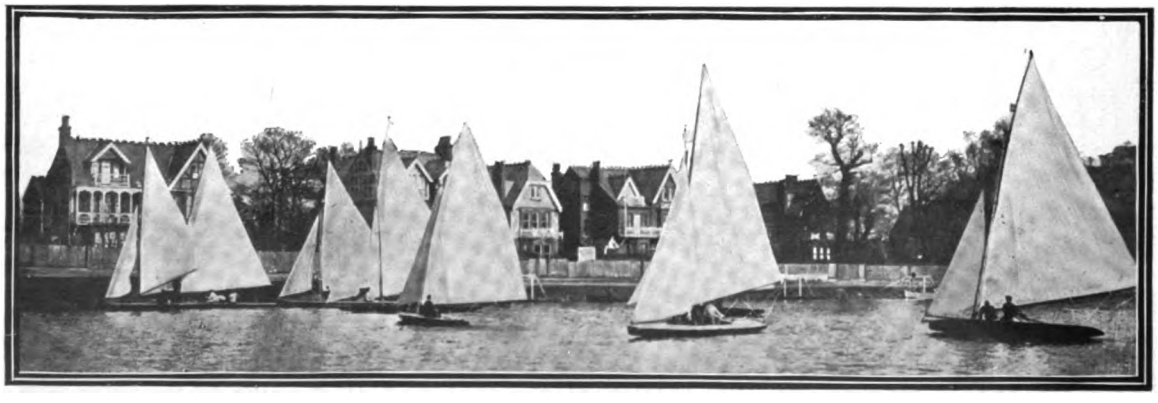
At the Public Schools' Gymnastic, Boxing, and Fencing Competition at Aldershot, St. Paul's School did exceptionally well. Two brothers, C. O. and G. A. Lilley, both Paulines, won the middle and heavy-weight boxing, H. T. Stiven being second in the "Feathers"; while in the Gymnastic Competition, St. Paul's was first, out of thirty-four schools, with 194 marks, and her representative, W. G. Hull, also won the individual prize with 100½ points. Harrow was second, and the Blundell's representative, C. G. Dickson, gained the second individual prize.

Two Records and a Muddle

The outstanding features of the 'Varsity sports — apart from Oxford's unexpectedly, and almost unprecedently, easy win —were the records made by Powell and Stevens respectively in the Hurdles and the Hammer, and the muddle over the dead-heat in the Hundred. If the contest had not been a 'Varsity contest, there would, probably, have been more talk about this last-mentioned incident than there was. As it turned out, the ruling of the Stewards, whose unpleasant duty it was to ignore the decision of the referee, because it was asked for and given under a misapprehension, was awaited and received with due decorum; and I only observed one individual whose feelings appeared to have got the better of his discretion. But I cannot help thinking that it would be better if the judging at these sports were entrusted to men who are at it, more or less, every week, and who, moreover, are not 'Varsity men. For we all know that 'Varsity chivalry almost compels a 'Varsity man, when in doubt, to give the benefit of it to the other side; and the story goes that, in this particular case, the Oxford judge *in the first instance* thought that McLeod (Cambridge) had won, while the Cambridge judge was inclined to give his verdict in favour of Chavasse (Oxford), although they finally agreed that they could not separate the men. But in the meantime the mischief was done, and the referee was somehow (it matters not how) induced to give a decision—in the belief that they had disagreed —which was really *ultra vires*. My suggestion would, I think, reduce the risk of a *contretemps* of this kind occurring in the future.

Powell's Record

Doubts have also been cast upon the genuineness of Powell's time, $15^3/_5$, in the Hurdles, which is not only a new record for the 'Varsity sports, but ties with Kraenzlein's British Amateur record. For I believe I am right in saying that, although Kraenzlein did $15^2/_5$ in England in 1900, it was not passed by the A. A. A. on account of the fact that he was helped by a strong wind, and that his $15^3/_5$ at Stamford Bridge in 1901 stands as the British Amateur record. The argument, of course, is that Kraenzlein was an absolute marvel, than whom, etc., etc. So he was, but possibly Powell is a marvel, too. What is, perhaps, more to the point is that Powell is known to have



Photos] **The Start for the Tamesis Sailing Club Match at Teddington** [*Graphic Photo Agency*

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TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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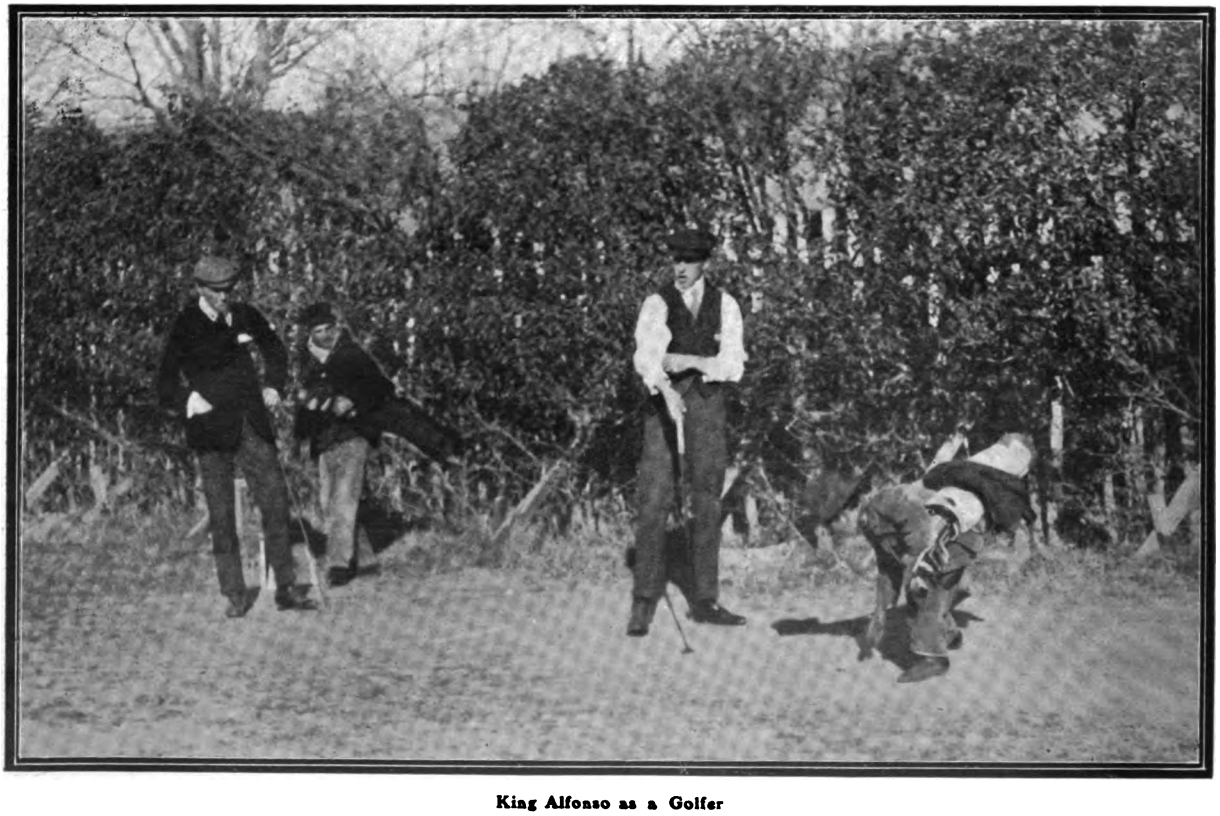
struck the fourth hurdle pretty hard, and that Hussey finished within a foot of him. Well, anyhow, it was about the prettiest hurdle race I have ever seen. The two men, going neck and neck and stride for stride the whole way, looked like one, and it was not until the last hurdle that Powell just showed in front, and kept there in the run in. I prefer to think that the timing was correct; and I hope that subsequent events will prove it to have been so.

Well Played, Noel! My heartiest congratulations to E. B. Noel on his victory in the Amateur Racquets Championship. He told me, before the competition began, that he did not particularly fancy his chance because he had been devoting a good deal of his time to tennis, and when he had got to the final he told me further, with his usual modesty, that he deemed himself lucky to have got so far. Perhaps he was—particularly in catching Eustace Miles when he was still feeling the effects of a gruelling game on the previous day—but for all that no one will grudge him his win. Luck is fittingly associated with the same word, prefixed by the letter "p," and Noel, besides knowing the game thoroughly, is a sticker of the very first order, and a man who can pull out his very best at the most crucial period of the game. If only for the way in which he gradually got on terms with his brilliant opponent in the final, B. S. Foster, after being two games to the bad, and beat him in the last game by 18-13, he deserves everything he has got, and a bit over.

Ritchie's Revenge If, as I suggested a fortnight ago, Ritchie is H. L. Doherty's *bête noir* at lawn tennis, Wilding is certainly Ritchie's. Speaking from memory, I cannot say how many times Wilding beat Ritchie last year, but I know that the total easily reached double figures. This year, at the Nice tournament, history repeated itself, and Ritchie, although he had triumphed over H. L. Doherty the week before, went down again to Wilding in "straight sets," in which he only managed to pick up three games in the third. It was, therefore, all the more to his credit that at Cannes, a week later, he was able at length to turn the tables upon his most regular conqueror, and I dare swear that the achievement pleased him even more than his Monte Carlo success over "H. L." For at lawn tennis there is nothing harder than to beat a man who is entitled, on previous form, to regard you as his legitimate prey. The truth is that Ritchie on the Riviera has been playing, if not with absolute consistency, yet with greater regularity, the really tip-top game of which he had previously shown himself at rarer intervals to be capable; and if, as seems possible, there are going to be some gaps to be filled in the very front rank of English lawn tennis, I do not altogether despair of his ability to fill one of them with credit, and even with *éclat*.

A Useful Reference Book A useful little book has just been issued by the Royal Insurance Company, entitled "Records of Sport," in which all the principal records of our various games and sports are collected. I looked up Kraenzlein's hurdle record in it and found that it was correctly given, and since Kraenzlein had previously done a better time which, though in one sense a record, had not been passed, this is evidence that the book has been compiled with due care. Such a book is very useful for a man interested in sport to have on his writing-table for reference, and I understand that the Royal Insurance Company are prepared to supply it gratis to any applicant.



King Alfonso as a Golfer

The King playing with Dr. Glendenning, a young New Zealander, who has recently been appointed Physician to the Queen of Spain. His Majesty is, by the way, a left-handed player

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Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The Bexhill Six-cylinder v. Four-cylinder Competition

I spent a very pleasant day last Saturday with Mr. W. R. Wills, a young gentleman who is associated with the Hon. Lyndhurst Bruce, known to the world as the husband of Miss Camille Clifford and the proprietor of the Waterloo Garage, Chichele Street, York Road. Mr. Wills, an intrepid and brilliant young driver, has become interested in the Weigel car, the "dark horse" of the motor world, and suggested that I should share his opinion that the Weigel car is the finest piece of mechanism the world has yet seen by driving with him to Bexhill to see how the Four *versus* Six-cylinder battle was progressing. The contest, which was arranged by the Crystal Palace Automobile Club, offered baubles in the shape of a gold, a silver, and a bronze medal to those competitors who gained the most marks in a run to Bexhill and back on their top gear, the cars to be ordinary touring cars carrying four passengers. Any time the gear was changed or the engine was stopped it was to be "noted in a book provided for the purpose." At Bexhill a trial took place over Lord De La Warr's track of a half-mile at topmost speed and a hundred yards at the minimum speed. The gold medal now adorns the proud breast of Mr. Cecil Edge, who registered the greatest number of points with his 60 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier, and whose accomplishments on the track were at the rate of 58 miles an hour top speed and 3·48 miles per hour on the minimum speed. The cars competing were, besides the 60 h.-p. Napier: Mr. J. R. Richardson, 28 h.-p. four-cylinder Mass; Mr. H. Gordon Sharp, 16 h.-p. two-cylinder Reo; Mr. A. E. Tubb, 14 h.-p. four-cylinder Vulcan; Mr. Colin Defries, 24 h.-p. four-cylinder Porthos; Mr. A. C. Gibbons, 24 h.-p. four-cylinder Courier; Mr. E. J. Steel, 25 h.-p. six-cylinder Brooke; Mr. J. C. Mort, 30 h.-p. four-cylinder New Engine; Mr. E. A. Anthony, 40 h.-p. six cylinder Ford; and Mr. A. Cox, 35 h.-p. four-cylinder Maudsley. There were thus three six-cylinder cars competing of 60 h.-p., 40 h.-p., and 25 h.-p. respectively. Considering 25 per cent. of the marks were awarded to the fastest car, I think it will be conceded that the six-cylinders had a distinct advantage at the start, since their average h.-p. was 45, while that of the remainder was about 24. Yet the result has been acclaimed by the followers of the Napier six-cylinder camp as a triumph. "Pelleas," of the *Referee*, in a burst of enthusiasm, declares the result has once again publicly demonstrated the superiority of the six-cylinder type of engine. Oh, "Pelleas"! and your legendary ancestor was noted for his powers of self-restraint!

Car-icature—No. XX. Mr. D'Arcy Baker
The well-known managing director of the F.I.A.T. Motors in London. On leaving Cambridge he obtained a commission in the 4th Cheshire Regiment. During the South African War he was for two years in command of an armoured train, and also served for a short time as Secretary to Lord Kitchener. A genuine sportsman, he is keenly interested in shooting and racing, besides motoring
(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

Does it Prove Anything but Price?

This pleasant little outing to Bexhill and back proved only that the 60 h.-p. Napier (and think of the price of it, ye gods!) was the best car of the day. As to proving the superiority of the six-cylinder, it must not be forgotten, "Pelleas," that the average man occasionally keeps his eye on the question of price. If you pay £1,250 or so for a car, you naturally expect it can best a two-cylinder car costing £300 odd, or if it does not it ought to. The idea of the competition is an excellent one, but to make it effective the higher the initial cost of the chassis the higher should be the handicap. Then the Daimler, Rolls-Royce, Humber, Argyll, Weigel, and, in fact, cars that can bring fear to the intrepid spirit of an Edge, would not, probably, be so shy. By the way, I must not forget to mention that Miss Dorothy Levett, as charming as ever, was driving another six-cylinder Napier. She is one of the most graceful and delightful chauffeuses—is that the right word?—although she nearly choked me with her dust coming home. But I freely forgive her.

* * *

A Word About the Weigel Car

Dear me! How I have digressed. I started out to tell all and sundry about the Weigel car. When the Brooklands races begin, and a Weigel car enters, I am a certain backer if Mr. D. M. Gant will make a book. The Weigel is the latest British car—and it *is* British throughout, including the tyres, which are (*verb sap.*) Dunlops, except for the magneto—and it is but a few months since the workshops were opened in Goswell Road. It is the only British car which has entered for the Vanderbilt Cup in America and the Grand Prix in France. Mr. Weigel, though a young man, is a pioneer of motoring. He it was who, in the prehistoric era of 1893, introduced the first petrol car into England, and had a sorry time in the various police-courts for not being preceded by a man waving a red flag. The Weigel 40 h.-p. four-cylinder car has nothing experimental about it. The engine is simple, and has been designed to run on an unusually high (mean) compression. It can run eighteen miles to

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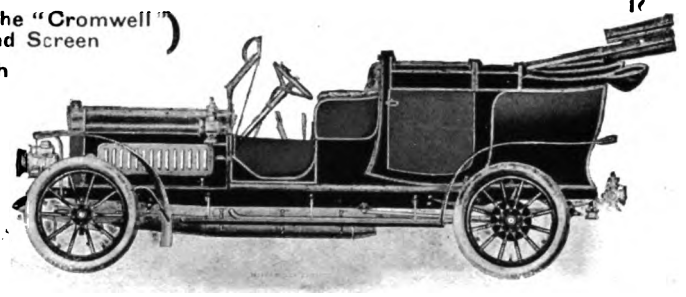

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the gallon, and special attention has been paid to the elasticity of the engine and quick response to the carburettor. Allied with this, most of the details of the chassis are machine-wrought, and a large percentage entirely from the solid. All parts are standardised. A small diameter foot-applied drum-brake is provided at the front end of the gear-shaft. Its purpose is to release the clutch discs in the event of their possibly sticking and failing otherwise to de-clutch. The entire change-speed gear is within the box, while the action of the change-speed lever is direct without any linking system.

* * *

The Weigel—Silent Running

I was much impressed by the way the car behaved. Driven on top speed and an open throttle, she was so silent that she might have been an electric car. Indeed, her very silence led to what might have been a serious accident. A man cutting across in front of a tram and hearing no noise charged full into us, but, fortunately, the presence of mind of Mr. Wills caused him no further damage than a slight cut, a torn coat, and a shock, though we lost a mud-guard and broke a lamp. The Weigel car was not a competitor, but we followed the rules—I found myself provided with the note-book—and the engine never stopped while we ran on our top speed to Bexhill and back, except at the top of River Hill, near Sevenoaks, where we changed to third gear for about 150 yards, getting up very fast. Remember, we were not geared specially for the occasion. We covered the half-mile on the Bexhill track at the rate of fifty-two miles an hour, not a bad performance considering we had a temporary body weighing 8 cwt. and five persons aboard. The price of the chassis, including tyres, is £750, and Mr. Weigel offers substantial terms to agents. Anyone on the look-out for a high-powered car at this very moderate figure should communicate with Mr. W. R. Wills, at the Waterloo Garage, who can undertake delivery at an early date.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Miscellanea

Just a word to budding motorists. A little book has lately been issued by *The Car* called "The Petrol Engine," price 1s. In a simple and lucid way, it explains what every part of a car is for, and anyone wishing to find out "what makes the wheels go round" should get it.

There is a police-trap on the main road through Catford, measured over 220 yards by an American chronometer.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XX.: Mr. D'Arcy Richard Baker

After assimilating the curriculum at Wellington, Mr. D'Arcy Richard Baker, the subject of this week's Car-icature, went up to Cambridge, where he graduated at Trinity in due course. On coming down from the 'Varsity Mr. Baker turned his attention to military matters, and obtained a commission in the 4th Cheshire Regiment. During the South African War Captain Baker was for two years in command of an armoured train, and acted for a brief period as assistant-secretary to Lord Kitchener. Later, Mr. Baker turned from Mars to motoring, and took over the directorship of the famous F.I.A.T. cars in this country. As managing director of F.I.A.T. Motors, Ltd., in London, he has worked wonders in popularising these well-known Italian cars in Britain and the Colonies, and his business career has been marked by uninterrupted success. Mr. D'Arcy Baker holds strong views on the ultimate triumph of the self-propelled vehicle, and spares no effort in advancing the automobile movement. His powers of organisation and genial personality are known and appreciated in all the principal societies for motor development, but his interests are not confined in one direction. Shooting and racing, as well as motoring, claim his attention in their season, and in each he finds an outlet for his genuine sporting proclivities. One of the most unassuming of men, Mr. D'Arcy Baker is a general favourite among his *confrères* in the industry, as well as in the large circle of motoring people with whom he is brought in contact.

D. M.

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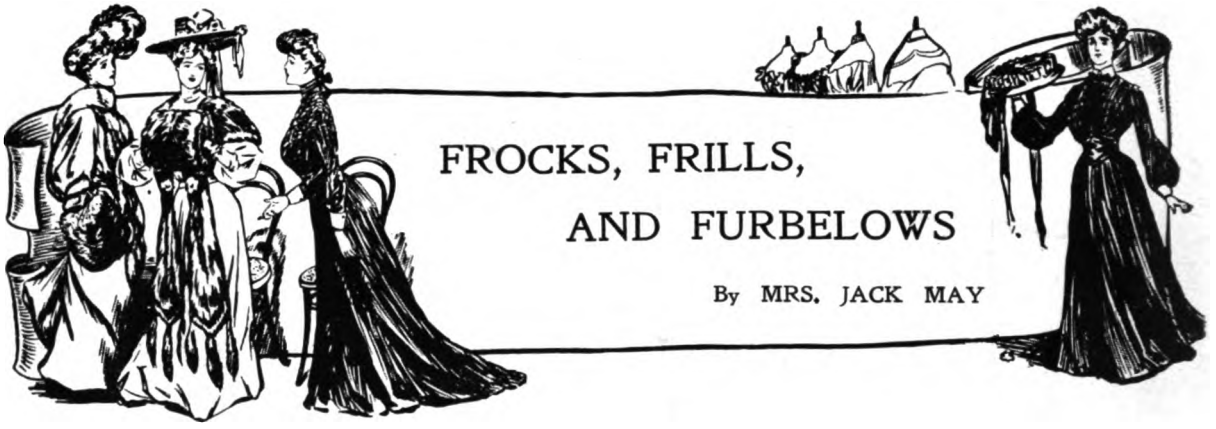

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The calm that will have settled over the shopping land ere these pages pass under the eye of the reading public is one of those providentially arranged things that have a lasting influence. Only those behind the scenes are aware of the many quiet eliminations that take place at such pauses, vogues tentatively put forward, tested, and found wanting prior to Easter; while those of us whose business it is to extract the latest modistic honey from the flower are given a moment to adjust our matter and, incidentally, settle a few small decisions on our own account.

Photo *Reutlinger*

A Dinner Gown, designed by Doucet, Paris

Of black *mousseline de soie*, on a black foundation, trimmed with black velvet ruching

The Impudent Geisha Cap

Among other subjects that have recently cropped up, the question of servants' uniforms has proved a potent attraction to me. The thin end of the wedge, where caps are concerned, is long since passed, the determined wear of the infinitesimal white wisp of muslin or embroidery being only comparable to a solid wedge of declared independence. There is nothing, to my mind, more nearly approaching the ludicrous than the attire of a latter-day servant when on duty. From top to toe it is a protest, worn under compulsion and apologetic throughout. A leading abomination is the cap entitled the Geisha, comprising a couple of minute muslin rosettes, united by a correspondingly small flat oblong of the same transparency. Disposed well behind a puffed-out Pompadour, the Geisha is, perhaps, the most impudent acknowledgment of domestic service ever promulgated. Meretricious to a degree, moreover, is the modern apron, a wretchedly ill-made thing that parts company at every turn, with its addenda of strings, *bretelles*, pockets, and the like. And that, which is the most amazing thing of all, is the frankly expressed dislike to being gratuitously supplied with a daintier and more fitting emblem of the pursuit. To the stubborn British mind of the lower class, this offer savours far too much of compulsory servitude. Notwithstanding the obvious charm of spot muslin aprons and quaint miniature mob caps, or fine white lawn aprons, ornamented at the hem with drawn-thread work, the ordinary Registry Office servant holds steadfast to an unwritten law, that she will satisfy her own taste absolutely and completely in regard to the style and quality of her badge of office.

An Artistic Suggestion

Now, quite the most attractive dress for the visible maid of a household is grey alpaca or beige, the neck finished by crisp turnover linen collars tied with a black ribbon bow, and cuffs *en suite*. Or, in lieu of the black ribbon, I saw a bright cherry shade substituted the other day, and the innovation was exceptionally pleasing. While another interesting item of a waiting-maid's attire entirely overlooked is footgear. Silent soles should be made imperative, together with moderately low heels. There is a

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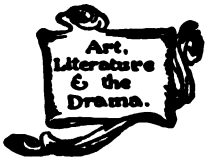

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TAKING A HEDGE AT THE ARMY POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASE

Captain Yates riding Lord Vic, the winner, in the Heythrop Hunt Race at Chipping Norton

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No. 175.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday April 10 1907

Jingoes may continue to cavil at the idea of the Hague Conference, but the businesslike nature of its programme cannot be denied. Already Great Britain, Japan, Germany, Austria, and Russia have decided "to reserve to themselves the liberty of not participating in discussions which, in their opinion, cannot lead to any practical results."

* * *

Inasmuch as their opinions are likely to be different on most of the subjects that turn up, it is a little difficult, of course, to know what they will discuss. Perhaps a gramophone could be induced to give a little lecture on "Disarmament"; and then the delegates could go home and think it over till the next Conference.

* * *

Dr. Reich, our self-elected social critic, declares that Londoners are "proudly unintellectual," and that other Capitals are far ahead of us in intelligence. We are afraid it is sadly true. In no other Capital has Dr. Reich so great a following as he has here.

* * *

"Evelyn—the Tragic Life Story of a Beautiful Artists' Model—suggested by the Great Thaw Trial," has been secured by the *Weekly Dispatch* as a serial for its readers. Perhaps it may assist the American public to make up their minds about the case. But who is the "Beautiful Artist"?

* * *

The Peking to Paris motor race is to start on June 10. In deference, presumably, to Oriental feelings, there will be no racing to begin with, so that we shall not have Mandarins complaining that they cannot drive about the country lanes for fear of road-hogs. Everything will be done to make the race a success. We hope this will include compensation for little Boxers or Chunchuses who may stray under the wheels of cars, and disqualification for such riders as attempt to scorch past restless elephants.

That Cannon Stroke!

Prophetic picture of Reece towards the end of his next break

(By Thos. Downey)

Tibet is somewhat off the main route, but some lamas may be able to get up in time to view the race. If so, motor traffic should obtain a big advertisement, and the passing of the Yak is assured.

* * *

Father Vaughan's denunciation of dog-worship has not prevented the Ladies' Kennel Association from holding a show at the Royal Horticultural Society. 106 Pekinese spaniels, 63 toys, 42 bulldogs, 30 pugs, 27 poodles, etc., are all there, wagging their little tails, and ready to prove to Father Vaughan (in their own language) that they have little souls and will go to Heaven, whatever he may say. Why shouldn't they—the ducks? Especially the Pekinese, and the toys, who are too small to bite anyone badly, and the pugs who are too fat!

* * *

The burglars of Ghent are much annoyed at the proposal that there should be women police-constables in their peaceful town. As things are at present, they can carry on their work in comparative quiet, but if they are to have police-women interfering, and going into hysterics as soon as they catch sight of a jemmy, the burgling profession will become intolerable.

* * *

We cannot help feeling a certain amount of sympathy with the Anarchist Congress, which was forced, last week, by the officiousness of the Prussian police, to meet in a turnip-field near Mannheim. A turnip-field is not much of a place to meet in, when you are full of vague longings to blow up Kings and Emperors. It doesn't give the right atmosphere. What one wants is a cellar or dark hall. You feel that you could blow up anyone there. As it was, the Anarchists kept it up in the turnip-field till 2 a.m. very creditably, and decided to found an organisation in Germany, little as Germany seems to hanker after it. "And so to bed," as Pepys would say — if Anarchists go to bed.

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RACING NOTIONS

SPRING RACING PROSPECTS. By "CARBINE"

The City and Suburban

Between now and the middle of May some important handicaps are to be decided, starting on Saturday with the Newbury Spring Cup, continuing at Epsom with the Great Metropolitan and the City and Suburban, going on to Chester for the historic cup, and finishing at Kempton with the popular Jubilee. Here are five races of which we should all like to find the winners—or at least a proportion of them—and I have been asked to express my opinion of the prospects of the various events. You will have seen, of course, that Slavetrader has been backed for the City and Suburban. At least, he has figured in the betting quotations, which is not always the same thing. We know that he can go a bit, the style in which he won the Hastings Plate at Newmarket last year being most impressive. But that was nearly twelve months ago, and he did not do much afterwards. Indeed, not since last July has he been seen in public, having gone amiss in training; and I am always dubious about these horses that have been "on the shelf" so long.

Dean Swift's Chance

Dean Swift has likewise been mentioned, and here we have a horse who has a great chance on last season's form. He has 10 lb. extra weight to carry, but he had all that in hand last year, and he likes the Epsom course so well that I am quite prepared to see him repeat his success. If Polymelus starts, he will have to be considered. Even with 9 st. 12 lb., Mr. Sol Joel's horse would come very near to winning if he reproduced his Cambridgeshire form. It is doubtful, however, whether Polymelus is seen at his best so early in the year, and I question whether Epsom, with its curious gradients, is a suitable course for this far-striding animal. Golden Measure ran second to Dean Swift last year, and I cannot perceive that he has any hope of reversing that result. M. Ephrussi may make an endeavour to repeat his Lincoln triumph with the penalised Ob or Champ d'Or, while Hallick is hopeful that Fra Diavolo will have recovered from his mishap; but of the three-year-olds I have most fancy for Prince of Orange. Wild Aster cannot be ignored on his Liverpool running, though I daresay that superiority of condition had something to do with his prominence there. As a preliminary selection I take **Dean Swift**, with Prince of Orange as a second string.

The Long-Distance Races

For the Great Metropolitan plenty of good stayers are entered, and it promises to be an interesting affair. For this I think my final selection will be **Nightfall**, who made such a good fight of it at Kempton Park in the race for the Queen's Prize on Easter Monday. I was very charmed with the mare, who, according to the Colonial custom, ran without shoes, and I am informed that she has never been in such good form as at present. Nightfall is also entered for the Chester Cup, to be run for on May 8, but here she will run up against **Bridge of Canny** again, and I think Lord Derby's colt will add the ancient trophy to his other successes. This horse was rather badly struck into at Kempton Park, and at Newmarket, the other day, I saw the scars on his hind legs. But his soundness is unaffected, and Mr. Lambton is confident of starting him at Chester. By the way, what a finish that was at Kempton. One could not breathe for excitement while it lasted. Maher certainly rode magnificently at the end; but I thought he was much to blame for getting shut in when he could so easily have come round on the outside at the bend.

Mr. Stanley Howard
Owner of Eremon, who has won both the Grand National and the Lancashire Steeplechase, a feat only accomplished once before in history. He has already won £5,000 with the horse

An Interesting Jubilee

I think the most interesting of all the Spring Handicaps will be the Jubilee, at Kempton, on May 11. The unbeaten Polar Star is a likely starter, and we shall know exactly what he is made of when he comes to run against the older horses. Personally, I consider him a youngster of the highest class; but I hold an equally high opinion of Keystone II., and it is difficult to choose between the two at the weights. I enjoyed the privilege of looking over Keystone II. in her stable last week, and it can be stated with confidence that the beautiful mare is in splendid trim. There are some people who consider Sagamore very little behind Polar Star, and the presence of Mr. Raphael's colt will certainly add to the interest of the Jubilee. It is a long time since a three-year-old won this race, but Polar Star may do the trick this season.

Newbury Prospects

Some of the Lincoln horses will be meeting again in the Newbury Cup on Saturday, and Athi and Roseate Dawn will probably prove the best of that not very brilliant lot. Sam Darling holds a strong hand for this race, and so does Alec Taylor, whose **Gold Riach** is a really good mare, and she must be my selection. On Friday I anticipate the success of **Bellatrix** in the Greenham Stakes, and of **Crescent** in the Marlborough Handicap, while **Counterfeit** should prove equal to giving the weight away in the Carnarvon Stakes. Thursday, the opening day of the Newbury Meeting, is set aside for jumping, and Carnegie and Domino seem likely to win their respective races.

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Russia: A Canard?

The Tsar's rumoured intention to abdicate in favour of the Regency of the Grand Duke Michael, allied to an English Princess

The Grand Duke Michael
Whose approaching

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein
betrothal is rumoured

Photo *Russell*
The Tsar Nicholas of Russia

Rumour again attributes to the Tsar Nicholas II. the intention to abdicate, and has once again been killed by official denials. Without committing ourselves one way or the other on the matter, the scheme which is proposed—the appointment of the Grand Duke Michael to be Regent, allied to Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the abolition of the Duma, and the inauguration of a Reign of Terror—seems as likely as any other to solve the great Russian problem. The Grand Duke is 28 years of age, a brother of the Tsar, and credited with strength of character, while the Princess is a niece of both King Edward and Queen Alexandra. It is said that the recent visit of the Dowager Empress of Russia to England has been with a view to arranging the fateful marriage.

The Sessions House of the Duma

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*
The Tsarevitch Alexis (aged 3)

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Capital Punishment

Every civilised man feels an instinctive reluctance to condemn a fellow-creature to death. This sentiment has brought about different results in different countries. In some, such as Italy and Russia, it has caused the nominal abolition of capital punishment, while in France it has induced juries to find verdicts of extenuating circumstances in almost every case of what are euphemistically called "crimes of love," and has lately induced the French Government to follow the example of Italy. Without discussing the ethics of the vexed question of capital punishment, I doubt whether its abolition is any real gain to the cause of humanitarianism, for there is a wide-spread belief that Italian murderers—to say nothing of Russian—suffer a far more severe penalty than mere penal servitude, and that very few of them survive their conviction for more than a year or two. Most people would prefer an instantaneous death by the gallows or guillotine to a slow one by disease and ill-treatment in prison.

Photo *London Stereoscopic Co.*
Britain's Leading Solicitor
Sir George Lewis, who has figured prominently in the Rayner trial. He recently celebrated the jubilee of his entry into the legal profession

Recommendations to Mercy

In England, this sentiment finds two modes of expression—recommendations to mercy and petitions for reprieve. The former are often based upon intelligible and substantial grounds, such as youth, extreme provocation, and mental weakness not amounting to actual insanity, but most of them are really due to a desire on the part of the jury to escape responsibility, like the case of the Brixton murderer a few weeks ago, who was recommended to mercy because his father suffered from delusions. And some are, probably, brought about by jurymen who have conscientious objections to capital punishment, and refuse, in the face of their oath and of the evidence, to concur in an unqualified verdict of guilty. But the recommendation of a jury, however irrational it may seem, is, at any rate, made by people who know something about the case, and is on that account entitled to be received with a certain amount of respect.

Petitions for Reprieve

Unfortunately, this can very seldom be said of petitions for reprieve, nine-tenths of the signatures to which are those of conscientious objectors to capital punishment. Mr. Campbell, the "New Theologian," in a sermon at the City Temple the other day, professed his willingness to sign Rayner's petition on that ground alone, and was vigorously applauded. Now there must be at least a hundred thousand of these people in the country, and therefore it is a mere matter of organisation to obtain that number of signatures to any petition, quite regardless of the merits of the particular case. And observe the injustice of the system. A., who commits an uninteresting murder in a country place, has no hope of mercy, while B., who has been widely advertised in the Press, either because of the social position of his victim, or of the hideous details of the crime, or even of the incidental revelation of some miserable, sordid bit of scandal, finds tens of thousands of people anxious to help him. And it must not be forgotten that these petitions are excellent advertisements for their promoters.

The Whiteley Murder

Of all the petitions that have been got up in recent years, perhaps the most unmeritorious was that in favour of Mr. Whiteley's murderer. Rayner began by deserting his wife and children, then tried his hand at blackmail, and, finding his victim unsqueezable, murdered him in cold blood. Surely this was a hanging case if ever there was one. And yet not only did cranks and busybodies rush in thousands to sign a petition, but the Home Secretary actually acceded to their request and commuted the sentence. This was a lamentable weakness, and one for which it is impossible to discover any adequate reason. One can hardly suppose that Mr. Gladstone considered Rayner's illegitimate birth as an extenuating circumstance, or that he was swayed by the undoubted popularity of reprieves among a certain section of the population. The present Government ought to be strong enough to be able to dispense with votes gained by such methods as these. But whatever his motive may have been, Mr. Gladstone has struck a heavy blow at the administration of the criminal law and the security of life and property in England. The worst service that a great public officer can render to the State is to yield to popular clamour, however vociferous, in such matters as these. The case of Barabbas is a bad precedent to follow.

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The Topictator

A NEW JERSEY LEGISLATOR HAS INTRODUCED A BILL FOR THE TAXATION OF WHISKERS. THE TAX RANGING FROM £1 FOR ORDINARY WHISKERS TO £10 FOR A GOATEE. IF THIS IS NOT LÈSE-MAJESTÉ IT IS AS NEAR IT AS A REPUBLICAN CAN GET. UNCLE SAM WOULD BE QUITE "OR'NARY" WITHOUT HIS "CHIN FIXIN'S"

THE VANITY OF YOUTH.

"GOLF" SAID MR BALFOUR RECENTLY "IS NOT A GAME FOR OLD GENTLEMEN"

WHEN A BLACKMAILER AND A MURDERER IS NOT ONLY REPRIEVED BUT CREATED A KIND OF HERO IT IS TIME FOR MEN OF WEALTH AND POSITION TO TAKE PRECAUTIONS.

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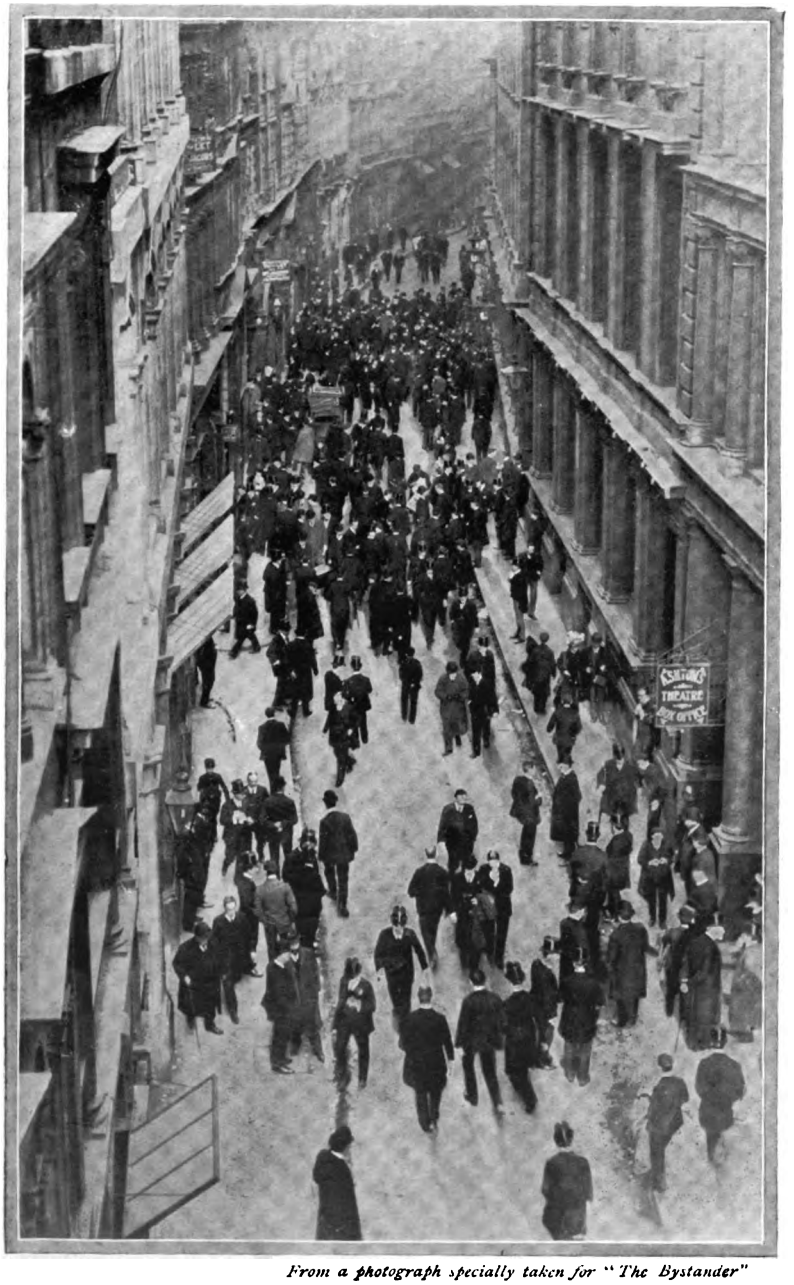
The World's Pageant

Photo Lallie Charles
The Princess di Teano
Who was seriously injured recently while riding outside Rome

Alfonso's Preoccupations

Poor King Alfonso! Really, it is not all joy being a king. It is even less, it would seem, to be a kingly husband and the father of a prospective heir. At an age when most men are having the "time of their lives" at the 'Varsity or elsewhere, the young King of Spain is full of domestic cares and marital anxieties, and is, at the same time, by no means in the best of health himself. At Cartagena a special train, guarded night and day, stands always at full steam in the station. Into this, should anything happen in Madrid, King Alfonso will unceremoniously be hustled, if absolutely necessary. Queen Victoria has absolutely refused to allow anyone but her nurses and her doctors to be present during the last few "interesting" weeks.



From a photograph specially taken for "The Bystander"

The Recent "Panic-ette" on 'Change

Crowd of stockbrokers and jobbers discussing the recent disastrous slump in gilt-edged securities. Though panic prevailed for a while, the March "account" was passed over with a very few failures, and confidence has since been re-established

* * *

The Cause of Stock Exchange Unrest

Throgmorton Street on settling-days is always a lively spot. If you fancy yourself as a physiognomist, you may be able to distinguish "bull" from "bear"—particularly if you happen to have an insight into the jobbers' books. With few exceptions, the members of the London Stock Exchange are "agin the Government." This is because they look askance at any Government which, rightly or wrongly, is considered to be threatening Capital and truckling to Labour. It crabs financial enterprise, and consequently Stock Exchange activity, when members of the Government go out of their way, as they do, to treat vested interests as pawns in the game of political expediency. Cabinet Ministers know full well that, just as straw is to bricks, so is capital to labour, and that when capital is withdrawn or withheld, labour suffers. Capital is the essential to every enterprise. To stifle the employment of capital is baneful to the interests of labour. The Stock Exchange reflects the condition of the Money Market, and when the market is in a state of

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A Fabian to Rule Jamaica

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. A. C. Swinburne

The famous poet, who celebrated his seventieth birthday on April 5. As the photograph shows, he is in excellent health and vigour. He is at present engaged on a new tragedy

stagnation, the general public is affected adversely. It is the weathercock which shows whence the wind blows. With due forethought, the capitalists are preparing for worse times to come, and the effect of Ministerial threats is already making itself apparent in the financial barometer.

* * *

"Rot Americanus"

At the moment, an additional spasm, unscientifically called *Rot Americanus*, is passing through Gorgonzola Hall. Several of the less important members have been "hammered" recently, and some of the more important are being helped over the stile. The sickness extends to large operators outside the House, and one big firm in particular had to be accommodated. The mid-April and the end-April settlements will provide more spasms. As a rule, accommodation is granted, it need hardly be explained, in order to prevent the spread of the plague. Those assisting do so out of no motives of philanthropy, but to stave off being involved themselves. The Stock Exchange has troubles enough of its own making, and is not grateful to any Government which piles on the agony.

* * *

At the Chief Secretary's Lodge

After a holiday in the South of Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Birrell took up residence at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, Dublin, last Wednesday. People are hoping they will attend Punchestown, for the late sponsor of the Education Bill is as yet little known in the country. Apart from his personal attributes, however, Mr. Birrell, of course, has a splendid social asset in his wife. Irish people, as everyone knows, are great on "family." The fact, therefore, that Mrs. Birrell is a first cousin of Lord Elgin, the daughter of Lady Charlotte Locker, and the widow of the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, second son of Lord Tennyson, is all in favour of the new appointment.

* * *

Family Influence

It was, indeed, to Lord Elgin's influence that the now Chief Secretary for Ireland ascribed his first entry into Parliament (for a Scottish constituency). And in this connection it is amusing to remember that his relations-in-law (who are of aristocratic rank) were immensely annoyed by the very first thing Mr. Birrell did after he got into Parliament. He made a speech opposing a grant to a certain member of the Royal Family, and this, the aforesaid relations-in-law being on distinctly friendly terms with Royalty, very naturally annoyed them. Mrs. Birrell's father is, perhaps, best known to the world in general as Mr. Locker-Lampson, writer of lyrics of the Calverley order. One of her three sons, who are grandsons of Lord Tennyson, the poet, rejoices in the name of Alfred Browning Tennyson. He manages, nevertheless, to acquit himself quite creditably in Parliamentary golf matches, and is a Clerk of the House of Commons. Mr. Birrell, like the wise man he is, is very friendly with his stepsons, and from the first has taught them to call him by his Christian name, Augustine.

* * *

The Colonial Conference

There can be no doubt that the paramount thing among the many things for which the time has now

Jamaica's New Governor

Mr. Sydney Olivier, who succeeds Sir Alexander Swettenham, is forty-seven years of age, and has been connected with the Colonial Office for a quarter of a century. He is a leading light of the Fabian Society

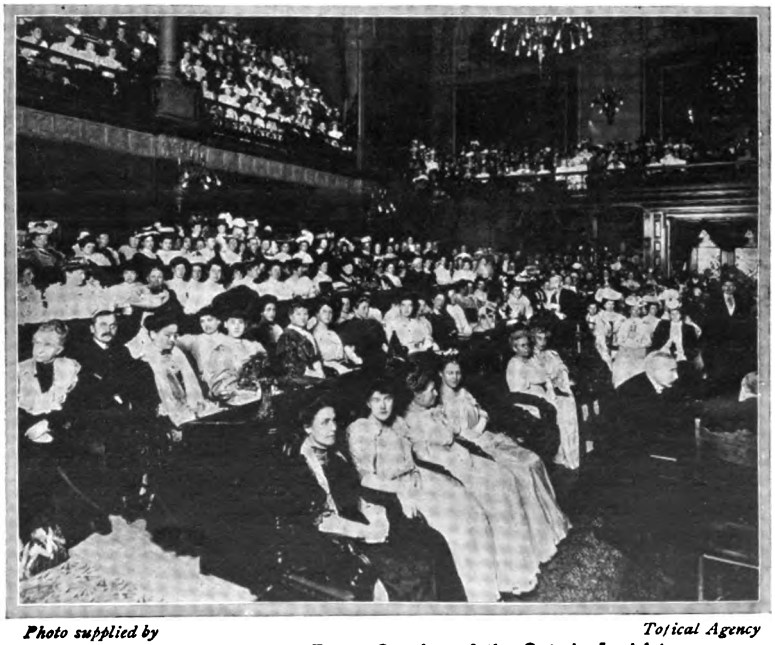

Photo supplied by *Topical Agency*

Colonial Topics to the Fore: Opening of the Ontario Legislature

The opening of Parliament in Toronto is the chief Society event of the year, and seems to excite a large measure of feminine interest (of a more orderly kind, it is to be hoped, than is the case at Westminster)

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Common Sense on Colonial Preference

come to talk, is Colonial Preference. The question whether or not it is the duty, or the interest, of Great Britain to trade on reciprocal terms with her Colonies has, at last, been raised from the Party area on to the platform of High Politics. That supposed hallucination of Mr. Chamberlain—the Colonial "offer"—has assumed definite shape. The recent declaration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the leading statesman of Greater Britain, that the settled policy of Canada is to "look towards the Mother Country" for reciprocal trade relations and not to the United States, corroborated as it has been by similar declarations on the part of the representatives of Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Cape Colony, and Natal, compels us, irrespective of Party, to discuss the matter on its merits. Doctrine must be set aside, whether it be known as Protection or Free Trade. This is a plain business proposition for plain business men. It is a matter for a straightforward "yes" or "no." The "raging, tearing propaganda" which preceded the last General Election had too much of the sentimental element about it, and too little of appeal to the straightforward business instincts of the race, to win the support of the commercial classes. It alienated the banking and mercantile fraternity, and all manufacturing Britain save Birmingham. The country was not shown where the proposed change was going to benefit it. We heard too much about "kith and kin," "blood," "Motherland and Daughter State," and the like. "All kisses—no bread and cheese" seemed to be the cry with which the Tariff Reformers thought to capture an already overtaxed and irritated electorate.

Photo *Steger*

A Fair Adjunct to the Colonial Conference

Miss Botha, the daughter of General Botha, the Premier of the Transvaal, who has now arrived in Britain

* * *

Business, Gentlemen!

Now that the echoes of that phase of the fight have died away, and we are face to face with plain proposals, the situation is changed. We are offered trading terms, on an advantageous basis, by five or six growing communities with immense prospects. Incidentally, the people who offer them to us are our own fellow-countrymen. If the latter circumstance does not influence us in favour of the scheme, it certainly should not influence us against it. If as a result of the discussion, it should be definitely proved that our food, or anything else of vital moment to the country, *would* cost us more, then let us frankly say so. If not—then all the disciples of Cobden, and Mill, and Adam Smith in arms ought not to prevent our taking advantage of so superb an opportunity of driving a bargain.

* * *

The Rayner Reprieve

Though I cannot confess to any personal pangs of regret at the reprieve of Horace Rayner—not, myself, being in love with the principle of capital punishment, and having little or no faith in its efficacy as a deterrent to murder—I am bound to say that Mr. Gladstone's action, in the existing state of the law, is very difficult to justify. If the reprieve had been accompanied by some definite announcement of the forthcoming abolition of capital punishment in Britain (as it has long since been abolished in Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Switzerland, and Roumania), we might have accepted it as an "instalment" pending the "larger measure," as the Government say in the case of Home Rule. In the absence, however, of any such declaration, we do not quite know where we are. For a murder has never been committed which, according to the present state of the law, called more rigorously for the application of the death penalty than the cold-blooded and premeditated assassination of Mr. Whiteley, after an ineffectual attempt to extort money from him. The subterranean scandal of the case does not concern us, neither should it the Home Secretary. As for the reprieve being granted to Rayner on the ground that his wife was about to give birth to a child, this is a form of sentimentalism from which we had hoped British justice to be exempt. Better by far abolish the death sentence, and make life-imprisonment once for all the legal punishment for murder, than reduce it to ridicule. I am, in fact, disposed to wonder that our religious bodies have not something to say in denunciation of that blasphemous formula which, after condemning a man to be hanged, commends his soul to the care of the Deity, knowing all the time that, given a few fools with signatures, a sensation-seeking Press, and a tender-hearted Home Secretary, it will only get as far as Dartmoor.

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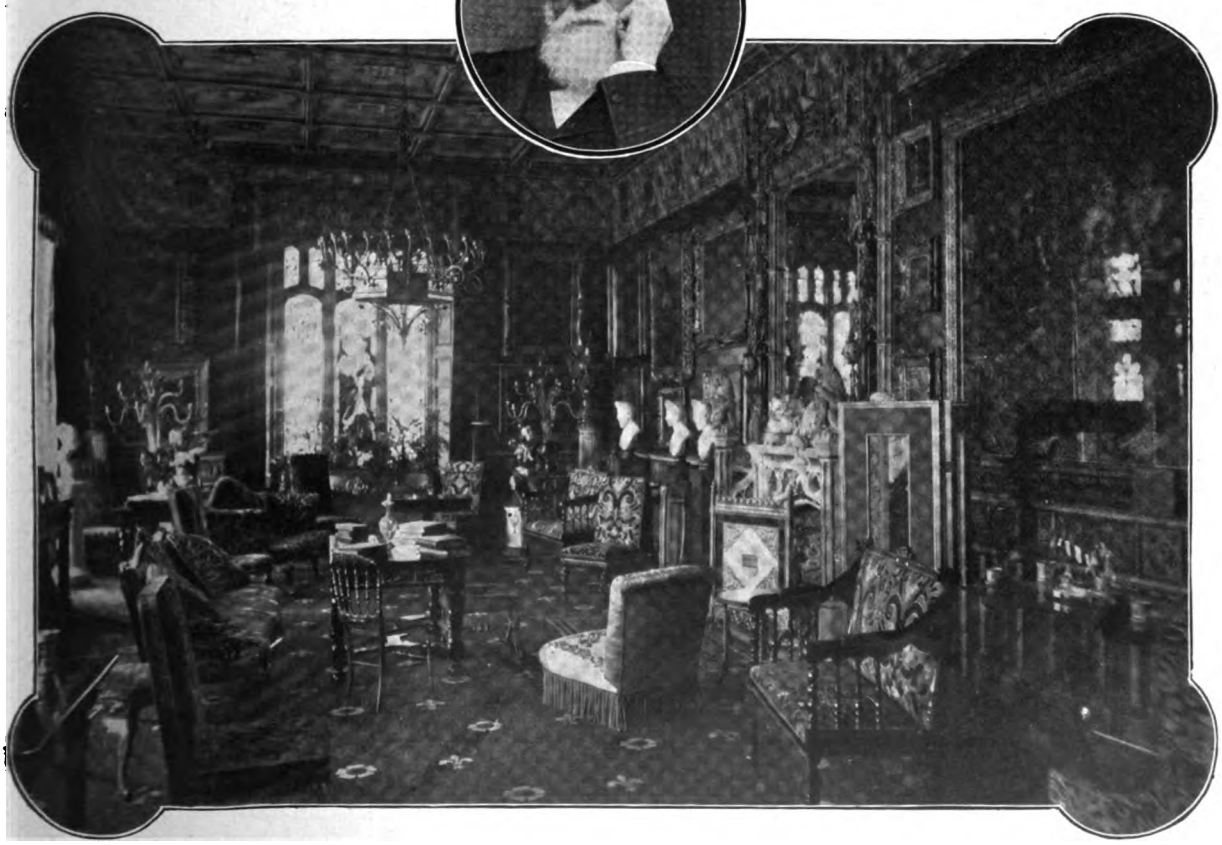
Stately Halting-place for Premiers

KNEBWORTH, WHERE LORD STRATHCONA IS TO ENTERTAIN THE COLONIAL DELEGATES

The South Front, Knebworth, Herts

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Strathcona



Photos *King*

The Drawing-room, Knebworth

It is appropriate that one of the first displays of hospitality to be shown the Colonial Premiers should be their entertainment at the beautiful seat of Knebworth, Herts, by a man who has spent the greater part of his life in the service of Canada—viz., Lord Strathcona

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An Artistic Marchioness

Photo **Lady Anglesey** *Lallie Charles*

The widow of the late Marquis of Anglesey. Her ladyship is a woman of interesting personality and extremely artistic tastes. She has just returned from Italy on the sad errand of being present at the deathbed of her mother, Lady Hastings. Lady Anglesey's collection of barbaric jewellery, for which she has a particular *penchant*, is one of the finest in the country

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The "Croaking Raven" at Kempton

"The Croaking Raven"

The political world is still noisy with the echoes of the croakings of a recent raven. Despite the tendency on the Liberal side to "pooh-pooh" the utterances of Lord Rosebery, and to treat his platform as, in his own words, a "withered branch," there is still an unpleasant consciousness that they represent, in the most polished phraseology possible in modern oratory, the thoughts of the man in the street. Lord Rosebery's position is unique to the verge of uncanniness. In no other country than our own could such a man as this—noble, wealthy, public-spirited, practised in diplomacy and state-craft, an orator, a great sportsman, and a man of letters—be a permanent outcast from office. He is a man with a plan; he stands for a definite line of British policy. Therefore, he should, of necessity, figure in the list of "possible" Premiers. He will, however, probably, never again hold high office, for the amazing reason that he is avowedly a non-partisan. He is indisposed to be a parrot; to cry "aye" to everything proposed by one group of men; "noe" to everything proposed by another. He will cry "aye" and "noe" wheresoever he thinks fit, and nowhere else. Therefore, never more can he be a Minister of the British State! Surely our anomalous Party system never showed in more lurid fashion its destructive influence on our public life than in this enforced exclusion from the national councils of one of the greatest of living statesmen.

Lord Rosebery (the "retired raven") enjoying a little croak with Mr. J. A. de Rothschild at the Kempton Easter Meeting. On the right of his lordship is the Hon. Neil Primrose

STRAW-HATTED CELEBRITIES AT KEMPTON

Mr. Leo de Rothschild (left) and his trainer, Mr. J. Watson (right), at the Kempton Easter Meeting

* * *

Easter Racing

Racing, unless my memory much deceives me, is one of the few Society pastimes not yet oratorically abjured by Father Bernard Vaughan. This may or may not (and the negative seems most probable) account for the ever-increasing popularity of the race meeting. At Easter the crowds at Kempton were phenomenal. So they were last week at Croxton Park and at Windsor, while at the various Point-to-Point Races, the Military in the Heythrop country, the House of Commons at Kineton, and the Greenford Drag, both the elements and the attendance conspired together to make for success.

* * *

Irish Racing

Ireland, this week as well as last, is entirely engrossed in racing matters. No fewer than three meetings last week heralded the approach of what the Irish consider, perhaps, the most sporting fixture of the year—the Punchestown Meeting now in progress. The 19th Hussars, now quartered at the Curragh, and the 11th of that ilk, both held their annual Point-to-Point Races, and Easter Monday saw the Ward Union Hunt Meeting taking place in glorious weather at Fairyhouse, Co. Dublin, Mr. Percy Ward, the popular Master of the Ward Staghounds, being in great form.

* * *

The Punchestown Meeting

The Punchestown Meeting, at the Curragh, usually enjoys "Queen's weather." Everyone turns up, whether racing meets with their approval or whether it does not. Even the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen attend in postillioned, four-horsed State; and, as everyone knows, their attitude in regard to this pastime is by no means an Irish one. The Kildare Hunt Club stand and enclosure is *the* place from which to survey the racing, though the several regiments quartered in the Curragh — the Hussars, the Cameron Highlanders, the R.H.A., and the 3rd Dragoons —all dispense the most profuse hospitality.

* * *

Windsor House-Parties

Without doubt, one of the most popular places in which to take up one's abode, when a proximity to London is needful, is Windsor. In, and for miles around, the Royal Borough beautiful houses and hospitable hostesses abound. One of the season's bridegrooms, the Marquis of Downshire, has a house in the neighbourhood, and is popular there with rich and poor alike. Lady Esher is giving a dance during the week at Orchard Lea, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lord and Lady Desborough, Lord and Lady Herbert at Datchet, and Lord and Lady Gerard at Bishop's Farm, Clewer, all are entertaining for the races. Next week, for the races, even more than usual, the Thames Valley is the scene of many hospitable adventures, and the journey from Town being so insignificant that everyone who is anyone, or who is in any way interested in the Guards, is going down.

* * *

A Charming Widow

Although staying at Clewer with her sister, Miss Olive Chetwynd, it is not probable that the

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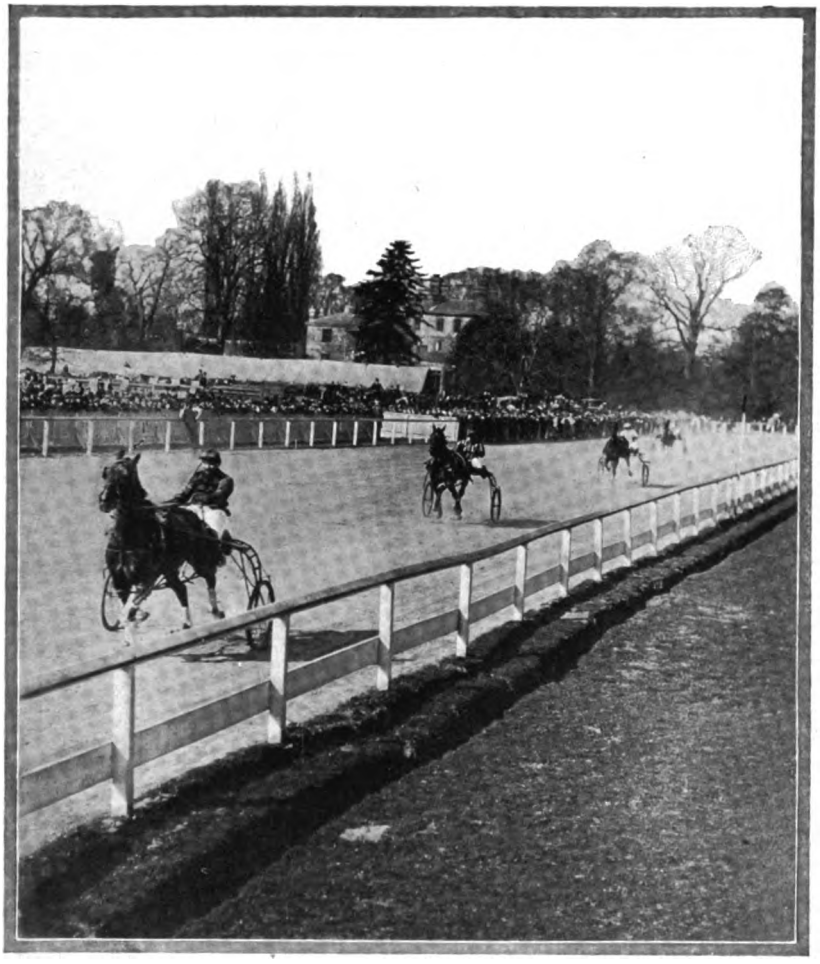
Chariot Racing Up to Date



Chariot Racing Up to Date

The Trotting Races at Imber Court on Good Friday showed excellent sport, and the resemblance of the pastime to the Chariot Racing of Roman days gives it a picturesqueness peculiarly its own

Marchioness of Anglesey will attend the Household Brigade Meeting. She is still in deep mourning for her mother, the late Lady Hastings, in order to reach whose deathbed Lady Anglesey travelled night and day from Italy just recently. Lady Anglesey is an interesting, rather pathetic, personality. Her brief married life with the late Marquis of Anglesey, whose *penchant* for pantomimes and diamonds was his most noted characteristic, was made even briefer than it might have been by an early disagreement. They lived together a very short time; but at his death his wife hurried to him, and the end was complete reconciliation.

* * *

Artistic—but Paris

Though very artistic, both in mind and appearance, Lady Anglesey distrusts the artistic *modes* of Regent Street. One would say she dressed *à la* Rossetti rather than *à la* Burne-Jones, for she favours wonderful colours and rich fabrics, and has them fashioned into gowns in Paris, whereas the Burne-Jones school choose "art" muslins and get them thrown together in London. She possesses a quantity of barbaric jewellery, and Rossetti or Holman Hunt alone could do justice to her as I saw her last—her wonderful red hair, blue eyes, and sad face, crowning a gown of vivid blue velvet chequered with trellises of pearls, and worn with a great hanging chain of sapphires and turquoises. Her ladyship has an *appartement* in Paris, but is much in Italy.

* * *

The Present Condition of Trotting

It would be idle to pretend that trotting is a fashionable pastime in this country in the same sense that racing is, nor can we compare its popularity in England with that which it enjoys in America. But the sport is unquestionably interesting, and is still influentially supported. Perhaps the arrival of some of the American crack trotters will widen public interest, and I hear that there is a movement on foot with the object of making a match between the Messrs. Winans's pacers and trotters and the best of the visiting horses. It should be one of the best sporting contests of the summer. That trotting is in a fairly healthy state in England would have been patent to any visitor to Imber Court Park, Thames Ditton, on Good Friday, for the crowd was very big, the racing excellent, the times good. The most interesting performer at the meeting was Mr. R. Isherwood's Grace Greenlander, a mare who established a world's race record on the same track last August, and is a great favourite with followers of trotting.

* * *

Newmarket Craven v. Household Brigade

It is unfortunate, to say the least of it, that the dates for the Newmarket Craven Meeting and the Household Brigade function should be one and the same, viz., the 17th and 18th, Wednesday and Thursday of next week. The Household Brigade Meeting is like the regatta of the same name. Outsiders are looked upon with positive loathing. The common herd, *i.e.* those people who are not connected in any way with the Guards, participate at their peril, as was only too amply proved last summer at the Guards' Regatta, when a punt-load of Townees was deliberately overturned by a quartette of gay young Guardsmen. And still they, the outsiders, come. Cold looks would seem to fail to keep them off, for, to tell you the truth, as an extremely exclusive and very young Guardsman has just confided to me, "This bally Government positively encourages the bounders, don't you know."

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A Record Race Crowd

50,000 HOLIDAY-MAKERS AT THE KEMPTON EASTER MEETING

The Crowd at Kempton Park on Bank Holiday

The Midsummer-like weather of the Easter holidays attracted a record crowd at the popular meeting at Kempton Park, it being estimated that 50,000 persons at least were present. Summer dresses and straw hats were to be seen on every side, and there was an entire absence of overcoats. Among those to be seen in summer attire in the Members' Enclosure were Lord Rosebery and his two sons, Lord Dalmeny and the Hon. Neil Primrose, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild.

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A Real Statue for London!

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Herbert Scott

Who has just joined the well-known motor firm of Rolls-Royce, Ltd. He is the fourth son o the Duke of Buccleuch, and the cousin of another motorist Peer, Lord Montagu, the editor of the *Car*

The Eternal Motor

Motoring, when the luxurious taximeter cab can be hired so cheaply, is so much a daily incident in one's life that it is quite impossible to avoid mention of it now and again. Nowadays, a dinner-party never passes without allusions to clutches, sparking-plugs, and the merits of four or six cylinders. Indeed, to be a good conversationalist to-day one wants to be as *au fait* with the subject as one has to be about golf or bridge. Everybody, too, has his or her particular fancy in the car line. Just now many of the leading cars are undergoing reliability trials, covering distances that fairly make one's head ache. The redoubtable Mr. Jarrott, husband of Lady Rosslyn, broke the record to Monte Carlo the other day on a 30-40 h.-p. Crossley. Another famous car, the 40 h.-p. Siddeley, is undergoing a long-distance trial in the British Isles, and has covered over 7,000 miles with one involuntary stop. The cause of "the involuntary stop" is shown in the photograph opposite, as the car ran into a huge snow-drift a few days ago, which seems rather uncanny in view of the almost tropical heat we have had in the South. Captain Deasy is favouring his own Isle of Erin with a 1,000 miles reliability trial on a Deasy car, and there are others. When the Brooklands Racing Club is opened early in July there is going to be a rush to see the races. In classic days, all Rome used to hasten to witness the chariot races. Now we shall refresh our jaded appetites for new things by watching huge motor-cars tearing round a track at something over 100 miles an hour. Such is evolution!

* * *

The Marriage of a Motorist

And talking of motorists, one of the most intrepid of these has just entered the matrimonial state. Captain Max de Bathe, the son of the late General Sir Henry de Bathe, and brother-in-law of Mrs. Langtry, married, the other day, in Brussels, Lady Miller, the divorced wife of Sir John A. Miller, of Barneyhill, East Lothian, who himself has lately married Miss Evelyn

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The German Emperor's gift to the English nation

The statue of William III., Prince of Orange, which was the subject of a joke on the part of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, who announced that it was to be placed near the Orangery of Kensington Palace

Cookson. Captain de Bathe was once in the Guards, and was always what is known as "a great man with the ladies." His wife, though the last, is by no means the first lady with whose name his own has

Photo *Lafayette*

The new Earl of Liverpool

Who has just succeeded to the title, owing to the death of his father, the first Earl. The State Steward to Lord Aberdeen, in Dublin, he and his wife, who is a daughter of Lord Monck, are among the most popular people in the city

been linked. He is a motorist of nerve and astounding daring. At Handcross, some little time ago, he had a serious accident. His chauffeur was killed outright, a friend in the car was seriously injured, and Captain Max himself broke his collar-bone. His wife is one of the Leicestershire Pagets, and it will be remembered that Captain Max de Bathe was the co-respondent in her last divorce suit. Mrs. de Bathe has been married three times.

* * *

From Soldiering to Motoring

Captain Lord Herbert Scott, D.S.O., fourth son of the Duke of Buccleuch, who is resigning his commission in order to enter the motor trade, gained distinction in the South African War. He was A.D.C. to Lord Roberts, and afterwards served with the Guards' Mounted Infantry. Lord Herbert has also held Staff appointments in India and Malta, and, in spite of the aristocratic nature of his family, has the same leaning to business affairs which distinguishes his elder brother, the Earl of Dalkeith. Lord Herbert Scott is entering the firm of Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Limited, as a director, and, if the fascination of the motor runs in families, he should be of great use to the firm, for he has Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, the editor of the *Car*, as cousin.

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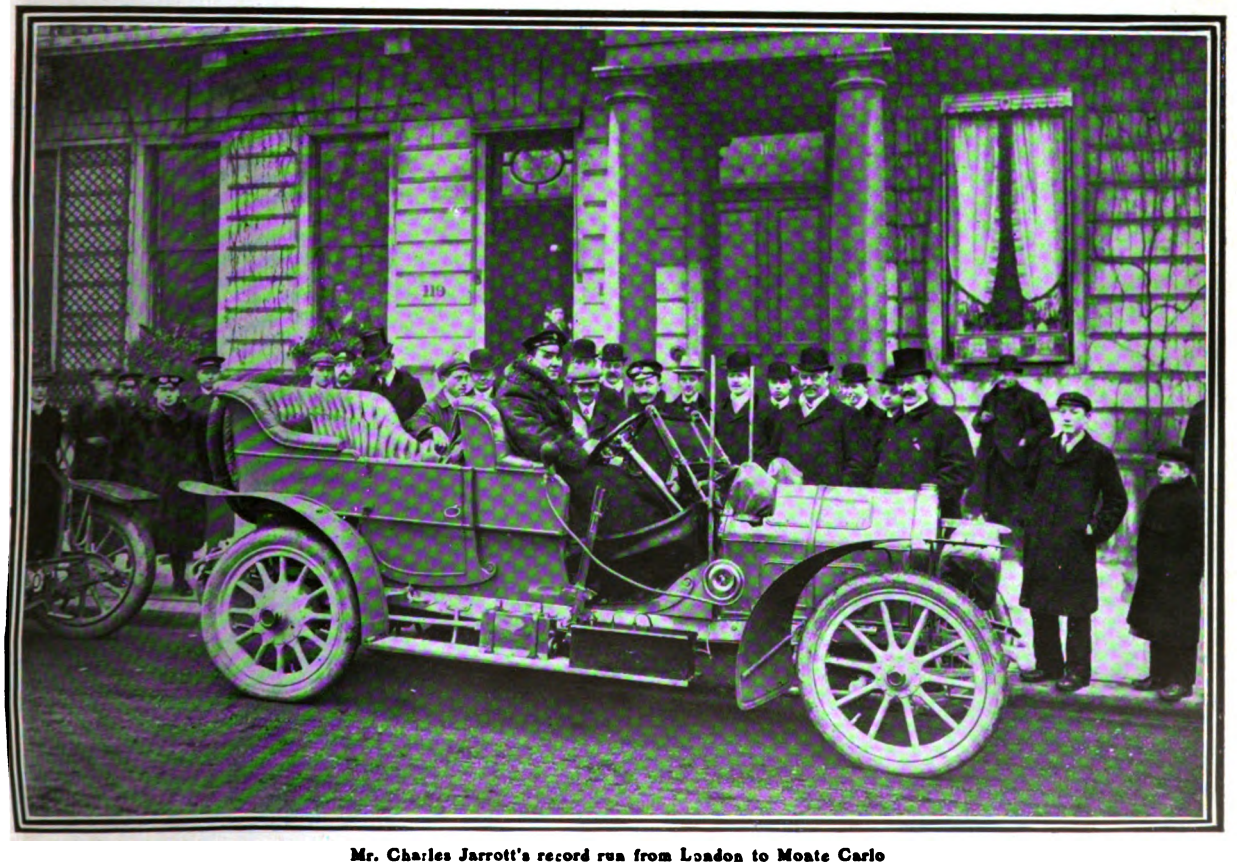
Long Distances by Motor

An Involuntary Stop: A Siddeley 40 h.-p. car held up in a snow-drift 25 ft. deep

This Siddeley car is undergoing a long-distance trial under the auspices of the Royal Automobile Club. The car has now covered over 7,000 miles with only this one stoppage



Mr. Charles Jarrott's record run from London to Monte Carlo

The photo shows Mr. Jarrott just bidding adieu to his friends outside the Royal Automobile Club, in the run to Monte Carlo, which occupied only 35 hrs. 5 min., and which constitutes a record. The car was a 30-40 h.-p. Crossley

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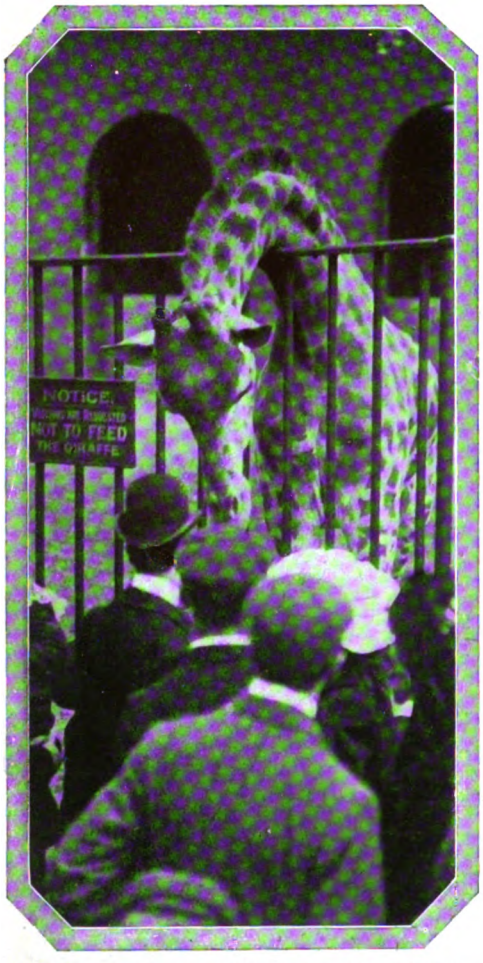
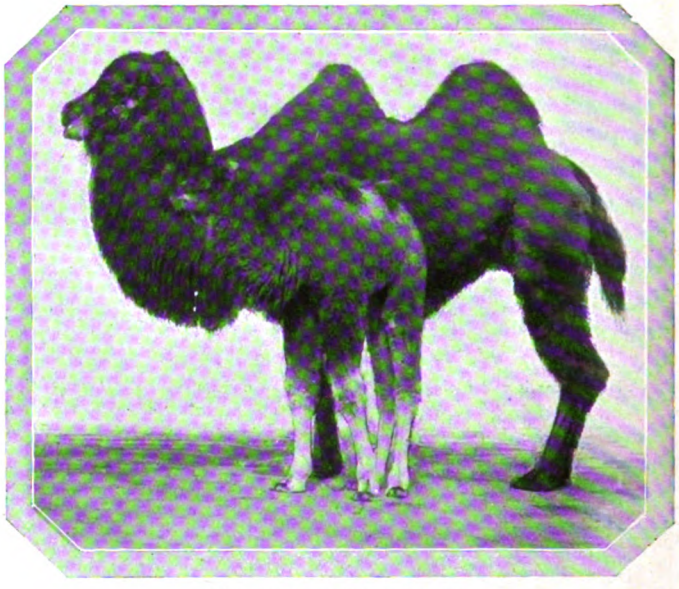
Debutants in Zoo-Society

BABY BEASTS WHICH PLEASED THE BANK HOLIDAY CROWD



A young Giraffe hangs his head—not in dejection, but in quest of buns

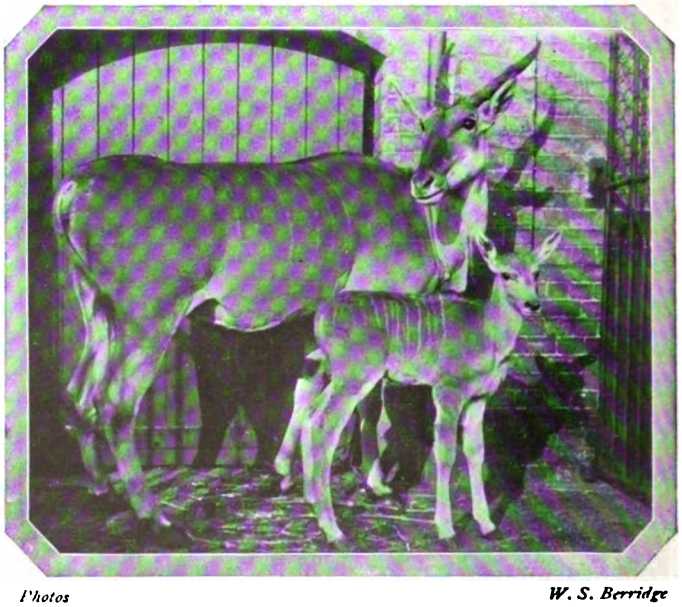
A very young Himalayan Bear obliges with a few bearish parlour tricks



Too young to have the hump

A baby Bactrian camel (fourteen days old), with mamma. It has, as will be seen, not as yet developed the hump

A youthful Elephant provides an agreeable mode of locomotion for the youth of the human species



Photos *W. S. Berridge*

A pretty baby Eland (four days old), also with mamma

THE BYSTANDER photographer, spending his Easter Monday at the Zoo, takes a few snapshots of some of the more popular among the juveniles there encaged. Particularly interesting are the baby camel and the baby eland, here shown under the strict chaperonage of fond parents

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

HAYMARKET

"The Palace of Puck"

It is difficult to write a fantasy for the stage. I cannot tell whether Mr. W. J. Locke has succeeded or not until I see the play played. At the Haymarket, *The Palace of Puck* is trampled upon. In this fantastic comedy not a player strikes the note of fantasy. So rough are the methods of the players that they are continually tearing holes in the delicate fabric weaved by the author. Some day I hope to take *The Palace of Puck* into the study and people it with the players of my imagination. Here is the play in a nutshell. Mr. Fred Kerr and Miss Marion Terry are husband and wife. They are Philistines from somewhere in Suburbia. Each has a vein of charm, but it is deep down. Suddenly dumped into a *château* full of delightfully irresponsible and charming people, this Colonial broker and his wife begin to shed their Philistinism. The romance in the nature of each is brought to the surface through association with a charming member of the opposite sex. So husband and wife are brought to love each other through their dalliance, the one with the Witch (Miss Miriam Clements), the other with the Dreamer (Mr. Ben Webster). It is a pretty conceit, but not as played at the Haymarket.

The play is ludicrously miscast. This is so rare a happening at the Haymarket as to accentuate the pity of it. Mr. Fred Kerr makes but a pathetic attempt to appear narrow-minded, conventional, pompous, and unattractive. Mr. Kerr has the air and bearing of a very delightful man of the world. He is the type of man to whom a scapegrace goes with the tale, "Look here, old chap, I've got into a devil of a scrape. Get me out of it." Mr. Kerr stalks about the *château* in the vain endeavour to dissociate himself from the merry crowd of artists, poets, and musicians. In reality he is one of them. He pretends to be scandalised by their outlook upon humanity. He is not.

Miss Marion Terry fares no better in the attempt to disguise her natural charms. Again, it is essential for the right playing of this comedy that the Witch and the Dreamer have an air of unreality. They should be rather spirits than real flesh-and-blood man and woman. Miss Miriam Clements and Mr. Ben Webster are too literal in their reading of the characters. Miss Clements can see the woman in the character, but not the angel. Mr. Webster plays the Dreamer in a passionate, "leading-man" style which utterly destroys any notion of fantasy. He can see the man, not the god. Even Mr. H. V. Esmond could not avoid traces of self-consciousness in his performance. A self-conscious Puck!

Perhaps first-night nervousness has something to do with the failure of the company to attune themselves to the author's note of mock-seriousness. They may improve. Until they do, I can only think of Mr. W. J. Locke as a figure of despair, beating his breast and uttering lamentations.

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Valli-Valli

Who is now playing in *Her Love Against the World* at the Lyceum. With this piece, melodrama, so long vanished from the West-End theatres, again makes its appearance, and, from the reception the play has had, appears to be still in demand

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GIGANTIC!

Paris always puts me in a good humour. I am astounded by my vivacity and *bonhomie* for the first day or so after my return. This faint reflection of the Gallic temperament is no more lasting than sunburn. It wears off, leaving me as reserved (I had nearly written stodgy) as my countrymen.

On my return from the *Fête des Pâques* I met a man who knew me slightly. So, with the kindly design of broaching a topic in my line, he said, "Rum thing about that giantess at the Hippodrome."

Instead of replying "Isn't it?" in a tone so weary that to continue the subject would be like flogging a tired horse, I cried, "Ha! So there is a giantess at the Hippodrome. My dear chap, tell me all about it."

He commenced upon the details — height, nationality, general appearance. Upon the beauty of the new "turn" he did not wax very eloquent.

"But the strangeness of the affair is yet to come," he continued.

"So I suppose," I said. "How have they managed to get her into the papers?"

He darted a look of annoyance upon me.

"It is a romance," he said, rather stiffly.

"Come now," I said gaily, "I love to hear of romances. If you will tell us yours, I will cap it with a better from my own experience."

He recovered his humour.

"Hanged if a giant hasn't fallen in love with her, and been bombarding the management for an introduction to her."

The Paris humour in me faded several shades. I wished I knew the man better, so that I could slap him on the back and shout ribald remarks. But I forebore.

He mistook my passivity for receptivity, and resumed his tale:

"He is a rich Australian from Wagga Wagga. Been following her all round Europe. Tracked her to London. Bought up the theatre. Renewed appeals to management. They behaved pretty decently. Said lady had been confided to them by her father and mother, and while she was under their care she would be allowed intercourse with no one whose references would not bear the strictest investigation—— My dear chap, are you ill?"

"It's nothing," I murmured, in a weak voice. "Mere temporary faintness."

"Paris," he said, significantly.

"Perhaps. But please go on."

"Well, the giant was a rare plucked 'un. In the face of almost insurmountable objections, he persisted in his suit. The climax came last Thursday week, when he stood up in the stalls and actually addressed the lady."

I wiped the perspiration from my brow.

"Thought that would surprise you," said the man.

"It has," I said. "Well?"

"There was a scene, I can tell you. The giant was hustled out. He came again. Scene repeated. Finally, he was refused admission. Bit of a scuffle. Giant's hat knocked off—— Brace up!"

"Go on," I said.

"The sequel of the affair was told in the Police Courts. Summons against manager of Hippodrome. But I forgot to tell you the episode of the motor-car."

A "Gigantic" Love Affair: Mr. Clive Darril, the Australian Giant, meets Miss Mariedl, now appearing at the Hippodrome

More than usual interest has been caused by the appearance of the Tyrolean giantess at the Hippodrome, for she has an ardent suitor for her hand in the person of Mr. Clive Darril, a wealthy Australian, who is also of great stature. The Hippodrome authorities, however, refused him an introduction, but Mr. Darril, who has followed Miss Mariedl all over Europe, was successful in obtaining one at Guildford, where our photograph was taken

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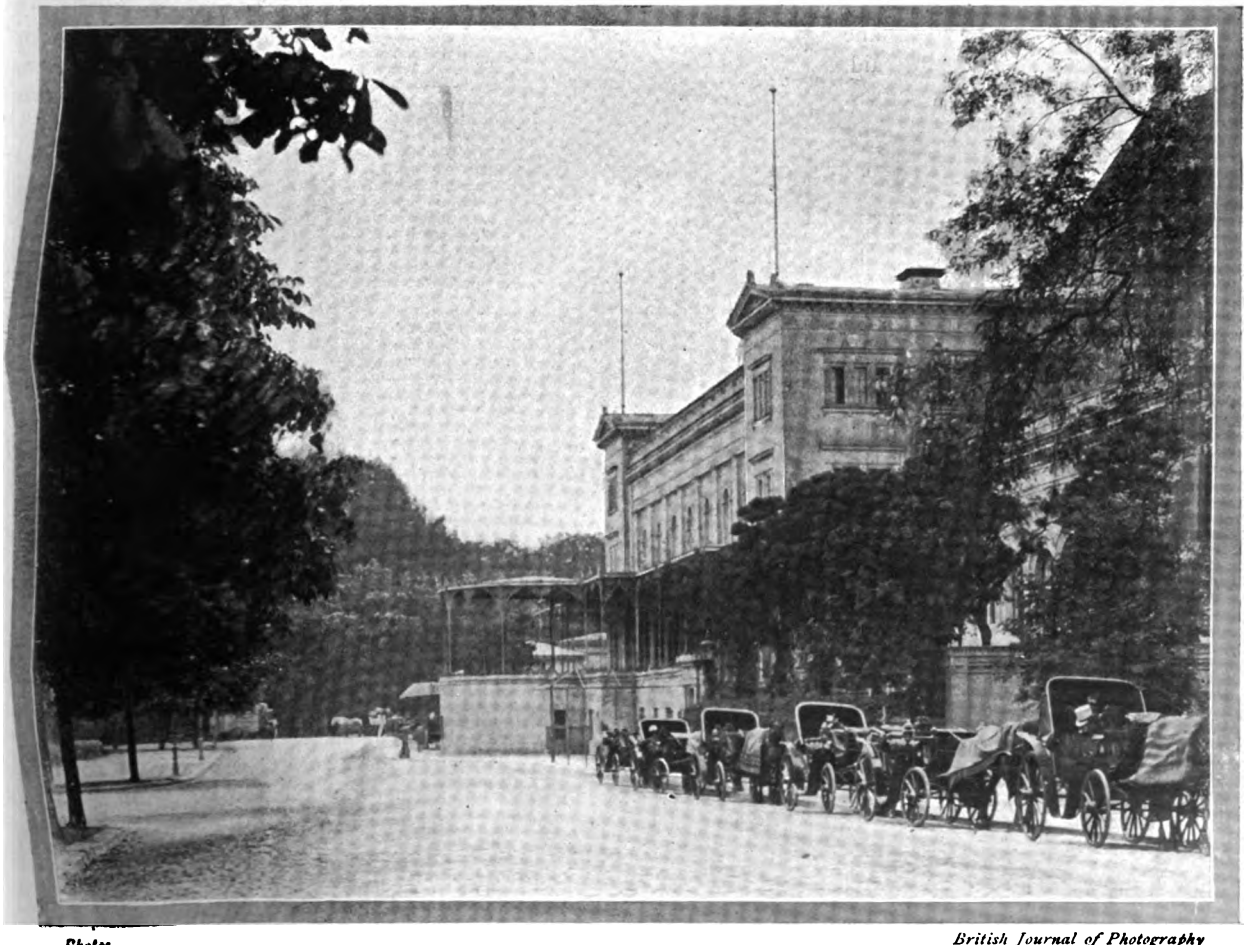
Berlin's Beautiful Kroll Theatre

WHERE MR. TREE WILL PLAY BEFORE THE KAISER THIS WEEK

A Corner of the Theatre Supper-room

The Open-air Restaurant

Adjoining the theatre is a typical German garden restaurant, which is open to the public at all times, but which is chiefly filled by a well-dressed crowd during the twenty-minute intervals between the acts and after the performance. How the English visitor must wish that such an arrangement was common in this country



Photos *British Journal of Photography*

The Kroll Theatre, situated in the Thiergarten, Berlin

The Kroll Theatre, which is to be the scene of a series of Shakespearean performances by Mr. Tree from April 12, at which the Kaiser has signified his intention of being present, is one of the three State theatres in Berlin, and its picturesque situation marks it out among the homes of the drama in the German capital. Like other Berlin theatres devoted to serious drama, every seat in the house may be booked in advance, and before the performance each visitor has to hand his or her hat to an attendant, while late arrivals may only go to their places in the short intervals between the acts

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I groaned.

"Please don't tell me," I said, in a faint whisper, "that the giant pursued the giantess in a motor-car."

"How did you know?" asked my friend sharply.

"Intuition. Sometimes these things literally burst upon me. It is an uncanny faculty of mine. Sort of second sight."

"Then I need tell you no more?"

"Do."

"Well, the giant's motor-car overtook the motor-car of the giantess at Guildford. Notwithstanding the opposition of the lady's manager, the lengthy couple were introduced, and it was finally agreed that her manager should write to her parents in the Tyrol inquiring whether they would consent to her betrothal to—— Hold *up*, man!"

"Drink," I said feebly.

He supported my tottering footsteps to the nearest bar. When the colour came into my cheeks again, the man expressed contrition.

"If I had known you would be so affected by the story, I should not have told it. Now for yours."

"You have taken all the shine out of my poor little yarn," I said. "It is commonplace to a degree. My lay shall remain unsung. But I once knew an American actress who travelled through the States with a gentleman who is known as a Press agent. This man was a regular hoodoo to her. All through his administration of her Press affairs misfortune dogged her footsteps. Once she was mistaken for another woman and was kidnapped for a whole afternoon, only just managing to turn up for the evening performance; twice she narrowly escaped death in rescuing little children from trolley cars; thrice she lost all her jewellery. Finally, and not without shedding a tear, she dismissed this faithful Press agent.

"And then?"

"And then the woman lived happily ever afterwards."

WALDORF THEATRE

"The Gipsy Girl"

Mr. Claude Arundale, with very slight assistance, has written and composed a musical play. Some day, when he has broken away from tradition, the new author-composer will do better work.

Mr. E. H. Sothern

The American actor, who, with Miss Julia Marlowe, is shortly opening a three weeks' season at the Waldorf

The Gipsy Girl is modelled upon very old lines. The curtain rises upon the outside of "The Jolly Ploughman," and the opening chorus is sung by village maidens down front, village men in the background, and a sprinkling of "granfers" in smock frocks.

Somehow, this *mise-en-scène* suggests to the intelligence of the sophisticated playgoer the advent of the Squee-igher and party. The sophisticated one is not mistaken. Now, the Squire (the previous spelling of his title is a phonetic rendering of it as pronounced by a "granfer" with three lines and a dodder) has a son (Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald) who writes poetry. You can imagine the humour of this character — aggravated as it is by Mr. Fitzgerald's well-known hiccuppy laugh. There is a Professor of the old comic school, with black coaching hat, spreading tie, and white spats.

Photos *Sands and Brady*

Miss Julia Marlowe

The well-known American actress, whom British playgoers will have an opportunity of seeing in *The Sunken Bell* at the Waldorf which she is producing with Mr. E. H. Sothern

The Professor has a son (Mr. Gordon Cleather), who makes love to the Gipsy Girl (Miss Sybil Arundale). The Gipsy Girl has a comic showman guardian (Mr. Fred Eastman). And now the party is complete. The burden of the piece rests lightly upon the shoulders of Miss Sybil Arundale, who acts, dances, and sings with much verve and charm.

E. C. S.

THE KROLL THEATRE

The Kroll Theatre, where Mr. Tree and his company are playing this week, is the smallest of the three State theatres in Berlin, but its picturesque situation in the Thiergarten, near the Sieges Allée, marks it out among the homes of the drama in the German capital. Adjoining the theatre is a typical German garden restaurant, which is open to the public at all times, but is chiefly thronged by a well-dressed crowd during the twenty-minute intervals between the acts and after the performance. The London playgoer who struggles for a drink in the theatre bar must surely pronounce the arrangements common in German theatres one of the things done better in the Fatherland.

Like other Berlin theatres devoted to serious drama, every seat in the house is "bookable," and every seatholder, before entering, must give his or her headgear into the charge of an attendant. Moreover, as soon as the overture commences, admission to the auditorium is forbidden. A brief interval is afforded before the curtain rises, but once a play has commenced, a late visitor, if his seat happens to be a good one, must wait until the conclusion.

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The Parisian Art World

The Paris artistic world is busy preparing for the *Salons*, the first of which (La Société Nationale de Beaux Arts) is to be opened this week by M. Fallières. Those who are interested in the exhibits have been visiting the different studios to see the pictures before they go to the *Salons*; it is an excellent opportunity, at the same time, for meeting one's friends.

M. Roll, the president of the Société, is sending, among other things, the portrait of a beautiful *blonde*, standing against a background of summer foliage. The picture loses a great deal in reproduction, for perhaps its greatest merit is its colouring. The delicate tints of mauve and pink in the drapery of the model, which harmonise so well with the colours of the background, are, of course, completely lost. Upon the best of portrait painters, the artistic historian of the age, Léon Bonnat, is conferred the honour of painting the Presidents. This year he exhibits M. Fallières, a striking likeness and a fine piece of work. M. Jules Cayron remains faithful to his own particular branch of art, the smart Parisian. In his picture, "Le Potin," a group of ladies are assembled in a Parisian drawing-room eagerly listening to a piece of scandal about the visitor whom the hostess is escorting to the door.

* * *

The Classical Exhibit

M. Aman-Jean is only exhibiting two things this year, a portrait and a decorative panel, but quality takes the place of quantity. His portrait of Mlle. E. Kermichel is one of the best he has done. M. Montenard is also exhibiting a decorative panel—a huge classical subject which would take a long time to describe, and of which French artists are so fond. Many painters try this branch of art long before they are capable of producing any good work. Is it to have the same taste as M. Dujardin-Beaumetz? I wonder. For this gentleman, assisted by an advisory board, whose advice he never by any chance accepts, is entrusted with the patronage of works of art.

* * *

A Painter Prince

Prince Borghidad Karageorgevitch is exhibiting some exquisite jewellery. At last fortune seems to be smiling on this unhappy exile, for year by year his work is becoming better known and more appreciated. Two years ago he was elected associate of the Société de Beaux Arts, and his work purchased by the State is to be seen in the Luxembourg. In December, he tells me, he is to have a big exhibition at the Leicester Galleries in London, where, amongst other things, will be seen the work which he has executed for the South Kensington Museum. The Prince, like so many of his countrymen, is richer in ideas than in money, but considering the enormous amount of work he sells and the big prices he obtains, the Prince is not so much to be pitied as people would suppose. He and his mother live in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, where they have a house of their own, and in order that his mother should not in any way lack comfort, the Prince works with ardour. Every morning by a quarter to eight he is in his workshop, and there he remains till six o'clock, stopping only a quarter of an hour for lunch. Possessed of even more determination than is usual in his race, the Prince will overcome any obstacles. Nature has endowed him with fingers which bend back to an extent I have never seen before. To many persons this deformity would be of no account, but to the Prince it is a serious handicap; it makes it almost impossible for him to work on his tiny wax models, and that which should take him half an hour is never finished under four hours. Yet he does not despair; he hopes to be able to invent some method of working with his hands inverted.

A Painter Prince
Prince Borghidad Karageorgevitch, who is exhibiting some exquisitely designed jewellery at the Exhibition of the Société de Beaux Arts in Paris. He is a cousin of King Peter of Servia

* * *

A Born Artist

The Prince is an artist to the tips of his crooked fingers. For six years he has been working at artistic

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jewellery and embossed work, but before that he studied art in all its branches, from portrait painting to designing and sculpture. From Nature he takes the most of his designs. For instance, the other day I saw a set of gold buttons, each a flower at a different stage—the bud, the blossom, and the fruit; and a paper-knife, the handle of which was composed of eucalyptus flowers and the blade of leaves. In his pendants and rings, he sets the stones with quite as much dexterity as the best Parisian jewellers. Exceedingly well-read, the Prince spends his evening writing articles, giving lessons, and designing. The time he loses in modelling he certainly gains in designing. He draws so rapidly and correctly that a lady the other afternoon had a wager with him that he could not draw a design on a paper pinned on his own back. Naturally, she lost. The Prince is exceedingly tall, and very thin, and this accentuates the length of his long face. Of art he is never tired of speaking, and he is willing to converse on most subjects—except Servia.

A Few Finishing Touches

An artist at work in a Saint factory colouring the face of one of his models. The large-size figures are cast in sections, and fitted together with tongue-pieces

The Artists' Room at a Saint Factory

In France, and especially around Paris, there are several factories especially for the manufacture of images of Saints, which are such a common feature in the churches and shrines by the road side

Exile to him cannot mean what it does to his mother, and even now, after forty years, if she speaks to you of Servia, her eyes will fill with tears It is extremely difficult for anyone who has not been in Servia to know exactly what is taking place there. All sorts of alarming telegrams come to us *viâ* Austria, where they are corrected and exaggerated, and often they contain not a grain of truth. Austria, as everyone knows, is Servia's greatest enemy, for Peter I., unlike his predecessor, has deserted her, and sought in Russia the needed moral and material support. On the other hand, however, it is not quite possible to believe the glowing accounts of peace and prosperity one hears from the Servians themselves.

* * *

The Present Servian Monarch

Quite recently, at Nice, I met one of the principal regicides, who now occupies a high official position in his own country. I asked him what it felt like to be a regicide, but he was extremely surprised at my question, being, like the rest of the conspirators, proud of his action, and posing as a "great patriot." He emphatically denied the fact that the heir to the throne is incapable of reigning, although Europe is aware of the outrageous conduct to which he has at times been subjected, and of his audacious escapade at Vienna with the lowest of music-hall artists. To call him mad is the most charitable interpretation. That Peter is helpless in the hands of these regicides is only too obvious. And yet he has done his best. At an ordinary time, who could have made a better monarch than a descendant of the great Kara George, he who for nine years struggled against the Turks. With his ancestor's intelligence and chivalry, he should have been able to contribute to the glory of his country; but he cannot, for over the land floats a blood-stained flag, and only centuries can wash it out.

* * *

A Possible King of Servia

Of the fact that Peter is a usurper, most people are aware. If, as he says, it is in spite of himself that he is sitting on the throne which should be his cousin's (for Prince Borghidad is the son of the elder brother), he should at least have tried to make amends to his exiled cousin for the merciless treatment they received at the hands of the Obrenovitch. Prince Borghidad's unhappy mother had to fly for her life in the middle of the night, and, unlike Eugénie in the days of her pomp, she had not made provision for an unhappy future. Yet the Princess is ambitious. She would be the mother of a King, even though his country be Servia. During her forty years of exile she has been hoping against hope, and to-day she firmly believes at any time her son may be called upon to reign.

Whether Prince Borghidad would accept the crown is another question; possibly he would, for few men have been known to refuse a throne. Yet working in the jeweller's shop, preparing his exhibitions and giving his lessons, his

Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

"Notre Dame de Lourdes"

A copy of the famous figure at Lourdes, on which the artist is gilding the embroidery after removing the marks of the moulds

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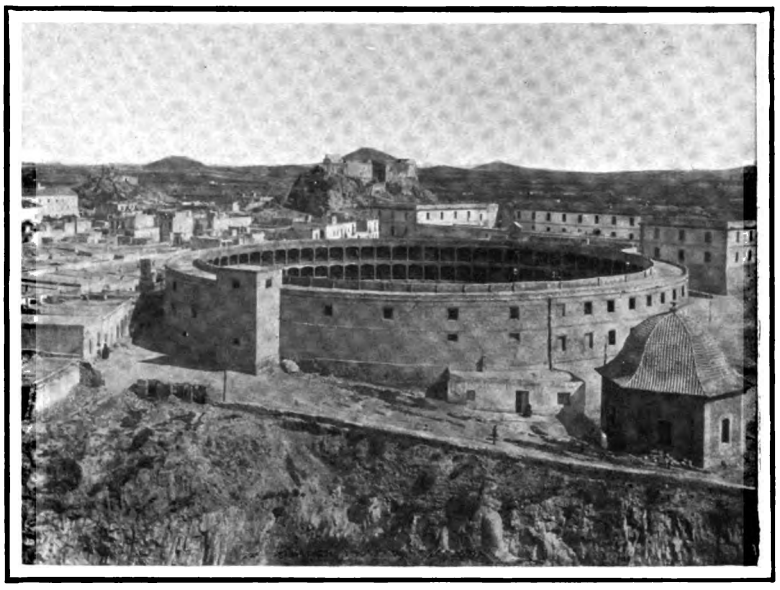
head will lie easier than when he wears the Servian crown. As a King, he may or may not be a success; Borghidad, the artistic jeweller, will always excite the pity of all. If, as he intends after taking his wares to London, he goes on to New York, he will carry all before him. How many dollars would America not give to have his Royal signature?

* * *



A Meeting-place of Monarchs: The Place des Taureaux, Cartagena

Cartagena was during the past week agog with expectation, and was lavishly decorated with flags and fl wers in view of the visit to Spain of King Edward. A bull fight is an inevitable part of Spanish festivities in honour of a monarch, and the above is the exterior of Cartagena's historic arena

The Saint Factories of Paris

One thing that always impresses a stranger on his first visit to France is the enormous number of shrines and images one sees in the churches and by the road side. To supply the demand created by such universal use there are many large factories, especially in Paris, devoted to their manufacture. In the photographs opposite, Saints of all sorts and sizes will be seen in the course of construction, from the immense altar-piece representing the Nativity—the superb painting and gilding of which is a work of art of no mean order—down to the tiny crucifixes for private use.

The large-sized models are cast in sections and fitted together with tongue - pieces. One of the illustrations shows an immense representation of the popular "Notre Dame de Lourdes," upon the bottom sections of which a workman has just been busy removing the marks of the moulds and can now be seen putting on the finishing touches necessary before the work is passed on to the paint-shop. In this room numerous artists paint and gild an infinite variety of finished castings before they take their place in the beautiful show galleries to be exhibited to the admiring gaze of intending purchasers.

Women Journalists in France

Although the woman journalist in France is considered at present as an almost unknown *genus*, it is curious how many women have been entrusted with difficult missions. Mme. Juliette Adam, the only woman whom Victor Hugo invited to his last important political dinner, Mme. Severine, orator and writer, and the late Mme. Blanc, all undertook important expeditions. And now, Mme. Léra, wife of the Mexican Minister in St. Petersburg, has gone to Morocco to study the conditions of the people. Every country in the world has Mme. Léra visited except India; she is absolutely fearless, and what would be the use of a timid woman in Morocco in its present disturbed state.

So far, I hear, she has visited Marnia, Ujda, and Marrakesh, and everywhere she has been struck by the enormous amount of disease. The large majority of the people are suffering from a horrible malady contracted by eating their food mixed with mud. Small-pox, too, is prevalent, but Mme. Léra was not afraid. In and out of the pestilent hovels of the people she bravely picked her way. The only help she can suggest for these unhappy creatures is for them to be attended by the European doctors; but with the fate that has awaited the unhappy Dr. Mauchamp in view, how many would be willing to make such a sacrifice? Then the women have to be considered. No male doctor can penetrate into their homes. For this reason, Mme. Léra appeals to the women of all lands to go out to these unhappy beings, if not in the capacity of doctor, at least as nurse.

Photos *E. N. A.*

Cartagena: The Place de Religieuses

Cartagena, which was originally founded in 242 B.C., was, during the height of Spain's prosperity, the fi est naval arsenal in Europe. Parts of the town still present a Moorish aspect, but most of its buildings are in rather a neglected condition. A mass of small houses, which spoiled the view of its Town Hall from the harbour, have been hastily demolished in honour of King Edward's visit

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In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, illustrates the career of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN

(IN TW

SCENE THE TENTH

(THE LAST RESORT)

The Gilded Youth, his parents st
tries to "raise the wind," but un

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AKE'S PROGRESS

'E SCENES)

one of the phases through which he passes on his progress through life—a "road to ruin" very different from that of his Hogarthian predecessor two centuries before

refusing to countenance his marriage, ccessfully, as he fails to provide any urity

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

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No 70 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.

"Here's Hose For You"

By RICHARD MARSH

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

(Mrs. Robin Writes to a Friend)

My dear Ellen,—A most extraordinary thing has happened. I hardly know how to put it on to paper—pray don't breathe a word to anyone!—but somebody has sent me a dozen pairs of silk stockings, and I can't think who. It is decidedly awkward. I don't know a woman who'd send them, and certainly not a man who would dare. The very best quality, lace fronts, and champagne colour—an exact match for that new frock I told you of, to say nothing of the shoes. I've been hunting all over this wretched place for just that shade, and could not find any in the least like; when I opened the box and saw them I felt as if they had tumbled from the skies. And not a word to say who they were from!

Really, I hardly knew what to do. Of course, if they were from something masculine I should have had to take hold of them with a pair of tongs, and put them outside my bedroom door; but were they? Pale blue silk clocks, and a pierced heart in pale blue silk just under the top seam—most surprising! Not the least curious part of it was that they came just as I was putting on the gown they matched, and when I saw what a perfect match they were, it would have been contrary to human nature not, at any rate, to have tried one of them on; and just as I was putting on the other—because I was so enchanted with the appearance of the first—who should come into the room, with another parcel in his hand, but the *sommelier*. Of course I screamed. He said he knocked, but I never heard him, so I took the parcel—with nine or ten inches of champagne-coloured silk stocking trailing out from under the hem of my skirt—and when I opened it, if inside there were not three pairs of corsets.

My dear, that was beyond a joke. They were not my corsets; and who would venture to make me such an offering. Sky-blue, high, low, and frightfully *décolleté*—perfect of their kind—but really! So I put them back in their boxes, and left them on the bed, and went out in the stockings—I had them on, it seemed hardly worth while taking them off. I was only just going over to the Casino to look on—it couldn't possibly do them any harm; when I came back I would take them off, repack them, return them to the *sommelier*, explain that they were not for me, and no one would be a penny the worse—least of all, the stockings.

That, my dear, was the programme; and it only shows how, when a woman proposes, sometimes it's a man who disposes. Between ourselves I had a feeling all the while that I should have liked my title to those hose to have been more clearly established; but, at the same time, since I did have them on, I felt that I might as well hint to the world in general how perfectly *en suite* I was; so I daresay that, as I went down the steps of the hotel, I did have my skirts a trifle abridged. But that was no reason why a man who was at the foot of them should have first stared at the sight of me, and then, when his glance d scended to my ankles, give a positive jump. He was what I should describe as plump, quite as old as he need be, decidedly French, with a ridiculous moustache, and a fancy waistcoat which would have looked better on something slimmer.

My dear, the individual was actually offensive. I am used to being stared at, goodness knows—while men are what they are, a presentable woman has to get used—but there are limits, and that individual passed them. I thought he was going to speak to me. He distinctly smiled, and seemed to expect that I was going to smile at him; when I looked vitriolic instead, his round face went rounder. I swept by him as if he wasn't there; before I'd taken a dozen steps, he was after me. Oh, I knew; one need not look behind to be aware that one is being followed. And I had a disagreeable feeling that, more than anything else, he was contemplating what was visible of my ankles. Of course, I might have obscured them, and there would have been an end of it; but I was not going to be bullied—because it would have amounted to that—by a person who, I daresay, would have turned the scale at fourteen stone, though he was under five foot eight. Across the courtyard I went, and after me he came. I knew from the first he was going to speak to me, and I made up my mind to wither him—no matter what his nationality, I can wither a man of a certain sort as well as anyone. The point was that he did not turn out to be the sort that I'd expected—and that's where I'd miscalculated.

He kept gaining on me, a little at a time; he did it very well, but I was not going to run away from him. Then, just as I was commencing to ascend the

(Continued on page 82)

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In His Father's Greatest Rôle

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. H. B. Irving as Matthias in "The Bells"

It was as Matthias in *The Bells*, originally played at the Lyceum in 1878, that the late Sir Henry Irving first sprang into prominence. It is now in the *répertoire* of the great actor's now famous son, whose interpretation lends itself to interesting comparisons. Mr. H. B. Irving has lately returned from America, and is now touring in the provinces

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(Continued from page 80)

Casino steps, he spoke to me, as I'd anticipated. But, my dear Ellen, what he said petrified me. Consider my situation.

"*Bon jour*, Madame Robin."

He spoke in French, and he pronounced my name as Frenchmen do, but it was my name—and it amazed me that he knew it. I turned to stare, thoroughly taken aback; and the more I looked the more I was convinced that he was a complete stranger—I could not possibly have among my acquaintance a man who would wear such a waistcoat with his figure. It was incredible—the audacity of the man! Oh, I tried to crush him!

"Sir," I said—only I spoke in French—"you have the advantage of me."

But he was uncrushable. He had his hat in his hand, and, with only a fringe of hair over each of his ears, he was all smirks and smiles.

"Madame Robin," he said, "I know you by my stockings." Fancy having such a remark addressed to you, on the steps of the Casino, in the middle of the afternoon, in broad daylight, with all the people going in and out, in a perfectly audible tone of voice, by a complete stranger!—by his stockings, you will observe, not mine! Conceive my feelings! What the creature meant I had not a notion until—well, my dear Ellen, what do you think he did? He stretched out a stick he was holding, and with the end of it he touched my right ankle, and he said, "My stocking!" For the moment I had clean forgotten, it had gone out of my head entirely—wasn't it natural? what could you expect?—but when he said that, and touched me—actually!—down there, with his stick—my dear, I nearly had a fit. I know I staggered on the steps of the Casino. Because, of course, then I at once perceived that there must be some sinister connection between that short, plump, bald-headed, unattractive-looking person and those champagne-coloured silk stockings which I had been lured into trying on. If I had had any doubts on the subject they would have been dissipated by the extraordinary remarks that he persisted in addressing to me. I know I was swaying about the steps of the Casino. "Ah, Madame Robin, should I not know my own stockings?—with a heart—my own heart!—right on the top of them! But to see them so soon on your beautiful limbs—(limbs is the word I use, he didn't)—that was a compliment which was not expected. And the corsets——"

My dear, he didn't drop his voice. I had, practically, to run for it. There was a most painful scene. He kept on talking, and I was speechless, simply because I could say nothing—what could I have said? I couldn't explain, at the top of my voice—I am sure it would have been worse if I had tried to whisper!—think of whispering to a strange man on such a subject!—before all those people—you know what sort of crowd does go to the Casino in the afternoon—it would have been perfectly impossible—at least, for me. All I could do was to get back to the hotel as fast as ever I could, and that I did do—without thinking of going into the rooms, that was out of the question, though as I had planned to have a little flutter, you can fancy my disappointment; especially as I had decided to play on a wonderful system which I found in a little book which I picked up second-hand some months ago for 50 centimes, and have never yet tried, so I feel certain I should have won—but it always is like that; when I am sure of winning I never do get a chance. And there was that dreadful person sticking to my heels, and talking about such things, and expecting me to answer him. It's fortunate that I'm a married woman; if I'd been single, I don't know what I should have felt—though, heaven knows, nowadays some girls know more than anyone. He never left me once till we got back to the hotel, and I don't believe he once stopped talking; then I wrenched myself away and dashed upstairs and tore them off—at least, I didn't exactly tear them off for fear of tearing them; if I'd torn his stockings, what might have been the consequences it makes me tremble to think. Then I put them back in the box and looked at the wrapper, and then I saw it was addressed "Madame Robinne," double "n" and an "e"—which only shows that you seldom ought to open anything, no matter who brings it to your bedroom, without looking first to see if it's for you, particularly as it was the same with the corsets; there was "Madame Robinne," with another double "n" and another "e"—so that it will be a lesson which will last me the rest of my life. Then I rang the bell, and handed both parcels back to the *sommelier*, with such a look, because, of course, it was all his fault, and if he weren't so good-looking, with iron-grey hair and a most deferential manner, I'm nearly certain that I should not tip him, as, if it hadn't been for him, I should never have had my ankles prodded in public by that plump man's stick, to say nothing of the remarks which he almost shouted at me.

Practically, I stayed in my room the whole remainder of the day, only going downstairs to eat a few mouthfuls of dinner, because if I eat absolutely no dinner you know what I suffer; though goodness knows afterwards I wished I had starved first, even if it had killed me, which, probably, in the present weak state of my health, it would have done. That pain in my back is not the least bit better, it comes on every morning as regularly as clockwork when they bring my tea; I shall have to see someone in the end if it keeps on, though I will not go to Bath, no matter what the doctors say. For dulness, it beats anything; I never shall forget the last time I was there—never! How is it that it's impossible to live in any of the places in England in which they cure you? Is it the climate or the national temperament? My dear, I don't understand it, because even clergymen are all right when you meet them abroad. However you can allow yourself to be sent to Malvern is beyond my comprehension; the way in which the women there put their clothes on gives me an attack of melancholia.

But as I was about to say, when I drifted off to the pain in my back, as I was coming out of the *salle à manger*, who should I encounter in the *salle de lecture* but the short, plump, bald-headed person with a woman—such a woman! She was twice his size round and two inches shorter—and her beard! to say nothing of her moustache! How women, no matter what their age, contrive to get such ornaments I can't think. She had on a heliotrope chiffon velvet gown and a hat to match, with an ostrich feather in it which I daresay cost someone twenty pounds. I was so lost in staring at the spectacle she presented that I never saw him till he was on me, and then there was no escaping. Before I had had time to take my breath he had introduced her to me—actually! My dear, she was Madame Robinne—that woman!—think of it! And she had them on, because she lifted up her skirt to show me. However she managed to get into them is beyond me; you never saw such a sight—talk about monstrous!

Then they explained—the pair of them. It was no good my trying to stop them, because it wasn't to be done. I never heard such a tale before, and I didn't hear much of it then, not to what you might call assimilate.

(Continued on page 84)

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"The Gipsy Girl"

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Sybil Arundale as the Gipsy Girl at the Waldorf

Miss Arundale first made her appearance on the stage at the age of seven at Drury Lane. She played the title-rôle of *My Lady Molly* both at Terry's Theatre and on tour, and has since appeared in several of Mr. George Edwardes' productions

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(Continued from page 80)

You know how loquacious French people of a certain class can be, and they both of them spoke together, but from what I could make out, each of them—or both of them—had been advertising for a husband—or a wife—I am not expressing myself very clearly, but you know what I mean—you know those funny little advertisements, all abbreviations, in the Paris papers, some for *bonnes pour tout faire*, and some for husbands and wives, and some for the advertisers themselves alone know what. In that way they'd been brought together—through the post, that is—and they'd corresponded with each other, and the result was that they'd made a rendezvous for him to meet her at this very hotel, and as a sort of herald of his coming he had sent her those stockings and those sky-blue corsets. You know, my dear, how very French some people's notions are, and they, being natives of the country, were more French even than most. And that was how, through the stupidity of that *sommelier*, to whom, if I didn't like the way he has of bowing every time he comes in or out of the room, I wouldn't give a farthing, those abominable parcels came my way; and, also, that is how, owing to his having never seen her before, except in a photograph—and I can't believe there's any photograph which she resembles—he came to mistake me for her. My dear, how do you think he explained his mistake? He pressed the tips of his fingers against that astounding fancy waistcoat—he still had it on—and he smiled a smile which you could see extended to the crown of his bald head, and he said:

"As you will perceive, madame, how could I tell that the wrong legs were in my stockings?"

I am leaving to-morrow. I don't know where I'm going, but I can't stay here; I can't run the risk of meeting that man twenty times a day. I know each time he will refer to what I can't bear to think of—he's that kind of man. All the same, it's most embarrassing. I had meant to stay here at least another month, and now I'm utterly stranded. Monte Carlo is the only place which agrees with me at this time of the year. I will not go to Mentone, I hate that train; and nothing will induce me to believe that Nice isn't smelly. It's no use your writing to me, because in my present state of disarrangement and unsettlement I can't give you an address to which to write—probably when I can, I shall be in the hands of the doctors. Only by good luck have I kept out of their clutches so far, and if this deserts me where is a woman who has buried her husband five years on Tuesday fortnight to turn for help? I don't know how many men I have kept at arm's length since then. I only hope that when you hear from me again I shall still be in the land of the living—you know how fervently I believe in ghosts, and how convinced I am that I saw the late Mr. R. that Friday night when I thought my end had come! I feel sure that an attack of some sort is coming on, and all through that *sommelier*. I do wish he had less distinction, so that I could make up my mind to treat him as he deserves, and not unmake it directly afterwards. From Yours, in what I can only describe as a state of mental dishevelment.—G. R.

P.S.—I am sure to dream of her inside them! If there is a nightmare about I'm bound to have it! And that plump man's waistcoat! What a pair, my dear, dear Ellen!

RICHARD MARSH.

"THE BYSTANDER" AFLOAT

A snapshot on Belfast Lough, by Miss Peyman, The Red House, Walton-on-Thames

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"I'd be a Butterfly"

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Claire Rickards, who is now playing one of the Butterflies in "My Darling" at the Hicks Theatre

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Producing a "Sketch"

By G. D. LYNCH

SCENE: THE OFFICE OF A VARIETY AGENT. *All the chairs are occupied by ladies who are already members of the profession or aspirants for the variety stage. Three or four men are lounging about, or seated in negligent attitudes on the edge of a table littered with old copies of the "Stage" and other journals devoted to theatrical matters, all very much out of date. A clerk at a desk writes down the names of the visitors on a slip of paper and passes them through a wicket-hole in the wall to where the* MANAGER *is enthroned.*

The AUTHOR, *having successfully passed this ordeal, is admitted into the* INNER SANCTUM, *in which is seated the* MANAGER, *a gentleman who wears an eyeglass which he never removes from his eye, and a very glossy silk hat which he never removes from his head. The* AUTHOR *is naturally impressed.*

MANAGER: Well, I've read your sketch, *The Man with Three Wives*, and I think we can do something with it.

AUTHOR: Oh!

MANAGER (*suavely*): Now, what do you want us to do with it? Do you want us to produce it for you? Do you wish to produce it yourself? Do you want to sell it, or what?

AUTHOR: Well, I don't quite know.

MANAGER (*blandly*): It's just as you like. We can produce it, or get someone to produce it for you. Tell us what you wish, and it shall be done.

AUTHOR: Well, I suppose if I produced it myself I should have to pay the actors?

MANAGER: Undoubtedly.

AUTHOR: Then there would be difficulties about keeping them together, as I don't intend to play in it myself.

MANAGER: Quite so; and if they were out for a week or a fortnight you would have to go on paying them just the same; you couldn't let them go.

AUTHOR: I suppose I had better let you work it on a royalty.

MANAGER: Well, you wouldn't make so much out of it that way; but as you don't want the bother and worry of it—what royalty do you require?

AUTHOR: Oh—er—six guineas a week.

MANAGER: Too much; you'll never get it. About three-and-six a performance, that's what you'll get.

AUTHOR: Is that all?

MANAGER: Soon mounts up, you know, if it goes and has a long run. Besides, no reason why you shouldn't work two halls a night, with two shows at each. That would be all right, eh?

AUTHOR: Yes; it does not take very long to act.

MANAGER: It did as you wrote it, but I've cut it down.

AUTHOR (*anxiously*): Oh!

MANAGER (*complacently*): I think you'll find it improved.

AUTHOR has his doubts, but refrains from expressing them.

MANAGER: Have it produced on a royalty. Yes, that's the best way for you. You'll soon get your money back.

AUTHOR (*startled*): Eh! I beg pardon.

MANAGER (*abstractedly*): Costs from ten to twenty pounds to produce a sketch of this sort. No costumes, no scenery. (*In a burst of generosity and good nature*) I'll do it for fifteen pounds.

AUTHOR: What, fifteen pounds!

MANAGER (*icily*): You didn't suppose that I was going to do it for nothing, did yer? I don't believe in working for nothing; never did.

AUTHOR: But if someone else is going to play the sketch, why should I pay for having it produced?

MANAGER: People won't play for nothing, you know; you can't expect 'em to.

AUTHOR: No; but they are going to act in it, and they are going to be paid for acting in it when they get an engagement.

MANAGER: Are you going to guarantee them a month's engagement?

AUTHOR: No, of course, not. That's your business, getting them an engagement.

MANAGER: Very well, then, you are not prepared to guarantee a month's engagement, and I don't believe in not paying people for their work. I expect people to pay me for my work, and I never work unless I am paid for it. You want your artists. That's a guinea each for their travelling expenses. I don't suppose you'll grudge them their travelling expenses.

AUTHOR: No, only——

MANAGER (*cutting him short and continuing*): I suppose you want your sketch to be properly produced, rehearsed and all that. Well, there's the cost of hiring a hall for rehearsals. Then you must have a capable stage manager; you won't grudge a capable stage manager five guineas for three weeks' rehearsals?

AUTHOR: Why shouldn't one of the actors stage-manage it?

MANAGER: I see you're not a practical man. Now, I'm a business man, that's what I am. I was in the commercial line before I took up this business, and I believe in doing things in a practical business way. You must have a stage manager.

AUTHOR: It's not that I mind paying, if I could see how to get my money back.

MANAGER: You must spend money to make money. These rooms cost me three hundred to furnish; but I don't trouble about that. I'll have a short contract drawn up and send it on to you. When you have read it you can return it with cheque, and then we'll set to work.

The interview being concluded, the author humbly takes his leave.

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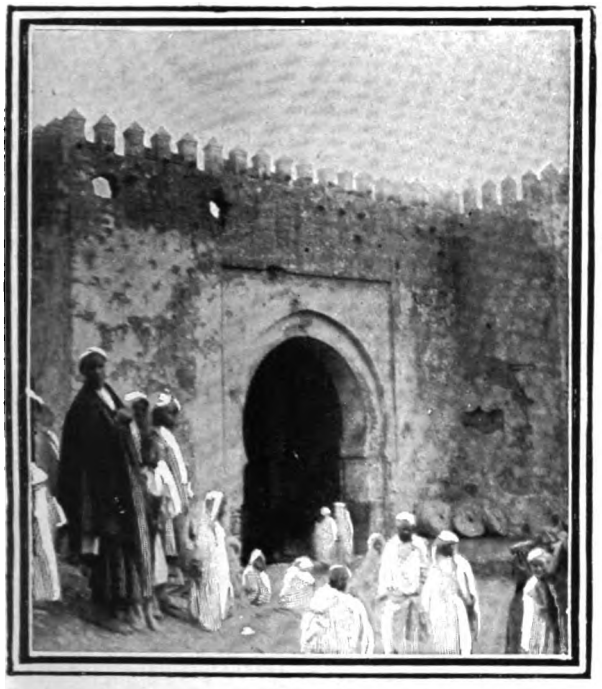
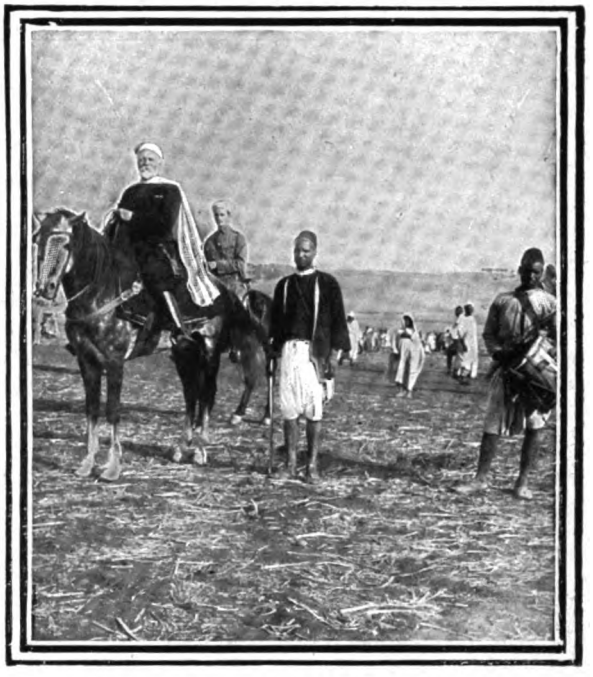
More Trouble with the Moors

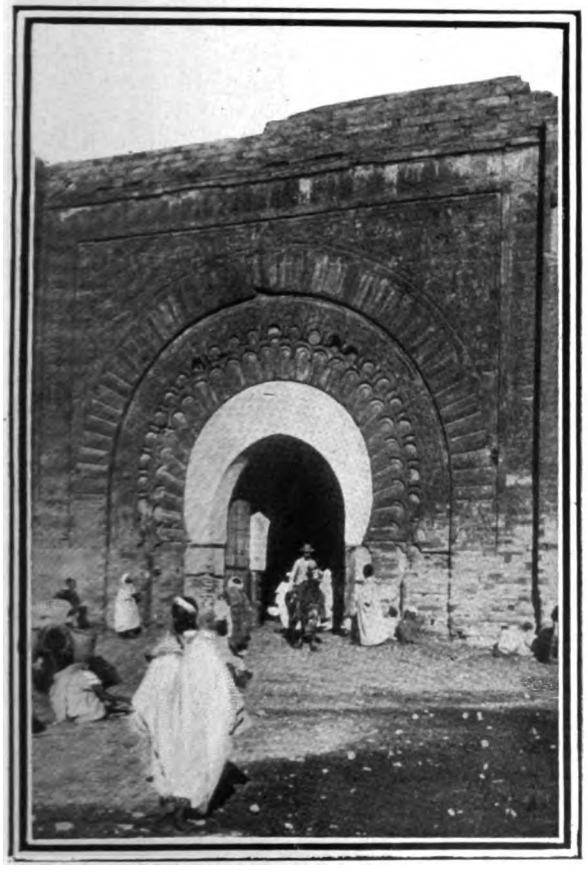
SCENES IN MOROCCO'S NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN CAPITALS



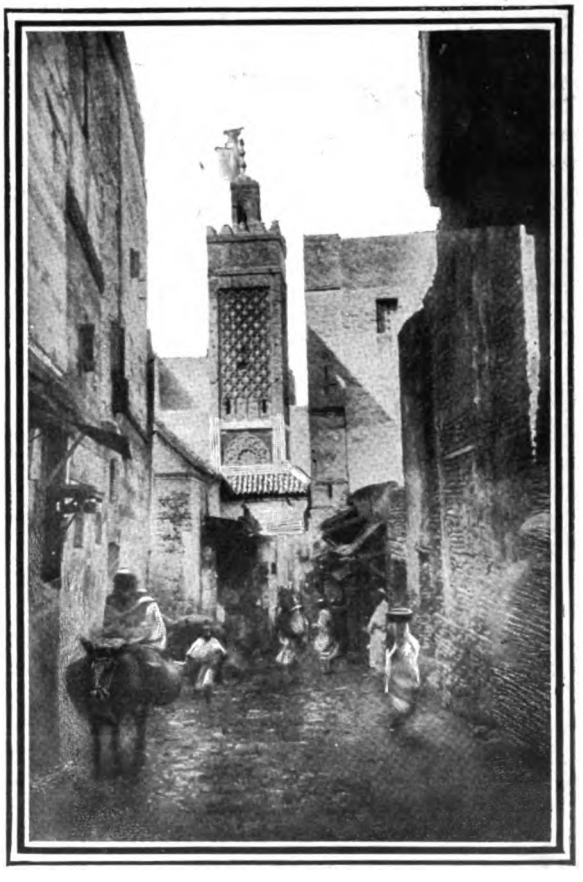
The city gate of Fez, the northern capital of Morocco (decorated with human heads)



Kaid Sir Harry Maclean and staff outside Fez



The big gate at Morocco City (Marrakesh), the Sultan's southern capital



A street corner in Morocco City (Marrakesh), where outrages on French subjects have caused fresh trouble

To see the real Morocco it is necessary for the tourist to take his life in his hands and penetrate very much farther into the interior than cosmopolitan Tangier. Fez, the northern capital, is populated by the old Berber, or aboriginal, stock, and is, accordingly, a centre of fierce fanaticism—the nature of which may be gauged by a glance at the first of our photos, a city gate frescoed with the decapitated heads of criminals and enemies in war. Morocco City (Marrakesh) lies in an oasis at the foot of the Atlas Mountains, and is a network of noisome, narrow streets of the kind shown in our fourth picture

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By Field, Stream & Covert.

Fox-hunting Nearly Over

Saturday last saw the finish of hunting in a good many countries, and it is now possible to form some sort of opinion as to the quality of the season. Six weeks ago we should not have hesitated to describe it as one of the worst within memory. But a cycle of good sport began with the end of February and lasted all through March. That which comes last usually leaves the longest impression, and at a moment when hounds are still running well we are inclined to reconsider our opinion of the merits of the hunting months. Certainly, the excellent gallops of the past few weeks have done much to compensate for the disappointments experienced in the heart of the season, when day after day was lost on account of unfavourable weather. On the whole, we shall be safe in ranking the hunting of 1906-7 as just about up to the average. If sport has varied considerably, it is pleasant to know that in other respects there have been very few regrettable features. The relations between hunting people and farmers are just as good as they were when the season started, and there is no reason to suppose that the breach existing in some countries between fox and pheasant has been widened to any material extent. A little friction there must inevitably be here and there in these days of pheasant and partridge preservation, but I am inclined to think that a more tolerant spirit prevails now alike in hunting and shooting circles, and the knowledge that both branches of sport can go on smoothly together is certainly becoming more widespread.

A Fine Catch of Salmon on a Vancouver River

These fish, which weighed 56lb. and 42lb. respectively, were caught by the lady in the photograph on Campbell River, between Victoria and North Point, British Columbia, by trolling with spoon bait. The river is becoming quite a resort for sportsmen from England and all parts of the world

New Leader for the Burstow

In recent issues I have alluded to the very satisfactory way in which vacant Masterships have been filled up, and I am glad to hear that yet another pack has found a new leader. Allusion is made to the Burstow Hounds, which next month will be taken over by Mr. Hubert F. Sturdy, of Paxhill Park, Lindfield, a keen young sportsman, who is expected to do full justice to the country. Mr. Sturdy farms about eight hundred acres in the county of Sussex, and has the reputation of being a fine horseman. Certainly, he has never been seen on a bad hunter, and it is expected that he will mount the staff in first-rate style. The members of the Burstow look forward, therefore, with much confidence to the new *régime*.

The Gipsies and the Fox

An extraordinary incident, by the way, occurred a few days ago with these hounds. After a good hunting run, the pack seemed within measurable distance of getting hold of their fox, when suddenly he disappeared in a most unaccountable way. But some gipsies, with a lurcher dog, were observed by the roadside, and upon their being questioned as to the whereabouts of the fox, it was discovered that they had got him in a bag! Moreover, before they would part with him they wanted half-a-crown—which for pure unadulterated cheek has seldom been equalled in fox-hunting annals. Not only had these businesslike nomads, with the help of their dog, stopped the run and purloined the fox, but they did not mean to restore him to the members of the Hunt unless they got something out of it. The situation was not without its humorous side, and it was with mingled amusement and indignation that the Burstow men "parted." Then the fox was liberated, hounds were soon on his line again, and eventually got hold of him.

Sport with the West Kent

Our illustrations depicting a recent day with the West Kent Foxhounds remind us that the pack has prospered exceedingly under the capable management of Mr. W. Gore Lambarde. When he took them over foxes had become rather scarce in the country, and sport was declining in consequence; but Mr. Lambarde, who resides at Bradbourne Hall, Sevenoaks, now has the satisfaction of finding good, straight-necked foxes in coverts which were devoid of hunting material a few seasons back, and the country has never been in a more satisfactory condition since the reign of the Hon. Ralph Nevill, who by general consent takes rank as the most popular and most successful Master the West Kent have ever had. The present M.F.H., who is well known in Ireland, is a hard rider, and has proved himself well qualified to hunt his own hounds.

A. W. C.

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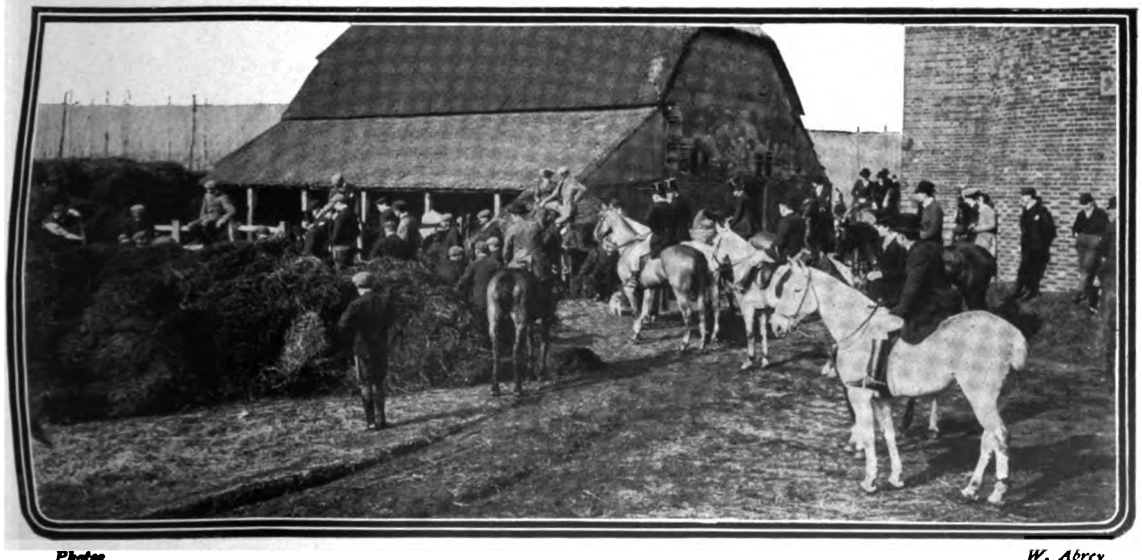
A Day With the West Kent

A "refresher" for the huntsman

Off to covert



Photos *W. Abrey*

Gone to earth in a farmyard

The West Kent Foxhounds, which hunt the country around Tonbridge, Sevenoaks, and Farningham, have enjoyed a most successful season under the Master, Mr. W. G. Lambarde

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Fishing in British Columbia

Campbell River, on the East coast of Vancouver Island, about two-thirds of the way between Victoria and the North Point, has lately become quite a resort for sportsmen from England and many other places. Some of the salmon caught there are very large. Sir Richard Musgrave caught a seventy-eight pounder and sent it to the museum in Victoria, and A. W. Laird went from England two consecutive years, and caught many fish almost as heavy. One towed his boat a mile or two, and he had about four and a half hours of great excitement before the *tyee* (Indian name) could be landed. The fish in the photograph are salmon caught by trolling with spoon bait, which is not so sportsmanlike or quite so exciting as rod and line, but it is most exciting to have your boat towed "hither and thither" by a monster, and, perhaps, after twenty minutes or half an hour, to succeed in landing him.

"Harling" for Salmon

The picture on the opposite page shows the usual style of "harling" for salmon on the Tay. The angler sits facing the stern of the boat watching his rods, which have a fly or phantom working twenty yards or so behind the boat. The gillies really do the work of finding and hooking the salmon, as they know exactly how to row so that the fly or phantom is made to swim over the places where salmon "take"; they begin at the top of each salmon pool and zig-zag across, very gradually dropping down. If a fish is hooked, the angler plays it while the other lines are wound up, and he is rowed ashore to fight it out.

GARDEN NOTES

The Primula Family

In the increasing popularity of hardy plants the primulas have shared, and quite a number of them are now grown in gardens. The family is a large one, mostly confined to cold or temperate countries, and of the many species five are British—the common primrose (P. vulgaris), the oxlip (P. elatior), the bird's-eye primrose (P. farinosa), the Scottish primrose (P. scotica), and the cowslip (P. officinalis), which is supposed to be the parent of the polyanthus. All five are beautiful when massed in the wilder parts of the grounds and in the rock-garden, but P. farinosa is so charming, with its pale purple yellow-eyed flowers and small leaves covered underneath with white meal, that it deserves a special position. P. scotica is not unlike it, but smaller. The meal is really a waxy secretion, which serves the purpose of preventing the stomata or pores from being clogged by moisture. Many beautiful hardy primulas come from the Himalayas. Nearly all the species are easy to grow if only they are planted where they will be slightly shaded in summer, and where excessive moisture will quickly drain away from them. It is interesting work raising primulas from seed, but requires a good deal of patience, for the seed often germinates very slowly and irregularly, the seedlings appearing at intervals for many months. As the latest of them not infrequently produce the finest flowers, the boxes of soil should be kept and watered until it is fairly certain that there are no more to come. The best results are yielded by seed sown as soon as it is ripe, but if seed has to be bought it may be sown now.

H. C. Davidson.

"Merry Springtime's Harbinger"

All the hardy plants of the primula family, of which the primrose is the most common, are very beautiful when massed in the wild parts of the grounds and in the rock-garden

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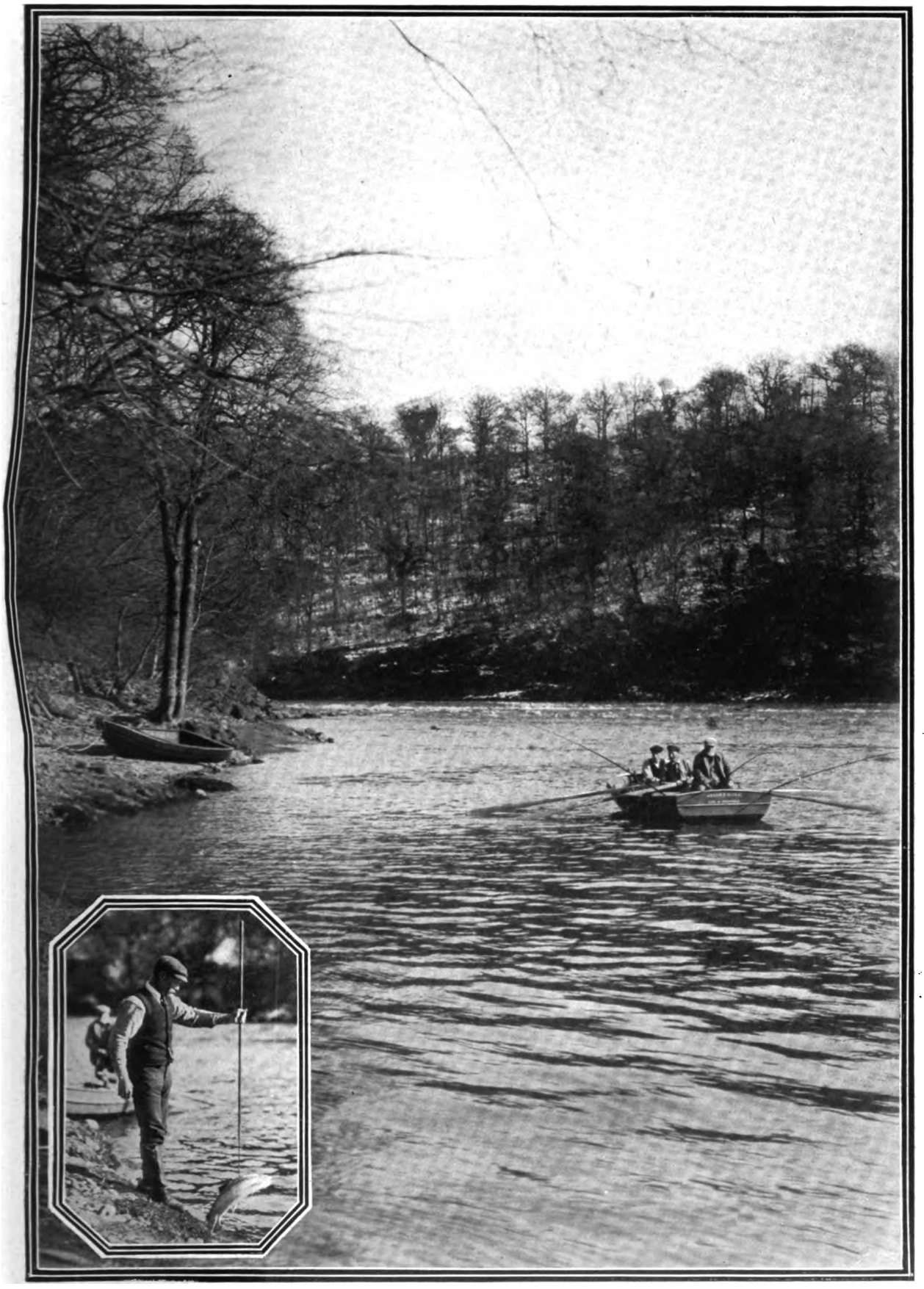
Salmon Fishing on the Tay



Photos] **Gaffing the catch** [*Clarke and Hyde*

Colonel Egerton "harling" for Salmon on the Tay, at Stanley, Perthshire

The angler, facing the stern, watches his rods, which have a fly or phantom working about twenty yards behind the boat. The gillies, beginning at the top of the pool, work down it in a zig-zag fashion, so that the fly is made to swim over the places where the salmon "take." When the fish is hooked, the angler plays it, and is rowed to the shore to fight it out

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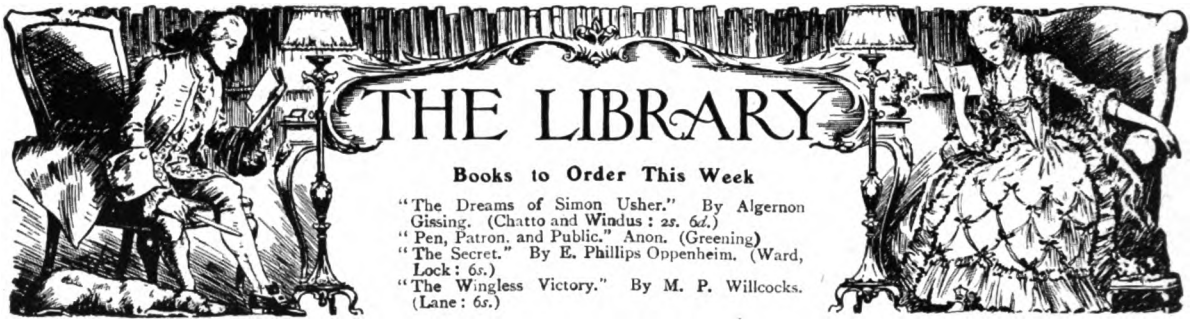

The Modern Poet's Neglect of Marriage

Marriage has had a good many knock-down blows at the hands of writers, but one of the worst of these is contained in a sentence in Mr. Percival Vivian's preface to *Poems of Marriage* (Routledge: 1s.). Mr. Vivian, who, in this book, has compiled as many poems dealing with wedlock as he has been able to discover, tells us that the bridal song (epithalamium) has, practically, ceased to exist as a form of poetic art since the Elizabethans. As Mr. Vivian says, and proves from his extracts, the hymeneal song of the Elizabethan poets had a rapture and a joyousness unequalled in the annals of literary history. Why has it no counterpart in our own day? Poets are as numerous and as energetic in our times as ever they were. Where are *their* epithalamia? Why, to voice our emotions on the joys of matrimony, must we turn up Ben Jonson, Spenser, Suckling, Herrick, Beaumont and Fletcher, and—Shakespeare?

Is It Justified?

The fact that marriage has inspired scarce a single one of our great modern poets to sing its praises is more eloquent as to the esteem in which the rite has come to be held than months of silly season correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*. Is there not enough of the exultant element in marriage to give a modern poet an epithalamic fit? Could he not, if he chose, find in marriage a hundred themes for poetic expression? Could not a pæan be penned, in which the maiden exults on her emancipation from the chains of chaperonage: revels in the fresh madness of being "madam"? What, again, of the husband? Is there not a note of wonder, of mysticism, very suitable for poetic expression, in his first contemplation of that monster of his own design and creation—his house? The first celebration of culinary rites; his first peep into the chill recesses of the pantry; his first furtive dive into the wine cellar. What of the little matutinal partings and nocturnal reunions; the shoulder-to-shoulder fight against the intrusions of the curious; the joys of privacy in contrast with the horrors of hospitality, given and received. I have heard the young husband talk more rapturously of those few sweet stolen evenings in which he and his spouse have been spared from the visits of "lively" friends than ever I heard a Romeo talk of private meetings with his Juliet.

Romance in Marriage

As to romance in marriage—well, now that such high technique is shown in the breach of the Seventh Commandment, surely there should be no lack of material. Fidelity being (according to report) somewhat of a rarity in modern married life, surely the husband who can boast of the complete devotion of a wife, or a wife of a husband, should, if poetic, be able to panegyrise to exhaustion. As an example of romance in wedded life, could the most ambitious poet want a warmer theme than was furnished from Grenoble a week or two back, in which a well-known actress, Mme. X., met her husband at her lover's *château*, and took such a fancy to him that she decided to sacrifice her whole position and reputation and run away with him. If, out of this sort of material, modern poet-paradoxists cannot evolve an anthology of bridal song such as would put the efforts of the Elizabethans into the shade, then I shall once for all decide that we are a people that walk in darkness.

Paris and Mr. Mortimer Menpes

One derives so much pleasure from the contemplation of one and all of Messrs. Black's series of colour-books that it is sad even to have to hint at a disapproval of any of them. It will, however, I imagine, be generally admitted that in his *Paris*, Mr. Mortimer Menpes scarcely displays his particular type of talent to advantage. The "colour-schemes," "atmospheric impressions," etc., etc., which have been Mr. Menpes's fullest glory in his books on India, Japan, and Venice, are his undoing as an artist-interpreter of Paris. Paris, of all cities, least demands the touch of the impressionist. She has nothing to conceal, her beauties are the beauties of uniformity, of precision, of clearness of line, and definitiveness of colour. The skies of Paris are unmitigated blue; her trees unmitigated green; her buildings white or grey; her streets and the lines of her houses are straight. Art's truest interpretation of Paris is the photograph. Paris wants the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. She does not aspire to an "atmosphere"; she would not be seen blurred, or crooked; in the obscurity of mist, or the corruscation of "colour-schemes," but in all the clarity and radiance of her full self. True, she may have her moods, but for Mr. Menpes to mirror them is scarcely gallant of him. To paint a portrait, "warts and all," were well enough when it is a Cromwell that sits, but not when it is a Society beauty. The text of the book is, as in previous cases, supplied by Miss Dorothy Menpes, who has done her work admirably, seeing the exceeding difficulty that must have confronted her of saying anything new on the subject.

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A Strange Book by Mr. Algernon Gissing

Mr. Algernon Gissing is eminently on his dignity in *The Dreams of Simon Usher* (Chatto and Windus: 2*s.* 6*d.*). One opens the book with the distinct feeling that here is something special, something dignified, cautious, and of deep psychological interest. The personality of the dreamer-hero, Usher, promises to be of significant interest. When, inspired by ideals, he runs away from the factory for the Scottish sea-coast, and envillages himself at Dunscarr Haven, one is prepared to follow his mental evolution with keenness. It is somewhat disappointing, therefore, to find the whole summit of Usher's ultimate ambition to be the life's service of a woman more than twice his age—Isabel Redmayne—for whom he conceives a youthful infatuation. Mrs. Redmayne is the victim of the attentions of Cuthbertson Gleed, Mayor of Dunscarr, who, to win her, has (after the fashion of David with Uriah the Hittite) sent her husband to his death in order to press his attentions. Repulsed, he avenges himself on the widow by evicting her from her house. The lad, Usher, becomes fired to right the wrong. He enters Gleed's service, and marries his daughter, in order that, some day, he may reinstate the adoréd widow in her rights. The story lends itself to plenty of exciting incident, and towards the end, when Usher and Gleed meet as Greek to Greek, there is violence and bloodshed. Scottish village life and character, too, are sketched in a style quite worthy of the author. As a psychological study, however, it is disappointing. Usher's attachment to the widow is of so dull, so wooden a nature, and his ambition of so exceedingly limited a scope that he can scarcely be called a dreamer at all. That a boy should, at seventeen, be infatuated with a woman of thirty-eight is natural enough. That he should shape his whole subsequent career, and run it to ruin, merely to wreak revenge on a man who has been his benefactor, is possible, but *not* in a man of Simon's alleged imagination and intellectual power.

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Miss Dorothy Menpes

The daughter of Mr. Mortimer Menpes, who has written the letterpress which accompanies her father's latest colour-book, "Paris" (A. and C. Black)

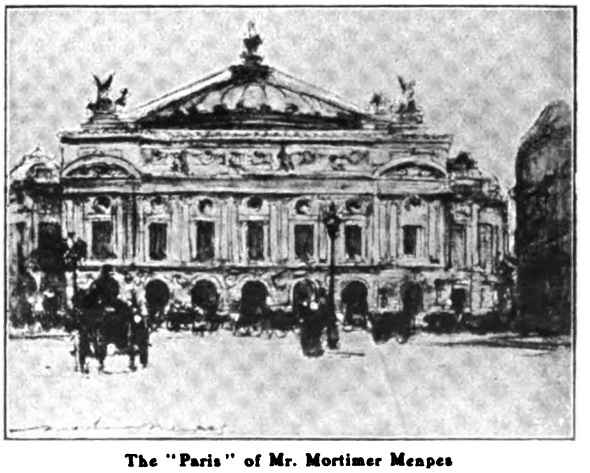
Has the Press Gone to the Dogs Again?

A book of Press reminiscences is, needless to say, scarcely efficient unless plentifully laden with abuse, now fierce, now facetious, of "modern methods." The journalist of the old school is almost as firm in his conviction that the "profession, sir, has gone to the dogs, d—— it," as the club general or admiral. The awful news (some years old, by the way) that the *Standard* had passed into the hands of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson inspired an anonymous scribe to pen a long lament, which Messrs. Greening now issue under the title of *Pen, Patron and Public.* The book is interesting, and is written in a pleasant discursive style, which suffers not at all from its touch of invective. From the Pearson purchase, he draws the conclusion that the old era has changed. He denounces "syndicate" journalism. He laments the decline of the old-time patronage which enabled men of ability to exploit their views, and nimble wits to congregate. He laments the passage of the Bohemianism which produced the "all-round" Pressman, ready to go anywhere and do anything at a moment's notice, to be superseded by the specialist. He believes that the "able editor" of the Delane, Edmund Yates, Robinson, and Mudford *genus*, has gone, and that his place is taken (under the syndicate *régime*) by a "sharp clerk, in whom literary taste amounts to a positive disqualification." Also, *Ichabod!* the leader-writer has gone in favour of the paragraphist; the reviewer to make way for the tabloid condenser. As for the modern publisher, he is

> rather the wholesale bookseller. Like the bookmaker of the Turf, he aims at getting home without loss much more than at making the writer a partner with himself in a real success.

In short, nothing is right with Fleet Street of to-day—and all on account of that dreadful Mr. Pearson. If the writer were exact in his facts, not in a word would I differ from his lamentable conclusions. But is he quite right in his estimate of the damage done by Mr. Pearson? Is he correct in his cool inference that, to-day, there are no "able editors" as great in their own way as their predecessors in theirs? That the "leader-writer" has gone is, obviously, incorrect, for he flourishes to-day on the penny and on the halfpenny journal alike, and is as gloriously unread as ever he was. Surely, again, the reign of the specialist in place of the all-round ink-slinger is an unmixed benefit to sound and truthful journalism. Not only, in short, has Mr. Pearson's purchase of the *Standard* failed to ruin journalism in general; it has not even, if I may say so, ruined the *Standard* itself, which, under its present *régime*, is by no means inferior, in a literary sense, to its penny contemporaries.

VIVIAN CARTER.



The "Paris" of Mr. Mortimer Menpes

Mr. Menpes, whose colour-books on Italy, Japan, and other countries are famous, has now published his impressions of Paris. The above sketch of the Opera House gives an adequate idea of the Menpes method

(Reproduced from one of the coloured illustrations to "Paris," by kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black)

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Golfers' "Whitaker"

Together with many other delightful things, Spring brings to the happy golfer his "Whitaker" in the shape of "Nisbet's Golf Year Book" (Nisbet, 21, Berners Street, W.), under the guiding editorial hand of that fine golfer and sound critic, Mr. John L. Low. This is the third year of the book's publication, and in that short time it has conquered the affections and confidence of golfers by the amplitude of its information and the excellence of its opinions. Success breeds imitation, and the truth of this dictum has been exemplified lately by the action which Messrs. Nisbet and Co. have fought and won against the Golf Agency, and in which they secured an injunction restraining the latter firm from publishing or selling a book called "The Golfers' Handbook and Year Book." The crux of the case apparently turned on the "Who's Who" section of Messrs. Nisbet's book, which the defendants were imitating, under a very similar title, in their book. Messrs. Nisbet's book, therefore, stands in an unassailable position legally and intrinsically, for the present volume is an improvement even on its admirable predecessor of last year, which I commended to the notice of golfers at the time of its appearance. Speaking for myself, I am free to confess that I should be very much at a loss without this excellent and handy book of reference. The editor and publisher being both of them practical as well as literary golfers know just the sort of information the golfer requires. Many a time there arises a discussion in the smoking-room after rounds on some point of golf law or some obscure record, and I cannot imagine one arising which a glance at "Nisbet's Golf Year Book" will not settle. This year the list of contributors which used to disfigure the cover of the book has been wisely relegated to an inside page, so that the book presents itself to us in a much more comely form than formerly.

The Rules of Golf

But, after all, the inside of the book is the main thing, and here the editor and his coadjutors have catered most liberally for us. While retaining the main features which have proved so valuable, they have added much information on various topics of interest. The annotations to the rules of golf by Mr. Ernley Blackwell and the Editor have been brought up to date in the light of the latest decisions of the Rules of Golf Committee, whose findings for the year 1906 are also included with a short preliminary and explanatory article by Mr. Low. In view of the forthcoming Amateur Championship at St. Andrews, the local rules for St. Andrews links are published, as well as a plan of the old course, giving the revised lengths of the holes as played during the Open Championship two years ago.

"St. Andrews Hazards"

The most interesting contribution to my mind is Mr. Low's article on "St. Andrews Hazards, Old and New."

I commend this most earnestly to all those who have the management of a course, or who meditate laying one out. The opinions expressed in this article will, I trust, act as a salutary antidote against the modern tendency of placing all hazards at the sides of a course and leaving the main course a sort of park-like alley, along which the golfer may punch his ball with impunity. This type, of course, was the result of a revulsion from the detestable steeple-chase course which appealed so strongly to the late Tom Dunn. But the revulsion led some good people into an extreme which is almost as bad and monotonous as the other. I am glad to think that many golfers agree with Mr. Low as to what constitutes a really testing and interesting course, and of this greatest type of golf course the old course at St. Andrews will always shine out as the supreme exemplar. Mr. Low has reproduced in this article the intensely interesting description of the old St. Andrews course as it was in the 'forties, written by the late Mr. James Balfour, the father of the present Captain of the Royal and Ancient, Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville.

Several additional items are included under the "Miscellanea," such as the "Method of Making the Draw in Match Tournaments," "Handicaps for 'Bogey' Competitions," and "Handicaps for Match Play."

Some Other Features

I must not omit to mention an admirable article on "Green-Keeping" by Mr. H. S. Colt, one on American golf by Mr. Herbert G. Windeler, ex-President of the United States Golf Association, and on "County Unions" by Mr. F. R. Burrow. Besides these, there is a comprehensive and critical chapter on "The Golf of the Year," in which the extraordinary decision of the Rules of Golf Committee as to the meaning of the words "the line of the putt," in answer to a question submitted to them by the Selkirk Golf Club, is discreetly noted.

This decision came in for a good deal of criticism at the time, and strikes me as pedantic and against the spirit underlying the mere letter of the law. If we are going to be pedantic in our interpretation of the rules, then the further words of that same rule, "but the person doing so must not touch the ground," will necessitate the addition of a flying machine to the caddie's equipment. But I must not stray into the realms of disputation, but must once more heartily commend "Nisbet's Golf Year Book" of 1907 to the attention, and purses, of all golfers.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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Golf—The Game for the Young (*MR. BALFOUR*)

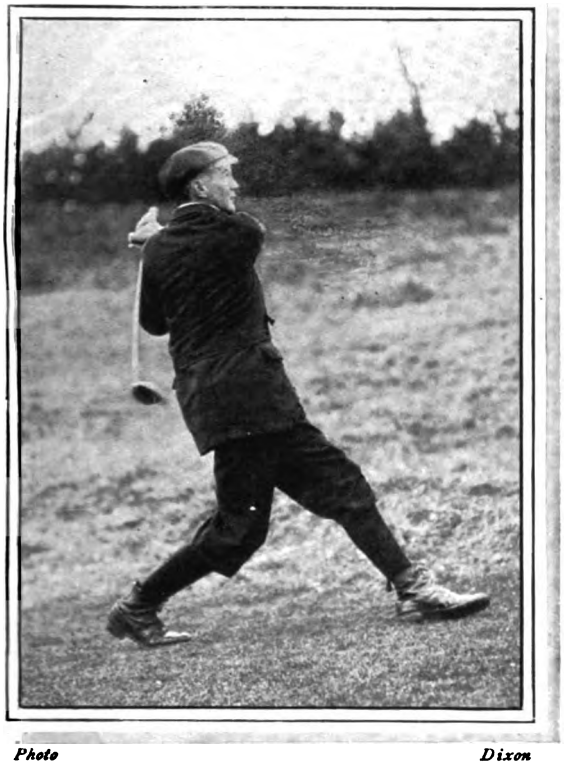

Photo *Dixon*

Dr. Ingram as a Golfer

A skilful and enthusiastic golf player, he is also adept at cycling and fives. Dr. Ingram is not altogether unknown in ecclesiastical circles as the Bishop of London. Golf has been described by Mr. Balfour as pre-eminently a "game for young people"

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Balfour adopts Protection!

Opening the new eighteen-hole course of the West Wilts Golf Club at Warminster, Mr. Balfour, who had a handicap of two holes, with Braid as his partner, played a fine game, winning by two up and one to play. Mr. Balfour found shelter from the rain under a very old umbrella—a form of Protection moderate enough to meet even his views!

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THE brilliant success of Mr. F. C. Russell's treatment for corpulent persons, whereby thousands have been permanently relieved of the objectionable burden of over-stoutness, is sufficient justification for calling our stout readers' attention to the welcome fact that consultations by private letter,

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in any shape or form, are open to all. Qualified expert specialists attached to the Russell establishment carefully consider all cases of which details are laid before them in writing. They then fully explain the treatment by the Russell system. From every part of the world letters of inquiry are received, and these correspondence-consultations have proved a priceless boon to those who have tried in vain some remedy or remedies of the old-fashioned kind, and who have wished to essay the "Russell" treatment under the most favourable conditions. So much damage is done to the soundest constitutions by the

Old-Time Methods

of reducing weight by means of drugs and a ridiculously restricted dietary, that to point out how these so-called remedies are injurious is of the greatest public benefit. In Mr. Russell's standard work, "Corpulency and the Cure," many of these dangerous treatments are described and placed upon the *index expurgatorium* for the benefit of humanity. Needless to observe that such methods will most certainly reduce weight, but at what a cost to vitality! The "Russell" treatment, simple and pleasant as it is, proves conclusively that wholesome food is an essential factor in the healthful cure of corpulency, paradoxical as that may at first appear, and that the permanency of the cure depends to a large extent on the supply of blood, muscular fibre, and nerve tissue by means of perfect nutrition. Obesity has been defined by an eminent doctor as "a general state of

Disordered Nutrition

of the body, characterised by an excessive development of the adipose tissue, which leads to various disturbances of the bodily functions." As an example of these "disturbances," we may quote from Mr. Russell's "Corpulency and the Cure" the following passage:—"An excess of fat not only becomes burdensome and unsightly, but a positive evil, and frequently an absolute danger. An accumulation of it may occur between the muscles upon the heart, causing embarrassed respiration, or around the kidneys, and persons in this condition are not only rendered uneasy in themselves and unfit to discharge the various duties of life, but are extremely liable to disease in the vital organs. Those suffering from *polysarcia omenti*—that is, an accumulation of abdominal subcutaneous fat—carry also an enormous weight of fat around the internal organs, and are prone to fatty degeneration of the heart and liver." Briefly, cases of

Neglected Obesity,

or cases that have defied all or any of the drastic old-time systems of reducing bulk and restoring beauty of form, present so many dangers that it behoves every man or woman who is over-stout, or inclined to over-stoutness, to avoid further delay in obtaining complete relief. That is why the

Free Correspondence-Consultations

afforded by the Russell establishment have proved so inestimable a blessing to so many sufferers from obesity. As regards the standard book from which we have quoted, viz.:—

"Corpulency and the Cure,"

we should mention that within its 256 pages there is a mine of information of paramount importance to stout people, including the *recipe* which forms the basis of Mr. Russell's treatment, and that to facilitate or, rather, to systematise enquiries, a list of questions of a personal nature is enclosed for the use of those who would avail themselves of the free correspondence-consultations. To all *bona-fide* inquirers Mr. Russell is perfectly willing to send a

Free Copy

of "Corpulency and the Cure" on receipt of two penny stamps to defray postage under private envelope. This offer remains open until further notice. Applications and inquiries (which are treated as strictly confidential) should be addressed to Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

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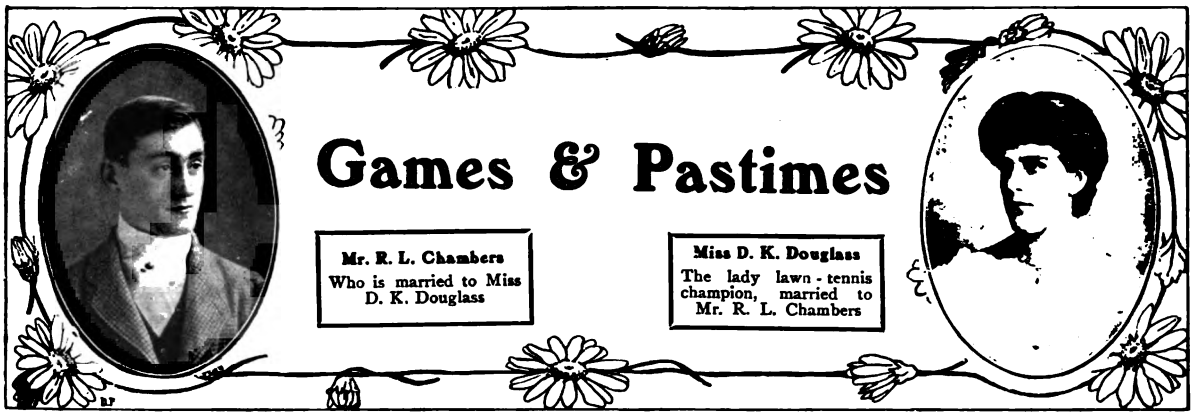

Apropos des Balles

In my last few games of lawn tennis I have been using the ball manufactured by Messrs. Lillywhite, Frowd and Co., and was so well pleased with it that I consider the fact worth mentioning, more especially as my partners and opponents appeared to be equally well satisfied. But my experience of the ball has so far been confined to covered court play, and I have yet to learn how it behaves on grass or gravel. On a wooden floor I found it sufficiently lively, and yet at the same time not specially difficult to control; in other words, a ball that you can hit hard with a reasonable hope of keeping it in court. If a ball is too lively (as will sometimes happen, incidentally, to any ball when the day is extra hot), it seems to fly off the racket before one has time to finish the aiming part of the stroke; if, on the other hand, it is sluggish, you seem to be wasting all your energy in scooping it up off the floor and pushing it over the net. The right ball is one which hits the mean between these two extremes; you want to be able to feel what you are doing with the ball without being too conscious of it, and Messrs. Lillywhite Frowd's ball seems to me to fulfil these requirements. I cannot say anything as to its durability beyond this, that on a covered court a good ball usually gets discoloured, and therefore difficult to see, long before it wears out, and that the balls under trial have so far only got discoloured. And, by the way, I cannot help wondering at the makers' having adopted the somewhat hackneyed name "Perfection" for their ball, with the appropriate "Lillywhite" ready to hand.

A Millionaire Tennis Champion

Mr. Jay Gould, American millionaire and tennis player, now on a visit to this country. It will be remembered that he was, last year, defeated by Mr. Eustace Miles in the Championship

Lacrosse: The Iroquois Cup

The superiority of Northern over Southern lacrosse was again well illustrated, on Saturday, in the final of the English Club Championship at Fallowfield, Manchester. This final consists of a match between the Champion Club of the North and the Champion Club of the South to decide which is to be top dog of all, and on this occasion the combatants were Surbiton and Old Hulmeians. The latter took the lead with a couple of goals in the first few minutes, and, though after that play was even for a while, the Northerners added three more before half-time, and in the second half completely overran their opponents, bringing their total up to 12 goals to nothing. There are two or three more clubs in the North who could probably beat Surbiton almost as decisively.

"How Happy Could I Be with Either"

The interesting question raised by Mr. Ernest Lehmann in our issue of March 27 as to whether a man can play golf and lawn tennis concurrently, and still do himself justice at both games, is one which, from personal experience, I am compelled to answer (like Mr. Lehmann) in the negative. And yet I would be glad if it could be shown that I am wrong. I put the question the other day to a well-known lawn-tennis player who also plays golf—not to mention football and cricket—and his suggestion was that the two games are so utterly unlike that the transition from the one to the other ought to have a similarly salutary effect to the "complete change" which has become a by-word in matters relating to hygiene. But, all the same, I very much doubt whether he would deliberately choose a week at Sandwich as the best preparation for the Lawn-Tennis Championships. We should probably find him eschewing golf altogether for the time being and indulging in regular practice at lawn tennis on the courts at Wimbledon or elsewhere. And my own view is that the extreme dissimilarity of the two games absolutely prevents them from harmonising. It is unnecessary to enumerate the chief points of difference between them, for Mr. Lehmann has already done this; but I think the chiefest of all is that golf is a two-handed and lawn tennis a

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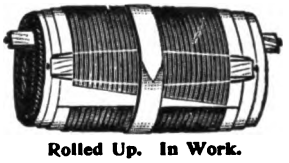

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Photo *Wright and Sons, Forest Gate*

The Unbeaten "Casuals"

This well-known Soccer Team has just finished its season, which has been an unbroken list of successes. Out of twenty-one matches played, the Casuals have won twenty and drawn one, and have scored eighty-six goals against fourteen scored by their opponents

BACK ROW (*left to right*): P. S. Nicholls, V. Edwards, A. G. Corbett, R. H. Meers, R. W. Crummack
MIDDLE ROW: J. Goodman, C. T. Symons, G. F. Dixon, H. Roper-Barrett, P. A Sargeant
FRONT ROW: T. Easterbrook, R. G. Roper

one-handed game. I believe this is the reason why cricket and golf harmonise better than golf and lawn tennis, though even in the case of golf and cricket it is hard to go straight from one to the other—particularly from cricket to golf. In the case of golf and lawn tennis it is harder still. The difficulty which I personally experience in going from lawn tennis to golf is positively appalling, because, apart from the fact that I am a poor golfer (having only taken up the game at a comparatively advanced age), I have all my life shown a preference for the one-handed games. For the same reason the transition from golf to lawn tennis is, with me, less difficult. Accordingly, I feel, like Mr. Lehmann, that my own case may not be a very good one to quote. But, all the same, I am inclined to think that others, like H. L. Doherty and G. W. Hillyard, who are more equally proficient at both games, will find themselves substantially in agreement with Mr. Lehmann and myself, although, as I said before, I should be only too pleased if it could be shown that we are wrong. Every day the number of people who play both is increasing, and it is a pity that two such fine games should labour under the disadvantage of being mutually antagonistic.

An Unbeaten Soccer Team

The team of Casuals to which I referred, shortly after Christmas, as having gone through half the Soccer season without sustaining a defeat, has maintained its unbeaten record to the end; for, out of twenty-one matches played, it has won twenty and drawn one, and has scored eighty-six goals as against fourteen scored by its opponents. Although the Casuals often have several teams in the field at once, they do not, like most clubs, make any distinction between first and second, or "A," teams. Each team is simply "The Casuals." In the case of this particular team, the policy of playing the same men, as far as possible, week after week has been adopted, and the result has been eminently satisfactory. G. F. Dixon has captained the team with marked ability, and has played in every match, while those who have turned out most regularly with him are P. A. Sergeant, of Molesey R.C. fame; P. G. Nicholls (Old Foresters); R. H. Meers (Old Foresters), a son of E. G. Meers, the crack lawn-tennis player; R. G. Roper (Old Foresters); V. Edwards (Old Rossalians), the mainstay of the forwards, a beautiful shot, and the team's principal goal-getter; A. G. Corbett and C. T. Symons, two hard-working half-backs; R. W. Crummack (Old Rossalians); J. Goodman, really one of the best amateur backs of the day, though he has yet to be "discovered"; T. Easterbrook, a veritable flyer on the left wing; and H. Roper Barrett, the well-known lawn-tennis player, now quite a Soccer veteran, who has performed the duties of goal-keeper with little, if any, less skill than he used in former days to display at half-back. In a side which has done so well collectively it is hard to single out anyone for special praise, but, if anything, the play of Dixon and Roper on the left wing, and the sound defence of Goodman at back, have been the principal factors in the team's success.

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By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Aeroplanes on Show

The first aeroplane exhibition at Messrs. Cordingley's Show is worth visiting. There are some wonderful contrivances there, which do credit to the imagination of their inventors, if not in all cases to their practicability. A collection of aeroplane models will go a long way towards assisting the solution of the fascinating problem of the air. Not that I believe we shall be flitting gaily in flying machines this year, or the next either for the matter of that, for there is still a good deal of spade-work to be done; but a show, such as that at the Agricultural Hall, precisely helps on that spade-work because it not only suggests to the ingenious what ideas are on a sound principle, but also what mistakes to avoid. Inventors certainly need not complain of want of encouragement. If the winning of the *Daily Mail's* prize of £10,000 is still somewhat remote, it must not be forgotten that the *Daily Graphic* has offered £1,000 for the aeroplanist who covers a mile in a single flight.

* * *

Reliability Trials

There seems to be a regular epidemic among motor manufacturers just now for holding reliability trials, with or without the assistance of the Royal Automobile Club. A Siddeley car is undergoing a trial of about 10,000 miles, starting its run every day from Edinburgh. An Iris car, with Major Matson, of the *Daily Mail*, on board, lately started off, amid a blare of trumpets, for Monte Carlo. Captain Deasy is holding a 1,000 miles' trial in the land of Erin under the auspices of the Irish Automobile Club. Messrs. Edge, not to be behindhand, entered a 40 h.-p. Napier for a 500 miles' trial to test the consumption of oil in the engine. Finally, Mr. Jarrott drove a 40 h.-p. Crossley car to Monte Carlo in 35 hrs. 5 mins. By the way, why is Monte Carlo the Mecca of nearly every motorist who wants to show off a car? I take it that the object of anyone who voluntarily sets himself the task of completing so many hundreds or thousands of miles is to attract the attention of the public to the reliable character of his particular car. But public attention is fickle, and it soon loses interest in runs to Monte Carlo or to various spots in Great Britain from some centre. Captain Deasy was wise in his generation when he, in 1903, ascended the Rochers de Naye on the ballast of the cog-wheel railway, and descended again to Caux. His name to-day is a household word where only a very few other names are known.

* * *

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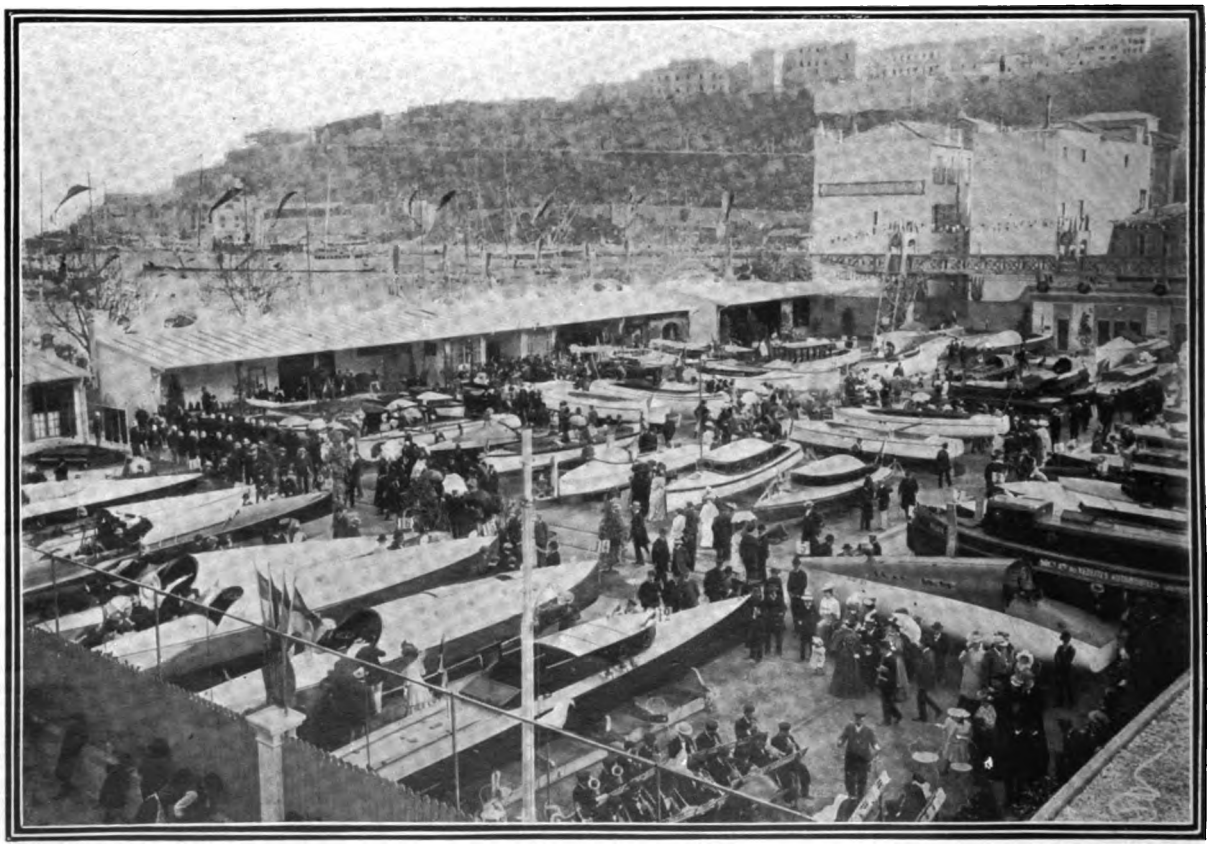

Photo] **A General View of the Motor-boats Competing in the Races at Monaco** [*Dixon*

The Motor-Boat Carnival has opened before a large assemblage, and the commencing races have proved of great interest. Sixty boats are competing out of ninety entries. Lord Howard de Walden has been represented by two Daimler 40-footers and Mr. Lionel de Rothschild by the Wolseley boat *Flying Fish*

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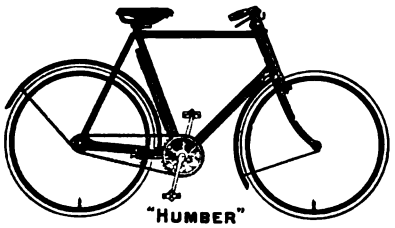

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ON

"CONTINENTAL"

Mr. CHARLES JARROTT wired as follows:—

"MONTE CARLO—Sunday Night.

"Arrived Monte Carlo 7.30 English time, 35 hours 20 minutes for complete journey. Beat my own record London to Monte Carlo of last year, and all London to Monte Carlo records made since. TYRES WORE SPLENDIDLY."

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routes, and undertake a journey that will capture the public imagination? For instance, a reliability run to Calcutta and back, *viâ* Constantinople, Teheran, Cabul, and Peshawur, would be something indeed of a test. I do not know the distance, but believe it is only about 6,000 miles to the capital of our Indian Empire. The difficulties would not be insurmountable, though certainly there are possible dangers to be contemplated, but these would only add glamour to the undertaking. Another route is to Johannesburg from London, only crossing the Channel and the Mediterranean from Trieste or Brindisi to Port Said. This route would cause great interest, as it would be forestalling Cecil Rhodes's Cape to Cairo railway route. Of course, motorists have traversed nearly every corner of the world, but a reliability run to such places as the above would be a novelty, and, I feel sure, attract great public attention. As a matter of fact, there is a race in prospect being got up on the Continent now from Paris to Pekin, in which Italy will be represented by the Prince Scipio Borghese.

* * *

Motor Races at Brooklands

The Brooklands Club has issued a circular of its first meeting, which is to take place on Saturday, July 6, when it is hoped all will be in readiness. I hear, on good authority, that His Majesty will probably honour the club with his presence on this opening day. Whether betting on the course will be encouraged by professional "bookies" remains yet to be seen, but personally I should be glad to see the club encourage the principle of co-operative betting by adopting the Totalisator. A summary of the various races may be of interest:—

1. THE HORSLEY PLATE OF 300 SOVS.
   For cars of a cylinder dimension 60 to under 85; 3 miles. Entrance, 15 sovs.
2. THE GOTTLIEB DAIMLER MEMORIAL PLATE OF 650 SOVS.
   For cars of a cylinder dimension 120 to under 155; about 15 miles. Entrance, 30 sovs.
3. THE BYFLEET PLATE OF 550 SOVS.
   For cars of a cylinder dimension 110 to under 135; about 10 miles. Entrance, 25 sovs.
4. THE STEPHENSON PLATE OF 300 SOVS.
   For motor-cars of a price not less than £600 and not exceeding £700; about 6 miles. Entrance, 25 sovs.
5. THE FIRST MONTAGU CUP OF 2,100 SOVS. (Cup value £200 and the remainder in specie).
   For cars of a cylinder dimension 155 to under 235; weight, 2,600 lb.; about 30 miles. Entrance, 50 sovs.
6. THE MARCEL RENAULT MEMORIAL PLATE OF 550 SOVS.
   For cars of a cylinder dimension 85 to under 110; about 12 miles. Entrance, 25 sovs.

It is interesting to note that all these races are confined to cars propelled by the internal combustion engine, except No. 4, for which, apparently, any type of car may enter—petrol, steam, or electric. Unless I am a very false prophet, I foresee an enormous attendance at the opening meet. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

In a recent issue of THE BYSTANDER, in which photographs were published of notable commercial vehicles, by an oversight Messrs. Sturmey's Delivery Van, costing £195, and which consumes paraffin oil, was described as a steam car under the picture. It is, of course, built on the internal combustion principle.

Among recent purchasers of Daimler cars are the Earl of Normanton, the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Graves-Saule, Colonel C. Campbell, and Captain the Hon. Gerald Portman, late A.D.C. to Lord Curzon.

* * *

Car-icatures—No. XXI.: Sir H. H. Cozens-Hardy

The Master of the Rolls, though a somewhat recent convert to automobilism, yields in enthusiasm to none. He is a Fellow of University College, London, a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, an ex-M.P. for Norfolk, and was, up to 1901, a Judge of the Chancery Division

(BY ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

Car-icatures—XXI.: The Master of the Rolls

"My Lords and Gentlemen, pray silence for the Right Honourable Sir Herbert Hardy Cozens-Hardy, Master of the Rolls." Thus the resonant-voiced toastmaster at the recent annual dinner of the Royal Automobile Club when the subject of our Car-icature this week responded for the visitors. Sir Herbert, in describing himself as "a humble member of a profession with which automobilists occasionally come in conflict," took a very modest view of the important position he occupies in the forensic world, a position which he has attained after a long and distinguished career at the Bar. A Fellow of University College, London, a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, ex-M.P. for Norfolk, late Chairman of the General Council of the Bar, and a Judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice until 1901, the present Master of the Rolls is also a weighty authority on many intricate points of legal learning. Sir H. H. Cozens-Hardy, although comparatively but a recent convert to automobilism, yields in enthusiasm to none. At his country seat, Letheringsett Hall, in Norfolk, frequent gatherings of motorists are welcomed with unstinted hospitality; and, as the learned Judge himself has remarked, he has given hostage to fortune and the future of automobilism in the person of his son, Mr. E. H. Cozens-Hardy, so well known as a motor expert and consulting engineer, who is in partnership with Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman. D. M.

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Letters from Celebrities.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET ON NERVOUSNESS.

"INDUSTRIAL FARM COLONY,
"DUXHURST,
"*April*, 1907.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Your letter is one of many which I constantly receive begging me to tell of something which can help to restore tired nerves and over-worn strength, and you ask me to do so because I come into contact with so many who, for these very reasons, fail in the race of life, having sought the wrong remedy for such loss of nerve-power.

"The description which you give me of your difficulty scarcely varies from that of which I am so often told. Work has become a drudgery, and life a heavy thing. You tell me that you go to bed feeling tired, and that you wake in the morning almost equally tired, that your food is distasteful to you, and that little things which used to sit lightly upon you have become heavy burdens; that even pleasure is toil. I know you have worked hard through many years, and have had much mental strain. This may, in a measure, account for your weakness, which is not brought about by any condition of actual disease, but which seems to arise from an even greater trouble—namely, that your nerve-force is seriously overspent.

"It is important to understand that, in these days of worry and over-excitement, the over-work, mental and physical, to which most of us are subject, calls forth an undue expenditure of strength, and that, to recuperate the vigour we have lost, we must consider what sort of food or remedy we require.

"Of course, the whole question of proper nourishment requires much thought and experience. Many forms of food and many restoratives are recommended; but, having had to do with a great many people who have impaired their digestive organs, and whose nerve-power has been seriously undermined, I do not think that I have come across anything which I believe a more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen. I do not know if you have tried it; but it seems to me, under the conditions such as you have described, an ideal preparation, because it provides a valuable tonic-food in the most suitable form. It consists, I believe, in the nourishing element of pure cows' milk, incorporated with which is a special nerve-tonic containing phosphorus. It has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, and gives tone to exhausted tissues, to a surprising extent. The feeblest system and the poorest digestive organs are able to assimilate it, when they can really touch little else. I am strongly of opinion that you cannot do better than begin a course of Sanatogen if you wish to regain your strength.

"Sanatogen, undoubtedly, restores sleep and invigorates the nerves, and it braces the patient to health, for I have noticed that with the restoration of the digestive organs the mind becomes more quickly active, and work, both mental and physical, becomes more easy, and the freshness and keenness which such people have lost, apparently altogether, return gradually, and bring with them an enjoyment of life, and a feeling of hopefulness, not hitherto experienced.

"When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the invigorated nerves are braced to a more healthy tone, and the whole human machinery is made fit for exercise and work, and for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner . . . . . ."

. . . . . .

The above is an abstract from a letter addressed by Lady Henry Somerset to an intimate friend. In view of the public interest associated with the subject of the letter, the recipient has obtained her ladyship's gracious permission to make the contents more widely known. Additional information and interesting literature on the same subject may be obtained free of charge on application to the Sanatogen Company, 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in packets, at 1*s.* 9*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 5*s.*, and 9*s.* 6*d.*

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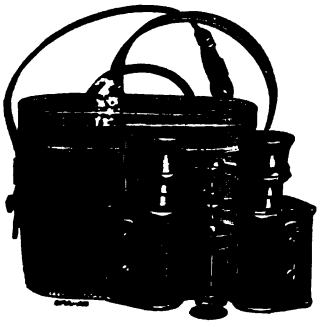

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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street

To many of my readers the name will probably be quite fresh, albeit the Company has been in existence some eighteen months. But even that, frankly speaking, would not suffice to call forth the praise that my pen is thrilling to impart, lacking the assurance that the preparations supplied by the Cyclax Company have been in full and tested use for several years by a specialist whose fame is in the mouth of every well-known beauty here and in America, even Paris itself calling upon her services. A fame that has been acquired without one single line of advertisement, and which in itself represents a small fortune.

Without disparaging for an instant the advantages, not to say the pleasures, of face massage, especially in aggravated cases, it is generally conceded that a very great deal more can be done by individual care, and the use of really reliable emollients, skin foods, and tonics, than the general world of women realise. What really matters is the procuring of reliable remedies, followed by a patient and consistent use.

But just write for and, on receiving, read carefully every word of a booklet, entitled "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," issued by the Cyclax Company. It certainly makes one think, and if I know anything of my sex, which I flatter myself I do, faithful perusers will quickly perceive and accept the genuineness of the Cyclax movement. To descend to practical fact, an initial expenditure of £3 supplies the whole basis of the treatment, and since several of the items, by reason of an intermittent application, or constructive virtue, last for a considerable time, the subsequent replenishments are scarcely felt at all.

Perhaps the greatest emphasis is laid on the Cyclax "Special Lotion." This is termed the keynote, but there is also a most miraculous skin food, and also a complexion milk. Nor is the fact the least remarkable that appreciable results from the treatment occur within a week. The more aggravated the case, the more interested the Cyclax Company are, although for these they naturally prefer a personal interview, the experienced originator of this particular beauty culture attending, by special arrangement, at the Cyclax Company's depôt, 58, South Molton Street, every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

It is wholly impossible for me to do the justice I feel to be due to these preparations in the small space at command. But of this I am convinced—having full confirmation thereof—that no one who once experiences the benefits of the Cyclax pharmacopœia will ever desert their services. The Cyclax treatment has the unmistakable ring of genuineness about it.

A Beautiful Design for Evening Wear

Of snake-green Oriental satin, *appliqué* with gold, and veiled in gold tissue

(Sketched at Kate Newton's by Dorothy Millar)

Kate Newton's

Comparisons may be odious, under particular conditions. At the same time, only by comparison can we at other times be brought to a full realisation of the value offered. And it was with this very reflection I sallied forth from Kate Newton's last week, whence I had conducted a distracted friend, who, with a forethought I found truly commendable, was desirous of laying out a small legacy left her in some good furs for next winter. It was a warm day, and furs were

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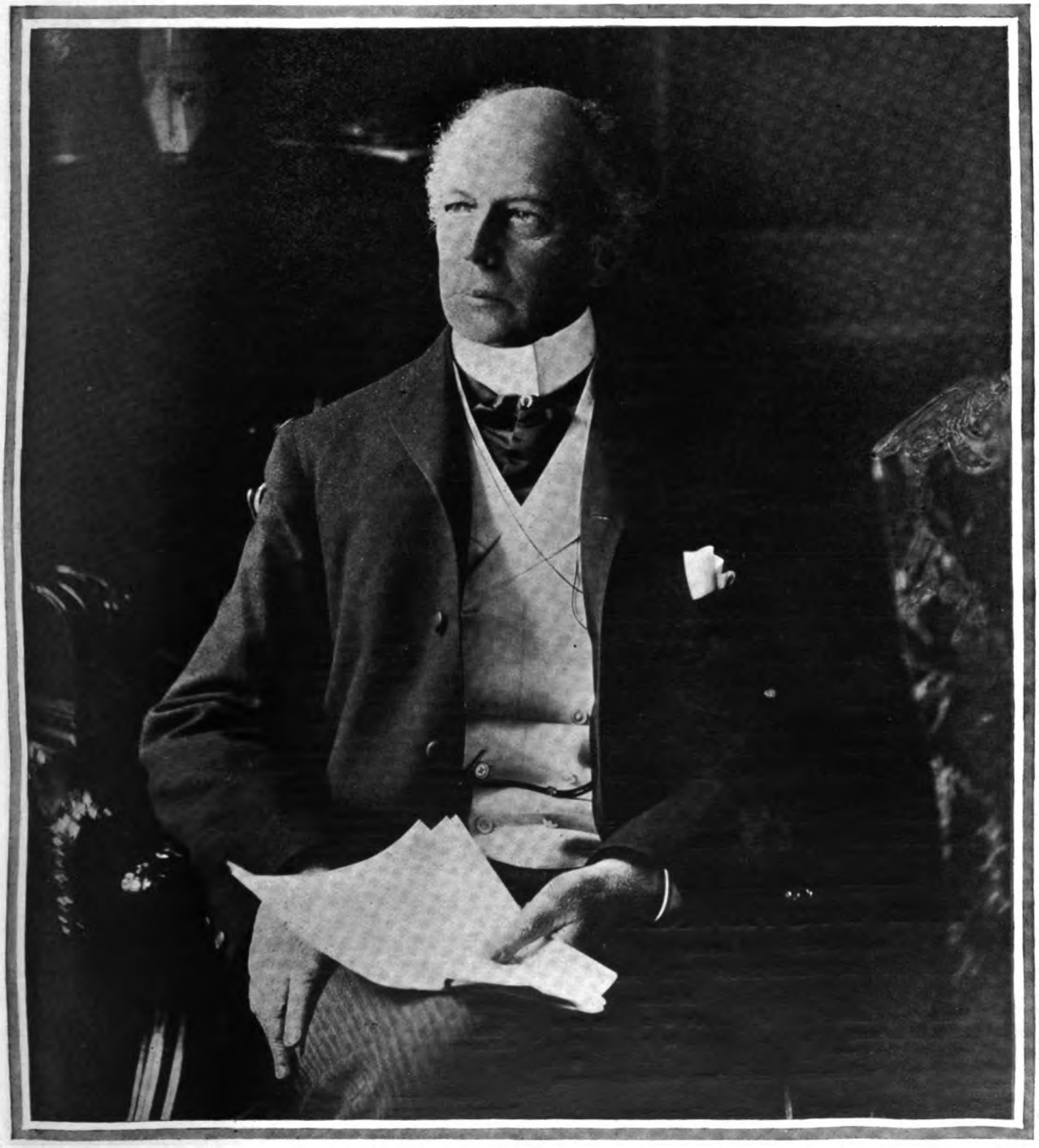

Photo *E. H. Mills*

THE DOYEN OF THE IMPERIAL PREMIERS

The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G.C.M.G., who has been for eleven years Prime Minister of Canada. His recent speech proclaiming Canada's policy of "looking towards the Motherland" has caused a notable revival of the agitation in favour of Imperial Preference

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No. 176.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday April 17, 1907

If the gentleman who has thrown the Shoreham bungalow residents into such a state of indignation by purchasing their beach desires to re-name the village, in order to distinguish it from Shoreham proper—how about Shear'em?

* * *

Another musical infant prodigy has arisen. Her Christian name is Ruby. Last week, her father, Mr. Taylor, blindfolded her, but she played right through one of Chopin's waltzes in spite of it. Evidently nothing short of handcuffs will stop the child. We recommend these to Mr. Taylor.

* * *

It seems that aeroplane inventors ought to have begun by studying natural history. Some of the flying creatures which they have taken as models, in the innocence of their hearts, are no use at all. The butterfly, for example, which is only a fine-weather flier. The bat, also, is far too erratic. So is the death's-head moth — besides being depressing. The penguin aeroplane is obviously impossible, except for diving purposes, which are really negligible. Aeroplanes are too apt to dive, anyway.

As the Bard Would Put It

"To be thus is nothing—but to be safely thus——"
MACBETH, Act III., Scene 1.

(By V. N. SMITH)

* * *

Personally, we should prefer an ostrich aeroplane, which flies along the ground, and hides its head in a bush, if the policeman wants to take its number. It is no use being too rash or flying too high. That is why we approve chiefly of the exhibits that show a dash of caution in their construction. There is one flying machine that becomes a boat when it falls into the sea (as it probably will if the sea is anywhere handy). But there are, when one comes to think of it, lots of other things that one might fall into. A proper aeroplane will be fitted with climbing-irons, in case one falls into a tree; a brush, and perhaps a sponge, in case one falls down a chimney; and a quick-change disguise, in case one fell on a policeman and wanted to prove an *alibi*.

* * *

The French import ideas even into their strikes. A baker who put soap into the bread instead of simply folding his hands or bashing blacklegs gets a very good chance of making a nuisance of himself. We are not quite certain, in these days of adulteration, whether people would know if soap had been put into their bread or not, but it is clear that Parisians have been considerably alarmed by the idea that they might be eating soap without knowing it. Many laid in large stores of flour last week, in order that they might make sure of washing and eating separately. Lucky people, who have gardens, brought in sheep. What they would taste like after browsing on flowers for a week we cannot say. But we can guess what the gardeners would say.

* * *

Those who lived through the siege probably bought some cats and rat-traps. Rats *à la maître d'hôtel* were considered very good eating in those days. Better really than poodle.

* * *

Of all the strikes that might conceivably occur in London, the most successful would undoubtedly be that of the hairdressers. Bakers would be a nuisance, but Englishmen could bear starvation better than the French. Hairdressers, on the other hand, if they held out for a month, would find us on our knees to them. Fancy Londoners having to go to the House with their hair straying on their necks, like poets, or club men having to submit to a basin on their heads and their housekeepers' scissors.

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We hope no further attempts will be made to break into Wormwood Scrubbs Prison. They are only calculated to give pain to its somewhat exclusive inhabitants, and, in any case, they are not worth while. A good many ex-convicts have written to the *Evening News* to say so. The food is not really good, the service is second-rate, the cellar contemptible. Outsiders ought to try and realise that in many ways they are far better off, especially now that the place is so understaffed.

* * *

England and the Colonial Premiers

(*After Lewis Carroll*)

"You are old, Mother England," the Premiers said—
"Yet you stick to Free Trade very tight
"And will not consent by your sons to be led—
"Do you really consider that right?"

"I am old, I admit," Mother England replied—
"But I once was as youthful as you;
"That's why, though I like you to state your own side,
"I prefer to consider mine too."

* * *

Windows or no windows in Regent Street? The shopkeepers are naturally all for an architecture that shall leave them their windows, but in our opinion it is a matter to be settled by the public. Wives will be for windows, husbands against them. Why (we speak as a husband) have windows to shops? If you want something you can go inside and buy it. If you don't want anything, why go and look at the windows until you do. Think what a lot you lose by looking in at shop windows. And what a lot your husband loses!

* * *

The "Throne"

(*Suggestions for a future number of our high-class contemporary.*)

Why the King does *not* Play Golf.
Duchesses who Boycott Ealing. (By One of Them.)
The Price of Prince Eddy's Braces.
Should Women Steer Hydroplanes?
The Etiquette of Air Machines. (By a Countess.)
The Insect Life of Mayfair. (By the Earl of D——)
How Footmen Acquire Their Calves. (By the Wife of a Bishop.)
Mal-de-mer at Cowes.—Are Yachtsmen Sympathetic? A Causerie (1) Yes.—(By the Commodore R.Y.B.S.C.Z.) (2) No.—(By a Russian Princess.)

* * *

What is becoming of the feminine note in fiction, about which one used to hear so much? Reading a story by a well-known lady author the other day, we were astounded to come on the following sentence: "Blushing, she passed her *rusty* needle through the embroidery." "Rusty?" we repeated. "Surely, you cannot sew with a rusty needle. We ourselves have tried and failed." We looked back (having, we must confess, skimmed the story). It appeared that, a few minutes before, the heroine—needle in hand—had had cause to weep. Only a few tears. But they had made the needle rusty! . . . It is time men gave their attention to this class of fiction.

* * *

Londoners are having their sins brought home to them this April. In *The Nineteenth Century*, Mrs. Grossman—of New Zealand—is very severe upon us. "Fraud and dissolute living," she says, "seem to flourish without restraint—in London. Within doors and out of doors there is urbanity, but not much humanity. . . Puritanism is a term to jeer at." There is a lot more about us that is not cheerful reading, but the above is enough to show that, in Mrs. Grossman's opinion, the average Londoner might be described as Mr. Gross man.

* * *

We think it would have been in better taste had some of our contemporaries, in announcing the death of Mr. Owen Hall, refrained from reminding us that he was the inventor of musical comedy.

* * *

FEMALE SUFFRAGE: WOMEN ELECTED TO FINNISH PARLIAMENT

Exactly what we always said they would do.

* * *

Owing to the premature advent of Summer at Easter, about 23,478 people did 23,478 foolish things, and are now lying in 23,478 beds suffering from 23,478 severe colds.

MRS. MALONEY: "Eh! ye may laugh at th' ould man's patch, ye spalpeen, but, sure, 'tis a warm heart that beats behoind it!"

(BY HOPE READ)

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The Topictator

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

COMEDY THEATRE

"The Truth"

The struggle of Mr. Clyde Fitch to achieve a big London success still goes on. I have watched it from its inception with the greatest interest. On the one hand, we have a playgoing public whose taste in drama is robustious; on the other, a dramatist who could not be robustious if he were threatened with the immediate loss of all his royalties. Now a British dramatist knows well the tastes of the public for whom he caters. So what does that great dramatist Mr. Robinson do? Why, after he has finished his play he pulls a wry face and goes through the MSS., dropping in "strong" lines. He loathes the task of putting in buckram, but it has to be done. His sadness increases when expressions of public opinion begin to fall upon his ears. It is these strong lines which the public rolls round its tongue; these stiffened situations which make the great heart of the public beat yet faster.

The art of Mr. Fitch is delicate. It is to the art of the British dramatist as the painting on fans to the painting on ceilings. The truly British playgoer, with his ear tuned to receive a strong note, sits through a play by Mr. Fitch, and, hearing no more than a murmuring in a shell, comes away—with his yearning to hear something booming—still unsatisfied. Some day, one of the big men in the critical line will reveal the *nuances* of Mr. Fitch's art. This eulogist will hail Mr. Fitch as a comedy writer of the first rank; as a man who exposes the manners and foibles of the men and women of his generation by a thousand delightful touches; as a dramatist whom one can name in the same breath as Sheridan without risk of running tilt against the powers of the Lunacy Commissioners.

Then will be heard the hurtling of public opinion as it swings round with its customary violence. Then will the British playgoer go to see a play by Mr. Fitch with his eyes too wide open. Then will the British playgoer be flicked into ecstasy by the subtleties of Mr. Fitch. Then will the speech of the best-dressed feminine character declining sugar in her tea—a line heretofore received with apathy—throw the whole house into convulsions of merriment.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Least Photographed Man in the Theatrical World

Mr. Charles Frohman, the famous *impresario*, who is associated with Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, of New York, in an attempt to secure, at huge salaries, English artists for the American stage. Though his name is a household one, his features are almost unknown to the public

Why Not Retain Acts III. and IV.?

In *The Truth* the central idea is as follows:—A winsome young wife has throughout her life been addicted to the reprehensible habit of telling fibs. Her husband has implicit confidence in her. Evidence of her untruthfulness begins to pile up against her until the weight of it shakes the confidence of her husband. She has told so many little lies to serve small purposes that when she tells the truth in a crisis he does not believe her. The husband goes away. The innocent wife, grief-stricken, flies off to Brighton to her blackguardly old father. This father has long lost his self-respect. He is sponging on a vulgar woman, who wishes to marry him. But he quails at the idea of his daughter being brought to his own level. So he tells her a bit of family history. He owes his degradation to the fact that, years ago, his wife refused to believe his assertion that he was guiltless of being unfaithful to her, and left him. Time and again he had broken his word to her about gambling and card-playing. Her confidence was shaken, and when the crisis arose she could not recognise the truth.

The same ruin which overcame him now threatens his daughter. At all costs she must return to her husband. She tells her father the real state of the case. Her husband has left her. Why? Because he cannot believe her assertion of innocence.

Again the crisis occurs when she must be believed. The father, from bitter experience in his own case, recognises that his daughter is telling the truth.

The scene between father and daughter is the strong scene in the play. It occurs in the third act. Several notices I have read advance the opinion that the third and fourth acts are unnecessary. One can only suppose that the writers prefer a play without a body to it.

Acting to be Thankful For

The acting of the play is a joy to the beholder. Miss Marie Tempest proves her greatness by her power of doing little things. She produces small effects which are cumulative. First one little touch, then another little touch—she supplies to embellish the portrait of the untruthful young wife.

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DRAWN BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

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Miss Tempest, like April, gives us, in the play, of her smiles and of her tears. Her phrasing is as excellent when she acts as when she sings.

Mr. Dion Boucicault is masterly in his performance of the old father. His sure touch is a blessed relief after the wobbly performances so often witnessed on the London stage. Indeed, some performances by quite high-salaried actors put one in mind of a game of blind man's buff, in which the actor only occasionally grasps the character, and that by the merest fluke. Mr. Allan Aynesworth as the downright good fellow of a husband successfully masked his downright good-fellowship. There are some good fellows on the stage who make one yearn for the society of villains. Mr. Aynesworth is not of this type. Mr. Dawson Millward appeared very successfully as the philanderer who brings trouble between husband and wife, and gave the kiss which betrayed his villainy with due emphasis. Miss Gracie Lane played capitally the difficult rôle of the villain's lachrymose wife. The part affords an instance of the skilful touch of the dramatist, as it explains more eloquently than words the reasons why the villain should hanker after other women.

Miss Sybil Carlisle must wish that her rôle had been as prettily coloured and daintily conceived as her robe.

Miss Rosina Filippi was most amusing as the vulgar woman.

There should be a professional matinée of *The Truth*, to show the town the rare spectacle of a cast of nine players doing justice to nine well-written parts.

CRITERION THEATRE

"The Liars"

After *The Truth*, *The Liars*. Quite an experience for playgoers in stage ethics. The two plays are concerned with the same situation, that of the wife and the *tertium quid*. Of the two, Mr. Jones's play has the stronger moral tone. It is as good as a sermon to hear Sir Christopher Deering (Sir Charles Wyndham) tell off the possible results from firstly to sixthly of Falkner's insane love for Lady Jessica (Miss Mary Moore). And the lectures the poor lady has to undergo for her flightiness! Mr. Jones might have named his play "The Saints."

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Mrs. Russ Whytal

One of the many feminine "stars" in America who engage and manage their own companies. Mrs. Whytal will be seen in England under the banner of Mr. Tree during the Shakespearean festival at His Majesty's Theatre

The revival emphasises a curious point. A person in real life who talked with half the flow and literary elegance of the characters in *The Liars* would be regarded as a prodigious conversationalist. Mr. Jones has had something to say, I think, upon the literary drama. Can he mean by this phrase, a drama in which the characters talk in a literary strain? Anyhow, Sir Christopher Deering and his associates talk in a manner which makes us feel ashamed of the prevalence of modern slang. Miss Mary Moore repeats a capital performance. Her Lady Jessica is just the lackadaisical and hollow worldling to inspire love in the breast of the virile troubler, Edward Falkner, played in a manly and sensible fashion by Mr. Thalberg Corbett. E. C. S.

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Evelyn Beaumont

Who is now playing in *The Stronger Sex* at the Apollo

"The Typhoon" at the Hippodrome

Described as a sensational and dramatic spectacle, *The Typhoon* figures as the chief item on the Hippodrome programme. The book of the present piece is by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova, and the story centres round an English girl who has been kidnapped by a wealthy Chinese Mandarin. She escapes, and, together with her lover, finds asylum on board a British boat which is about to quit port. Just as the vessel is starting, an old Chinese high priest begs a passage for himself, his idol, and attendant priests. At first there is some demur, but at the sight of the proffered gold, the captain assents. When night falls, the supposed priests discard their disguises and show themselves to be the men of the Mandarin, who himself turns out to be the old high priest. They capture the vessel and bind the crew, and one is wondering what will happen next, when a terrific storm arises. With great effect, the wind whistles among the orchestra and behind the stage, whence proceed blinding flashes of lightning and deafening roars of thunder. Rain and hail descend in torrents from the Hippodrome's gilded dome, the arena is flooded; the doomed ship, mercilessly buffeted by gigantic waves, bursts into flame; the unlucky idol is cast overboard by its terrified and disgusted followers, who have freed their prisoners; a lifeboat appears upon the scene, does its work of rescue, and, amidst applause, the curtain falls. R. M.

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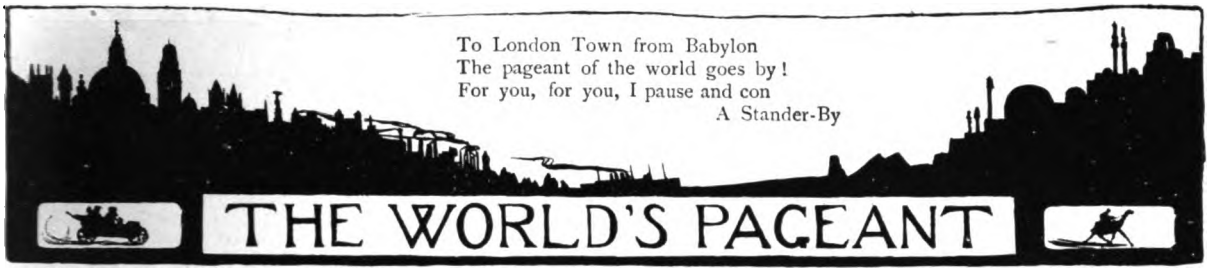

The Royal Holiday

To-day, the King and Queen leave Naples and start on that part of their holiday in which nothing of a dutiful or official nature has part. Their meeting with the King of Spain, satisfactorily accomplished, has cemented once and for all the sincere friendship which now unites England and Spain. British dignity, Spanish courtesy, mutual esteem and affection, all these combined to make memorable last week's most auspicious Royal meeting. In family, in politics, in commerce, our interest now are one and the same. The birth of an heir to the King and Queen of Spain would appear to promise a period of prosperity to their country. To the Spanish people themselves the manner of the celebration of the event is joyous enough. The bull-fight on the Sunday following the baby's birth is to be doubly a bull-fight, for twice the usual number of bears are to be sacrificed, and there will be illuminations. A State performance at the Opera is to present *Hamlet* in deference to the nationality of the Queen; and, again, for the people, a subsidised lottery of 500,000 pesetas is to be advanced.

Photo *Park*

Motor-Boat Races at Monaco

Lord Howard de Walden at the helm of his *Daimler II.*

* * *

The King of Italy in Athens

Coincident with the meeting of the Kings of England and Spain at Cartagena, a Royal meeting at Athens took place. The visit of King Victor Emanuel of Italy to King George of Greece was, however, no coincidence. It was, as the *Eclair* remarks, due primarily to the indefatigable activity of

Horse Shows on the Continent: King Victor Emanuel at the Concours Hippique National on April 2

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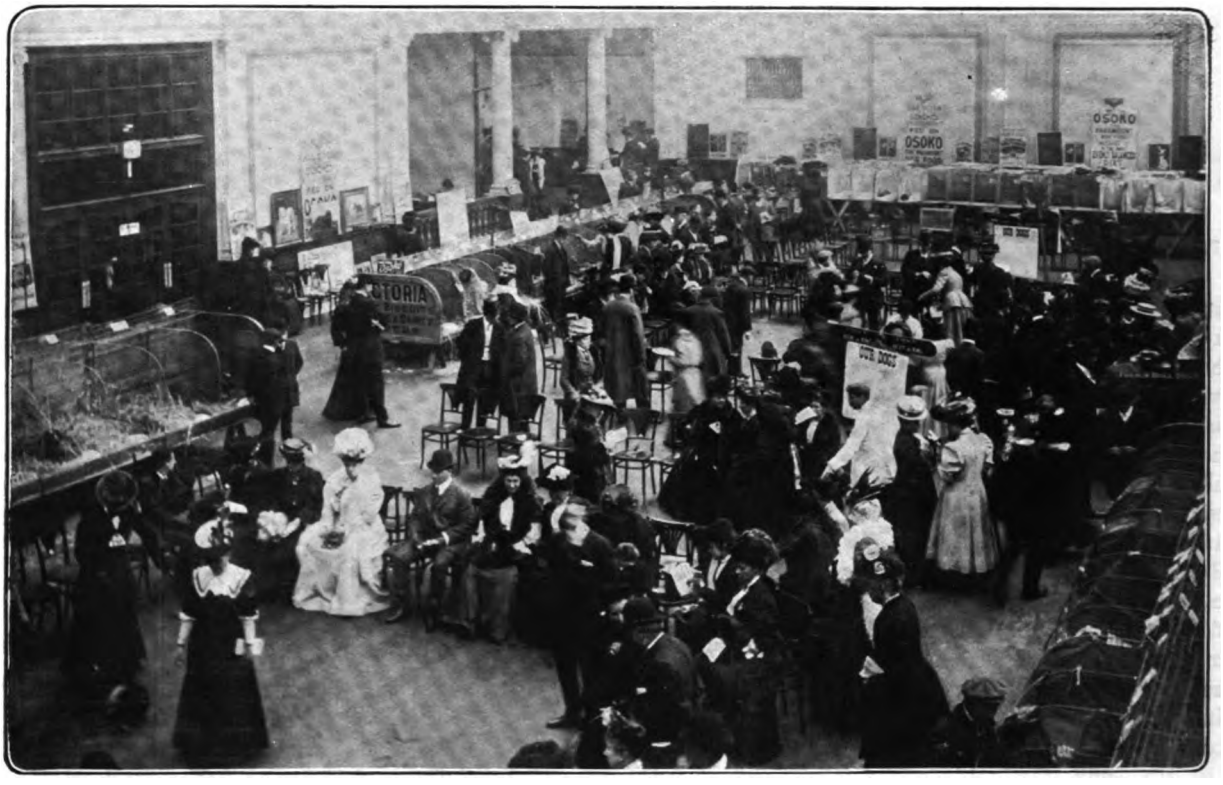
Shows at Home and Abroad



At the Ladies' Kennel Club Show: The judges at work

Nearly three hundred and fifty dogs were exhibited at this year's Show, some of the most interesting of which are seen on the page opposite

King Edward, and had for its chief object the settlement of Mediterranean questions and the claims of Italy in the Balkans. The ever-increasing activity of Great Britain in the Mediterranean, and the support she extends to Italy, has proved to Greece that a change of attitude was desirable. Hence the visit of King George to Rome, and hence the exchange of courtesies last week at Athens. The Queen of Italy was, unfortunately, unable to accompany the King to Athens. She has not been well for some time, and is very anxious about her mother, for whose benefit a famous specialist has now been summoned from Paris.

* * *

The Concours Hippique

Our photograph of King Victor Emanuel at the Roman Concours Hippique serves to remind us that "classic" horse shows are by no means the monopoly of our own nation. As a matter of fact, we have literally nothing in England corresponding in any way with the Concours Hippique, which is the first great social event of the Paris season. Taking place as it does in the Grand Palais in the Champs Elysée, our Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall is, perhaps, its nearest English equivalent, and that is still very far away. For the Concours Hippique is as smart as Goodwood, as fashionable as Ascot, and as universally attended (by the inevitable Paris *demi-monde* as well as by the other half) as the Derby, and yet it is under cover. At the Concours Hippiques, Spring fashions make their *début*. The world which amuses itself has arrived from Monte Carlo, from Biarritz, and from Cairo, and for days beforehand the great costumiers are up to their very eyes in work.

The Tailor-Made

At the Concours Hippique, as at Auteuil and at Longchamps, the *costume tailleur* is the approved, almost the only, wear, for in Paris smart people remain faithful to the tailor-made—the French tailor-made, not the English—for all race meetings. At the Concours Hippique the season's fashions are made or unmade, and the great milliners and costumiers send their smartest assistants to read, mark, and learn the trend of fashion. The last time I attended the meeting I remember that the most beautiful *demi-mondaine* of the year appeared in a hat which was nothing but a huge white dove, poised on wonderfully dressed hair. The question of moral suitability or unsuitability is one which does not trouble the French mind. The mode caught on. In a week no self-respecting, well-dressed woman in Paris was without a white dove to place on her head; and, six months after, millinery doves even arrived as the latest thing in England.

* * *

Motor Racing at Monte

Many people, anxious to get back to Paris for the Concours Hippique, or to Ireland for Punchestown, nevertheless remained on the Riviera last week in order to be present at the motor-boat racing at Monte Carlo. For a fortnight the lovely Bay of Monaco has been alive with racing craft, and English interest has, of course, been centred on Lord Howard de Walden's two Daimlers and Mr. Lionel de Rothschild's *Flying Fish* (lately the property of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu), which, however, had to retire owing to heavy seas carrying away her protecting hood. The

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The Ladies' Kennel Association Show

SOME PRIZE EXHIBITS AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL

Diana of Greenways
Mrs. A. H. Binney's Skye-terrier, which won the first prize

Velma
Belonging to Mrs. Wood, which won a first prize in the Dachshund Class

Japanese Chins
Romford Tama, first-prize Japanese Chin, and the winner of the Puppy Class

A Prize Pomeranian
Miss H. Hawley's Wolvey Mite, which was also reserve to the best non-sporting dog

The Best Sporting Dog in the Show
Mrs. Chapman's greyhound, Broadwater Banker

TWO LITTLE FOREIGNERS FROM TIBET

The Lhasa Terrier, Tara

Jewel of Asia, a Tibet Spaniel

The Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, held at the Horticultural Hall last week, attracted a good entry of 343 dogs. The exhibits in the class for big dogs and terriers was somewhat poor, but other classes were well represented. One of the most interesting features of the Show was the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison's Lhasa terrier Tara, the champion foreign dog in the Show, and her Tibet spaniel Jewel of Asia

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Ireland's Great Social Race Meeting

Lord and Lady Donoughmore

His lordship was Under-Secretary for War in the late Government. His wife is an American lady

Daimlers and *Flying Fish* run practically noiselessly, whereas the noise of the foreign boats is "like the independent firing of a regiment, which gradually becomes the ceaseless rattle of a line of Maxims."

* *

A Leader of Men

Lord Howard de Walden, whose three Daimler motor-boats are so well known on the Riviera, is one of the richest young men in England. His London estates alone—the Portland properties to which Mr. Druce lays claim, and which include Oxford Street, Portland Place, and the Marylebone Road—bring in over £200,000 a year, and he has other sources of income. He is, therefore, completely at liberty to indulge to the full his taste for all things sporting and speedy. As a motorist, both marine and land, he is a leader of men. His boats are at Monaco, and his powerful cars have been present at most of the big meetings both in England and on the Continent for several years past.

* * *

Dog and Aeroplane Shows

Every woman who had ever owned a dog turned up at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, for the annual show of the Ladies' Kennel Association on Tuesday; and Cordingley's Motor-Car Show and Aero Club Display attracted a large crowd to the Agricultural Hall, where, on Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Cordingley held a reception to the members of the Ladies' Automobile Club and their friends. As is usual where women's dogs are in question, toy spaniels, at the Horticultural Hall, predominated, bulldogs and Skye-terriers following. The special prize for the best sporting dog in the Show was won by Mrs. Chapman's greyhound, Broadwater Banker; but sporting dogs were, on the whole, conspicuous by their absence. Pomeranians, Pekingese, Japanese, toy spaniels, and Brussels Griffons were, judging by the numbers benched, the most favoured species. Altogether, 343 dogs were exhibited, and the Ladies' Kennel Association have every reason to be satisfied with their Show.

Viscountess Massareene

One of the prettiest women in Irish Society

Photos *Graphic Photo Agency*

The Viceroy at Punchestown

Lord Aberdeen talking to Lady Clementine Waring (on the right), Lady Celia Coates (daughter of Lord Crewe), and the Hon. Grace Ridley

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Peeps at People at Punchestown

Lady Powerscourt (left) and Lord Portarlington (centre)

Lady Limerick (left) Chatting with Friends
Her ladyship is one of the prettiest and most popular of Irishwomen

Punchestown

As I prophesied last week, Punchestown was blessed with "Queen's weather." Certainly, two nights of real Irish rain made the going, not to mention the standing, extremely difficult; but, as usual at Punchestown, there were compensations. To the inner man, the awful wetness of the lawns and paddock made the lavish fortification provided by the various regiments particularly welcome; and, as food for the eyes, the humid atmosphere and brilliant Spring verdure made the view of the Wicklow Hills from the Grand Stand a sight to revel in. The showery weather, too, was responsible for a great variety of toilettes. To Irish ladies—

> Sweet when the dawn is grey,
> Sweet when they've cleared away
> Lunch, and, at close of day,
> Possibly sweetest—

a little, or even a lot, of rain makes no matters. Those from Naas, therefore, where it had been raining hard all the morning, turned up in tailor-mades, much curtailed about the feet and severe about the neck, while the ladies from Dublin, including the Viceregal party, appeared in the newest and lightest of Spring gowns and smart racing coats.

* * *

The Viceregal Party

Lady Aberdeen's rheumatism was too bad to allow her on that damp race-course, but Lord Aberdeen brought his niece, the Hon. Grace Ridley. All the Viceregal and Headquarters Staff turned up to a man, for few of them, I fear, share His Excellency's disapproval of the Sport of Kings. In the Viceregal box were the twin daughters of the Earl of Crewe, Lady Cynthia Crewe-Milnes and Lady Celia Coates; Lord and Lady Grenfell, the latter in the

Photos

Discussing the Haldane Army?
Mr. St. John Brodrick (left) chatting with Lord Enniskilling and Gen. Lord Grenfell

Graphic Photo Agency

A Group of Well-known People
Lady Annesley in the centre of a group containing Sir Anthony Weldon, Col. the Hon. Chas. Crichton, Lord Grenfell, and Col. Swayne

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A Countess Who Writes Plays

mouse-coloured velvet which also was patronised by the tall young Viscountess Massareene; Mr. and Mrs. St. John Brodrick, Colonel Swayne, Sir Anthony Weldon, Captain Waring, the new Liberal Member for Banffshire, and Lady Clementine Waring (in brown velvet), Lord Herschell, and Viscount Anson.

* * *

Some Pretty Women

For the Kildare Hunt Cup, Lady Milbanke had entered her racer, Golden Shore, and another well-known sporting woman present, the Countess of Annesley, was, as usual, very much admired. She appeared one day in creamy white and beautiful ermine furs, the bunch of pink roses in her hat her only touch of colour, and the next in dark blue, her large French hat heavily laden with long feathers, and it was difficult to imagine her the mother of two tall school-girl daughters, even if her husband is nearing eighty. Another interesting figure was the newly married Countess of Portarlington. She wore pale blue, and looked delightful, and was chatting for some time to the very popular Viscountess Powerscourt. The Viceroy was walking with Lady Rachel Sanderson and her sister, Lady Annette la Touche; Lord Enniskillen, Mr. Brodrick, and Lord Grenfell more than once had their heads pretty close together (perhaps discussing that Haldane Army scheme!); Lord Donoughmore and his American wife (the daughter of Mr. Grace, of Battle Abbey) were together, his lordship fulfilling the sure promise of rotundity he gave in his 'Varsity days; Lady Limerick, of course, was in Irish frieze; and the Countess of Fingall, her small, piquant face, as usual, embedded in a feather boa and half hidden under a big hat, came over from Palmerstown with the Mayo's large party. Green, it seemed to me, was the prevailing colour; but then, as a much-complexioned Irish woman remarked, "What's the good of having an Irish complexion if you can't wear emerald green?" What, indeed?

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Lady Cromartie

A Society amateur author and dramatist. Her play, *The Finding of the Sword*, is to be produced at the Playhouse on the 30th, in aid of the St. Vincent Homes for Destitute Children

Photo *Whitlock*

Lord Brooke

Son of Lord Warwick, just appointed A.D.C. to Gen. Sir John French

* * *

Countess as Dramatist

On April 30, at the Playhouse, in aid of the St. Vincent Homes for Destitute Children, the Countess of Cromartie makes her *début* as a dramatist, with a one act-play entitled *The Finding of the Sword.* Lady Cromartie has for some time been known as a clever writer of poems and articles. She is married to Major Blunt-Mackenzie, is a grand-daughter of the late Duke of Sutherland, and is one of the greatest landowners of the North, her Ross-shire estate including the ground on which the rising Strathpeffer is built. She is dark and rather small, and with a leaning towards the cult of the occult, her literary pursuits, her estates, her many friends, and her little son, Lord Tarbat, keep her ladyship busy.

* * *

The Son of a Democrat

Lord Brooke's appointment as unpaid aide de-camp to General Sir John French for the forthcoming training season seems to have been the cause of some heartburning in Army circles. His experience, say Service men, hardly warrants the appointment, a short period in the Life Guards and the work of newspaper correspondent for a London paper during the war in the Far East comprising the sum of such experience. He is, however, a really charming and most promising boy, say his many friends. His mother, Lady Warwick, with whom, by the way, I saw him quite confidentially lunching the other day at the Ritz (queer place for a Socialist), brought him up, of course, in a strictly democratic way.

* * *

Unlucky Dalham

Captain Ernest Rhodes is the fifth to die of the nine children of the Vicar of Bishop's Stortford. Dalham Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, where Captain Rhodes died, has the reputation of being an unlucky house, and one that has always brought misfortune to its owners. Mr. Cecil Rhodes purchased it a year before he died. He left it to his brother, Colonel Frank Rhodes, who died in 1905, and then to Captain Ernest Rhodes, now dead. The ill-luck of the house is attributed to the fact that it is built on the site of a famous monastery which was looted and plundered at the time of the Reformation. Certainly, misfortune dogged the footsteps of its former owners, the Afflecks, from whom Mr. Cecil Rhodes purchased the mansion.

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"A Typical Buckinghamshire Squire"

Sir Edmund Verney on the Land Question

In a recent letter to the *Daily News*, Sir Edmund Verney gives a "concrete instance" of the way in which the present system of land insurance affects the landowner, and of how he is crippled at every turn whenever he attempts any step of any kind in dealing with his estate. Sir Edmund Verney is, perhaps, more than most men qualified to give vent to his opinions on the vexed question of land tenure. He is, as, in very kindly sending me his photograph, he himself declares, "a typical Buckinghamshire squire." He owns in Bucks and Anglesey some 9,000 acres of land. He is patron of four livings, and he has represented his county on two occasions in Parliament. Like his accomplished wife, a Liberal in politics, Sir Edmund is by profession a sailor, and entered the Navy over half a century ago. Though it was his father's wish that he should become a lawyer, the Verney estates being much encumbered, the boy insisted on going to sea.

Sir Edmund Verney (mounted on a donkey at Tangier)

He has lately been enlightening the Press on the subject of how the landowner is crippled by the law. Sir Edmund is a Liberal, and describes himself as a "typical Buckinghamshire Squire"

* * *

"An Unproductive Expenditure of £10,000"

It is as the much-taxed owner of his entailed Claydon estates that Sir Edmund Verney now comes before us. During the last thirteen years, he declares that, notwithstanding an urgent necessity for the strictest economy, an unproductive expenditure of between nine and ten thousand pounds has been forced upon him as owner of the estates, chiefly in legal fees. His legal expenses of succession alone amounted to nearly £4,000; the transference, reduction, and renewal of mortgages nearly £4,000; charge to Lands Improvement Company something a little under £1,000; and so on, *ad infinitum*. No wonder his father wished to make him a lawyer. "He knew!" as Sir Edmund now acknowledges. Short of universal compulsory registration, there would seem no way of remedying this "cumbrous and antiquated system of land tenure." And, as Sir Edmund remarks, it is difficult to see in the mind's eye Houses of Parliament, largely composed of lawyers, consenting to anything of this kind. Until they do, however, it is certain that, in order to be the solvent owner of an encumbered estate, one must also be a very rich man; otherwise shipwreck must sooner or later ensue, and debates and commissions on the system of land tenure can be nothing but academic, unpractical, and futile.

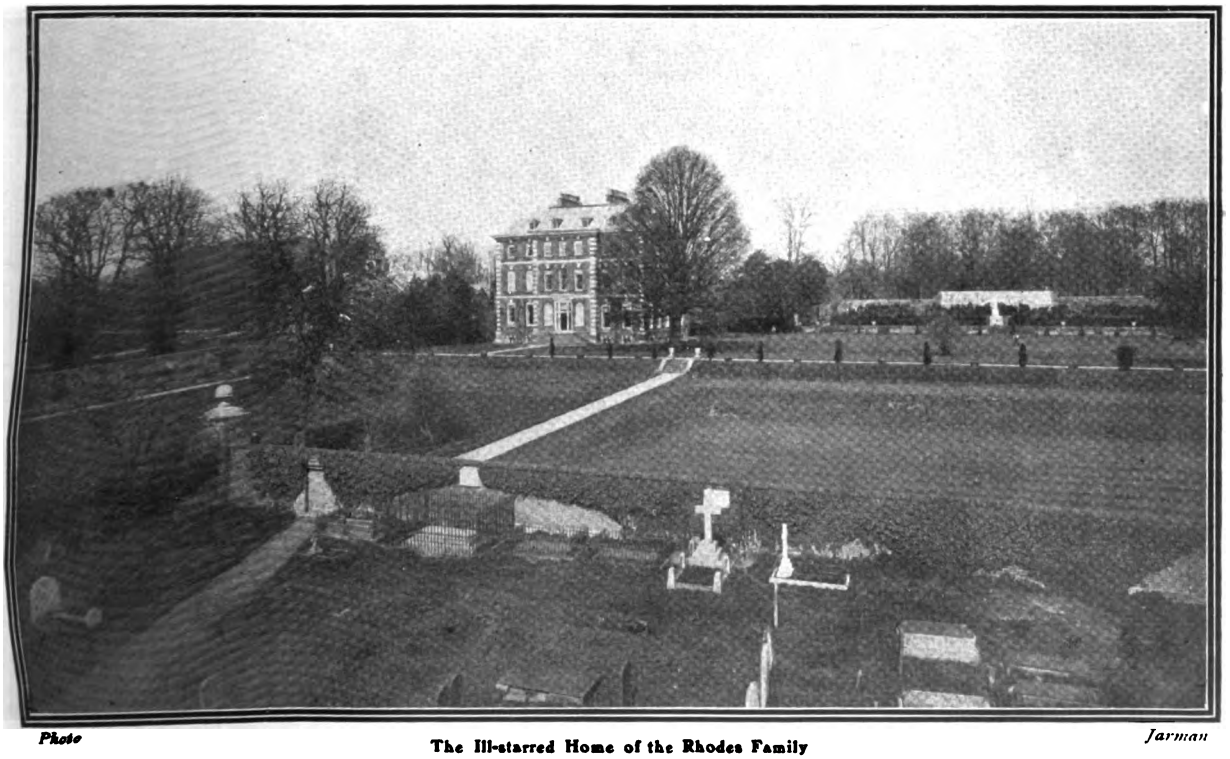

Photo **The Ill-starred Home of the Rhodes Family** *Jarman*

Dalham Hall, Herts—the family seat of the Rhodes family—has the reputation of bringing ill-luck to those who occupy it. Of the nine sons of the Rev. F. W. Rhodes, Vicar of Bishop's Stortford, five have died (including the illustrious Cecil, Colonel Rhodes, and Captain Rhodes). Whether, however, a family can be called "unlucky" which has such distinguished members is open to doubt

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Our Homogeneous Empire

"Free Trade Within the Empire!"

It rejoices me to find that THE BYSTANDER is not the only politically independent journal to demand the consideration of the Colonial Preference question on business, as distinct from party and doctrinaire, lines. My much-esteemed contemporary, *Truth*, so far throws off the yoke of Cobdenism as to suggest that—

> If they (the Colonies) let in all our manufactured goods free of duty—or, in other words, Free Trade within the Empire were the equivalent—the bargain would be worth considering.

"Free Trade within the Empire" seems, in fact, to be the half-way house in which a very large number of erstwhile Free Traders are likely to take refuge. The hostel is attractive, for one reason, because, by retaining the words "Free Trade," it keeps with it a smack of reminiscence of the old Cobdenite home; for another, because it has an air of business about it. A free market, twelve million square miles in extent, and about 500 millions in population, for British manufactures, in exchange for a similarly free acceptance by the British Isles of Colonial produce, looks, on the face of it, suspiciously like a bargain for Britain, and an extraordinarily good one, the only disadvantage being that we should be compelled to tax the poor dear foreigner! It has the additional recommendation of having been advocated by Mr. Chamberlain himself in his "Zollverein" days—by which it was proposed to federate the British Empire by means of a Customs union.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Countess Grey

Wife of the Canadian Governor-General, who arrived in Britain on Saturday by the same vessel as Sir Wilfrid Laurier

* * *

Protection First—Then Preference?

Mr. Chamberlain's experience at the Colonial Office, however, altered his mind. He decided, then, that to ask the Colonies to forego the revenue they derive from taxing British as well as foreign goods was impossible. Thence came the differential idea, by which there should be two tariffs—one for the foreigner, and a lower one for Britain. But the question of reciprocity on our part was made difficult, inasmuch as we already, thanks to Cobdenite Free Trade, allowed Colonial produce free entry to our

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Our Homogeneous Empire: An Indian belle of Temagami, near Ontario, and her canoe

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THE PREMIER—AN IMPRESSION

BY SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A

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Weeds of Empire

WILL THE COLONIAL PREMIERS SUGGEST A REMEDY?

Photos] HUMAN DERELICTS ON THE EMBANKMENT [*Bullock*

To be seen any day, at any time, close to THE BYSTANDER Offices. An inspection by Colonial Premiers, in search of interesting object-lessons, is cordially invited

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The Joseph of Modern Egypt

ports. You cannot lower a wall unless you have one to lower. Mr. Chamberlain, therefore, suggested the building of the wall—the erection of general tariffs as a Prelude to Preference in the case of the Colonies. The opera, "Preference," was to be inaugurated by the overture "Protection." This, however, did not please the audience. Made up, as it was, by hackneyed and threadbare Early Victorian tunes, it prejudiced the house so much against the composer that his opera scarcely got a hearing.

* * *

The Need for a New View

As I pointed out last week, Colonial Preference has to be considered anew, and distinct from either Protection or Free Trade. I neither advocate the retention of Free Imports, nor would I see a tariff wall round the United Kingdom which might be disastrous to its vast shipping and mercantile and exchange interests. Let us hear the individual proposal of each individual Colonial Premier, and let us adjust our tariff according to the exact value of the reciprocity offered. Canada's preference for the Mother Country, instituted in 1897, has resulted in the doubling of our export trade with that country, which in the preceding five years had been steadily declining. Canada has benefited us; how, in return, can we benefit Canada? It is not reasonable to expect that we shall indefinitely obtain Preference for no return. It is as to the nature of this return we are now called on to decide.

* * *

No Propaganda!

The Tariff Reform League very naturally adheres to the written and spoken word of Mr. Chamberlain. It is entitled to use its propaganda for all it is worth to educate the electorate. The Government is not, however, called on to adopt anybody's propaganda, but merely to talk business, and I trust soon we shall have some authoritative announcement of its intention to do so, without fear either for the sulks of its followers or the satirical smiles of its opponents.

* * *

Lord Cromer's Resignation

Lord Cromer's resignation removes a truly Cæsarean figure from the government of the Empire—if I may be so candid as to classify Egypt as belonging to it. We are disposed to accept "ill-health" as, this time, the true reason, and not political complications, for the branch of the Government with which Lord Cromer was directly connected was the Foreign Office, and I refuse to suspect that Sir Edward Grey would have allowed anything whatsoever to bring him into conflict with so truly great a public servant. Well may Lord Cromer be called the Joseph of Modern Egypt. Afflicted as that distressful country was when, as Sir Evelyn Baring, he was first appointed to control its finances, he secured not only order out of chaos, but health, wealth, and prosperity. Never need an Imperialist lack a word in defence of the principle of Empire when he can cite the career of such a man as Cromer, who, without any other aim in view than its welfare, has made Egypt safe, solvent, and whose last word was a promise to make it, also, self-governing. The Government has shown wisdom in appointing, without delay, Lord Cromer's successor, and a better choice could not have been made than Sir Eldon Gorst, who, trained in the Cromer school, is likely to continue the great work of his predecessor, undisturbed (I hope) by any below-the-gangway clamour that may arise in future years.

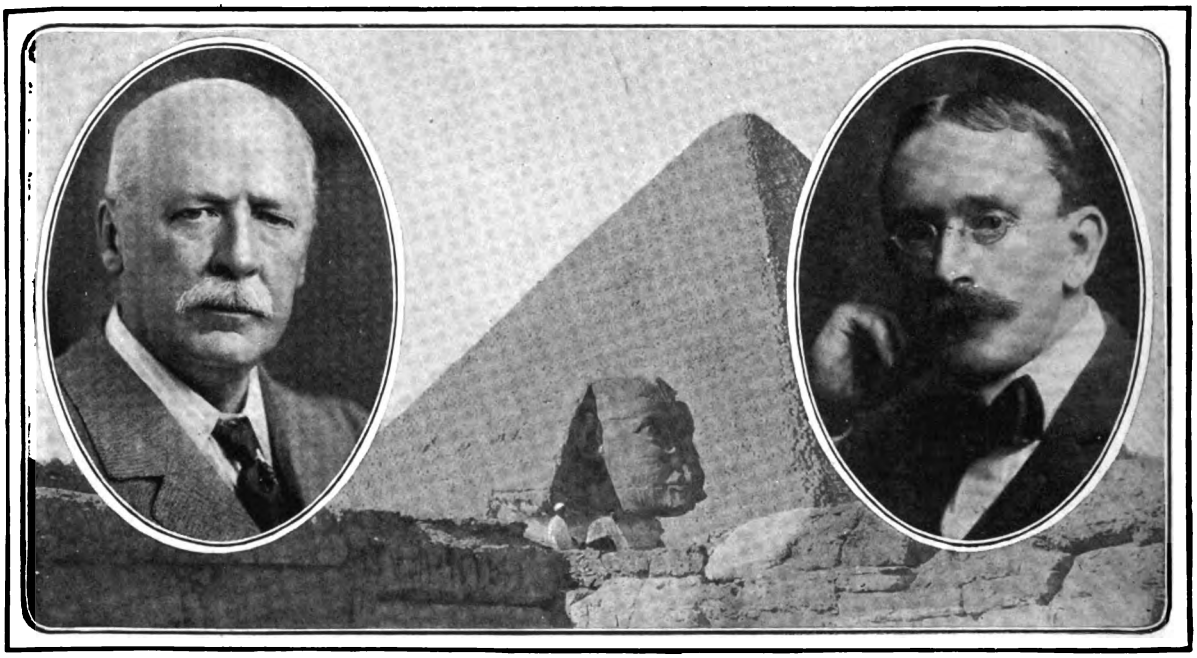

Photo *Beresford*
The Earl of Cromer

BRITISH RULE IN EGYPT
The retiring British Agent and his successor

Photo *Elliott and Fry*
Sir Eldon Gorst

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Rejected!

HE: "I'll never send to the beastly Academy again!"

SHE: "Never mind, darling; think how they will appreciate you—when you are dead"

BY DUDLEY HARDY

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The Topic of the Week

The Montagnini papers are still the topic of the moment. On every side the Vatican is being discussed. France seems to care for little else. Both home and foreign politics are set aside, the situation in Morocco, the eternal German menace, and even the elaborate preparations for the 1st of May strike are all pushed aside, so that undivided attention may be given to these documents. Not since the Dreyfus trial has there been so much discussion. We have been kept waiting an unconscionable time to hear the contents of this voluminous correspondence of 1,360 documents, and so far they are *banal* to a degree. How the French Government can have lowered itself in the eyes of the world to publish these effusions is beyond conception, and their action has been criticised most unfavourably by the foreign Press. One can understand the French Government having this unofficial Nuncio conducted to the frontier, but his papers should have been sent with him. Diplomatic archives are inviolable. When Governments cease to respect this law, how are diplomatic relations possible? Supposing the gentlemen responsible for the government of France had read these documents and then returned them, their conduct would have been bad enough, but to hand them over to the Press is odious.

Mgr. Montagnini

Whose purloined papers have been quoted by the French Press, with such damaging results to various persons implicated

A Prying Papal Nuncio

The duties of Mgr. Montagnini were to keep his eyes and ears wide open, and then to inform the Vatican of all that was going on. He owed his post, it is said, to Cardinal Merry del Val, cardinal *par excellence*, intelligence incarnate. According to those who knew him, Mgr. Montagnini "was rather good sport"; he mixed in the best society, was a good conversationalist, fond of a good cigar and a game of bridge. But, above all, he listened. Then, when he returned, often very late, from dinners and receptions, throwing himself into his comfortable easy chair, he would recall all the events of the day, his impressions, odds and ends of conversation, and arrange them in a way he thought would call forth the approval of Rome. He seems very pleased with the cunning manner in which he extracted from loyal Catholics presents of cigars, whisky, champagne, and liqueurs for the Holy See; he declares that it was on account of his assistance to M. Doumer, when candidate for the Presidency, that this gentleman presented the Pope and Cardinal Merry del Val with autographed copies of his book, "Mes Fils."

Aspersions on Various Persons

That M. Clémenceau is often short of money, and can "be bought for a good round sum," we are also informed; also that last summer, when staying at Carlsbad, he tried to persuade a Dominican monk to undertake a mission to Rome, in order to see if the Pope would not come to terms over the Separation. The nauseous part of the correspondence, for which the *Matin* is clamouring, consists of notes about the private lives of prelates applying for bishoprics—exaggerated, of course, and filled in with racy stories which most people would be ashamed to read. There are conversations with diplomats, and whole columns devoted to the Vatican's manœuvres to find a safe seat for one of the Catholic Party, "good M. Piou." But who does not know that, so long as there has been a Republic, the Holy See has always taken the keenest interest in electoral campaigns? Who can blame them for doing their best for their own cause?

A Compromised Ambassador

Much to the indignation of the British colony in Paris, the most compromising of these documents is a conversation Mgr. Montagnini is alleged to have had with our Ambassador in Paris, Sir Francis Bertie. Whether the contents of this letter are true or not is doubtful, Sir Francis having neither confirmed nor denied his statements.

Sir Francis Bertie, however, is by no means as popular in Paris as he might be. Had he made himself less hostile to the French and foreign Press here, the *Figaro* would probably have been more disposed to consider him when publishing the Montagnini papers. Other diplomats have been implicated; the Dutch Minister has even to apologise to the Foreign Office for calling the French Government a collection of *mufles*, but this is *sub rosa*, though the alleged indiscretion of Sir F. Bertie has called forth a storm of indignation. Of cold and ungenial disposition, Sir Francis was probably as surprised as

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anybody on learning of his own appointment to Paris. That he should have given himself away to this unofficial Nuncio is beyond comprehension, seeing that he never makes a speech in public; some say, because he cannot, and others because he will not. At any rate, it seems to have been injudicious on his part to invite Mgr. Montagnini to his first reception, and then to take the earliest opportunity of calling on him, especially when he knew the attitude his country's ally was adopting towards Rome. If Sir Francis Bertie admires the Republic, as this letter suggests, he has a very peculiar method of showing it. He has the reputation of detesting Republicans, and taking every opportunity of showing them so. At a recent Chamber of Commerce dinner he hardly exchanged a sentence with his neighbour. Though this was attributed to social "reserve," the real reason was more likely the fear of giving himself away on politics.

Lady Bertie and the Parisians

Lady Bertie, too, although brought up in diplomatic circles, does not seem to understand the importance of her position. The few receptions she does give, she describes to her friends as *corvées*, and such remarks are always repeated. In tact and grace she is completely lacking. As a rule, she is generally dressed anything but smartly —even when the King is in Paris. At one of her receptions she incurred the wrath of some of the retired diplomats in Paris by not having her guests announced, conduct for which, by the way, the last American Ambassador was recalled. The accomplishment that finds most favour in Lady Bertie's eyes is skill at bridge.

Photo *Hoffmann*

Sir Francis Bertie, British Ambassador in Paris

Leaving the Protestant Church in the Rue d'Aguessan. Sir Francis has been awkwardly implicated in the Montagnini "revelations"

A Jocular Diplomat

Sir Francis Bertie's conversation consists of anecdotes and jokes, and this does not appeal to the better class of Frenchman. He is neither distinguished nor important enough to occupy his present post in Paris, and were the Republic not certain, on account of the repeated visits of King Edward, of Britain's attitude towards her, such a tactless diplomat might seriously injure the interests of the *entente cordiale*. It is said that rumours of dissatisfaction have reached the King's ears, and, as the efficiency of his representatives abroad is a special concern of His Majesty, he is far from pleased. Was this the reason of Sir Francis Bertie's illness during the King's last two visits?

* * *

William II., Commercial Traveller

The Kaiser's latest rôle is that of commercial traveller, and in this line he succeeds as well as in everything else. From all accounts, he is intensely interested in the sale of Majolica porcelain, and, according to his orders, his own factory has been erected on the Carliver estate, left to him by a friend. Like a true commercial man, Kaiser Wilhelm pushes his own wares, and who would care to refuse a request made by this Imperial monarch. His subjects are extremely shocked at his latest rôle, but they say nothing. I can see those dear old Prussian grafs, possessors of titles as old as Prussia itself, nodding their bald heads and wondering "what on earth their dear ruler has got up his coat-sleeve." But William is not the only monarch who takes an interest in commerce. Everyone has heard of M. Fallières and his Loupillon wine! But I forget—it is so difficult to remember M. Fallières is not a Royal Highness, for he is surrounded by far more ceremony than if he were. You may hear of the Kings of England, Belgium, or Austria travelling incognito, but if M. Fallières goes as far as Marseilles, he must have a Squadron there to protect him. The manner in which the Loupillon wine is "pushed" has often been criticised. Since his advancement to the Presidency, there is not enough wine to supply everybody. So I am told M. Fallières buys elsewhere and baptises the substance "Loupillon." I have tasted both wines, and I believe the story. Fallières wine, says rumour, has a place on nearly every European monarch's table. Wilhelm pottery will soon find its place in their drawing-rooms; but what does that matter? Like the most of us, monarchs need money, and so long as to obtain it they do not descend to the atrocities to which Leopold II. has descended, we need not grumble.

* * *

An International Theatre

An International theatre is to be built in Paris in the place of the old *Cirque d'Été*, under the auspices of a committee composed of French and foreign notabilities. The Princess of Brancovan, Princess Amédée de Broglié, Countess Greffuhle, Mme. Bischoffsheim, Madeleine Lemaire, Baronne de Rothschild, and Princess Murat are the principal members of the French committee. Amongst the Americans are Mmes. William Vanderbilt, Astor, Ogden, Goelet, and Pierpont Morgan. Lady de Grey and Sir Ernest Cassel are representing England; Princess Metternich, Austria; the Infanta Eulalia, Spain; the Grand Duchess Vladimir, Russia; and Baronne Lambert de Rothschild, Belgium. Germany, Italy, and Portugal will also be represented, for all nations wish to contribute to the success of the Palace of Arts.

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Is Queen Victoria Unpopular?

A lady of the Spanish Court has just been telling me how surprised she is to hear rumours coming from England about Queen Victoria's unpopularity in Spain. These, she says, are absolutely unfounded. When Princess Ena's engagement was announced, there was some question as to whether a Battenberg was of high enough rank to marry a King of Spain, and the Queen-Mother naturally wished for an Austrian daughter-in-law. These prejudices, however, soon vanished before the grace and charm of the young Princess. Every Spaniard admires her plump figure and fair colouring, and, adds my informant, "if we had been consulted as to whom we should like as a Queen, we should have chosen her on account of her beauty." Never would she have been admired in England as she is in Spain.

That Queen Victoria is trying to impose herself and English customs is not correct; she could not even if she tried, for in her Court, Court laws and customs have been firmly established for centuries. One or two details have been changed, of course, but not without a great deal of difficulty. The Queen said she would like a good substantial breakfast, and the King has seen that her wish has been gratified. She does not wish to retire to rest before 10 in winter, although 8.30 is the recognised time, and M. de Croze declares, in one of his publications, that even if the Queen has not finished her supper, her maids will begin undressing her at the appointed time.

H.M. The Queen of Spain

(From a Pencil Drawing by the Duchess of Rutland, 1906)

Life at the Palace

The position of an English Queen in Spain is by no means easy, especially when one is not over-dowered with tact and is the happy possessor of a mother-in-law. Yet Queen Victoria has not managed badly so far, and she certainly does her best. She makes courteous little speeches in Spanish, although she is not yet able to speak the language fluently. Every day she works at her Spanish, reads the newspapers, and has a Spanish lesson. She is not too enthusiastic over bull-fights, but she is often present at them, seeing that her husband is so passionately fond of this and all sports. Life at the Palace is simple enough. In the afternoon the Queen generally drives, but recently she has been visiting, according to the custom, the different churches in Madrid, and some of the services have been most trying ordeals for her.

Ceremonials After the Birth

The pompous ceremonies which take place after the birth of the heir to the throne are, of course, innumerable. For months, many persons have been employed preparing the Royal *layette*, which has been supplied chiefly by twenty-nine different convents. At the Convent of the Sacred Heart alone twenty dozen vests have been made, for the most part of fine cambric, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The pelisses are trimmed with the Brussels lace that adorned the robes of Alfonso XIII., and which has been in the family for many generations. Directly after birth, the Prince of the Asturias, or the Infanta, is placed on a red velvet cushion on a golden platter, covered only by handsome lace, and thus presented by the Mistress of the Robes to the awaiting assembly. The infant is passed to the Prime Minister, who carries him round, showing him to the Cabinet, the diplomatic body, headed by the Papal Nuncio, and all the grandees of Spain. Then the child is restored to its mother, and laid in its father's cot. As soon as possible after its birth, the presentation to the Virgin Mary takes place, and the child is baptised, if possible, three days after.

An Unconventional Royal Mother

Queen Victoria's desire to nurse her own child has caused so much disapproval that, probably, she will conform with the traditions and employ an Asturian nurse, for it is on the buxom matrons of this province that this privilege falls. Probably the English nurse who is now at the Palace will be sent back. Etiquette in Spain continues even during the night. From sunset to dawn three *monteros*, attired in quaint costumes, pace up and down the room adjoining the Royal chambers, to which no one is allowed to approach. Only *Espinosans* can have the honour of becoming members of this most exclusive corps.

Madrid Society

Society in Madrid resembles Society anywhere else, except that it is much more exclusive. The very old families in Spain are very much opposed to the idea of having dinner in the evening, it being the old custom to dine at two and sup at eight. Spaniards are passionately fond of music, which, with Spanish whist, forms the chief attractions at evening parties. The Infanta Isabella is particularly renowned for her musical receptions. Balls are not very often given, nor is the theatre very much patronised, possibly because the Queen-Mother has not set the example by attending it much. Most Spanish ladies are fond of bull-fights, and it is a well-known fact that if you are not a noble in Spain the best way to command admiration is to become a matador.

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SHALL WE RECIPROCATE?

Scenes in Some of the Chief Centres of Colonial Wealth and Work

In the following pictures a pictorial idea is given of the cosmopolitanism of the Empire, its industrial versatility, and the social and commercial importance of the capitals of the daughter communities, who are, through the mouths of their responsible Premiers, now seeking to trade on advantageous terms with the Mother Country

"England's future lies in her Colonies"

By courtesy of the Canadian Emigrants' Information Office

One of Canada's Illimitable Cornfields

The above photograph (of Robert Smith's Long Lake Farm) gives an idea of the immensity of the wheat-fields of Canada, which export to Great Britain produce to the value of nearly five millions annually. Not only does Canada aspire to supply the British Isles with its food, but she is also exporting enormous quantities to the United States

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City Life in Australia

SYDNEY—BRISBANE—MELBOURNE

By courtesy of Agent-General for New South Wales

The Busy Side of Sydney: Rush of tramcars along George Street

Though Sydney is a more leisurely and genial city than Melbourne, when it is busy, it vies with all the capitals of the world in the haste with which it goes to business. Note the string of tramcars, which move along at dangerous pace. Population of Sydney (1906): 529,600

By courtesy of Agent-General for Queensland

Queensland's Capital: Brisbane

(Population, 121,000.) Queensland has a vast sugar industry, wheat, mines of all kinds, timber, and coal

Photo *Wilson*

In the Queen City of Australia: Collins Street, Melbourne

The "Golden City" of the great mining days, Melbourne is to-day the social capital of Australia—the home of culture—the seat of the Commonwealth Government. Its population approaches a million. Victoria's industries are gold, wool, wheat, butter, and coal

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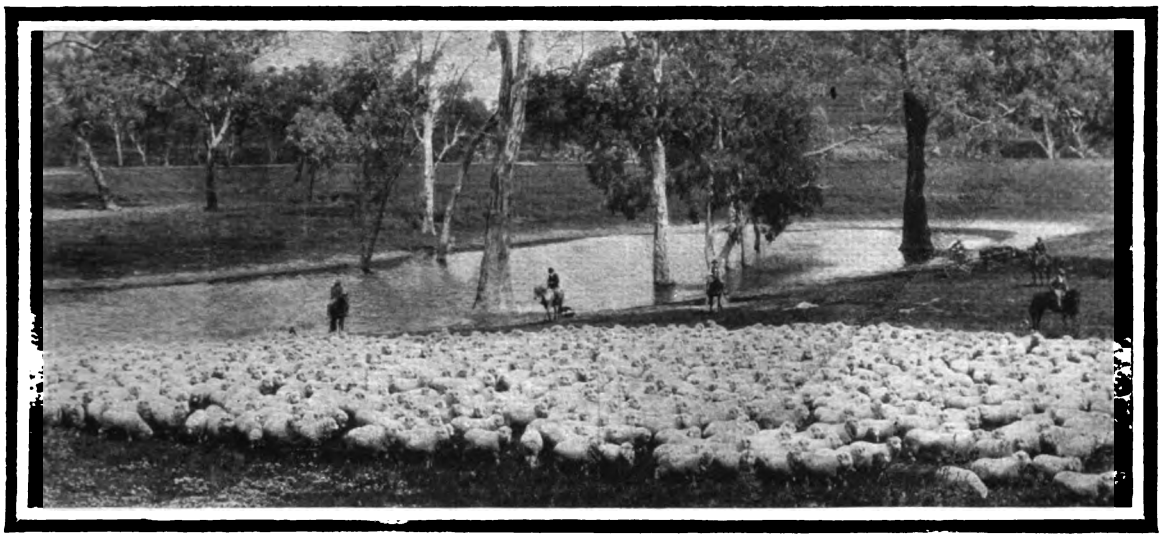
To Clothe the Motherland

AUSTRALIA'S STAPLE EXPORT—WOOL: IN TWO STAGES

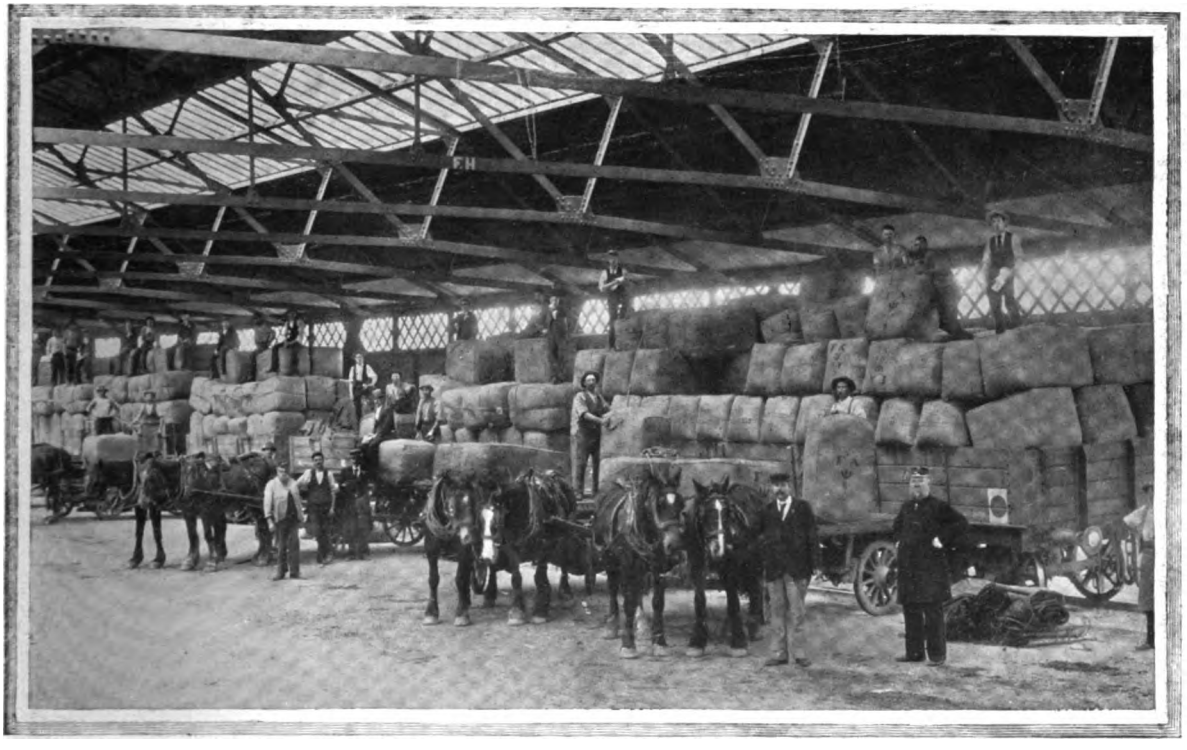


By courtesy of Agent-General for New South Wales

Photos *H. F. de Little*

Where It Comes From: Three scenes on an Australian wool farm

The chief and most general staple produce of Australia is wool—for which the country is peculiarly adapted. Over all the highlands and the riverlands and the sea border sheep (as our first photograph suggests) thrive remarkably. The wool is, therefore, of the highest quality, and reaches the best prices



En Route for the Motherland: Bales of wool awaiting shipment in the sheds of Sydney Harbour

During the year 1906, Australia sent to this country £11,500,000 worth of wool. It is noteworthy that though Britain obtains most of its other clothing product, cotton, from foreign countries, four-fifths of the wool imported comes from British possessions, in which respect Australia is first, there being nearly forty million sheep in New South Wales alone

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Activities "Down Under"

SCENES TO THE WEST, EAST, AND SOUTH OF AUSTRALASIA

By courtesy of Agent-General for Western Australia

Social Westralia: A race meeting at Perth

The West Australian capital is rapidly rising, has a population of nearly 100,000, and large exports of gold, wool, pearl, timber, and coal. Westralia has magnificent forests, a luxuriant soil, and 100,000 square miles of "rain-fed land awaiting the plough"

Taking Coals from the other Newcastle

The busy wharfs of Newcastle, the coal port of New South Wales, which has a colliery area of 24,000 acres—twice that of the United Kingdom. Australia's coal production was, when last estimated (1904), 7,250,000 metric tons

By courtesy of Agent-General for Tasmania

A Tasmanian Pastoral

Cornfields, river, and mountains at New Norfolk. Tasmania bids fair to be known as the orchard of the Empire, as fruit-growing is the chief ambition of her agriculturists

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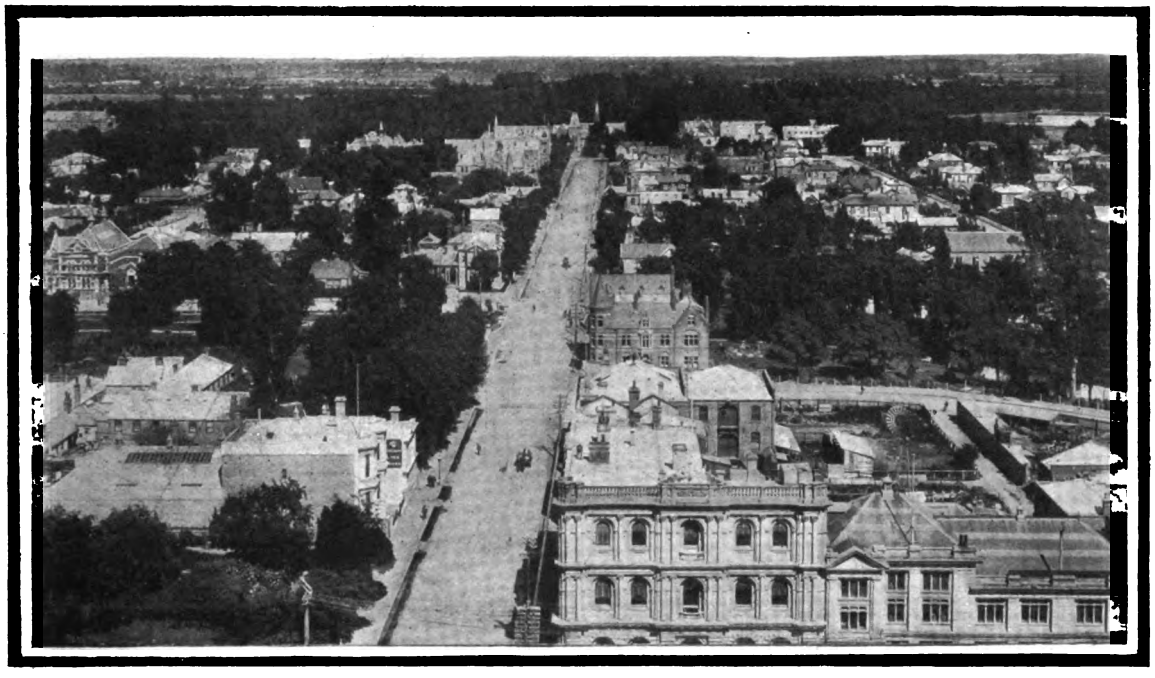
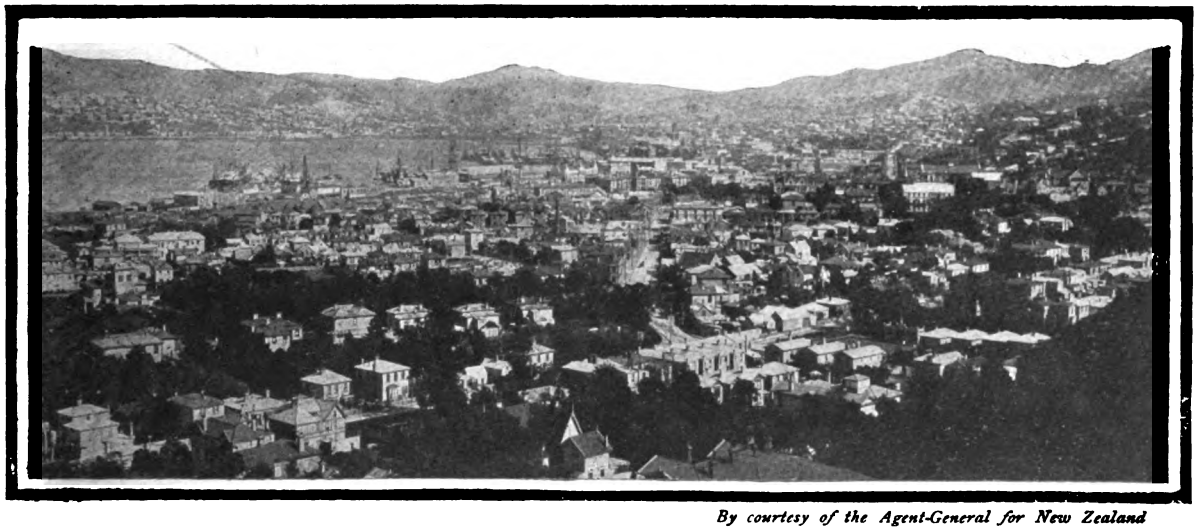
A Trio of New Zealand Towns

Auckland: The Queen's Wharf

Auckland is the largest town in New Zealand, with a population of about 90,000



Christchurch: Looking North. Population, 70,000



By courtesy of the Agent-General for New Zealand

General View of Wellington: Official capital of New Zealand. Population, about 70,000

New Zealand, in view of its beautiful climate and its great fertility, is considered to have as bright a future as any Colony of the Empire. Already its exports to the United Kingdom are valued at £15,600,000—wool and frozen meat being the chief commodities exported. New Zealand has, from the first, been one of the foremost in demanding preferential terms, and has the most democratic of all the Colonial Governments

(Continued on page 134)

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In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, illustrates the career of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN RA

(IN TWELVE

DUDLEY CLEAVER 07

SCENE THE ELEVENTH

The Gilded Youth finds up-to-date employment as driver has the questionable pleasure of being hailed at the Savo and horrified parents

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KE'S PROGRESS

ENES)

one of the phases through which he passes on his progre.: through life—a "road to ruin" very different from that of his Hogarthian predecessor two centuries before

a taxi-cab, and
y his surprised

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

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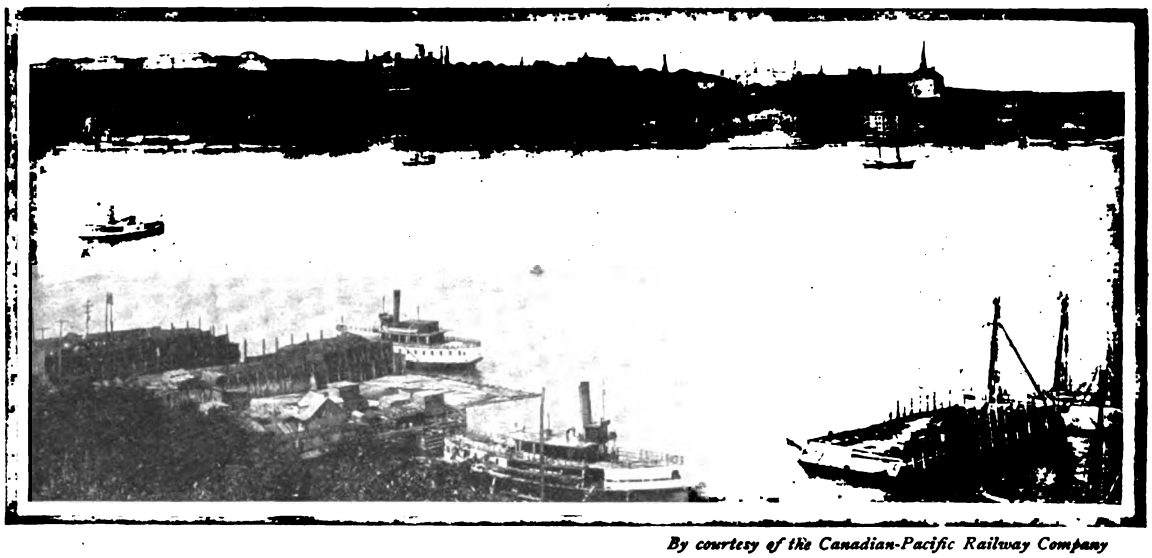
Canada's City Life

By courtesy of the Can dian-Pacific Railway Company

General view of Montreal, the largest and most populous city of Canada, with a population about equal to that of Birmingham

Photo] **Toronto at Play** *[Topical Agency*

An open skating rink in the Ontario capital—which is the second city of Canada. Population, over a quarter of a million



By courtesy of the Canadian-Pacific Railway Company

Quebec, from the St. Lawrence: The most important military position in Canada. Population, 70,000

Canada is taking a prominent position in the Colonial Conference, for Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier, has long been an advocate of a preferential trade with this country, a belief which he reiterated shortly before leaving for the Conference. Though Canada's export of corn, at present, amounts to £5,000,000 annually, the value of her dairy produce is fast exceeding that figure, for last year she sent this country £5,600,000 of cheese, £3,200,000 of bacon, and £980,000 of butter

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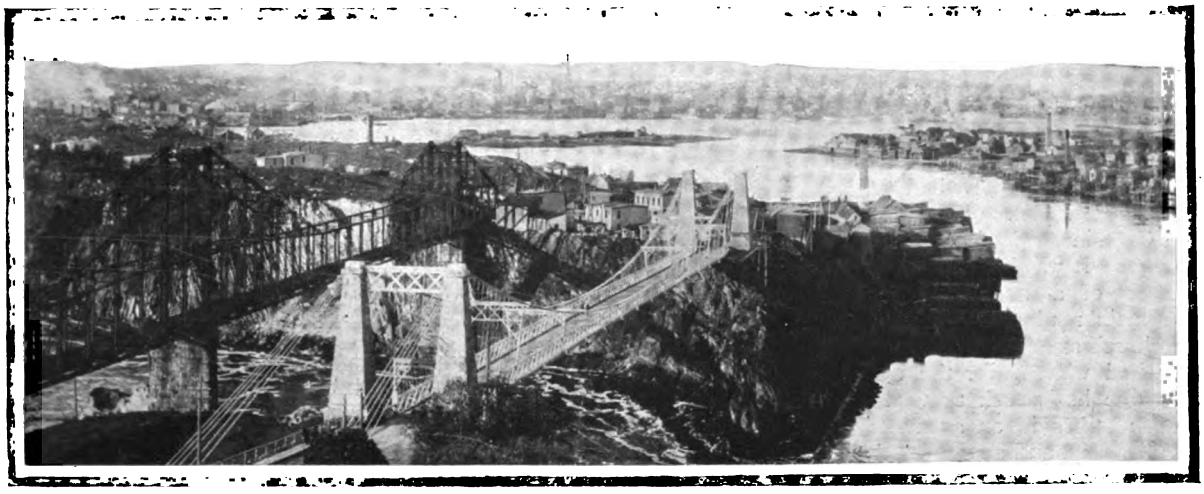
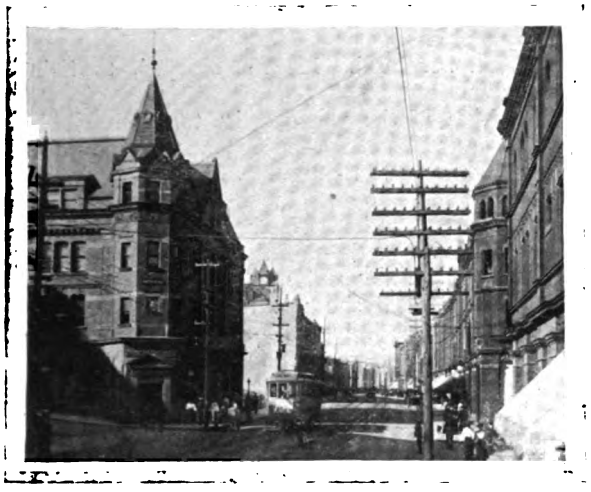
Four Notable Colonial Centres



By courtesy of the Canadian-Pacific Railway Company

St. John, New Brunswick: The chief town of New Brunswick. Population, 40,711

New Brunswick's industries are, chiefly, cereals, fruits, coal, and fisheries

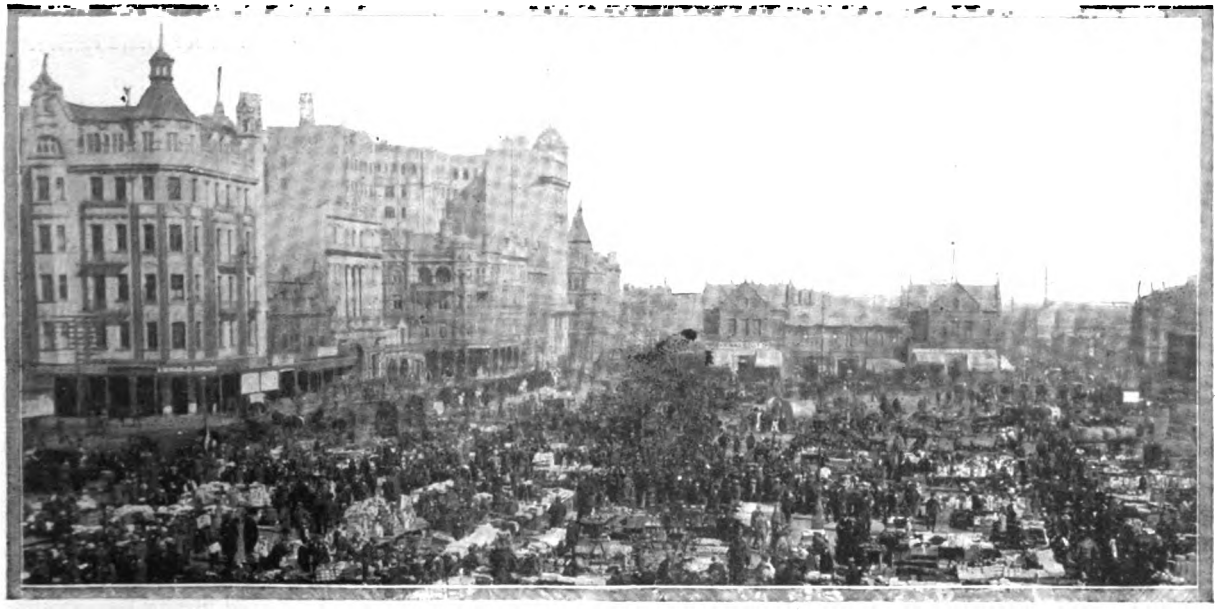


A Street in St. John's, Newfoundland

Newfoundland, owing to the imminent shortening of the Atlantic steamship route, *viâ* Blacksod Bay, on the West Coast of Ireland, will, in a few years time, enormously increase in importance. At present, its industries are chiefly fisheries, copper ore, and wood-pulp

The Empire's Newest Capital: The new Agency Buildings, Bulawayo

Within the last ten years, the capital of Rhodesia has been converted from a native "kraal" into a flourishing city, with fine modern buildings and up-to-date improvements



The Market-place, Johannesburg, Transvaal

Johannesburg, the largest city in South Africa, has a population of a quarter of a million, and is a town of enormous wealth, the centre of the gold-mining industry. The above view of the Market-place indicates the crowded character of the city

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OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORY—No. 71

LADY ANNABEL'S RENUNCIATION

By C. EDWARDES

LADY ANNABEL had at last made the great renunciation. She lay back in her sables—and Captain Marlow's right arm—and rejoiced in her courage. It was a night of brilliant stars, about three-quarters of a moon, and no wind; and they were on a main road untroubled by traffic. The clock in the church steeple of the last village through which they had whizzed for the entertainment of a single constable had struck two. Since then two or three miles of trees in an avenue silhouetted against the spangled sky, and a stronger determination than ever on Lady Annabel's part to see the bright best of things.

She had given up for love all which, during nine years, had made her life majestic. Even her car would return when it had taken her across two more counties, and then Captain Bob Marlow's old grange in a corner of Shropshire was to be Lady Annabel's new home, with true love at last for her life's refuge and strength.

"Tell me you're not sorry, little lady," said Captain Marlow, drawing her to him, furs and all.

"Sorry, Bob! What in the world have I to be sorry about? Peter knows quite well that it could not go on for ever. I'm sorry for him, in a way; but I ought never to have married him. I have never been happy with him, never. Poor old boy! He's as distressed about it as me. But what's the use of worrying?"

"No use at all," answered Captain Bob, cheerily. "We're two little birds free of the world's rotten cages, conventions, and things; two wise little birds, Bell, and just wait and see how I'll make it all up to you."

She shivered slightly in his arm.

"I hope so, Bob dear, indeed!" she whispered. "It's sweet, like this. If we could just run on for ever and ever and ever, seeing nobody except just each other and the moon and—and Gordon's back——"

He stopped her foolish mouth with a kiss.

"Little dunce!" he murmured. "It's your husband's car for one thing, and Gordon's back would pall pretty soon. Besides, we must eat and drink and be merry."

She was in his arms again—both arms this time—and he made it up to her a little already.

"Oh Bob, Bob, love me, love me! Make it up to me, or I shall suffocate."

"Foolish, small, frightened kitten!" he babbled, with his lips close to her cheek. "Anyone would think you were the first woman to throw off her chains. Why didn't we meet ten years ago? Then Belle, you must have been angelic at twenty. You are still, you know, but——"

She sighed and interrupted him.

"You are very, very awful to me, Bob," she said, rather pettishly. "But I believe you are right. I believe I *was* angelic at twenty."

"How everyone must have worshipped you," he continued, blindly indiscreet.

"N—o! not everyone. But there was one man who truly did worship me. He was an artist. He painted me as the Virgin Mary, Bob. Not for the Academy or anything public, but for his own pleasure. Mamma let him do it because she believed he was to inherit a very large estate somewhere, but—I don't know the particulars—she found out that she was misinformed. And he——"

"What did he do? Shoot himself, poor wretch?"

"Oh, no! He was much too religious for that. He was just inconceivably good, for a young man. I think he left London after mamma's letter, and—as mamma said—that chapter ended."

"Chapter?" he suggested, half in a joke. "Was it a chapter that interested you as well as him?"

"Y—es, Bob. At twenty I was the kind of girl who loved goodness more than anything else; and he wasn't good only——"

"You loved him, in fact?"

"How could I help it? I revere his memory still, when I think of it. But I must never even think of him any more now."

She bent her head. He also stooped, to light a cigarette.

The vision of the young artist to whom she had been an inspiration ten years ago, and of whom she ought never more to think, was for the time dazzling even in the midst of the moonshine. Many of his words came back to her. He had told her that she was meant to be good—that there would be nothing but goodness in the soul of which her eyes were the windows. Did she not realise it? And she remembered particularly—with a strange numbness—his telling her that it was just because Christ's mother was so perfectly good that she so young-looking, even when her Son was crucified. The old legends in the matter were true, he had declared. And she, Annabel, would be like that. At fifty, she would still be like the Madonna of his canvas, if she did but trust, always, the pure soul which animated her. And, of course, she would have that confidence in her better nature. He had only to look in her eyes to know it.

"Another couple of hours, little lady, and they'll be ready for us!" said Captain Marlow, as they swept through Rugby; and having said it, he puffed smoke into the night.

She seemed to sink in her furs, sink and sink.

The Captain asked her if she felt tired.

"Yes," she whispered, "I think I do—very."

"Then go to sleep. Go to sleep, Belle, and when you wake you'll be near the Paradise we've so often longed for."

She turned her face to him. "Yes," she said, and closed her eyes again. Captain Marlow's smile, even in the starlight, did not give her the kind of comfort she craved in this hour. It was a triumphant and reckless smile, not the smile of a man to whom she could make complete surrender of body and soul.

Captain Marlow lit another cigarette.

But Lady Annabel was now quite unconscious of him and her environment. She could see Ronald Petherick's picture of herself so plainly. She was in a blue garment—he had called it a Murillo-blue—and was sitting with clasped hands looking straight before her. He was glad her eyes were grey rather than blue. It was sunset, and she was sitting among asphodels, scarlet poppies, and small yellow flowers with dark centres. Behind her the sky was crimson

(Continued on page 138)

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The Fair Wayfarer

Youth and Crabbéd Age: A fair young Canadian cousin exercises her camera at the expense of an "oldest inhabitant"

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(Continued from page 136)

and gold. He had wished to put a halo round her head, but had yielded to her dissuasion. She had deemed the halo just a little too much. Even though the picture was not for public display, she would not like to think of herself sanctified, without cause, for any eyes, except perhaps his own. They had argued about it, and he had given way. He had said her eyes were enough, without any such direct token of superhumanity. They had argued about that also; she wished he would not say such absurd things of her, as if she were not made like other girls—no better and no worse. It would be most uncomfortable to her to believe that more was expected of her than of other girls. "More *is* expected of you, dear!" he had said to that, and he had taken her hand and explained that she had shown faith and courage in loving him, which set her apart from other girls. She didn't know quite what he meant. It was then that he had darted from her, and altogether changed the expression on her canvas face. "Don't speak a word!" he had whispered, excitedly, and for many minutes he worked at the new expression. "There!" he had said, at last. "What do you think of it?" "Wistful" was the word they both agreed might certainly now be ascribed to the canvas face. "Wistfulness, youth, goodness, and beauty combined," said he. At least, these were his aim, and he was almost satisfied with the issue. She shook her head at the goodness and beauty, but was content to gratify him so easily. And then she had suddenly made the supreme discovery.

"Ronald," she had said, "you talk so much about *my* being good. But it is all due to *you*. I'm only what you make me."

This was their last meeting in the secrecy of the sittings. Annabel's mother found out those things about Ronald's family the next day, and hurried her daughter out of England. It had been a dreadful mistake. She forced Annabel to believe that it might be; and—and then Sir Peter appeared, and after many tears, and worse than tears, and more banishment, Annabel returned to London as Lady East, with command of all the fine things that money can buy, save only happiness.

Still, with closed eyes, Lady Annabel was wondering what Ronald would think of her now, if he lived, when she was startled by a shout from Gordon and an upheaving jerk.

And then she was in the air, the hedge, and the ditch below the hedge.

She lay still for a little while, expecting to feel pain. But there was no pain. Groans, but not hers.

Scrambling from the ditch, she saw that the car was overturned close to her. Gordon was pinned at the knees. Captain Marlow was not in sight. Across the road stood a clumsy wagon, laden with turnips, and a wagoner was running to the spot.

"I'd only left them a second!" wailed the wagoner, like one pleading for merciful judgment.

But it was no time for regrets. Throwing off her furs, Lady Annabel struggled to help the man to release Gordon. They managed this. He dragged himself from the trap, but could do no more for himself.

"I'm afraid my leg's broken, my lady," he lamented. "It's a mercy you—— Is Captain Marlow——?"

"We can't see him," said Lady Annabel, simply. "We must obtain help." She asked the man where this could be found, and he mentioned a certain great house half a mile down the road.

"Greerton Hall, ma'm! There's a lodge to it, with a man and his wife."

"I'll go," said Lady Annabel; and she ran.

She rang them out of their beds at the lodge and told her tale. Both the man and his wife listened, and it was the man who first noticed that Lady Annabel was herself also in need of help.

"See to her, missus," he said. "Make some hot tea. Maybe it's not so bad as you think, ma'm. It's a dangerous corner, and those market-folks want hanging, some of 'em."

"I—I'll come with you," said Lady Annabel. But she really was past that. She sat down upon a seat in the doorway just in time to keep herself from falling; and when she re-opened her eyes she was on a sofa in a formal little parlour, there was a strong smell of eau-de-Cologne, and by the light of the hanging-lamp she could see the lodge-woman tearing linen into strips at a table. There was a fire in the grate, and a kettle was singing softly.

"Yes?" she said, sitting up. "How are they?"

"You'm the best off, ma'm, by the looks of you," she said. "Him the other calls the 'Captain' 's stunned so as there's no saying what's happened to him, poor gentleman. But I'm to give you a cup o' tea as soon as ever you'm ready for it. And the kettle's boiling."

But, shaking her head, Lady Annabel said "No." She would see Gordon and "him the other called the Captain." Oh, yes, she was quite able.

The lodge-woman followed her. There were only ten stairs to climb. The Captain was in the room to the right, and thither Lady Annabel went first. He lay as if he were dead. While she gazed at him, Lady Annabel held her breath, conscious only of the plunging of her heart and the fear that she would faint again before she could afford to give way.

"It's what's called concussion of his head, ma'm!" whispered the woman.

"Hasn't he spoken?" asked Lady Annabel.

"Lor' bless you, no. How could he? It's a good thing he's no relation o' yours, poor gentleman."

And then Lady Annabel turned and was ready for Gordon.

"May I come in?" she asked at the open door.

There was a candle in Gordon's room. He lay in pain, longing for the doctor, but dissembled his feelings. He rejoiced again that she was all right. *Was* her life so precious, she asked herself, that everyone should be so glad that she had not suffered? —and he shook his head about the Captain.

And then, the pain notwithstanding, he gave Lady Annabel a look which—which stung her. She blushed. And Gordon saw the blush, though the candle was but a common dip.

"I hope, my lady, you will excuse me," he said very softly, "but, perhaps, it is what may be called a providential event. Providential for yourself, my lady, if I may say so."

"Thank you, Gordon," she whispered, in a voice as low as his own.

This said, she crept downstairs with burning cheeks, and, heedless of the good soul who had returned to her lint, fell upon the sofa and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't speak to me. I am well—horribly well!" she sobbed to the sympathetic cooing of the good creature. "Let me *alone*."

She was let alone. Alone with her thoughts and the quiet tearing of the linen, until this ceased and wheels were heard outside.

And then she rose and met the doctor and the lodge-man on the gravel of the little house. The dawn was breaking. Even while she spoke ten or twelve words to the doctor, she saw the rosy light in

(Continued on page 140)

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A Forest of Ferns

By kind permission of the Agent-General for New South Wales

One of the Peculiar Beauties of Australian Scenery

Those in England who think of the fern only as a small garden adornment will be somewhat astonished, perhaps, to realise from the above photograph that "down under" our Australian cousins know it as a form of tree. The singular beauty of the above forest of ferns will speak for itself, and the figure of the man will give an adequate idea of the enormous size of the growth

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(Continued from page 138

the distance. There was a straight drive of, perhaps, half a mile from the lodge, and a house at the end of the drive, with trees above and on both sides of it, and the crimson dawn was tenderly encompassing the house.

"I'll go in," said the doctor. "You, at any rate, have been fortunate. I am glad to——"

"It's more than *I* am, then," she exclaimed, on the spur of the moment.

Having said it, and crimsoned afresh, like the sky, she moved for the doctor to pass. Why did they all make so much of *her?* She looked at the honest-faced lodge-man and was nearly informing him that she wished she was dead. He yawned in time to check that futile self-humiliation, and then asked if there was anything more he could do for her.

"They won't be stirring at the Hall yet, my lady," he said; "but by seven o'clock——"

"Oh no, no, no!" she cried. "I cannot. I—that is, may I walk about a little? I shall be better after some exercise."

The lodge-man said no one could object to her ladyship's doing whatever she fancied in that respect.

"Whose place is it?" she asked, before stirring.

"Miss Markham's," said the lodge-man. "They are an ancient family, the Markhams; but old Miss Eleanor is the last of them. When she dies——"

But Lady Annabel had heard enough.

She walked up the long drive, facing the glow, and almost immediately it was as if the circumstances of the past night were sponged from her memory. The tuning birds, the cool freshness, the tender green of the springtime trees, and that glory of crimson and gold above and on both sides of the white house—they were all like the introduction of a new epoch in her life.

She walked on until she came to a kind of bay in the avenue on the right, and a prim little Early Georgian church with a pinnacled tower, the whole matted with ivy. As ugly a little church as could be seen, save for its deep green mantle and the morning sunlight on the common glass of its small window-panes.

Lady Annabel crosssed the wet grass to the door of the church. She went as straight to it, the moment she saw it, as if it were her predestined bourne. Her eyes had brightened at the sight of it. She tried the door. It yielded, and, without wonder at this either, she pushed it and entered. It was as prim and ugly inside as out, with a gallery and an organ in the west, and perhaps thirty small pews on the pavement. But, with all this, there was something, something extraneous, which gave the ugly little building a splendour of its own.

Over the altar was a picture, and the sun shone through the white panes behind the picture. Its rays cast a halo of gold above the picture. Lady Annabel stopped dead by the font and stared at—herself.

Yes, there could be no doubt. It was Ronald's picture of her; asphodels, poppies, the Murillo-blue robe, the clasped hands, and—most memorable of all—the wistful eyes which—which——

Gazing at it, Lady Annabel broke into a sob, and, clasping her hands as in the picture, stepped nearer.

Had she ever been so lovely as that—so *good*-looking as well as beautiful?

She stood for an age—a soul's age; and then, almost without effort, she knelt. Not to pray, but to cry, and cry, and cry, without ceasing, until the sun had risen too high in the world to trouble about her, and the light in the little church was only cold and grey.

And then she stopped crying. It seemed to her that the wistfulness in the picture was not so marked, that there was a certain other quality which it comforted her to discover. The eyes were stronger, and yet tenderer, and while she gazed as if entranced, it seemed to her that something—someone—or a mere voice—assured her that whatever she had been she might still again be. Or was it merely the echo of an old poem?

She turned her head, and there, just behind her, on the right, stood Ronald himself.

Long afterwards, Lady Annabel could still wonder at her self-control at that astounding moment.

She rose simply, and said, "Ah! it is you, at last!" She offered him her hand, and he took it between both his.

He was very little changed, and in his morning tweeds looked just as she would have had him look. His smile, too, was all friendliness, everything that she would have wished it to be.

His whispered words, "What extraordinary luck!" were quite calm, absurdly so in the circumstances.

And then both of them, he still holding her hand, glanced at the altar picture.

"What brings you here, Lady East? And why were you crying?" he asked, and he dropped her hand.

It all came back to her in that moment: the pale horror of the moonlit night and the interrupting tragedy. She moved into one of the little pews and struggled for breath; glanced up at him and shivered, with new tears in her eyes.

"What *is* it?" he urged. "You knew, I suppose, that I lived with my aunt here, and that the picture was at Greerton; but—why does it distress you so much?"

"I knew nothing at all about it," she cried. "Nothing. I suppose it is what you call the—the hand of God."

"Hand of God! Lady East, what do you mean?"

He was a miracle of tranquility.

In spite of her tears and the sea of bitterness within her, she could yet answer him playfully.

"Ronald," she said, "you used to be so very good. Aren't you good still? Don't you believe in the hand of God, and that sort of thing?"

He sat down in the pew in front of hers, and leaned his arm on the partition.

"Yes, I hope so," he replied. "Don't you?"

But that was the climax. Lady Annabel broke down. She bent her head into her hands and sobbed—sobbed and sobbed.

"Don't!" he whispered. "And tell me what I can do for you." And then, as she continued to sob, he thought to soothe her by explaining the presence of the picture. After the elder Miss Markham's death he had persuaded his surviving Aunt Eleanor to let the picture be hung in the church. He had lived at Greerton Hall ever since, and it was his custom to get up early and, as often as not, look into the church before his morning walk. They never locked the little church, night or day.

"Ronald," she said suddenly, uncovering her face, "am I like that now?" And she nodded at the picture.

"I think," he hesitated, "you could be if you wished."

"No," she said, "I am not." And then she knew what she would do. "Will you promise not to hate me utterly and utterly if I tell you what I have done?"

"Yes," he said, with a smile, "I promise that."

"I must shut my eyes to tell you," she said, wearily. "I could not look you in the face—you or anyone."

And then, with evident shame, she told him everything, from her first disgust with Sir Peter to her last view of Captain Bob Marlow in the lodge-keeper's bed.

(Continued on page 142)

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Readers in Some Eastern Lands

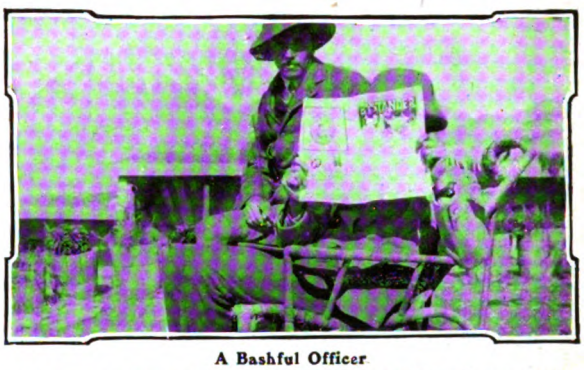
Captured by Brigands!

Mr. Robert Abbott, here seen reading the paper, is the only son of Mr. Alfred Abbott, of Salonica, and it will be remembered he was the other day kidnapped by brigands in his own garden, next door to the British Consulate and opposite the Police Station, on his return from town at 10 p.m. Nothing has been heard of him since, and his ransom will probably be £20,000. Sent by MISS LILIAN TRUMAN, c/o A. Abbott, Esq., Salonica

"The Bystander" and the Sacred Elephant of Siam

Taken in a Buddhist temple in Bangkok, Siam. Sent by MR. ARTHUR HARSTON, F.S.I., 60, Cawley Road, Hackney, N.

This page has been omitted for the past few weeks, but, at the request of many readers, it has been decided to resume it. **10s. 6d.** *is paid for each photograph published*



A Bashful Officer

Having a quiet read, despite the unwelcome attentions of an amateur photographer, outside the Officers' Mess in the Kila Drosh Fort, Chitral, the most northerly post of our Indian Empire. Sent by LIEUT. E. M. LITTLE, R.A., Kila Drosh, Chitral

A Cosmopolitan Throng at a Sumatra Tiger Shoot

This photograph was taken while the tiger was still warm, the beast having been shot only about an hour before. A great many nationalities are represented in this picture. The man with the knife comes from the Cocos Islands, while there is also a Chinaman and his child, a Sikh from the Punjab, a Javanese, and two Tamils from India. All the Europeans come from Midlothian. Sent by MR. J. R. GRAY, Brahrang, Bindjei, Sumatra, East Coast

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(*Continued from page 140*)

"There!" she said, rising. "*Now* what do you think of me?"

He also rose.

"I'm glad," he said, "that Dr. Rice has them both in hand. What a mercy you escaped like that, Lady East."

She winced at the word.

"It would," she said, fiercely, "have been a greater mercy if I had been killed."

"A greater mercy for whom? Surely not for Sir Peter, nor yet for yourself? May I send a telegram to Sir Peter as soon as possible?"

"Send Sir Peter a telegram! Whatever for?" she cried.

"Why, of course, to tell him you are all right. Let me send it in your name."

"You suggest *that* after all—*this*?" she asked, frowning, and crimson and aghast.

"What else, dear Lady East? Don't you see what the hand of God has done for you? It has given you the chance to get right with him and yourself. You mustn't neglect it."

"And if I don't avail myself of the chance?"

"Oh, but you will."

"But if I don't, I say?" she persisted, with rising voice and defiant eyes.

"If you don't—— Ah! but you must. I tell you you must, and shall. But if you don't, much that is truly awful will happen, and I—we all here shall lose something beautiful and inspiring from our lives. Dear Lady East, if you don't (he produced a penknife), I shall at once cut that canvas out of its frame and burn it. I don't say that would break my heart, but it would scorch what is left of it, scorch it to a cinder. Say you will. Come!"

He held out his hand.

He turned when they were near the door of the church, and pointed at the picture of the Virgin in the Murillo-blue garment standing amid the poppies and asphodels.

"You have made that ten times more precious to me than before," he said. "Ten! Oh! a million times!"

C. EDWARDES.

A STREET CROWD IN MODERN JERUSALEM

Photo *Rani*

The Procession in Honour of the new Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem near the Jaffa Gate

A true index to the cosmopolitanism of the Holy City to-day can be obtained in the many styles of headgear to be noticed among the crowd. The fez, of course, predominates, but turbans, military peaked caps, soft felts, tweed caps, straw hats, and even one or two "toppers" can also be seen

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By Field, Stream & Covert.

LAST WEEKS OF HUNTING

Where There is April Hunting

Fox-hunting is still going on in the Cattistock, Berkeley, Dartmoor, Lamerton, Lord Bathurst's, Tickham, West Somerset, and a few other countries, and the fashionable crowd in the New Forest, largely swelled by well-known Nimrods from the classic grasslands of the Midlands, are enjoying plenty of fun with both fox and deer. But with the majority of packs the end came a week ago, and the past few days have been mainly given up by hunting people to point-to-point races and presentations to outgoing Masters and hunt servants. Perhaps the most interesting of all the cross-country fixtures was the House of Commons' Steeplechase in the Warwickshire country, for many years have slipped away since our legislators in the Lower House last engaged in friendly rivalry between the flags. Lord Dalmeny, one of the best all-round sportsmen in either House—cricket, racing, motoring, hunting, and shooting all claiming him as an ardent adherent—won very comfortably on his good horse Petroleur, Lord Helmsley being second, and Mr. Walter Long third.

M.P.'s in Fear of "Warning Off"

Something like a *mauvais quart d'heure* was experienced by the competing Parliamentarians just before the race, for it was discovered that somebody had forgotten to give the necessary notice to the National Hunt Committee, and a letter was received from Messrs. Weatherby notifying all riders and owners that they would render themselves liable to fine or suspension if they competed. It was rather a perplexing situation, and owners were unmercifully chaffed by their friends. "I should chance it," was the gratuitous advice offered to one shining light of the Conservative Party, "but don't blame me if you are warned off the Turf!" Brave enough to outward appearances, yet somewhat in fear and trembling withal, most of those who had entered boldly decided to race. Mr. Hall Walker would not take the risk, for he, prudent man, thought of his fine horses in training. He is not anxious to be debarred from running Polar Star, Black Arrow, Pom, and the rest, and so he decided to look on. Nobody, of course, really expected that the National Hunt Committee would take extreme measures, for their rules are not as the laws of the Medes and Persians. But there was just the chance of the worst happening. The general tendency was to treat the imbroglio as a joke, yet there was, I think, a feeling of relief when it was announced that the powers had decided to impose a fine, and whitewash all the delinquents.

Sport in the Past Season

Now that the season is practically over, notes are being compared, and the reports I have from all parts of the kingdom lead to the conclusion that sport has been above rather than below the average in most countries. This is a little surprising, seeing that during the season some rather lugubrious statements were made as to the poverty of sport. But that was during the hard weather, and much has happened since then to cause us to reconsider the verdict on the season. The huntsman of the Belvoir tells me that he cannot remember better sport with those famous hounds, Captain Frank Forester is well satisfied with the results of the season with the Quorn, and Mr. Evan Hanbury, who hands over the Cottesmore country to Lord Lonsdale, considers it above the average. Pytchley men have never been better pleased, while the followers of the Meynell have also had a good time on the whole. With the exception of a by-day, the meet of this pack was the last of the season.

A. W. C.

The West Kent Point-to-Point Races: "A Helping Hand"

The West Kent Point-to-Point Races were held over an excellent course at Price's Farm, Leigh. Lord Hardinge made a very popular win on Starlight in the Heavy-weight Steeplechase, and also secured the Open Hunters' Race with Carlow II.

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RACING NOTIONS

NEWBURY AND NEWMARKET. By "CARBINE"

The Newbury Spring Cup

Two years ago people were asking whether there was room for another race meeting, and whether the promoters of the Newbury course were not courting disaster by adding to the already over-swollen fixture list. The answer has been the complete success of the new meeting. The directors went the right way to work by doing everything in the very best style, and, admirably assisted by the Great Western Railway, Newbury gained an instantaneous popularity that bids fair to be permanent. Certainly, the conditions under which we saw the Newbury Spring Cup on Saturday were most delightful, and even if we were not all backers of Dalkeith we could not fail to appreciate the charm of racing amid such pleasant surroundings.

How Dalkeith Won

Dalkeith went down to the start in pottering style, and anyone doubtful about supporting him might easily have been put off by his unattractive trot. But, of course, that was nothing to go by, and the horse made a very different show when he came back. The finish was full of excitement. The field were stretched across the full width of the wide course, and at times it was difficult to tell from the stands which horse was in front. Succory led for a long time, but could not keep up the pressure on the sticky going. Dalkeith then drew out, but Larino came along after him with plenty of dash, and Nairobi, very wide of the others, finished with a rare rattle. For a second or two, the issue hung in the balance. Dalkeith looked to be collared, but Griggs had a bit in hand, and eventually won by the best part of a length. Prince William was never prominent, and Gold Riach ran much below expectations.

The Epsom Races

The winner is in the City and Suburban with a 10 lb. penalty, and at the new weights I do not think he will beat Larino. The failure of Prince William does not, of course, improve Dean Swift's chance at Epsom, yet it is not very damaging, seeing that the latter is a much more consistent performer than the Newbury failure, who seems to have gone all to pieces since last Doncaster, and did not carry the confidence of his stable on Saturday. A final selection for the City and Suburban will appear in next week's issue, but the Great Metropolitan Stakes must be dealt with now, and I may say at once that Dalkeith's success, showing that Farquharson's stable is in good form, gives me renewed confidence in **Nightfall**, who, I think, will win, and, probably, Mintagon will run into a place. Taken on the whole, the Newbury Meeting was bad for backers. The downfall of Crescent in the Marlborough Handicap and of Bellatrix in the Greenham Stakes were particularly disastrous on Friday. Donna Caterina, who won the last-mentioned race, is an extremely nice, improving sort of filly, and may possibly win the One Thousand Guineas for Lord Rosebery.

Photo *Speaight*

Lady Milbanke

Who ran her own horse, Golden Shore, for the Kildare Cup at Punchestown. Pretty and smart, she is very popular in Ireland

On Newmarket Heath

We hope to see a few of the candidates for the classic races at Newmarket this week. For example, the King's colt, Perambulator, who has been well spoken of for a long time, is entered for the Wood Ditton Stakes on Wednesday, and so is Major Loder's Baltinglass, who, it is whispered, may prove to be a better three-year-old than Galvani. My selection is **Bilton Park**, who was very smart last season. In the Column Produce Stakes we shall see some more good-class three-year-olds, and I anticipate the success of the best from Marsh's stable. The Babraham Plate is the most important handicap of the week, and I believe it to be a tolerably good thing for **Glasconbury.**

The Derby Favourite

At the time of writing, it is uncertain as to which of the best three-year-olds will be started for the Craven Stakes on Thursday, but we hope to see Slieve Gallion, the Derby favourite, and, in spite of the doubt that is felt as to his staying abilities, I consider him quite equal to beating Olympian and the rest. Of course, it may be deemed politic not to send the Beckhampton crack to Newmarket, and I know Captain Greer does not want to overwork his colt. But one of our most successful trainers remarked to me the other day, that a race in public gave him a better idea of his horses' capabilities than forty home gallops would do; and I can scarcely imagine that it would injure Slieve Gallion, or jeopardise his chance of classic success, to run him for the Craven Stakes. The week's racing concludes with the Derby Meeting, where, on Friday, I think that Darling will win the Doveridge Handicap, probably with **Fruitful.**

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Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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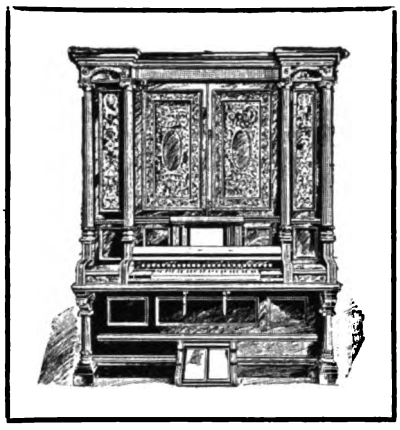

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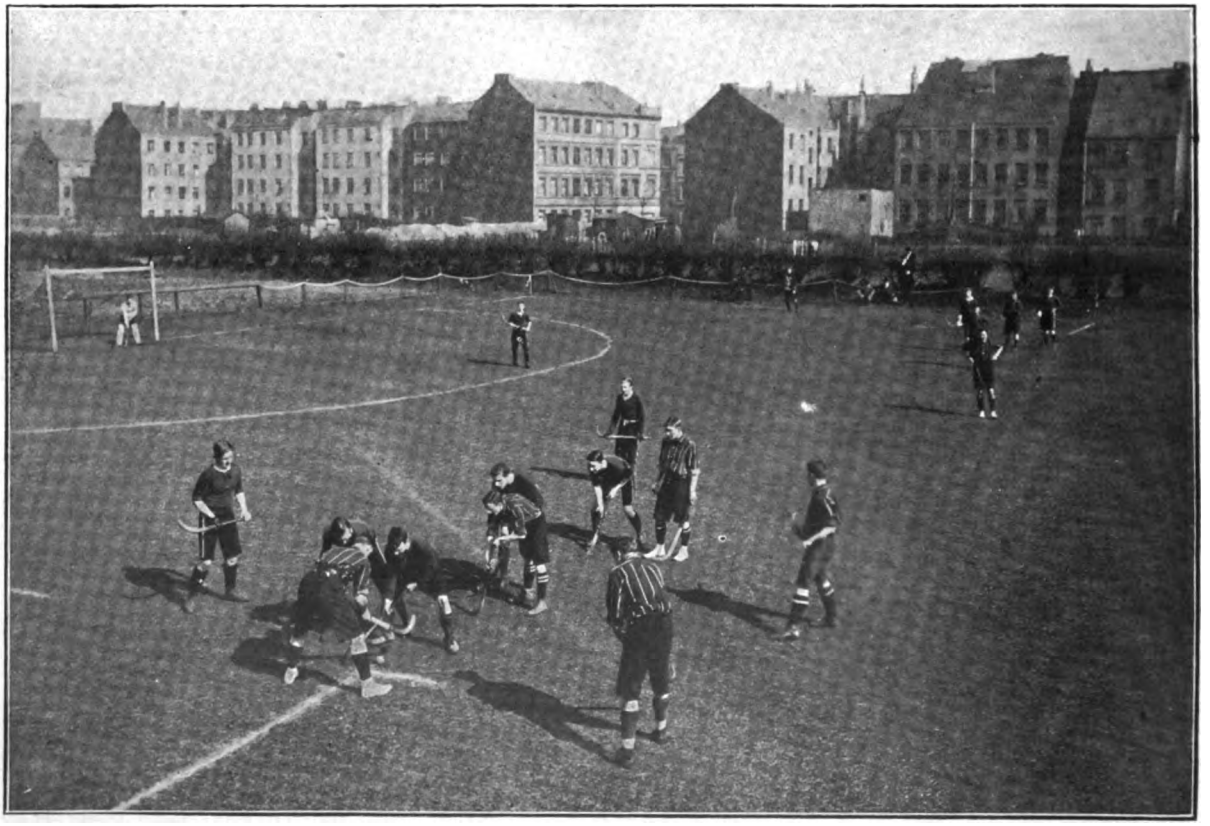
Lawn-Tennis Prospects

If there is any significance at all attaching to the fact that all the reserved seats for the Lawn-Tennis Championship Meeting at Wimbledon are already sold, this must mean that the vogue of lawn tennis during the coming summer is going to be greater than ever. Last year a great many people were astonished to find that these had all gone six weeks before the meeting commenced, and no doubt the rush this year is partly due to the fear of "getting left" a second time. But, undoubtedly, the fact that both Australasia and America have again challenged for the Davis Cup has also something to do with it. This year the programme of 1905 is to be reverted to: the Championships come first, the Davis Cup follows after; and, as our visitors are expected to arrive in time for both, there will be a double International contest.

Our Visitors

The American team will, apparently, be Beals C. Wright, Karl Behr, and Raymond D. Little. Wright has not yet got over the effects of his accident last summer, and may possibly confine himself to Double play, with Little for his partner; but too much significance must not be attached to his recent form on the Riviera, where he was obviously not taking his tennis very seriously. He may be all right again by June. Behr was second to W. J. Clothier (who ultimately beat Wright, the holder) in the U.S. Championships last year, and besides being a fine lawn-tennis player, is an all-round athlete. But he is a stranger to English courts—and English weather. Little was with us last year, and delighted everybody by the plucky fight he made both against H. L. Doherty in the Singles and with Holcombe Ward) against the two Dohertys in Doubles. Australasia will be represented by Norman Brookes and A. F. Wilding. Brookes, it will be remembered, was quite the catch of the season of 1905, and he is one of the very select few who can claim the honour of having beaten H. L. Doherty since he became champion, although, fortunately for England's prestige, this did not occur in either of the two big events, but in the "friendly" match between England and Australia after they were over. If he can reproduce anything like his 1905 form he is sure to be a big draw. Wilding was with us up to the very end of last season, and, after a winter visit to his native New Zealand, returned to Europe in time for the Riviera tournaments. He is already in full practice, and, since he is the youngest of all the



Photo] **The Old Rossallians v. Harvestehuder Hockey Match: A bully off** *[Jaap*

In the course of a very successful tour at Easter-time, the Old Rossallians won four matches against various teams at Hamburg. The above was the first match of the four, and was won by ten goals to nil

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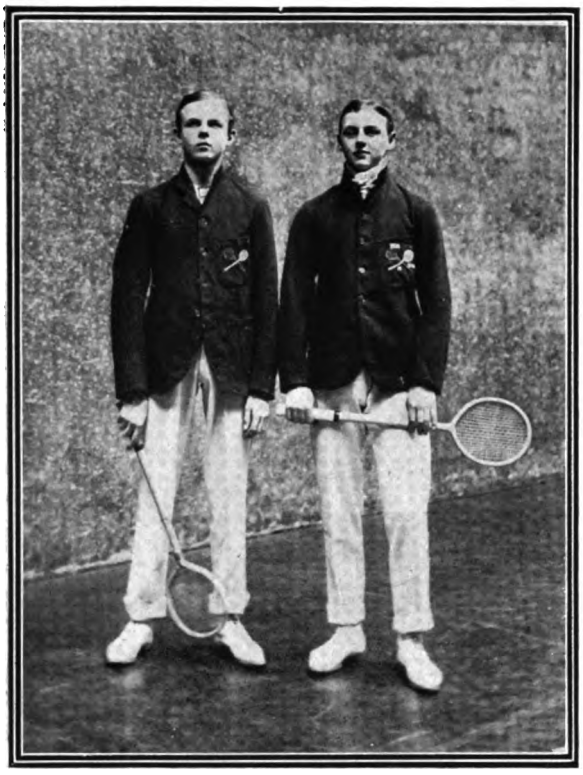

Public Schools' Racquets: Wellington, the winners

E. C. Harrison and H. Brougham, the Wellington pair, beat Malvern by 4 games to 1 at Queen's Club last Saturday. They are said to be the finest pair of players turned out by any public school for many years past

crack players, is probably capable of even better things than he has already done. It will be very interesting to see what sort of a pair he and Brookes will make in Doubles.

Ourselves

England's hope of stemming this tide of invasion depends more than ever upon the Dohertys, for Frank Riseley is still suffering from the neuritis to which he had to knock under last year directly the Championships were over; and it is unlikely that Smith will turn out—at any rate until later in the season—especially as his trusty partner is *hors de combat*. It is, therefore, satisfactory to know that the rumour that H. L. Doherty means to retire is, at any rate, premature. The truth is, that he has not made up his mind. The latest information I have is that he is going to wait and see who is really coming over, and this I take to mean that if England has need of him in the Davis Cup he will play. Neither do I think that, if an American or an Australian wins the All-Comers' Singles, "H. L." will allow the challenge round to go by default without striking a blow for England. Moreover, there is this to be recollected, that if he wins the Championship this year he will equal William Renshaw's record sequence of wins (six), a thing which, when the sequence was once broken, everybody said would never happen again. Surely, this is in itself worth trying for? With regard to R. F. Doherty, everything, of course, depends upon his health. His play is all right, and, although he did not go abroad, like his brother, he has been playing pretty constantly and extremely well at Queen's lately. But it is still doubtful whether he would be wise in subjecting himself to the strain of a series of hard matches both in Singles and Doubles. Possibly, he will content himself with the rôle of partner to his brother in Doubles—if his brother plays. If he does not, then the abstention of one will probably mean the abstention of both, and, in that event, England will admittedly be fighting with her back to the wall.

The Public Schools' Racquets

The success of the Wellington pair, H. Brougham and E. C. Harrison, in the Public Schools' Racquets Championship last week, was both popular and well-deserved. Their victory was gained with the loss of only one game (to Malvern in the final) in three rounds, and many good judges of the game were heard to say that they are the finest pair turned out by any public school for some years past. Foster, the youngest of the famous Worcestershire brethren, played well up to the family reputation for Malvern. Besides possessing a fine service, he is a clever tactician, and his only fault is a tendency to overdo the powerful hitting of which he is capable. His partner, F. L. Mann, backed him up well until the final, when he was palpably nervous and played below his previous form. Of this match it may be said at once that Harrison won it for Wellington by proving an ideal partner for his brilliant leader, taking the brunt of the donkey-work to himself and leaving the "sitters" for his partner to smother. Besides this, his service was excellent. There was not very much to choose between Brougham and Foster, except that the former killed the easy ones with more certainty, some of his backhand shots being particularly fine; but Foster also brought off some good kills, as well as some clever saves.

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

Public Schools' Racquets: The Malvern pair

Malvern was represented by F. L. Mann (on the right) and M. K. Foster, the youngest member of the famous Worcestershire family, whose play all through the competition was well up to the family reputation

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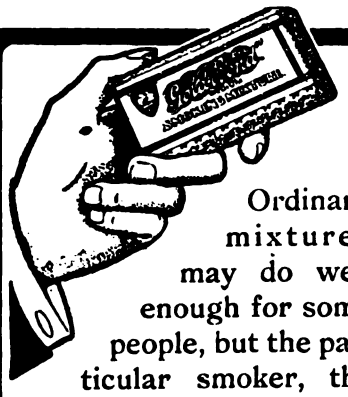

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Golf Notes and Notions

The St. George's Club Easter Meeting

Easter was very kind to the world of holiday-makers this year, and perhaps the most favoured section of mortals was that consisting of golfers. I cannot remember such a week of consistently glorious weather, and I doubt whether the oldest and most constant member of the St. George's Club could bring to mind a similar series of perfect golfing days so early in the year. Many changes have occurred at Sandwich since I was last there during the memorable Amateur Championship Meeting three years ago, when Mr. Travis wrought havoc with our best men, and carried consternation into the British camp. First and foremost, a new hotel has arisen, which enables the golfer to live by the sea instead of in the town, as he was forced to do in old days if he intended to stay at Sandwich. Now a serious rival to the Bell Hotel exists in the shape of the Guilford Hotel, which has been built a few hundred yards to the south of the fifth green, just on the Deal side of the coastguard station. Here I stayed, and am happy to say that I found my quarters not only extremely comfortable, but even luxurious. When the management realises that golfers do not require French cooking, but want only plain, solid, and well-cooked dinners of the old English variety, there will be nothing in the new hotel which the most carping golfer will be able to find fault with.

An Ideal Golfers' Hotel

Situated as it is in proximity to three of the finest courses in the South, St. George's, Cinque Ports, and Prince's, the hotel ought to become the central resting-place of the members of those three clubs. Parties staying there will have a choice of three courses over which to play, each differing from the other, and each providing a delightful arena for a series of private matches, far from the madding crowd. I would suggest to the directorate of the hotel the advisability of approaching the owner of the ground lying between the hotel and the Deal course for the purpose of laying out a ladies' course for the benefit of the lady residents of the hotel, a course sufficiently long and interesting to tempt the mere male to join the ladies in an occasional round. Such an added attraction would be a great inducement to golfers to bring their wives and daughters with them, and would, I feel sure, turn out a wise investment. Just beyond the thirteenth hole the new club-house of the Prince's Golf Club has been erected, while a fine esplanade connects the hotel and the club-house.

The Present State of St. George's

The new buildings, besides giving fine playing landmarks to the golfer, have removed the reproach of extreme solitariness which might fairly be brought against the Sandwich course in former days. As to the new Prince's course, I am bound in honour not to go into particulars, and I will, therefore, confine myself to remarking that a hurried walk over it one evening enabled me to see the promise of a superb addition to the great courses of the golfing world. But I must now come back to my Sandwich muttons, and give some account of the present state of the St. George's course and of the play of the week. We were, of course, still playing over the unaltered course, and I don't suppose it has ever been in finer playing condition. The greens were in magnificent order, and got keener and keener during the week under the combined influence of sun, wind, and hosts of players. Preparations are being steadily made for the few changes necessitated by the alteration of the course, which was sanctioned at the last meeting of the club. The first hole will be a prodigiously long one, and I am not at all sure that it would not be better to make a new green short of the present one, and make the second hole a longer one by teeing far enough back to prevent any ball going into the bunker which has now to be carried from the tee. Bringing back the first green would make it possible to make this further tee for the second hole, and would make that hole a full two-shot hole. However, the arrangement of the new course is in the best hands, and I have no doubt that if the first hole is found too monotonously long, some modification such as I have ventured to suggest will, perhaps, be tried.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

(*To be concluded next week.*)

St. George's Club Easter Meeting: C. E. Hambro and H. G. Hutchinson putting on the eighth green

The Spring Medal, on April 1, for the best Scratch Score of the day was won by C. K. Hutchison, returning 77. H. G. Hutchinson and C. E. Hambro, depicted above, returned 82 and 83 respectively. C. K. Hutchison also won the best score on the first day, March 30, after a tie with H. G. Hutchinson, both players returning 77

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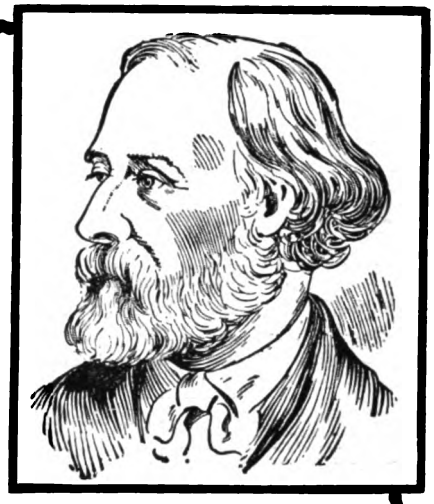

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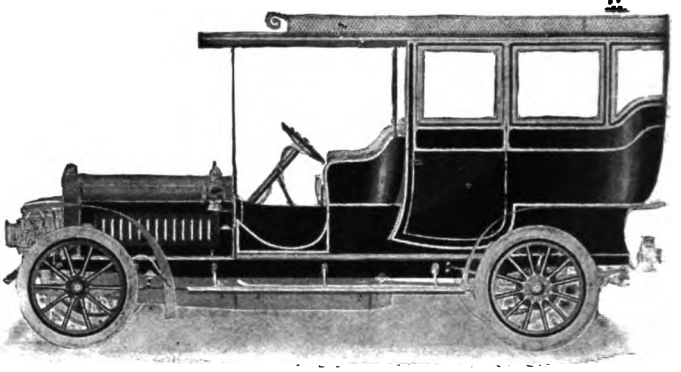

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By COMYNS BEAUMONT

An Outing on a 30 h.-p. Daimler

It is, one would suppose, rather late in the day to discuss the transcendental qualities of the Daimler car. Nevertheless, on Sunday week I had, by the courtesy of my friend Mr. Instone, one of the new 1907 pattern 30 h.-p. Daimlers with a "Canley" body placed at my disposal, and had such an interesting day that I am going to make no excuses for discussing it. For one thing, we had every possible kind of weather. In the morning, when I arose, the ground was covered with a few inches of snow, a somewhat staggering event, considering that we had hitherto been basking in almost tropical sunshine. However, by the time we were ready to start, the sun succeeded, in a modest manner at first, in penetrating through the grey, cheerless clouds. My little party, under the circumstances, lowered the Cape-cart hood, and we sallied forth merrily *en route* to Bognor for lunch.

* * *

Slushy Roads

Our road lay *viâ* Leatherhead and Dorking, where the snowfall had been decidedly generous. For miles the Daimler splashed through something like six inches of melting snow. Then we descended again to a more temperate zone, and as we got further South almost all traces of the white mantle vanished, until after leaving "The Swan" at Petworth—where most excellent accommodation can be obtained by man and motor is almost an invidious remark when I add that the hotel has lately been taken over by Mr. Green, the brother of the popular host of "The George" at Crawley—when we climbed the famous hills on the Sussex Downs. Petworth is a delightful little townlet, and from the windows of the Swan Hotel one can obtain a magnificent view of the Downs.

* * *

The Daimler Behaves Well

Our route provided an excellent test for the Daimler, for what with steep hills and sudden turnings I know of few parts which require more careful handling of the engine. But the engine ran smooth and sweet from the start. The Daimler is celebrated for her hill-climbing, and the way she took Bury Hill, near Arundel—a beast of a hill, with a length of nearly three-quarters of a mile and a gradient of 1 in 6—was beautiful. Of course, wherever we stopped, the "King of the Road," with its smart yellow chassis and tonneau, attracted universal notice. My first experience of motoring was, I remember, on a Daimler, and I have ever since had an affection for this splendid car. Its reliability, its steadiness, its quiet going, breed confidence in it. If my duties necessitated my covering a distance with clockwork regularity, and I wished to take as few chances as possible, there is no question in my mind as to what car I should select. I may mention incidentally that, from the King down, the greater part of the aristocracy seem to possess Daimlers. The chassis of the 30 h.-p. four-cylinder costs £670, and the "Canley" phaeton body a further £150. The car seats five persons, but there is room in the tonneau for a front seat if necessary.

Car-icature—No. XXII.: Mr. J. E. Hutton
He was a motoring pioneer, and was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He has taken an active part in several International contests, and is widely known in marine motoring circles. A sportsman and a good shot, he is also a J.P. for North Yorks
(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

The Car as Civilising Agent

Mr. D'Arcy Baker, of the Fiat Co., sends me an interesting letter he has received from two of his men who took out Fiat lorries to the order of the Soudan Government, in connection with the Cape to Cairo Railway. The natives of Central Africa had never before seen a huge contrivance running along without visible means of propulsion. They were greatly excited, some hiding behind trees or bolting to the long grass, where they stared at the white man's devilish carts with scared faces. Before starting work a track had to be cleared through thirty miles of forest, and since the aforesaid track was full of holes made by elephants and rhinos during the wet season, it may be said that the Fiat lorries had their work cut out, especially since they were carrying heavy loads. It is pleasing to learn that the lorries are giving great satisfaction, and that the Soudan Government are going to extend the service. In

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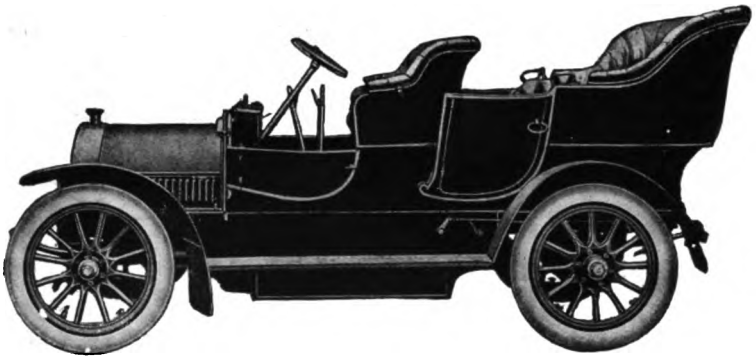

A 15 h.-p. Humber car

That a lady need not be afraid of a 15 h.-p. car on account of gear changing is proved by a letter from a lady which appears on this page, who drove one of these cars from Leicester to London without changing gear

tropical and sub-tropical countries, whether for business or pleasure, the motor is destined in the very near future to a tremendous boom. It will develop new countries in half the time a railroad can.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

The Humber Company have lately received the following letter from a lady, Miss Lane, of Leicester :—

"The question is often asked by intending buyers as to whether it is possible for a lady to drive the 15 h.-p. Coventry Humber car, so I thought a little experience I had last week might be interesting to you. I took a 15 h.-p. car from Leicester to London, *via* Kettering and Bedford, without having once to change gear, and, seeing this necessitated climbing Clack Hill, out of Market Harborough, I think it shows pretty conclusively that a lady need not be afraid of the 15 h.-p. car on account of the gear changing, as my experience has been that this car will take any ordinary hill on the main roads without any change whatever."

The Brooklands Motor Track, when complete, will be wide enough for eight to ten cars to stand abreast. With its tilted sides and the roadway hollowed out, it will resemble a huge bowl or saucer.

The Hon. C. S. Rolls writes me that, owing to the demands for six-cylinder Rolls-Royce cars—the whole of the output for 1907 being sold—it may make it impossible for him to defend the Tourist Trophy this year. Still, he hopes to be able to do so.

An important Conference is to be held at Olympia next Friday (19th) at 4 p.m., in connection with the *Surveyor's* Section of the International Building Trades' Exhibition. Papers will be discussed on road problems by many leading authorities. The joint-secretaries of this very interesting conference are Mr. Gibson Thompson, editor of the *Surveyor*, and Mr. Rees Jeffreys. Anyone wishing to attend should write to Mr. Thompson, 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

* * *

Car-icature — No. XXII.: The Motoring Magistrate, Mr. James Ernest Hutton

Few gentlemen in the automobile industry take a keener interest in the sporting side of things than Mr. Hutton, who has driven racing cars and racing motor-boats for the last six or seven years. His latest favourite is the 80 h.-p. Berliot, with which he hopes to do big things on the Brooklands track this summer. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, Mr. Hutton adopted the profession of electrical engineering, and when the motor boom began, about ten years ago, he quickly ranged himself on the side of progress, and made an exhaustive study of traffic and transport problems. Realising the educational value of open contests, the subject of this week's Car-icature took an active part in International motor races. He was third in the Nice-Salon-Nice race in 1901, won the 200-guinea Cup at Phœnix Park in 1903, and later in the year carried off the Scarisbrick Cup at Southport. In marine motoring circles, Mr. Hutton is widely known in connection with the racing boats which bear his name. He is a Justice of the Peace for North Yorkshire, and while he advocates considerate conduct on the part of motorists to all users of the highway, he is strongly opposed to vexatious persecution by misguided police officials and the imposition of unnecessary restrictive regulations. A good sportsman, a good shot, a genial, kindly, unassuming gentleman, a keen motorist and man of business, Mr. Hutton's reputation among all who know him stands as high as he himself exceeds the average stature.

D. M.

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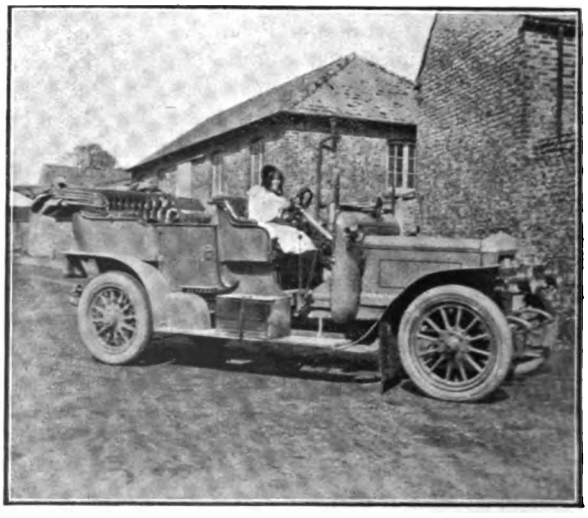

An Outing on a 30 h.-p. Daimler

An account of a run on this car appears on the first page of "Automobile Topics." The cost of the chassis of a 30 h.-p. four-cylinder Daimler is £670, while a Canley body costs £150

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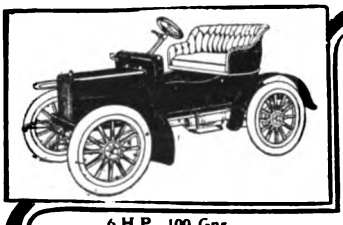

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

Atmosphere and temperament are the two chief essentials towards the production of things artistic. And that conclusion is completely beyond all question. Time and again are French milliners and modistes transplanted to English soil, but by almost perceptible degrees does the artistic vein in them wane—that is to say, the particular artistic vein that is theirs. There are, however, various degrees or grades, or whatever it might be called, in artistic expression, and it is quite open to doubt whether the genius who controls the ladies' department at

Messrs. Thomas and Sons, 6, Brook Street

would stand transplantation to Parisian circles. Mr. Thomas has a distinct temperament; hence his fine artistic rendering of the tailor-made gown—the like to which no Parisian *tailleurs des dames* could hope to attain. No one has more skill than Mr. Thomas in bringing out to perfection the best points of the well-bred English *élégante*, and yet without being in any way aggressively severe. He has the indefinable touch that makes for distinction, and opinions are unanimous that his light-weight Selvytine suits are the most conspicuously successful affairs ever produced.

The example sketched by Mrs. Dorothy Millar is in a fascinating Paris shade, the skirt cleverly pleated with a bold, over-lapping effect, and the fitted coat arranged with a quite novel corselet basque that imparts the most delightfully *svelte* appearance to the figure. The revers, cuffs, and tiny vest—the latter just peeping out below the waist—are of silk, hand-embroidered in a delicate pink floral design, outlined by fine-braided lines in black, green, and white.

Apart from their individual charm, these costumes come as a most welcome change from the inevitable tweed and flannel cloth, added to which Selvytine is blessed by the inestimable virtue of being able to withstand rain; in fact, in spite of its soft velvety surface, it may justifiably be termed a washing fabric. For motoring, golfing, and such-like pursuits, Selvytine, in one of the darker tones and built severely, cannot be surpassed for hard-wear, knock-about service. And Mr. Thomas, among his many practical innovations, has introduced a cape skirt that closes down the front, and can, at will, be worn over the shoulders, an admirable provision to meet the exigencies of the sporting woman. These Selvytine suits, furthermore, have the faculty of presenting a perfectly correct appearance at a luncheon-party, a condition under which, it will doubtless have been remarked, a rough-and-ready tweed frequently strikes a discordant note. That Selvytine has come to make history is a safe premise, and Messrs. Thomas and Sons, as the sole and exclusive purveyors, cannot be too heartily congratulated.

The Umbrella Veil

Viâ the Riviera, there has arrived a veil, of the voluminous order, fashioned of ring spot net, outlined

An Attractive Tailor-made Gown

(Sketched at Messrs. Thomas and Sons by Dorothy Millar)

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by a flat-pleated frill of chiffon. The exponents are almost dictatorial as to its inevitability, and, while listening humbly to their dictates, I am, nevertheless, led to speculate as to why it proves so unaccountably unattractive, in nine cases out of ten, worn by Englishwomen. And there is yet worse to come, in the guise of a chenille fringe border affair. Meanwhile, I think some meed of attention may be granted to the lace umbrella veil, also a voluminous affair, but minus any frills and furbelows, that is dropped bodily over a picturesque hat, after the manner of the conventional wedding-veil—of course, in miniature. This is really rather nice, although, to my thinking, essentially carriage wear. These veil extravagances are apt to give one "nerves" seen riding in or on a motor omnibus. And if you crave my own private and particular opinion with regard to them, I do not believe they will be inordinately affected by the elect.

Three Dainty Blouse Designs

(Sketched at John Barker's by Dorothy Millar)

And why conceal the beauteous hats we are destined to display?—hats smothered in feathers, that run from the one extreme of almost absolute straightness to a lightly curled boa, or, as it is called, lamb-tail appearance. Ah, me! there are eccentricities, indeed, to do battle with in the millinery *ga'ère*. During the past week I have visited innumerable *ateliers* of varying grades, and have emerged from the experience with the full conviction that there will be no evading the low-drawn back poise.

Happily, it is mostly assumed, to some extent, through the medium of a brim, manœuvred in front and widened at the sides; and be it known, when the narrowing process is repeated at the back, the shape is then entitled the new Dolly Varden. A model that pleased me, somewhat after this style, was of white pedal straw, the curious dead white which that plait alone seems capable of achieving, the crown strapped across with black mousseline taffeta ribbon, caught at either side into large soft rosettes, that considerably enhanced the appearance of width, while across the front there was packed a wreath, three tiers high, of pink Rothschild roses.

I am in the mood, moreover, to exhaust myself in praise over a shape that shows the front brim curled completely up and away from the face. One of these, in nutmeg brown straw, carried as sole decoration a Sèvres blue ostrich feather, held by a large barbaric gilt buckle. Also, there is a species of *tricorne*, mostly expressed in chip, and poised quite at the back of the head, that will be ideal for the type of woman who has the necessary aplomb to live up to the bizarre. And that is a faculty, as I have frequently remarked, that is of the mind.

Blouses at John Barker's, Kensington

I could wish that adjectives were as prolific with me, and at the same time as impressive, as are the blouse designs at Messrs. John Barker's, the which I fain would praise at their true worth. It is the firm's secret how they contrive to produce these essentially individual, dainty, well-made confections at the prices they ask, although the secret, now I come to consider, is an open one, how the house deals exhaustively in laces, from which store they draw as demand dictates.

Whatever hand it is that controls the blouse department, it has the faculty for juggling with laces. As an instance of what I mean, take the blouse to the left-hand of group. This is entirely composed of wide edging joined together, and outlined by folds of silk in any colour, while black velvet buttons ornament the edge of the puffed elbow sleeve, and mark either side of waist-line in front. And this model, like most, is lined through with chiffon, while the price of 21*s.* 9*d.* is surely worthy to be recorded.

For the centre slip, a ring spot net is employed, gathered full from a heavy yoke of guipure, that is run through with several lines of *bébé* ribbon, emerging at intervals, to form full-loop rosettes. This, when worn, has quite an exceptionally pleasing appearance, and the price is the same as quoted above. A ring spot net again is responsible for this inspiration, the upper part an elaboration of Valenciennes insertion, united by hemstitching, the whole forming little alcoves for the introduction of heavy guipure *motifs*, softened at their lower edge by frills of net. On the sleeves a threading of ribbon is introduced, together with more *plissé* frills, the whole emphasising the utter impossibility of such confections ever being consummated at home. These represent an art that is a thing absolutely apart, and distinct from other sartorialism. And at Messrs. John Barker's this is most perfectly understood.

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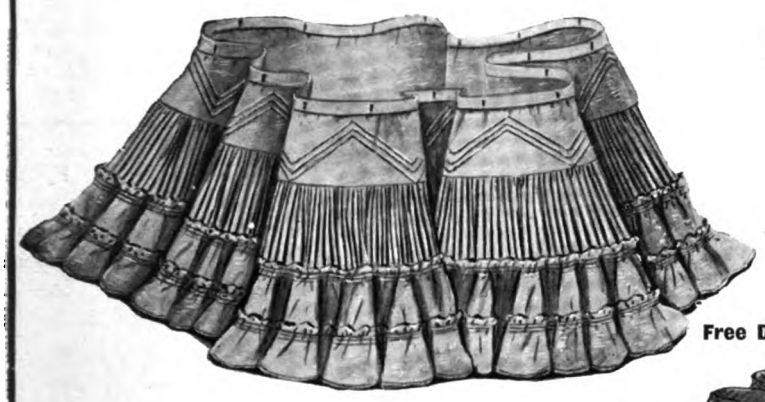

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No. 177.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 24, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Bullingham*

Lady Eden: A Photographic Study

The wife of Sir William Eden—a woman of exceptional beauty. It may be remembered that Whistler was commissioned by her husband to paint her portrait, but, owing to a dispute over the payment, he obliterated the face and substituted that of another lady. We are pleased to give the camera's version of Lady Eden

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No. 177.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"The Mystery." By S. E. Watts and S. H. Watts. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"A Shepherd of the Stars." By Frances Campbell. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"The Chorus Girl." By Arthur Applin. (Sisleys: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"A Nonconformist Parson." By Roy Horniman. (Sisleys: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Life and Times of Lucius Cary." By J. A. R. Marriott. (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday April 24, 1907

It has been a bad week for turtles. Whether it has been a worse week for Colonial Premiers, in whose honour the turtles have been turned into soup, only their private physicians can tell. But anyone who has studied the menus of the past few days will realise that the representatives of our Empire must be strong men indeed. England should be proud of them.

* * *

The creditable thing is that even their after-dinner speeches have been great. We talk lightly enough of after dinner speeches, and, no doubt, a ready speaker, who has got most of it written down (by his secretary) on a piece of paper, with the jokes underlined, can make an effective speech after dinner. But to do it for days on end is a matter of genius.

* * *

The fact is that directly after dinner is the very worst time for speaking. The best time is when one is hungry. Starving men are the best talkers. Look at the orators in Hyde Park. Think of the way the Suffragettes talk after coming from Holloway. While some of the finest eloquence in the world has been heard after breakfast at Mr. Miles's restaurant.

* * *

Taal talk is not the same as tall talk nowadays, and General Botha has shown himself one of the most popular of all the Premiers. Talking a strange language (in public) has given him quite a pull over the other Premiers. People like to have things interpreted to them; and if Sir Wilfrid Laurier would talk the Eskimo language, and Mr. Deakin would talk Dingo (is it Dingo?), and Sir Joseph Ward, Maori, it is not at all certain that they wouldn't carry even more weight than they do.

* * *

If it was a bad week for the turtles, last week was good enough for the German critics of the drama. What a time they had with Mr. Tree! The only thing they didn't criticise was his pronunciation of the English language. It is hard to see why, seeing what superb English most Germans speak.

* * *

A navigable torpedo is the latest war weapon to be invented. We fear, however, that the eagerness of the men to be appointed navigators—especially in time of war—might arouse bitter jealousies.

Somewhere Near the Truth

LITTLE GIRL (*telling of the Garden of Eden*): "Yes, mummy, Adam and Eve lived very happily there till the Evil Spirit came in the form of a *servant*"

(BY PERCY E. GREEN)

Turkish dramatic censors are so fearful of possible disloyalty that all the kings in plays produced in Constantinople are converted into mere dukes. So far has the thing been carried that even the authors' royalties——[Next, please.—ED.]

* * *

"FIELDING WITH MUSIC."

Not another suggestion for the brightening-up of cricket—merely the headline of the *Express's* criticism of the new opera, *Tom Jones*.

* * *

The Khedive entertained Lord Cromer to a farewell luncheon at Abdin Palace. "Will you come to ab din?" was His Highness's playful wording of the invitation.

* * *

At the American Peace Conference it has been pointed out that if only the civilised nations would consent to disarm, "the arbitrament of war would be replaced by the arbitrament of law." Instead of the Thirty Years' War, in fact, we should have the Thirty Years' Law.

* * *

The problem of "manning the regiment" is becoming very difficult for the Queen's Westminsters. Why not change the name of this famous corps to the Westminster Queens, and ask the Suffragettes to join?

* * *

If the County Cricket Clubs take up the National Rifle movement, as they are reported to be going to do, the reproach of being flannelled fools will undoubtedly cease to be effective. We hope they will; and, as a small contribution to a great scheme, suggest that tied matches should be shot off at the butts.

* * *

To H. L. Doherty (on his Rumoured Retirement)

England hath need of thee. The tennis show
Will lose one half its lustre if no more
We see thee covering the "covered" floor
Or on the grass serenely bounding, Do!

Wherefore retire? Thou sayest that use and wont
Have staled the game for thee and made it slow;
But think of us, who will not find it so
Until thou *dost* retire, and, oh, Do, don't!

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Games and Pastimes

A Correction

In my notes on the Public Schools' Racquets Championship last week, I erroneously described M. K. Foster, the Malvern first string, as the youngest of the famous Worcestershire brethren of that name. There is, in fact, a still younger brother, named John, not very far advanced in the 'teens, who has already given promise of adding to the prestige of the school and county with which his family is so closely associated. And there are some who are even bold enough to aver that, although the last, he will not be by any means the least of a generation of giants. While on the subject of the clan Foster and their prowess, more particularly at racquets, I may as well mention that Miss C. S. M. Foster is no less proficient in a racquet court than she is at golf, or, for the matter of that, cricket, and can make a good fight of it with any of her brothers.

The Tennis Championship

Considerable interest attaches to the Tennis Amateur Championship which starts at Queen's Club to-day (Wednesday) in view of the fact that Jay Gould, the young American millionaire, has come over to make another bid for the title. Last year, it will be remembered, he went through to the final, and only succumbed in the challenge match to the holder, Eustace Miles, after one of the toughest matches ever seen in a tennis court. This year, unfortunately, Miles will be unable to defend his title, and therefore it seems quite possible that the American champion will become English champion as well. The critics are agreed that he has improved fifteen in his play since last year, and that even if Miles were able to defend, the result of last year's match would probably be reversed. The hopes of England are now mainly centred on V. H. Pennell, who is, without much doubt, the best of a fairly representative English entry, which includes Major Cooper-Key, C. E. Tatham, J. F. Marshall, E. B. Noel, and E. A. Biedermann. Jay Gould has drawn R. K. Cross in the first round, and plays him to-morrow at three. Should he win, he will meet the winner of E. B. Noel and C. Fairfax. V. H. Pennell is in the opposite half of the draw. He is a somewhat variable player, but a very hard man to beat when at his best, and at the present time is said to be in better form than he has ever been before.

Lawn Tennis: A Clean Sweep at Queen's

The hero and heroine of the Covered Courts Lawn-Tennis Championships at Queen's Club last week were A. F. Wilding and Miss Eastlake Smith, for between them they swept the board. Severally, they won the two Singles, and in partnership, the Mixed Doubles, while, in addition, Wilding and M. J. G. Ritchie carried off the Men's Doubles. Of last year's winners the two Dohertys were not playing, neither was Mrs. R. L. Chambers (*née* Miss Douglass), and the effect of this was that all the four Championships changed hands without a challenge match, for although Wilding won the Mixed Doubles last year, it was with a different partner—Mrs. Chambers. Of course, the absence of the Dohertys and Mrs. Chambers was to be regretted, but there was plenty of excitement for the spectators throughout the week in the way of close shaves and unexpected results, and plenty of good play, too.

The Singles

In the Men's Singles the bottom half of the draw was the stronger, including, as it did, the names of Ritchie, Wilding, and Gore. Ritchie and Wilding met in the very first round, and their match was about the best of the whole series. At one time Ritchie was having all the best of it; but he was suffering from a cold, and could not quite go

Photo] **A "Capital" Start** [*M. Dixon and Co.*

The Capital Lacrosse team (Lacrosse Champions of Canada), who arrived in England early last week, played the first match of their tour on Thursday, at Lord's, against a team representing the South of England, and performed well up to the reputation which had preceded them. They won comfortably by six goals to nil—a score which might easily have been larger but for the excellence of the English defence

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D. P. Rhodes

Rhodes, who is an American, effected a surprise by beating A. W. Gore (a former champion) in these Championships at Queen's Club last week, but lost in the semi-final to A. F. Wilding. He also played well with L. O. S. Poidevin, the Australian and Lancashire cricketer, in the Doubles

the necessary pace, so that Wilding, who is almost invariably fit, managed to catch him up and outstay him. Then came a surprise, in the defeat of Gore by the American, D. P. Rhodes. Gore is short of practice, having only recently come off a sea voyage, and, with Rhodes playing the volleying game almost to perfection, was very soon two sets down. In the next two, however, Gore developed something like his true form, and apparently had his opponent pumped out; but in the final set he in turn fell away a bit, and Rhodes, putting in a plucky spurt, snatched a clever win. In the semi-final against Wilding, on the other hand, he hardly played as well as he had done against the same player in Paris.

Wilding—The Ladies' Singles

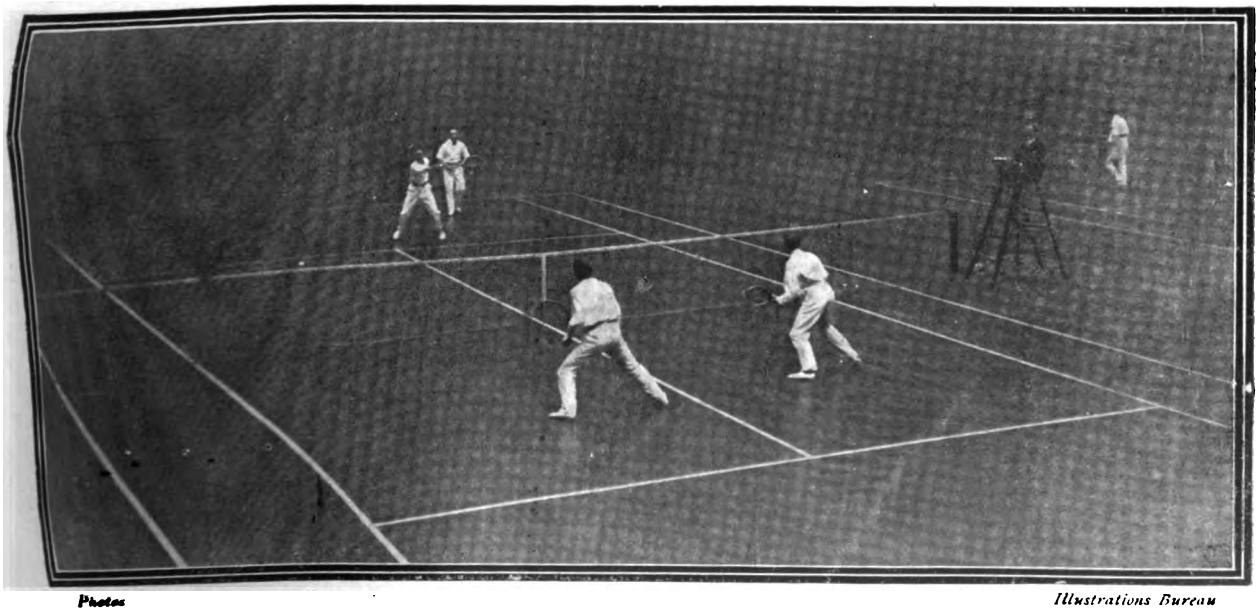
Neither could the brilliant but erratic Caridia, who had meanwhile struggled through the top half, make much headway against Wilding in the final. Wilding was playing both with severity and accuracy; with Caridia the accuracy (or, rather, the requisite amount of it) was not forthcoming. The victory of Miss Eastlake Smith in the Ladies' Singles was almost a foregone conclusion. She was unlucky enough to slip and strain her ankle a few minutes before she was due to play Miss M. Coles in the final, but came into court with it strapped up, and, though it pained her a good deal to run, she was driving with such power that she was enabled to win—not with very much to spare, however, for Miss Coles was also hitting pretty hard on the forehand, and for a while held the lead in the second set. In the Mixed Doubles, Wilding and Miss Eastlake Smith met their most formidable opponents, Gore and Miss Wilson, in the first round, but the anticipation of a close match was not realised, for Gore, as in the Singles, was below his customary mark, whereas Miss Eastlake Smith fairly surpassed herself, and was, at times, positively the best of the four. As it turned out, the winners' hardest match was against H. Pollard and Miss Tulloch, for in it they played (for them) quite indifferently, and were very nearly bustled out of the match by the pertinacious Pollard, who played the "all-over-the-shop" game with some ability and undeniable energy. In the Men's Doubles, the event proved that Ritchie and Wilding (who recently beat the Dohertys in a practice game) were really in a class by themselves.

Miss Eastlake Smith

Is playing even better this year than she did last, and has evidently not reached her zenith yet. She is the happy possessor of a style which is at once graceful and forceful

Our Polo Supplement Next Week

With next week's issue of THE BYSTANDER will be published an eight-page illustrated Polo Supplement dealing with the coming season's prospects. A considerable amount of space has always been devoted in this paper to polo, and it is intended in the future to give even more attention to this fascinating game, so that the ever-growing army of polo enthusiasts may come to look upon THE BYSTANDER as a kind of official illustrated organ of the current doings in the polo world. With this object in view, will polo players and secretaries kindly note that we shall always be glad to have sent to this office either polo photographs or interesting items of polo news?



Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The Covered Courts Lawn-Tennis Championships: A. W. Gore and G. A. Caridia playing F. G. and A. H. Lowe

The brothers Lowe, of whom F. G. has just lately come down from Cambridge, while A. H. is still at Oxford, have both improved their game considerably since last season, and are regarded as the most promising of the younger generation of players

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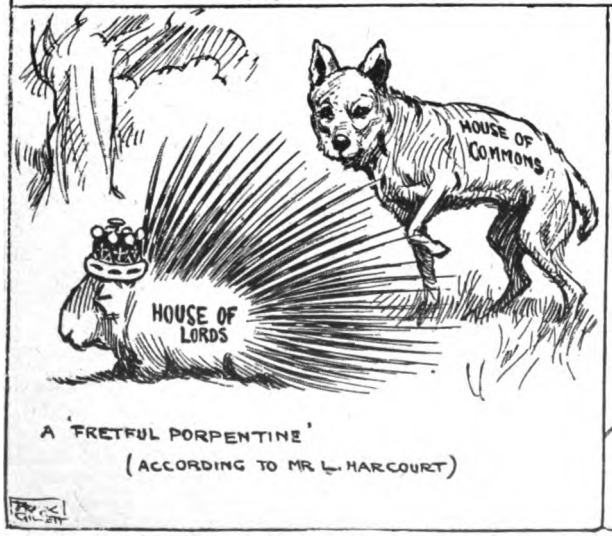
The Topictator

A TREMENDOUS COMPLIMENT.

"THE ENGLISH ARE QUICKER THAN WE ARE, IN SOME THINGS. COMPLETE SELF-GOVERNMENT, WITH THE DEFEATED BOERS IN THE SADDLE, WILL BE IN WORKING ORDER AT LEAST FIVE MONTHS BEFORE OUR FILIPINOS ELECT THEIR FIRST GENERAL ASSEMBLY"
'NATION' NEW YORK

"THE GERMAN CRITICS SEEM LEAGUED AGAINST MR TREE AND HIS PLAYERS."
DAILY MAIL

A DELICATE TASK



A 'FRETFUL PORPENTINE'
(ACCORDING TO MR L. HARCOURT)

"THE PLAINTIFF, A MISS SINNICK, STATED THAT SHE AND HER BRIDESMAIDS WAITED AT THE CHURCH BUT THE DEFENDANT DID NOT APPEAR."
DAILY PAPER.

WE FEAR THE LADY WILL NO LONGER BELIE HER NAME.

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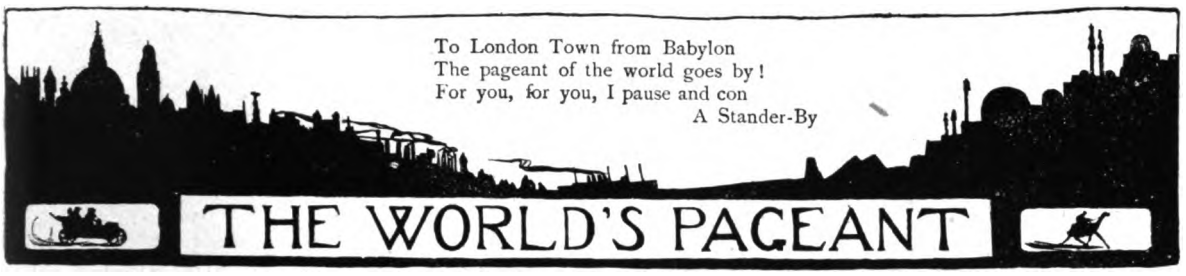

The Income-Tax Reduction

On Thursday afternoon, before a full and expectant House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a lucid speech of two and a half hours' duration, presented his Budget. Mr. Keir Hardie thinks it a "brutal Budget" because it is "exclusively a middle-class one." As, however, this ornament of the Labour Party is ill abed, his opinion may be considered jaundiced, and is only quoted by me to show how extreme and unreasonable the Labour Representative can be, for the Budget, if anything, is Socialistic in tendency, in spite of Mr. Asquith's disclaimer that he was no Socialist. On earned yearly incomes of less than £2,000 the income-tax has been reduced from one shilling to ninepence. Out of 1,100,000 payers of income-tax, 900,000, who pay on annual incomes of less than £2,000, may, momentarily, be pleased; but there is actually little, if any, cause of satisfaction. The income-tax was originally imposed as a war tribute, and income-tax payers fondly hoped that, sooner or later, times of peace would remove the burden. It is but a short year ago since Mr. Asquith himself declared that "a shilling income-tax in time of peace was impossible to justify and difficult to defend." Because of peace, and because of the surplus of £3,433,000, a reduction of the tax was inevitable, and the chorus of gratitude on the morrow of the reduction will simmer after mature reflection.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

"Threepence Off!"

Mr. Asquith leaving his residence last Thursday to introduce the fateful Budget, the chief feature of which is the relief of threepence to "earned" incomes under £2,000. Though the Chancellor thereby gains general popularity, he foreshadowed a "reign of terror" for the evader of the tax

* * *

"No Further Abatement!"

Mr. Asquith has now manfully declared that the income-tax at one shilling must be regarded henceforth as "a permanent and integral part of our revenue." The total extinction of this war-tax may now be considered beyond the pale of possibility. On the other hand, Mr. Asquith's shilling standard may be looked for as permanent and integral, to be reimposed as soon as the fear of Socialism has been appeased in the breast of the middle-classes. The sop thus thrown to the middle-classes then amounts to this. They get nothing more than they are entitled to on account of the surplus. They are warned to expect no further abatement, no matter what any future surplus may be. They are warned, also, that the standard is one shilling, and that that standard will be "a permanent and integral part" of the revenue. There is consequently little to be thankful for. Mr. Asquith said that he considers Free Trade as the breath of his Government; in other words, that no attempt will be made to bring the working-man into line with the tax-payer and get him to contribute towards the upkeep of his country. Whether this would, or would not, in the end benefit the working-man is not the point here. The fact remains that the working-man is exempt, and is to remain so, whilst the middle-classes are to be permanently bled. If, as Mr. Keir Hardie says, the Budget is "brutal," it certainly is not because it favours the middle-classes, but because, if anything, of its Socialistic tendency.

* * *

The Household Brigade Meeting

Brilliant sunshine, no wind, a large company, and some very good racing made the second day of the Household Brigade Steeplechases at Hawthorn Hill quite delightful. On the first day the weather broke up at mid-day, and furs and wraps covered up the Spring-like gowns of the morning, The special train from Paddington was crowded with officers and their friends, and the provision of huge motor 'buses to convey people from the station to the course, four miles distant, was universally appreciated. One of the most picturesque features of this charming meeting, and one which might, with advantage, be practised at other race meetings, is the clearing of the course by mounted troopers riding abreast, and another feature upon which people were remarking, and which might well be remedied, is that the band plays with great gusto

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Society Converts to the Car

where no one in the grand stand or enclosure can hear it. The Brigade dispensed lavish hospitality in the big luncheon and tea tent, where, on the first day of the meeting, Prince Christian and his daughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, were entertained. The best-dressed women at the meeting were, as usual, attired in the expensive simplicity of perfectly cut blue serge and large black French hats. But, as at all private meetings of this kind, some women were so badly dressed one could not but admire their courage, and their reliance upon the fact that their names or their positions allowed such license.

* * *

The Modern Sportswoman

I must confess that, "from a pictorial point of view," it has been, from my youth up, my custom rather to bar the sporting woman. I have met her hunting, punting, motoring. I have met her strenuously struggling on the lawn-tennis court, and energetically, if not gracefully, making rushes on the hockey field. I have met her afterwards at dinner, and have not approved. But, of late, it has come to me that my ideas on the subject are becoming out of date — have now, indeed, no foundation, in fact. For I have been privileged to meet a positive succession of pretty, of charming, and of superlatively good sportswomen. Not those *dilettantes* in the art who pat balls over nets, and then scream, or who find it impossible to steer a boat straight either up or down stream; but the modern woman, urged by her brothers from babyhood to "be a man," and deciding, in womanhood, to be a woman too.

Miss Vansittart-Neale

The *débutante* daughter of Sir Henry Vansittart-Neale, K.C.B., whose beautiful old house, Bisham Abbey, on the Thames above Marlow, is well known to all river people

* * *

A Pioneer Lady Motor Driver

The last and one of the most charming of these sporting ladies who have so converted me is Miss Dorothy Levett, a pioneer among lady motor drivers. Prepared to criticise, I looked in vain for the short skirt, the thick boots, even the goggles and wrappings of the comic-paper motorist. Instead I found a delightful essence. The elegance of the non-sporting lady was combined with the *bon camaraderie* of the sportsman, the pretty frock with the furs and veilings of the motorist. Indeed, in every instance, what I looked for was not there, but instead a charming piece of femininity, in no way spoiled, rather distinctly improved, by her devotion to sport. Miss Levett, I understand, holds the world's record for lady motor driving. At Blackpool she achieved this enviable reputation by doing ninety-one miles an hour on the aforesaid six-cylinder Napier, and she has also driven this car at the Brighton trials. At Bexhill she is driving the identical six-cylinder Napier which she intends to take to Germany in June, where she will represent England in the Herkomer Trophy competition.

* * *

Motor-Racing—Here and in Germany

On that all too short Bexhill track, by the way, Miss Levett avers that she will meet an untimely end. "Jump the cliff, or some thing," she foretells, as has also foretold many a Bexhill motorist before her. It is to be hoped, however, that this catastrophe will occur, if at all—which the gods forbid!—*after*, rather than before, the Herkomer trials, for Miss Levett tells me that motor-racing in Germany has joys we in England wot not of. Over there, one competes only with one's equals, and not, as in England, with chauffeurs and the like; and there is also a complete absence of that "trade-y" element which somehow invariably asserts itself at our English motor meetings. Our second illustration is of Mrs. Mark Mayhew, of Brokham's Court, Surrey, in her 40 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier. Mrs. Mayhew, like her husband, is a well-known and most enthusiastic motorist. She has just returned from a 2,000-mile Continental tour, but, unlike the intrepid Miss Levett, does not race, as she is rather nervous.

* * *

Some Recent Converts to the Car

It is rather amusing, by the way, to note the gradual falling into line—into motoring line—of those people who vowed and swore that they preferred horse-flesh, and would not have an automobile. One meets them in greater numbers every day, completely converted to the car, mad on motoring, and carefully forgetful of their former vows. Lord Roberts, for one, has become as keen as possible on the 40 h.-p. Napier he acquired last autumn. The Bishop of London has at last bought a car, and, for diocesan purposes if for no other, one is only surprised that he had not had one before. In the Park, fresh converts are constantly turning up. Lady Iveagh, who, until just lately, always drove in the well-known Guinness chocolate-brown carriages behind those very high-steppers of hers, has this season been using an electric landaulette; and Lady D'Arcy de Knayth and Conyers has

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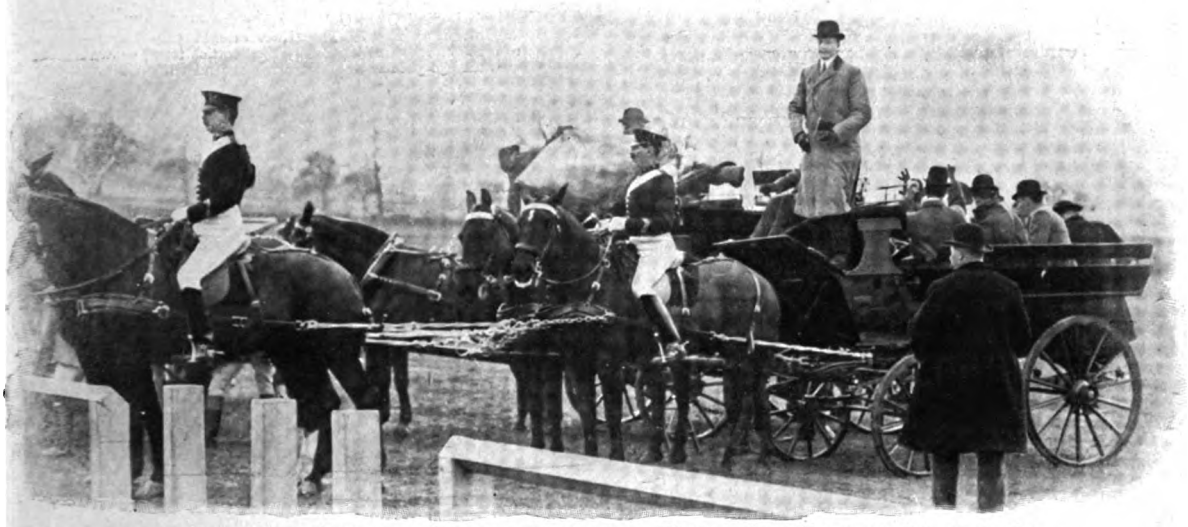
The Household Brigade Meeting

SOCIETY BESIEGES HAWTHORN HILL FOR ARMY STEEPLECHASING

Lord Herbert and Viscountess Crichton

Lord and Lady Desborough



Arrival of the 2nd Life Guards' brake with party from Windsor. Lord Newry standing on the box

The Household Brigade Meeting on Wednesday and Thursday last was favoured with very mixed weather, pouring rain spoiling the first day's sport, while on the second day it was very changeable. Some of the many lady spectators were to be seen in quite "summery" attire, but furs and winter coats were the most common wear, and though short spells of sunshine occasionally rejoiced the hearts of the former, those wearing winter clothing were the most comfortably clad

Sir Claude de Crespigny

He watched his son, Capt. de Crespigny, win the Grenadier Guards' Challenge Cup, riding his own Longmoor Lass

Lord Hugh Grosvenor. On his right, the Hon. Harry Bourke

Lord Hugh rode his Elizabeth II. in the 1st Life Guards' Challenge Cup

Photos taken specially for "The Bystander"

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Women as "Sportsmen"

Photo *Thomson*

Mrs. Mark Mayhew

On her 40 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier. Like her husband, she is an enthusiastic motorist, and has just returned from a 2,000-mile Continental tour

The Scottish Ladies' Team at Ranelagh

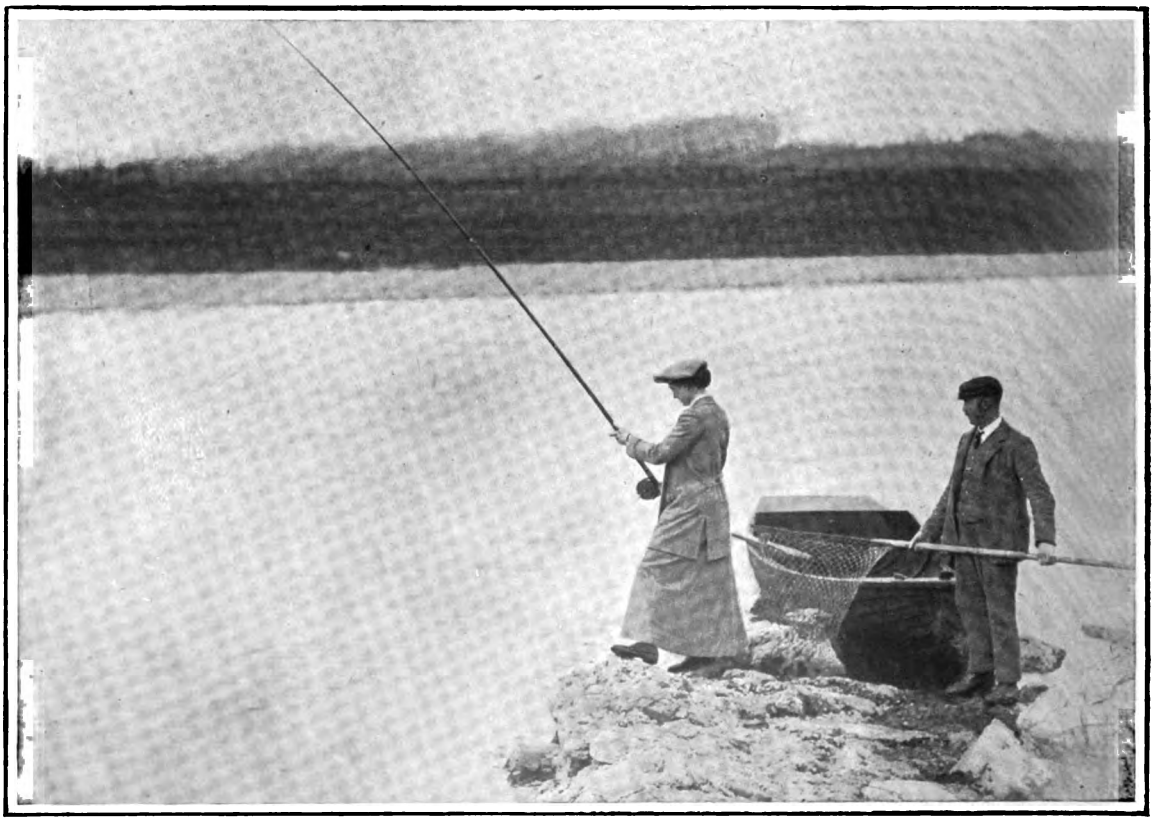
The Ranelagh Ladies' Open Golf Meeting was held on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. The International Cup for the best aggregate of eight scores was won by the Scottish team, shown above, with 650 points, England being second with 668

been lately in the public view in a very smart new car painted in the Lane-Fox colours.

* * *

Angler, M.F.H., and Motorist

It was, I suppose, Izaak Walton who declared that angling is somewhat like poetry—men are to be born so. Women, piscatorially, he ignored, but women, the great Izaak notwithstanding, are, once the fever takes them, as a matter of fact, extremely keen anglers. Our illustration shows Mrs. Burrell salmon-fishing on the River Tweed and momentarily playing a fine fish. Mrs. Burrell, it will be remembered, last year, on the death of Sir James Miller, undertook to Master the Northumberland and Berwickshire Hounds.



Salmon Fishing on the Tweed: Mrs. Burrell playing a fine fish at Kirk End

Mrs. Burrell, besides being an ardent angler, is the "Master" of the Northumberland and Berwickshire Hounds

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Women as "Sportsmen"

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Miss Dorothy Levett, the well-known lady motorist, on her six-cylinder Napier Car

Miss Levett (representing England) will drive in the Herkomer Trophy, to be held in Germany in June. She established the ladies' record of 24 3-5ths secs. for the "flying kilomètre" at Blackpool last autumn

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Egypt's New Social Leaders

The New Administrator of Egypt

Motoring in Scotland last autumn, I passed a castle so new, so magnificent, and so prosperous-looking that my curiosity was aroused. Inquiry elicited the information that the castle was Ardnamurchan, the Scotch seat of the great Rand millionaire, Mr. C. D. Rudd, founder, with Cecil Rhodes, of the Consolidated Gold Fields Company; that it had taken over three years to build; that both Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson had assisted at the house-warming in 1901; and that Mr. Rudd, though no heaven-born laird, was, nevertheless, extremely popular with his new Scottish tenantry. Money, Rand-made money, was poured out like water. Could higher bid be made for Celtic popularity? Added to which, Mr. Rudd had earned the gastronomical gratitude of his tenants by his method of dealing with the deer. He drove them all off the cultivated lands and confined them to the forest. When they strayed back into richer pastures, they were shot and the venison presented to the tenantry. Mr. Rudd's daughter is now Lady Gorst, wife of Sir Eldon Gorst, our new British Agent, Consul-General, and Minister Plenipotentiary in Egypt.

Photo *Helen McCaul and Elizabeth Dickson*

Lady Gorst

Wife of the new British Agent in Cairo. She is the daughter of Mr. C. D. Rudd, one of the founders of the gold-mining industry on the Rand, now a large Scottish landowner

* * *

A Semi-Colonial Administrator

From things Colonial, indeed, there is just now no escape. Sir Eldon Gorst himself is half a Colonial, his mother having been a native of Christchurch, N.Z. He was born in New Zealand forty-eight years ago, and, after a brilliant career at Cambridge, was called to the Bar, and became an attaché in the Diplomatic Service. He first became closely connected with Egyptian finance in 1890, when he was made Controller of Direct Revenues. He then succeeded Lord Milner as Under-Secretary of State for Finance, and six years later became Financial Adviser to the Ministry of the Interior. In 1902, in recognition of his services, he was made a K.C.B.; and in the following year he married the daughter of the Rand millionaire, Mr. C. D. Rudd, a lady who had learned, at any rate the rudiments of, the dispensation of hospitality in that very good school, a Scottish castle.

Photo *Langfitr, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Lady Ethel Baird

Daughter of the Earl of Kintore. She has left for Buenos Ayres, where her husband is Second Secretary of Legation

The Right Man Socially?

And, talking of hospitality, it is on this very subject that the appointment of Sir Eldon Gorst as administrator of Egypt gives cause, perhaps, for slight misgiving. Sir Eldon is, we all know, Lord Cromer's favourite, most absorbent pupil. It is to be expected, therefore, that he has absorbed, together with his master's virtues, a certain proportion of his failings. If Lord Cromer had a fault—and so great an Empire-builder could never have reached the heights Lord Cromer reached had he been faultless—it was that he gave too little heed to the social side of his great position, a failing in which both the first and the second Lady Cromer tacitly and willingly encouraged him. During Lord Cromer's administration, however, this avoidance of social claims scarcely mattered. His work was so great, so stupendous, that such small things as entertaining and the like sank into comparative insignificance. But the Egypt Lord Cromer leaves is an Egypt which he has raised out of "Oriental barbarism into Western civilisation." There are needed in his successor neither the creative master nor the absolutism which distinguished Lord Cromer. In Egypt, as in India, and at Washington and Paris, what we now want is a man possessed of the highest possible diplomatic and social qualifications, and also, if possible, of a certain aristocratic rank. Some people have, very naturally, been lamenting that Lord Milner was not offered the post—in view of his splendid work in Egypt in the early days of the Cromer *régime*. It would, however, have been too much to expect that a Liberal Government should appoint a man so pronounced in his present Party leanings—right or wrong as those leanings may be.

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A Diplomat's Wife

Our photograph of Lady Ethel Baird leads me again to paths diplomatic. Lady Ethel Baird is the elder of Lord Kintore's two daughters. She left England a few days since, accompanied by her brother, Lord Falconer, the latter on big-game shooting intent, to join her husband, Mr. John Baird,

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A Trio of Colonial Governors

Photo Elliott and Fry

Photo Bassano

Photo Elliott and Fry

THREE NEW COLONIAL GOVERNORS

Sir H. McCallum (Natal) Gen. Sir Wm. G. Nicholson (Gibraltar) Sir Fredk. Lugard (Hong Kong)

at Buenos Ayres. Mr. Baird is one of our rising young diplomatists. He is the son of Sir Alexander Baird, of Urie, N.B., and has been successively His Majesty's Attaché at Vienna, Second and Third Secretary at Cairo, Acting Agent and Consul-General in Abyssinia. He has now been transferred from Paris as Second Secretary to the British Legation at Buenos Ayres. Lady Ethel Baird's father, Lord Kintore, is a Lord-in-Waiting on the King, and the possessor, in addition to many University degrees, of several important foreign orders, the Grand Cordon of Italy, the Prussian Order of the Red Eagle, and the Portuguese Military Order of Christ being not the least amongst them.

Another Empire-Builder

Two interesting appointments are announced. Colonel Sir Henry McCallum, R.E., A.D.C., G.C M.G., Governor of Natal, is to be Governor of Ceylon, consequent on the retirement of Sir Henry Blake, G.C.M.G., and Brigadier-General Sir Frederick Lugard, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., late High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria, is to be Governor of Hong Kong in succession to Sir Matthew Nathan. Sir Frederick Lugard has spent twenty-one years in the Government service in South Africa, and both as a soldier and as an administrator has proved himself one of the greatest, most invaluable servants of the Empire. He served in the Afghan War, the Soudan

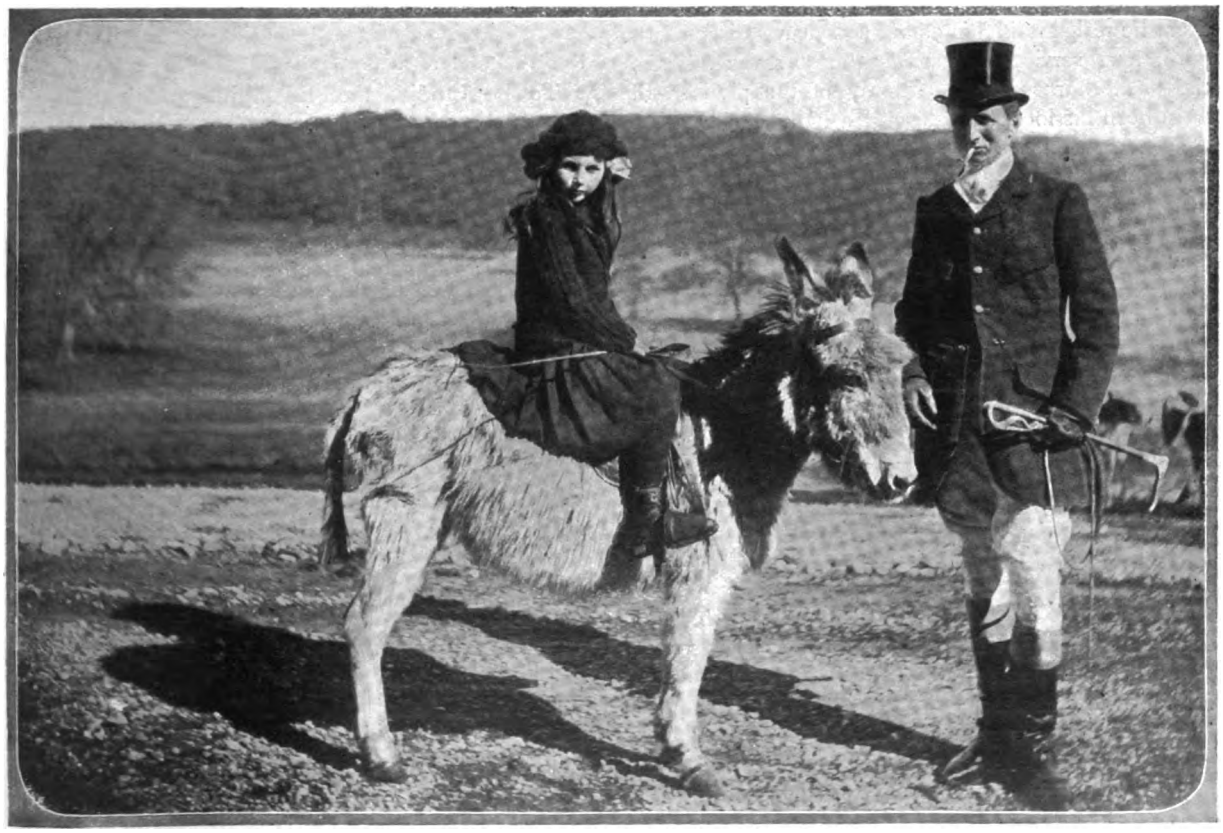

Photo Lieut.-Col. McFall

Astride—on a Docile Steed

Miss Doreen Lindsay, daughter of Captain W. Lindsay and Lady Kathleen Lindsay, on her donkey, Ting

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Disappointing Danish Art

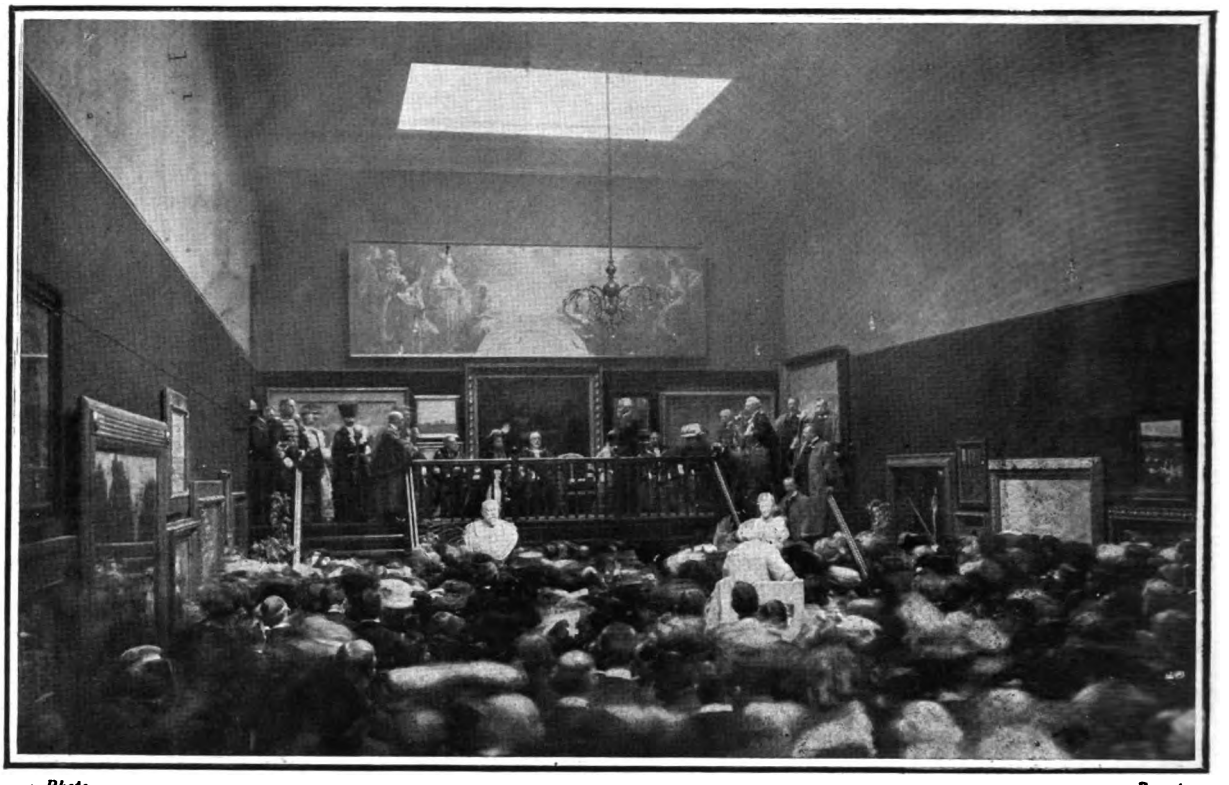

Photo Berup

Danish Art at the Guildhall

The formal opening of the Danish Art Exhibition at the Guildhall by the Lord Mayor took place on April 9. The Danish Ambassador, Kammerherre Bille, proposing thanks to the Lord Mayor

campaign, and the Burmese expedition, and was appointed High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of Northern Nigeria in 1899, which appointment he resigned in September last year. Discomfort, peril, long service in distant, almost savage, lands, the usual thorns in the pathway of the pioneer, all have been his lot as a pillar and a builder of Empire. As the man on the spot, he has suffered the usual annoyances from the interference of the politician at home. As the devoted servant of Empire he returns to the lists, but this time with no uncertain odds. As Governor of Hong Kong, life, it is pretty certain, will be less difficult and far pleasanter than as uncrowned king of Northern Nigeria. Lady Lugard was, until five years ago, Miss Flora Shaw, author, journalist, and head of the Colonial Department of the *Times* office, and was an important witness before the Jameson Raid Inquiry.

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New Army Chief

As Chief of the General Staff and first Military Member of the Army Council, General Sir W. G. Nicholson, K.C.B., R.E., has been selected to succeed Sir Neville Lyttleton, who, it is understood, will take over command of the Forces in Ireland. Sir William Nicholson is sixty-two years of age, and has seen forty-two years' service. He has fought in Egypt, Burmah, Afghanistan, Tirah, and South Africa, and his Staff service includes Adjutant-General in India, Military Secretary to Lord Roberts in South Africa, Director-General of Mobilisation and Military Intelligence, Chief Military Attaché with the Japanese Army during the late war, and Quartermaster-General to the Forces, to which post he was appointed two years ago.

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Danish Painters at the Guildhall

To be candid, the Exhibition of Danish Art, opened the other week at the Guildhall, is extremely disappointing. It is not individual. Instead of the peculiar genius of the country one had hoped to see represented in its pictures by its leading artists, we find nothing which might not just as well have emerged from some London, or Paris, or Berlin studio, German influence, indeed, being very much to the fore. The best pictures in this Exhibition contain just that great technical power and grasp of character, combined with an entire lack of charm, of grace, or of high imaginative faculty, which one finds so commonly in the German school of painting. Of the weird mysticism of Scandinavian legend, of the Vikings, the winged Valkyries, the fairies, and gods, and heroes of Valhalla there is no sign. An academic lack of imagination and genius hangs over the whole show. Of four men and one woman only can one make honourable mention. They are Wilhelm Hammershoi (the chief modern exponent of Danish national art), Carl Holsoe, Christian Zaartmann (whose talent manifests itself in some mightily unpleasant pictures), and P. S. Kroyer, in whose work the modern French school is very clearly expressed. The woman artist is Mrs. Agnes Stott Möller. Her picture illustrating a Danish ballad is markedly strong and skilfully executed.

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Photo Purdy

Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A.
Celebrated as a portrait painter in two hemispheres. This year he sends "Lady Essex," "Lady Sassoon," "Lady Eden," and "Miss Langman"

A Royal Academy Forecast 1907

Another Portrait Academy

"You know," said that important person, the head carpenter, at Burlington House last year, to a "rejected" friend of mine when he fetched his would-be contribution away, "Mr. Sargent and I want this to be a bright exhibition." I have not yet heard what is the ambition either of the chief carpenter or of Mr. Sargent with regard to the exact tone of this year's Academy. It is to be hoped, however, that they want a portrait Academy, for that is what it seems we are to have. We had one last year, and, if I remember rightly, the year before, and though, I suppose, the commercial spirit is no more to be despised in Art than in anything else, yet in Art, more than in other professions, perhaps, its too constant exploitation tends soonest to weariness. The painting of portraits on commission, I have no doubt, is both lucrative to the artist and, if exhibited, gratifying to the subject. But there is just one small factor to be considered where an Academy picture is concerned, and that is, in the case of these portraits, often ignored. I refer to the public—the shilling public. It is bored to tears with portraits. It never did like them. Soon it will stop paying its shilling to see them. And then where will the poor Academy be?

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The Portrait Painters

Messrs. Shannon, Seymour Lucas, Sargent, Dicksee, Strang, Herkomer, Rivière, and many many others, all send portraits. Mr. Herkomer has painted Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, a present from Mr. and Mrs. Bischoffsheim to her father, Sir Ernest Cassel; Mr. Hugh Rivière sends portraits of Mrs. Marshall Field, one of the richest women in the world, of the Countess of Leitrim, and of Captain James de Courcy Hamilton in full fireman's kit as Chief Officer of the London Fire Brigade; Mr. Sargent sends portraits of Lady Essex, Lady Eden,

Photo Haines

The Hon. John Collier
Brother of Lord Monkswell, and a popular painter of problem pictures. His "Mariage de Convenance" will attract as much attention as his "Indeed, Indeed, Repentance Oft I Swore!" did last year

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and Lady Sassoon; Mr. Shannon of Mrs. Ratan Tata, the wife of the Parsee merchant who has bought York House, Twickenham; and Mr. Arthur Garratt sends a picture of the Prime Minister addressing the House.

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Some Pictures

Of subject-pictures there are even fewer than usual. Mr. Frank Craig, whose work is so well known to readers of the *Graphic*, is in the vanguard of topicality with his "The Maid"; the new R.A., Mr. W. L. Wyllie, sends all sea pictures, one of the *Dreadnought* amongst them; and Mr. Napier Hemy's four pictures are also all large sea subjects. Mr. Seymour Lucas's Elizabethan "Roundelay" is suggested in our portrait of the artist, and Mr. Alfred East's four pictures are all of the meteorological variety. One is an actual storm; one depicts summer at her height; another, autumn; and another, a c nvent garden, dark-treed under a darker sky. Amongst the women artists, Lady Alma-Tadema sends a harmless "Peacemaking," Miss Alma-Tadema has done a sky study called "The Cloud," and Miss Henrietta Rae boldly attempts one of the few nudes, while that clever "romantic" painter, Miss Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale, pictures Browning's lines, "When Earth seemed nearer Heaven than now."

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Royal Portraits

Mr. A. S. Cope's portrait of the King, in the robes of the Order of the Garter, really is a portrait. It was painted from life, and not, as is the usual procedure with regard to Royal portraits, from photographs, with perhaps a sitting or two thrown in. Mr. Cope, I understand, intimated to King Edward the utter impossibility of the above proceeding, in so far as getting a good likeness was concerned. The King, therefore, with exceptional kindness, granted the artist half a dozen or more sittings—more, I believe, than he has ever given before—and an exceedingly good likeness is the result. A miniature of Queen Alexandra is all we are to see of Her Majesty this year; and in this she, too, is wearing the sash of the Order of the Garter and the small, becoming crown she affects.

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Statuary Exhibitors

I had intended publishing a portrait of Lord Albemarle, who is contributing a full-sized bronze statue of a bugler boy, illustrative of one of Kipling's poems, but as a reply from his lordship to a letter requesting a sitting has not reached this office I am unable to carry out my amiable intention. Mr. G. J. Frampton has, however, kindly obliged me in this respect, and I am reproducing his photograph herewith. He sends to the Academy a bust of the Princess of Wales in bronze. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft sends an equestrian statue of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and Mr. H. A. Pegram a bronze plaque of "Perseus and Andromeda" and a bust of the late Mr. Alfred Beit.

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Our Annual Sensation

I am delighted to be able to publish, together with a portrait of the artist, Mr. Sigismund Goetze, a pictorial forecast of what will, I do not

From a special sitting given to "The Bystander"
Mr. E. Blair Leighton
Who exhibits a picture on the subject of "Tristram and Iseult" at this year's Academy

From a special sitting given to "The Bystander"
Mr. G. J. Frampton, R.A.
Chosen by the Princess of Wales to model the statue for India, of which the bust of H.R.H. sent to the Academy is a study

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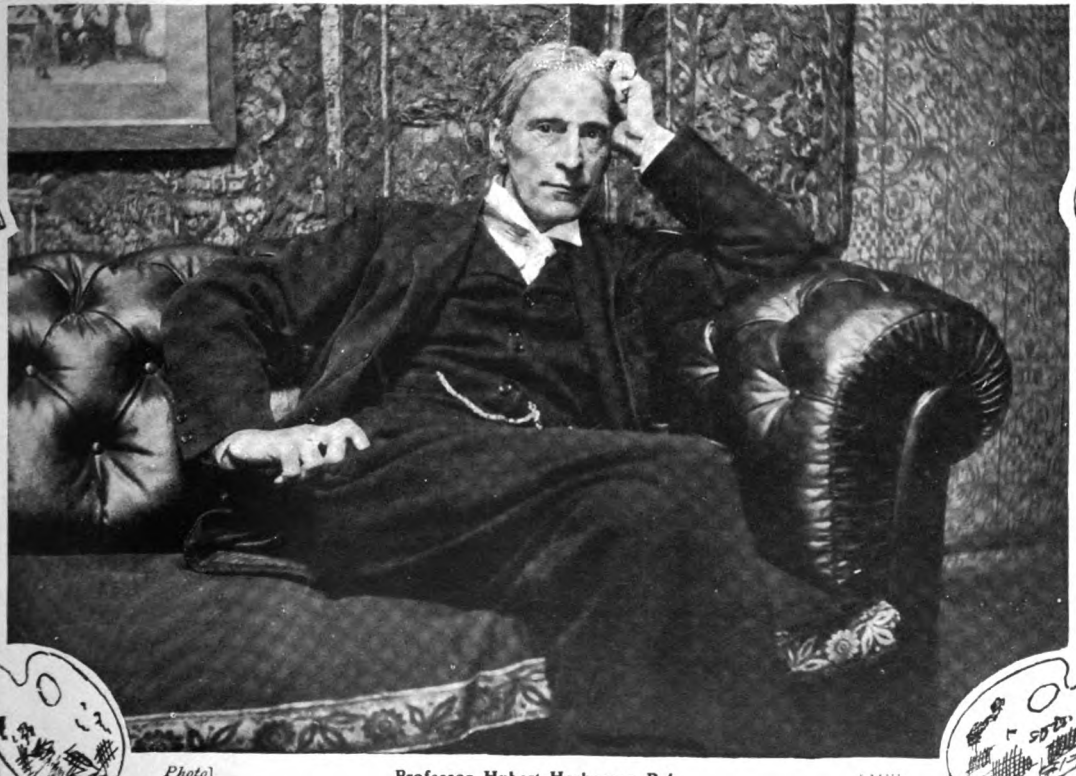
From a special sitting given to "The Bystander"
Mr. J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.
Who sends several portraits and one subject-picture to the Academy

Photo *Biggs*
The New R.A., Mr. W. L. Wyllie
He exhibits four sea-pictures, including one of the *Dreadnought*

doubt, be the sensation of the year. I speak from a popular, not in any way an artistic, point of view, of course, for I remember the crowds that swarmed in front of Mr. Goetze's last year's picture, also a great success. Mr. Goetze is an Englishman. He is the grandson of that Mr. Bentley who "discovered," and bought for some £50, the celebrated Gainsborough "Duchess," for which, some five years later,



Photo] **Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A.** [*Mills*
Landscape is a prominent feature in two of the portraits he sends in this year

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Photo *Window and Grove*

Miss Henrietta Rae

Exhibits a portrait, and one of the few studies of the nude

Photo *Moyse*

Mr. Hugh G. Rivière

Exhibits portraits of Lady Leitrim, Mrs. Marshall Field, and Captain James de Courcy Hamilton

Photo *Lena Connell*

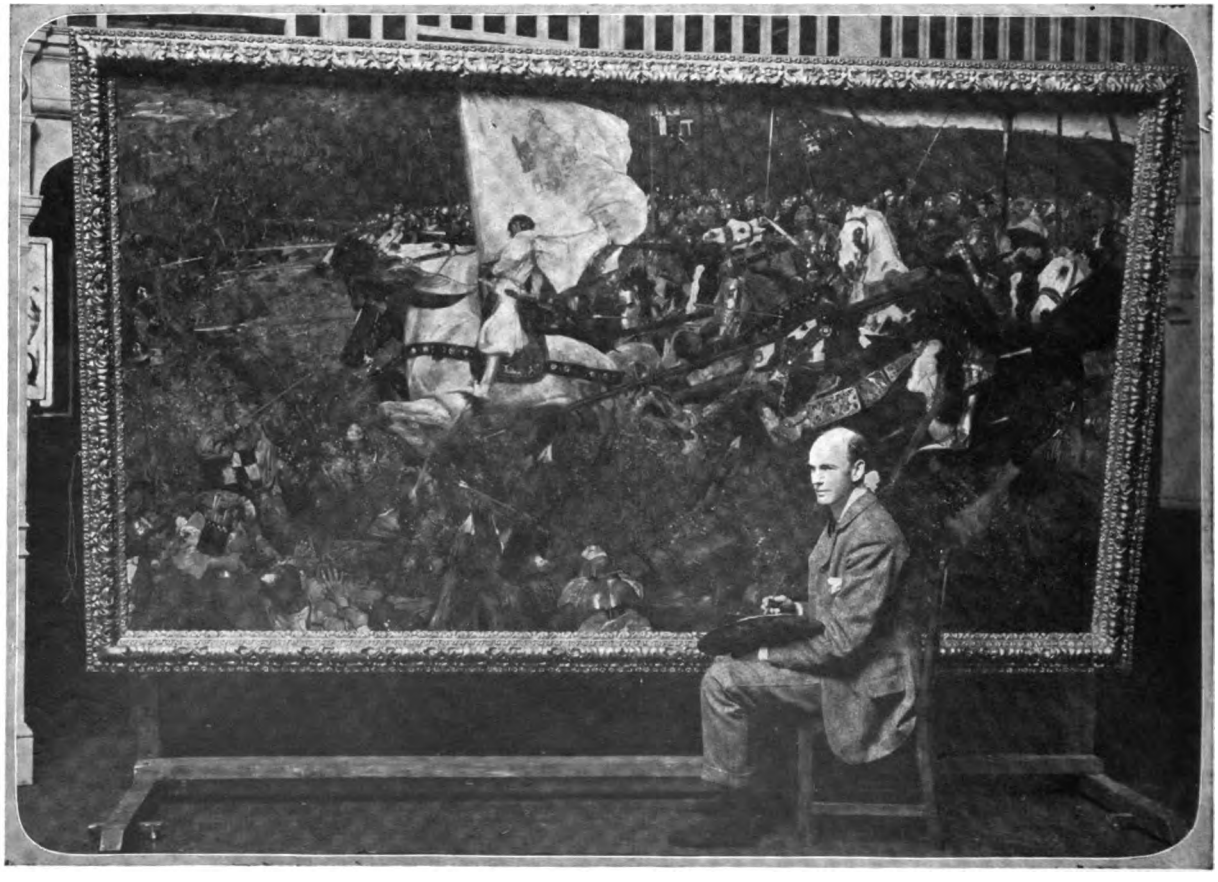
Lady Alma-Tadema

Exhibits only one picture, viz., "Peacemaking"

Mr. Pierpont Morgan paid £30,000, and he is also a student of the Royal Academy Schools. His picture this year is a small academy in itself. Certainly it should have an academy *to* itself. We have the nursing mother (a subject unmercifully exploited for some reason or other in this year's Academy), the suffragist, the sportswoman, the *cocotte*, even the nun, and we are asked, in the fashionably clipped language of the day, "Greatest of These?" in the title. Frankly, I give it up.

The Problem Monger

The Hon. John Collier, having made his name with problems, continues to "probble" unabashed. The modern marriage mart is his theme this year. The simple elements—a weeping, unwilling girl, a scornful, worldly mother, a white satin wedding-gown across a narrow bed—are his ingredients, the public itself is expected to provide the necessary sentiment. He is a brother of Lord Monkswell, and, it is interesting to note, began life in a City office.



Photo] **Mr. Frank Craig** [*Haines*

Whose last year's "The Heretic" was bought by the Chantrey Trustees, is likely to attain great popularity with his picture of Joan of Arc, "The Maid." His illustration work is well known to readers of the *Graphic*

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A Painter of Morals

From a special sitting given to "The Bystander"

Mr. Sigismund Goetze

One of the great moralist-painters of the day, standing by the side of his picture, "Greatest of These?" the moral of which speaks loudly enough for itself. Despite his name, he is of British birth and training

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A Piece of Red Tape

When the beginning of the Long Vacation was antedated from the 13th to the 1st of August, it was generally supposed that the change was made in the interests of public convenience. The majority of the judges were personally opposed to it, and only gave their consent out of consideration for the almost unanimous wish of the Bar and the solicitors. The Government, however, regard it as a personal favour to the judges, and are trying to extract a *quid pro quo* by insisting that the dates of each assize shall be fixed by Order in Council, and that the judges shall have no power to alter them. The alleged motive is economy, the Government suspecting that the judges make a profit out of the £7 10*s*. per diem which is allowed them for expenses while on circuit, and that they spin out business in the interests of their pockets. As a matter of fact, a judge is more likely to make a loss than a profit; but even if this were not so, the obvious remedy would be to reduce the allowance and not to resort to a childish piece of spite which is certain to cause great public inconvenience. Under the old system, the dates were frequently changed so as to allow most time for the places where there happened to be most work, but under the new the judge will often have to do half his work at A., travel to B. to receive a pair of gloves, and then return to A. to finish up. The authorities have made a brilliant start by fixing Lincoln Summer Assizes for the same days as the Royal Agricultural Show at the same place, which means that barristers, solicitors, witnesses, and jurymen will have to pay twice the usual price for accommodation, and will be lucky if they get it at all.

Mr. Justice Grantham at the Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechase

The famous, but not universally popular, Judge has now come out as an advocate of the abolition of the Court of Appeal

Mr. Justice Grantham and the Court of Appeal

Mr. Justice Grantham's letter to the *Times*, in which he advocated the abolition of the Court of Appeal and a return to the old system of trying Common Law Appeals before the body of Common Law judges, is cordially approved by the Bar. More than half of the actions in the King's Bench Division are still tried before juries, and yet of the six members of the present Court of Appeal only one (Lord Justice Kennedy) has had any practical experience of trial by jury, either on the Bench or at the Bar, and many of their decisions in jury cases have been most unsatisfactory. They seem unable to appreciate the fact that jurymen cannot understand the subtleties of legal phraseology, and that a judge must use popular language in addressing them. Now, it is always difficult and often impossible to express a proposition of law in ordinary English so exactly that an ingenious counsel cannot pick a hole in it, and the practical result is, at present, that if a jury cannot understand the judge's directions, their verdict will stand good, while if they can, there is an even chance that it will be upset on appeal. A few weeks ago, the Court expressed its horror and amazement at the fact that at the end of a four days' trial Mr. Justice Grantham should only occupy twenty minutes in summing-up. Do they really think that a judge's loquacity must be in direct proportion to the prolixity of counsel?

Flapdoodle

Not the least astounding feature of the astounding Thaw travesty was the speech-making of counsel on both sides at the close. Who can say that Sergeant Buzfuz, with his chops and tomato sauce, was a caricature, when people like Messrs. Delmas and Jerome actually exist? Of the two Mr. Delmas was by far the worse, but even Mr. Jerome at times talked such rubbish that no man of ordinary intelligence would pay the slightest heed to it. And yet it must be supposed that the American juryman is a person of ordinary intelligence, education, and common sense. The truth seems to me to be that these learned gentlemen were speaking, not to the jury, but to the reporters, and through them to the ignorant masses who revel in sensational journalism and hysterical headlines, with the primary object of thereby enhancing their own reputations. And when we compare these forensic fireworks with the speeches of our own great lawyers, we must not forget to thank Charles Dickens for having helped us towards the better ordering of these things in England.

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

SELF-RIGHTEOUS GERMAN CRITICS

By the time these lines appear, Mr. Tree will have been welcomed home with, I trust, an even stronger note than usual to make up for his somewhat savage reception at the hands of the Berlin critics. It must have been rather unpleasant for Mr. Tree to read in one short week the pith of all the disparaging notices which have been spread throughout his long career as an actor-manager. Mr. Tree must be quite wearied by now of the long tirades which can be summed up in the single phrase, "Opera-bouffe Shakespeare." He must be all the more wearied of the subject that he has not the slightest intention of changing the method of presenting Shakespeare which has drawn so many thousands of pounds into the treasury of His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Tree knows the English theatre-going public as few managers know it. And being a humorist, he must be laughing up his sleeve at the virtuous and self-righteous condemnation of the Berlin critics. Indeed, this self-righteous note does much to impair the value of the German criticisms. Self-righteousness is always a detestable quality, but rarely more so than when it sharpens the pen of the scribe. In criticising Mr. Tree, the Germans were belauding their reverence for Shakespeare.

Old-fashioned German Ideas

Now, if these Teutonic gentlemen wished to show that they had been keeping pace with modern thought, they would have shown more discretion in their vapourisings about the reverence due to Shakespeare. In an inspired moment, not many months ago, I expressed the wish that there were a little less reverence for Shakespeare and a little more love. In these mouthings about reverence, I, and many wiser than I, detect flavours of cant and hypocrisy. You will, probably, have met the class of person who, upon mention being made of Shakespeare, raises his (or her) eyes to the heavens and murmurs, "What a genius!" This class of person swallows Shakespeare whole, but would, probably, make eight mistakes if taxed with naming the plays in which ten of Shakespeare's principal characters appear. I do not for a moment suggest that the German critics are not intimately familiar with Shakespeare's works. I merely suggest that there is in their reverence the same flavour of hypocrisy which appears in the reverence of the crassly ignorant.

These German gentlemen who prate about "Our Shakespeare" should learn that their idol is playmaker first, philosopher afterwards. One is always inclined to resent "cuts" and changes of scene, for the reason that Shakespeare himself did not write

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Tree's Company in Berlin: A group in the garden at the Kroll theatre

In the front row (*reading left to right*) are Mr. Henry Nevill, Miss Constance Collier, Mr. Tree, and Miss Viola Tree. Behind Mr Nevill is standing Mr. Courtice Pounds, on whose left is Mr. Cecil King and Mr. Lyn Harding. Mr. Basil Gill is directly behind Mr. Tree, while at the end of the row is Mr. Julian l'Estrange

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much padding, and was quite clever in arranging his own scenes. But the German critics have brayed too loudly in protest against interpolated music and scenic effects. No dramatist objects to mounting so long as it does not detract the attention of the spectator from the acting.

Teutonic Exaggeration

The productions at His Majesty's Theatre cannot altogether escape censure in this respect, but to read the extracts from the German newspapers one would imagine that the whole philosophy of Shakespeare, his worldly wisdom, his sympathetic outlook upon, and treatment of, human nature had been irretrievably damaged by Mr. Tree in the process of presenting the plays. This is too strong an indictment. After all, which is the better: To present Shakespeare in such a manner as to bring at least some of his genius to the notice of masses of people; or to present his plays in so severe a manner as to bring all his genius to the notice of a few scholars? For the scholar, there is always the study. Upon the stage the populace demands (and gets, nowadays) light, brightness, merriment, animation, colour.

Upon the acting of Mr. Tree the German critics have written in kindlier fashion. This is not to be wondered at. For though they could pick up a better Antony in any of their provincial stock companies, they would be hard put to it to find upon their stage the equals of Mr. Tree as Malvolio, as Richard II., or as Falstaff. Anyhow, if the Germans can produce such players we should be very glad to see them.

Photo] Miss Elizabeth Robins [*Russell*

Whose new play on the Suffragette Question, *Votes for Women* at the Court Theatre, has made quite a sensation. Miss Robins, who now reveals such talents as a dramatist, has already achieved fame as actress and novelist. She is one of the most notable exponents of Ibsen's characters in this country

THE VEDRENNE-BARKER MANAGEMENT

The announcement that Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker are to transfer the scene of their artistic operations from the Court to the Savoy Theatre is a final and welcome proof of the success which has attended the policy of these gentlemen in introducing ideas into the theatre.

Changes, especially changes in the theatre, are attended by considerable risk. How is it that the same play, with the same cast, frequently cannot attract the public at a different theatre? There is no answer to this question outside the realms of fantasy. If one is allowed to be fantastical, one can explain the matter by the simple statements that a theatre is not a building of stone with a raised sloping platform at one end and a deep well at the other; a theatre is a living, growing place, with a personality. It is peopled with the spirits which have been raised in it. It possesses both humour and prejudices. It takes to its embraces a company playing comedy, and turns the cold-shoulder to another company playing tragedy. When the audience has departed, and the stern-faced women have set the holland shrouds, the "familiars" of the theatre troop out and hold a conference. Then such delicate matters are discussed as the general bearing of the new tenants, and whether welcome should be extended to, or withheld from, them. I am looking for the results of the great conference now being held nightly after 11.30 p.m. at the Savoy Theatre, and I feel confident that, after all have had their say, from Jack Point to the Duke of Plaza Toro, a motion will be put and unanimously carried that "this house extend a hearty welcome to the noble company of intellectuals about to take up their abode with us from the Court Theatre." Upon receipt of this pleasing intelligence there will be quite a flutter among the familiars of the Court Theatre. I can almost hear the sonorous voice of that representative John Bull (Mr. Broadbent) replying to the vote of welcome.

I have not yet enjoyed the privilege of witnessing *Votes for Women*, by Miss Elizabeth Robins, but I live in hopes. E. C. S.

VULGARISING COMIC OPERA

When Mr. George Edwardes changed the name of *Les Merveilleuses* to the *Lady Dandies*—because, I suppose, the English pronunciation of the French title grated on his æsthetic ears—I instinctively felt the comic opera would be vulgarised in other departments. When I first visited Daly's the performance of Mr. W. H. Berry as St. Amour, the Prefect of Police, was so delightful that I have not forgotten it yet. Mr. Berry's voice, his facial contortions, his really humorous personality, kept the house in fits of laughter . . . . No doubt, Mr. Edwardes knows his own business best, but why he put Mr. Huntley Wright in the part of Mr. Berry is beyond my intelligence. I suppose, having "second editionised" the play, or, in other words, reduced it to the level of any other musical comedy, *sans* wit, *sans* tuneful music, *sans* plot (for the plot, which was before intelligible, has now vanished before that atrocious vulgarity, the "topical" song). Mr. Huntley Wright is a fitting concomitant to the present mixture. He has a thin voice, no presence, and as an actor I should not compare him to Berry, or, rather, I could not avoid doing so, after having seen the part of the bombastic Prefect played by the taller man. Mr. Huntley Wright has only one accomplishment—antics. But if one wants to witness simian antics why go to Daly's? What a pity it all is. What *was* the matter with *Les Merveilleuses*, or with Mr. W. H. Berry? C. B.

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DRAWN BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

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The Painting Epidemic in Paris

How sincerely I wish that the artists would follow the working man's example and also go on strike. No one would complain. For painting is a tiresome epidemic from which Paris has been suffering for some long time. Its symptoms are becoming worse instead of better, and, unfortunately, those with the least talent are amongst the first to fall victims. Imagine Paris, with its limited population, being the possessor of 10,000 artists—9,550 of whom had better far have attempted any other *métier*, and quite two-thirds of whom are destined to pass from this world to the next without ever becoming known.

The Salon of Horrors

Some, with hardly enough to keep body and soul together, and almost devoid of talent, will yet struggle on towards the goal they will never attain. Others, more intelligent, perhaps, finding that they cannot attain fame by sheer merit, seek notoriety for themselves by exhibiting canvases which are nothing other than hideous daubs. This is the only explanation of the bad work that is so often to be seen on the walls of the *Salons* of to-day. That the people of this enlightened twentieth century can waste their time in a "Chamber of Horrors," as one room in the Autumn *Salon* was rightly named, is hardly comprehensible, except on the ground of the homage which the world—strange as it may seem—is prepared to pay to ugliness. There are too many artists, too many *Salons*—for the paintings worth looking at are few indeed.

The President a Sufferer

The personage who seems to suffer most from this Art epidemic is the President of the Republic, for the opening of Art Exhibitions, and even private views (and their number is legion), constitute one of his most important duties to the State. Last week, after having opened the Exhibition of the Pastillists, he was forced to return from his holiday at Rambouillet in order

The King's Visit to Malta: The Strada Reale, the chief street in Valetta

The visit of the King and Queen to Malta has evoked the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the inhabitants. The building on the right of the photograph (with pillars and steps) is the Opera House, where the Mission was held last autumn, which was, it will be remembered, the subject of some extraordinary letters on the part of the Archbishop of Malta, who contended that none but the Catholic religion should be tolerated on the island

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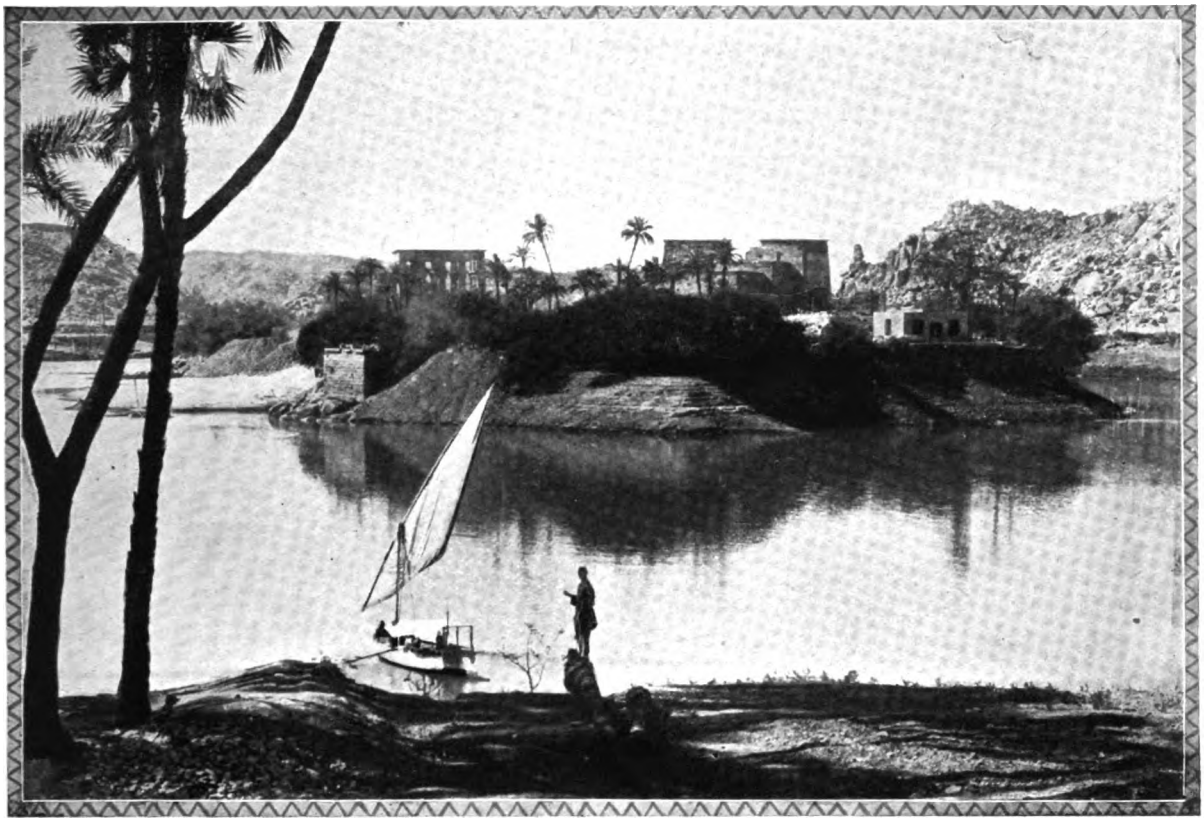

From stereograph copyright *Underwood, London and New York*

Doomed to be Dammed: The Ancient Temple and the Isle of Philae on the Nile

The latest victim claimed by the advancing tide of civilisation in Egypt is the ancient Temple and Island of Philae, which the extension of the Assouan Dam will submerge. The ruins of the great Temple of Isis are among the most interesting in Egypt

"to solemnly inaugurate" the *Salon* of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. When first I arrived in Paris, these opening ceremonies interested me, but the novelty soon wore off—for, having seen one, you have seen all. M. Fallières, accompanied by his wife, daughter, and his suite, arrives to time if the function takes place in the morning; after lunch he is usually late. To the strains of the "Marseillaise" he steps into the Grand Palais, where he is met by his Ministers, Briand and Clémenceau, and the President of the Society whose exhibition he is opening, and who is to have the honour of pointing out to him the most striking paintings. The French National Anthem, played by the Garde Républicaine, is most impressive; but it requires, for its full effect, a long *cortège* of uniformed figures, even though they be London County Councillors. One experiences a measure of disappointment at seeing these frock-coated celebrities following a President who irresistibly reminds one of a Scotch farmer dressed for a funeral. It is scarcely fair to criticise, but every time I witness one of these performances I feel thankful that in England we have no President—it is worth the extra expense to have a King.

This Year's Salon

The *Salon* this year is decidedly disappointing, whatever the President may have said to the contrary. The place of honour has been given to Mr. Harold Speed's portrait of King Edward VII. A contemporary remarks that this artist was bearing in mind his own name when portraying his Sovereign. It was accomplished far too "speed"-ily for him to do justice either to himself or his royal model; and, fortunately, we are not governed by a monarch bearing much resemblance to Mr. Harold Speed's canvas.

Charles Cottet is now fairly well known in England. This year he is exhibiting, amongst other works, a portrait of his favourite model, a lady with a black hat. Antonio de la Gandara, the painter who has the happy knack of attracting the smartest *clientèle*, has painted a portrait of Signora Gabriele d'Annunzio. It is interesting chiefly on account of the subject. M. Albert Besnard, who, since the death of Puvis de Chavannes, is France's greatest decorative painter, has executed two panels, which are to be placed in the dome of the Petit Palais. His two designs are "Matter" and "Idea." The latter seems to have been the more appreciated of the two. M. Besnard, like Mr. Speed, seems to have forgotten that great paintings are rarely accomplished in a short time; that it took De Vinci four years to complete his famous "Joconde." One of the best pictures in the whole *Salon* was painted by Jacques Blanche—a most finished and excellent portrait of Thomas Hardy.

English and American Exhibitors

This year there seem to be many English names figuring in the catalogue. Alfred East has returned to the subject best suited to his brush—meadow-lands and trees. Frank Brangwyn has six etchings, chiefly of Bruges. Lavery has found many admirers. His picture of Tangier is as excellent as his portraits of Lady Norah B. and a Japanese lady. Harrison, an American painter, has also chosen Tangier for his subject. Glazebrook and Rupert Bunny, an Australian, are other British exhibitors.

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In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, illustrates the career of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN R

(IN TWELV

DUDLEY CLEAVER 07.

SCENE THE TWELFTH (AND LAST)

THE PRODIGA

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KE'S PROGRESS

(SCENES)

one of the phases through which he passes on his progress through life—a "road to ruin" very different from that of his Hogarthian predecessor two centuries before

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

RETURN

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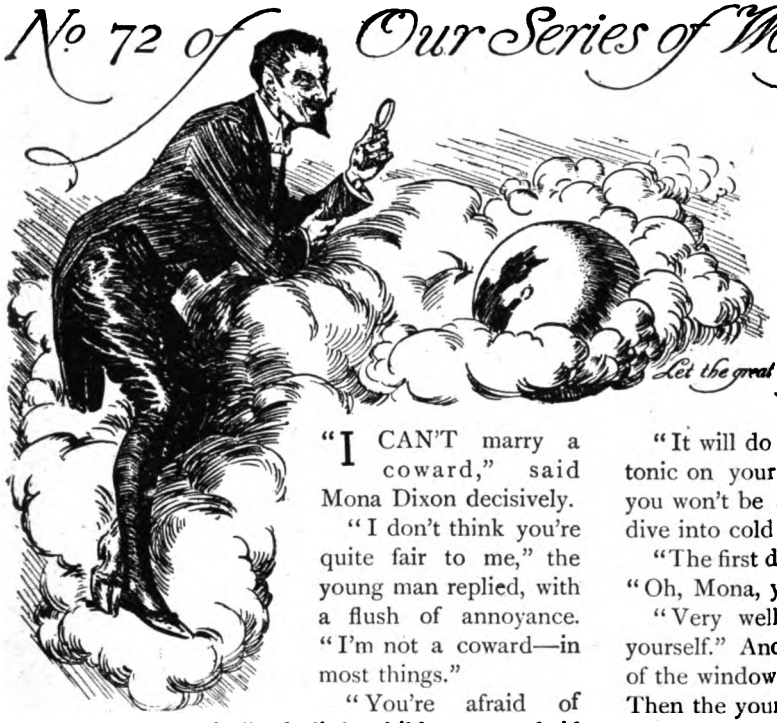
No. 72 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



The Coward

By

J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

"I CAN'T marry a coward," said Mona Dixon decisively.

"I don't think you're quite fair to me," the young man replied, with a flush of annoyance. "I'm not a coward—in most things."

"You're afraid of ghosts," she retorted; "only little children are afraid of ghosts."

Harry Lennox looked at her with a wistful smile. She was a fresh-coloured, healthy girl, fond of every kind of outdoor pursuit, and a typical product of a materialistic century. She had as much imagination as a beefsteak. He was rather a weakling, something of a poet, sensitive, and credulous as a child. But he was rich, and so Mona Dixon had marked him for her own.

"You don't believe in ghosts," he said, after a pause. "I do, and I fear them."

"I can't marry a coward," she repeated. Then she turned her back on him, and walked over to the window.

"Mona," he said, reproachfully, "it's too bad of you to talk like this."

She did not answer him, but she stared out of the window at the miles of marshland which stretched from the bottom of the garden to the sea. It was a hot summer's day, and the air quivered over the dreary waste of mud and sea-lavender. In the distance, on the extreme edge of the land, there was a house. It had been empty for years, and its last occupant had killed himself. Possibly, the awful loneliness of the place had unhinged his mind.

But the sight of the desolate and half-ruined building evidently suggested mirth rather than tragedy to Mona Dixon, and she smiled. She saw the chance of having some fun.

"Have you ever been to the Black House, Harry?" she queried, suddenly turning round to him with a serious face.

"Never," he replied, with a shudder.

"Well, you must go there," she said firmly. "You must sleep there for one night, and show me that you're not such a coward as you pretend to be."

"Sleep there for a night," he exclaimed piteously. "I couldn't do it, Mona. It would send me off my head."

"It will do you good, Harry. It will act like a tonic on your system. When you've gone through it, you won't be afraid of anything else. It's the first dive into cold water, that's all."

"The first dive sometimes drowns men," he replied. "Oh, Mona, you don't understand——"

"Very well," she said, coldly, "you can please yourself." And she turned round again and looked out of the window. For a few moments there was silence. Then the young man spoke.

"I will do as you wish," he said in a low voice. "Perhaps, as you say, the experience will be good for me. I know I am a fool about these matters. But if anything should happen——"

"Nothing will happen," she interrupted. "If there are ghosts, they can't hurt you."

"If anything should happen," he repeated, "you will, perhaps, be sorry that you sent me to the place. I shall go there at eight o'clock to-night, and leave at eight in the morning. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes, Harry, that will do."

"Of course, she is right," said Harry Lennox to himself, as he walked home along the dusty road; "but I'd rather spring among the lions for the glove like the fellow did in Leigh Hunt's poem. By-the-by, that chap flung the glove in his lady's face. He was evidently not a gentleman."

At half-past six he rowed himself down the narrow creek, which flowed from the village to the sea. The route lay almost straight through the marshland to the Black House, and was several miles shorter than the journey by road and pathway. The tide was ebbing, and the little craft moved swiftly between the high banks on either side.

The young man had made complete and extensive preparations for his night's adventure. In the bows of the boat there were rugs and a pillow, and a basket containing sandwiches, a bottle of whisky and a syphon of soda-water. In one of his pockets there was a loaded revolver, and in another a box of matches and two candles. He had, moreover, a lantern for the candles, so that the draughts of the ruined house could not extinguish them.

Yet, in spite of all these comforts and protections, he was sick at heart and sorry that he had embarked on the enterprise. He had talked over the matter with a group of fishermen, and they had tried to dissuade him from going to the place. They said that nothing on earth would induce any of them to spend a night in the house, or even to land on the

(Continued on page 190)

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The Maid of Orleans

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Pauline Chase as Joan of Arc

There will shortly be an epidemic in London of Joan of Arc plays. The Maid of Domremy has been chosen as a stage heroine by no less than three playwrights—to wit, Mr. Louis N. Parker (for Mr. Tree), Mr. Mackaye (for the Sothern-Marlowe Company), and Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy. Meanwhile, Miss Pauline Chase, from the pictorial point of view, is first in the field

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(Continued from page 188)

shore within a mile of it. Had things been seen or heard there? Yes, most certainly. Shrieks and groans had been heard by several men in the village, as they brought their smacks up the creek in the dark, and strange lights had been seen from far out at sea. Old Sam Cullen had caught a glimpse of the man, standing up to his knees in the water. It was a moonlight night, and the red mark across his throat had been plainly visible. And so on, and so on, till Lennox refused to hear any more, and left them.

No wonder that his face was white, as he glided down the creek towards the sea.

The sun had set before he had accomplished half of his journey, and the western sky glowed with crimson flame. There was no wind, and the water was smooth as glass, save for the ripples from the boat's bow and the small eddies stirred up by the oars. Not a blade of grass quivered on the banks, and the stillness seemed to accentuate the solitude of the marshland. There were times when the place had seemed less lonely, when the roar of the wind, and the splash of the waves, and the rustle of the scant herbage had endowed it with life. Now it seemed to Lennox like some dead and forgotten desert, whereon a single explorer moves to death and oblivion.

As he neared the sea, and the crimson light faded from the west, his sense of loneliness increased. He could no longer see the houses of the village. A few sea-gulls showed white against the greyness of sky and sea, but their melancholy cries were not calculated to remove the general impression of gloom and dreariness. The sea itself, a broad mirror of polished steel, seemed lifeless and even suggestive of death. He fancied, when the end of the world came, and the last man stood on the shores of a desolate land, that just such a sea as this would lie before his eyes.

At last he came to the mouth of the creek, and he could see the Black House, a mile to the north of him, standing up dark and gaunt against the grey sky —a dead sentinel watching over a dead land. He looked about for a landing-place. The tide was now far out on the flats, and there was nearly half a mile of sand between the edge of the sea and the shore. It would be impossible to drag the heavy boat all that distance. He would have to land in the creek.

He returned, and running the boat up a narrow gully, climbed on the top of the bank, and looked across the marshland. As far as he could ascertain in the gathering darkness, there were no ditches or other obstacles in his path, and he could proceed by the edge of the water all the way to his destination. He picked up his rugs and other impedimenta, and walked slowly towards the black ruin which was to be his lodging for the night.

And, as he stumbled over the rough ground, the Shape of Fear began to walk by his side. He fancied he could hear footsteps behind him, the patter of soft feet that scarcely brushed aside the glasswort and sea-lavender; he fancied that a dim shape moved in the dark, something that crawled along the ground itself; the silence was full of strange sounds, and the darkness full of images conjured up by his imagination. He quickened his pace to a trot, and, as might have been expected, he tripped over a tuft of weed, and fell heavily forward on his face.

He rose, streaming with perspiration and trembling in every limb. Then he lit the candle in his lantern, and began to pick up his baggage. As he laid hold of the pillow he gave a cry of terror. The white linen was stained with blood.

"I must be calm," he said to himself, as his teeth chattered with fear. "I must have scratched myself." He looked at his hands, and then passed them over his face and throat and chin. Then he laughed out aloud, and the sound seemed to echo in the silence. There was a crimson stain on his fingers. He remembered that he had cut himself shaving that morning. The cut must have been opened somehow. He dabbed his throat with a handkerchief, and saw that the wound was bleeding very freely. Then he tied the handkerchief round his throat and proceeded on his journey.

The light of the lantern, and the fact that he had discovered a simple explanation of a somewhat terrifying incident, filled him with a certain amount of courage, and he even whistled as he walked along the edge of the shore. But as he neared the Black House, and the grim ruin towered up before him in the gloom, the melody of "Annie Laurie" died away into silence.

He placed his goods on the ground, and went on a tour of inspection round the house. The black tarred walls looked particularly hideous and funereal in the light of the lamp. Some of the windows were shuttered with rough deal boards, but others yawned dark and cavernous. Every pane of glass had long since disappeared, and the empty frames were suggestive of skeletons. He hurried past these as quickly as possible, half expecting to see a lean arm thrust out at him, or a pair of malignant eyes glittering above the window-sill.

He had no difficulty in effecting an entrance, for some intrepid thief had removed the door for firewood, and he found himself in a large hall. The floor was covered with plaster from the ceiling, and various bits of *débris* which the wind had carried through the doorway. The scarlet paper hung in tatters from the mildewed wall, and the jagged strips were not unlike pieces of torn flesh. All the doors had disappeared, and on every side the empty doorways seemed the dark and forbidding entrances to further scenes of gloom and desolation.

Half-way across the hall he paused and listened. As the echo of his footsteps died away there was complete silence. On a windy night there must have been noise enough in those doorless and windowless rooms, and the thunderous roar of the sea must have shaken the rotting plaster from the ceiling. But to-night there was not a sound to be heard, not even the scratching of a mouse, nor the flutter of a bat's wings, nor the ticking of a spider in the wainscotting.

"I will sleep upstairs," he said to himself, and he made his way to the foot of the staircase. The cheap wooden balustrade was cracked and broken, and the deal boards creaked as he placed his foot on them. Everything in the place seemed to be made of the commonest material. There was none of the grandeur of decay, none of the worm-eaten oak and fretted stone of a venerable ruin. The house was only twenty years old, and it was mean and ugly, even in death.

(Continued on page 192)

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'Twixt Love and Duty

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Ainley and Miss Irene Vanbrugh in "The Great Conspiracy"

Who play the rôles of Jeanne and Crisenoy—lovers forced by Napoleon to marry each other for political reasons, though Jeanne's husband is actually alive. The test of the rival claims on the woman of love and duty furnishes opportunities for striking dramatic work on the part of the two players concerned

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(Continued from page 190)

He ascended the stairs, and found himself on a large landing. There were doorways on each side, and at the far end a corridor disappearing into darkness. All the doors were closed. He wondered in which of the rooms the suicide had cut his throat; he had heard that it was in one of the bedrooms on the first floor, and he had no wish to spend the night in that particular apartment He walked across the landing and opened the third door on the left.

The room in which he found himself was about 15 ft. square, and though the paper had peeled from the walls, the floor was dry enough. The windows had been boarded up, and looked more cheerful from the inside than if they had been squares of darkness. He set down his rugs, provisions, matches, and candles, and closed the door. There was no key in the lock, but he fashioned some wedges out of a piece of wood, and he hoped they might serve to keep out intruders.

When he had arranged his rugs and pillows so as to form a rough kind of bed, he made a meal off sandwiches and a whisky and soda. Then he lit his pipe and lay down on his couch. He had no intention of going to sleep, and had brought the masterpiece of a well-known humorous writer to occupy his thoughts. But he was tired out by his unwonted exertions, and, in spite of the sparkling wit of the humorist, scarcely ten minutes passed before the book dropped from his fingers, and he was as sound asleep as if he had been in his own comfortable bed.

When he awoke, some three hours later, he found himself in darkness. For a few moments he did not remember where he was; then, as he realised the truth, he broke out in a cold perspiration. He sat bolt upright, and tried to find the matches, and, as he groped wildly in his pockets and on the floor on either side of him, his terror increased. He fancied that he could hear something, that he could even see something moving in the darkness. His heart beat like a sledge-hammer, and there was a singing in his ears as the blood rushed to his head.

It is impossible for those who have never felt a sudden and unreasoning terror in the darkness to realise the agony that he suffered. He lost all control of himself and screamed aloud. Then he went to and fro on his hands and knees, hunting everywhere on the floor for the lost matches, passing them again and again in his frenzy, until he was in such a state of collapse that he would hardly have known a match-box if he had touched it with his fingers. At last he sank down on the boards from sheer exhaustion, and, as he rolled over on his back, his hand closed on the object of his search.

For a few moments he did not move. The mere feel of the wooden box served to calm his mind. Then he heard a sound, and it seemed to come from the floor below. He struck a match, lit a candle, and listened. The sound continued. Someone was moving about among the *débris* of plaster in the hall. In the stillness of the empty house the noise was loud and definite. It was no fancy of an overwrought brain, no mere rustle or whisper of things unseen. He vowed that, if ever he got out of the place alive, he would think twice before marrying the woman who had forced him into it.

He placed the candle in the lantern, and, mixing himself a strong whisky and soda, drained the glass to the last drop. Then he lay down on the couch, and placed the revolver on the floor by his side. The noise had ceased, and he could hear nothing but the beating of his own heart.

But in a few seconds it began again, and this time he heard the creak of boards and the distinct sound of footsteps. Someone was coming up the stairs, very slowly, pausing now and then, but moving steadily nearer to the landing. He kept his eyes fixed on the door, and wondered if the wedges would hold it. Then he laughed deliriously. He knew that nothing would hold it; neither bolts, nor locks, nor bars, could keep out the thing that was coming up the stairs.

Now the footsteps were on the landing; he could distinguish the lighter tread of one who walks on level ground. His heart scarcely seemed to beat as he listened to them. His limbs felt numb and cold. His brain was paralysed with fear. The sound came closer and closer, and paused outside the door.

He clutched the revolver in his nerveless fingers, but seemed unable to raise his hand from the floor. He was like a man in a state of catalepsy, seeing and hearing everything, but powerless to move a limb. The handle of the door turned, and the woodwork seemed to move forward a fraction of an inch. Then a grey mist shrouded the candle-light, and there was darkness.

. . . . .

When he came to his senses, he saw a young woman bending over him. He feebly passed his hands across his eyes, and discovered that his hair and face were dripping with water. He stared at her in a half-dazed fashion.

"Who are you?" he murmured.

For reply she held out a glass of whisky and soda. He took it from her hand and drank greedily.

"Feel better?" she queried. "I'm afraid you're soaked. I squirted the syphon at you."

"I'm much obliged," he replied, sitting up and blinking his eyes. "Whom have I the honour——?"

"My name's Cartwright—Violet Cartwright."

"What are you doing here—in this place?"

"I came to see the ghost. I had heard a lot about it. I am interested in ghosts, but I'm not afraid of them."

"I am," he said, rising to his feet. "And I came here to prove my courage. I have failed."

He felt in his pocket for his handkerchief. Then he remembered that it was still round his neck, and he untied it. The linen was stained with blood.

"I am disappointed in you," she said, looking at the handkerchief. "I thought you were the ghost. As you lay there on the floor, you were just like a dead man with his throat cut. I looked through the keyhole."

"I did it shaving," he said with a nervous laugh. His courage had returned to him now that he had a companion, and he felt a trifle ashamed of himself. Then he looked at the door. One of the hinges had given way, and it hung inwards.

"You must be pretty strong," he said with a smile.

"The woodwork is all rotten," she replied. "I'm

(Continued on page 194.

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In a Crying Part

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Grace Lane

Who, in *The Truth*, Mr. Clyde Fitch's comedy now running at the Comedy, plays the part of the villain's lachrymose and hysterical wife with characteristic success. Miss Lane has now a "Shavian" reputation—*i.e.* she has scored several successes in the recent productions at the Court Theatre

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(*Continued from page 192*)

glad you fainted when you did. You might have fired at me."

He gazed at her in admiration. She was tall and well built, with a handsome, sensible face. She had said nothing to wound his feelings, and he unconsciously compared her to Mona Dixon.

"You are plucky," he said, after a pause. "You must think me a poor sort of creature."

"I'm afraid of cows," she replied with a laugh. "I don't mind ghosts. I am a member of the Psychical Research Society. I thought I'd got hold of a good thing to-night when I saw you lying on the floor. It was a grievous disappointment. Can you spare me some of your food and a drink?"

He hastened to hand her the packet of sandwiches and mix her a whisky and soda. Then he piled up all the rugs and pillows in a heap and pointed to them.

"Please sit down," he said. "I've had my night's rest."

"Thank you," she replied, seating herself on the improvised chair. "I've had a long walk. I came over from Melton. Isn't it jolly having supper here like this? I forgot all about food."

Lennox laughed merrily as he closed the door, and shut out the black square of darkness. The Shadow of Fear passes from weak minds as quickly as it comes over them.

Hour after hour they chatted pleasantly together, first of general subjects, and then, as was naturally to be expected, of themselves. And, when at last the grey dawn filtered through the shuttered window, they seemed more intimate than if they had known each other in the ordinary way for several months.

"I must get back to breakfast," said the girl, looking at her watch. "It's nearly six o'clock. No chance of the ghost turning up now."

"I must stay here till eight," he replied, gloomily. "I've promised, you know."

"Then I'll stay too," she exclaimed, firmly.

At eight o'clock they passed out together into the sunlight, and went their separate ways.

. . . . .

"I've never heard of such a scandalous thing in all my life," said Mona Dixon, as she listened to the story. "The woman must have been absolutely shameless."

"She was kind," he replied simply. "I had suffered a good deal."

"She's hopelessly compromised," the girl continued in a frigid voice. "No one will ever marry her after she's spent a night alone with a man in that place."

"No one will know of it. I don't suppose she will tell anyone."

"I shall tell them," the girl exclaimed fiercely. "It's right that people should know."

"I would not tell anyone if I were you," he replied quietly. She looked at him angrily, but she did not quite grasp the meaning of his words.

In a week's time the story became public property, and Lennox left for London. Mona Dixon wrote to him twice, but received no answer to her letters.

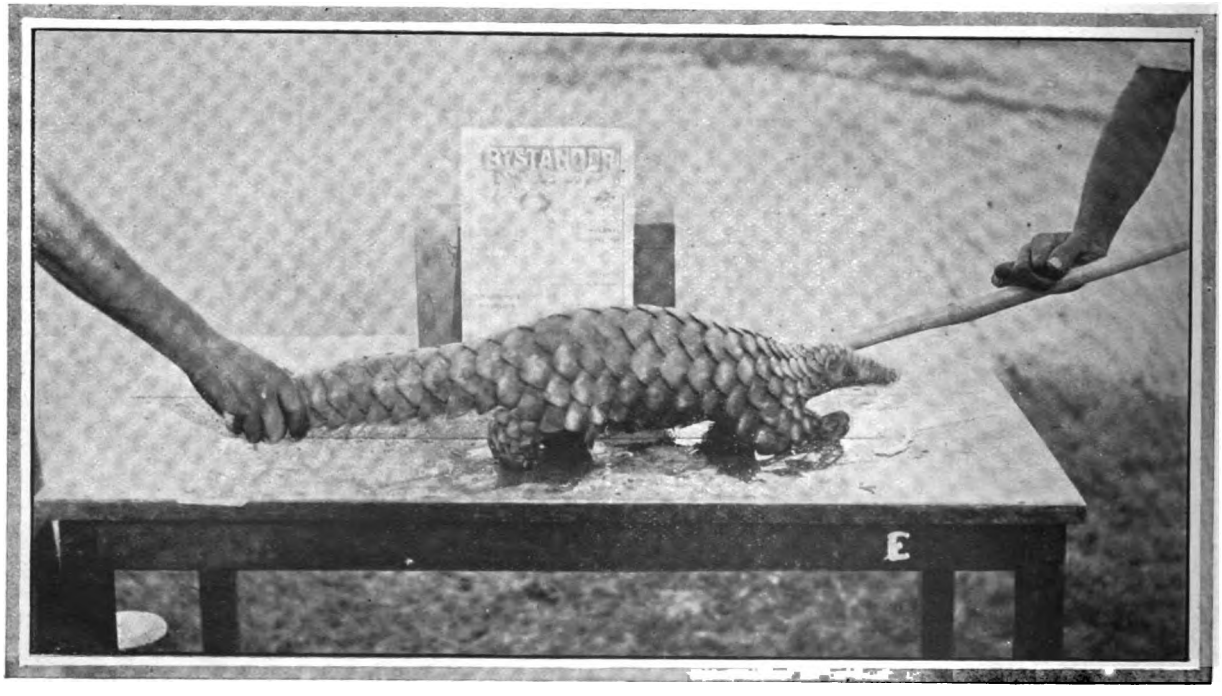
Then, when a month had elapsed, she received the following epistle:—

DEAR MONA,—As I have hopelessly compromised Miss Cartwright, I have offered her the only reparation in my power and she has accepted it. The marriage will take place in three weeks time.—Yours sincerely, HARRY LENNOX.

P.S.—Have you ever read Leigh Hunt's poem about the Glove and the Lions?

J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

A CATCH OF THE SEASON



A Curious Creature Caught by a Reader in India

The sender of this photograph, Mrs. Ennis, Masulipatam, South India, writes: "This strange-looking animal was found on the sea-shore in Masulipatam, South India. The natives said they had never seen one before, and it is probably a species of armadillo. It lives upon insects, and though looking quiet enough in the picture, it will be seen that it required two brawny Indian arms to keep it still on the table whilst the photograph was being taken. It has now been sent to the Madras Zoo"

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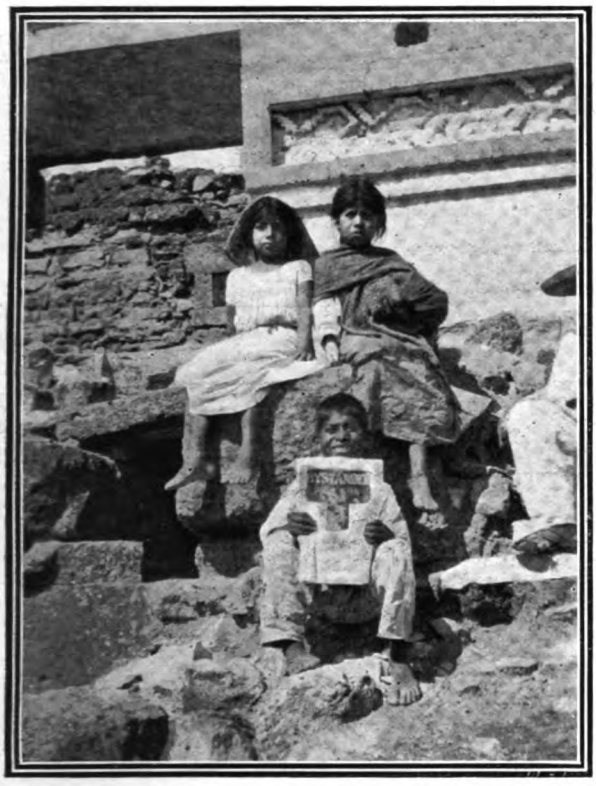
"The Bystander" in Many Lands

(**10s. 6d.** *is paid for each photograph published on this page of readers in out-of-the-way quarters of the world*)

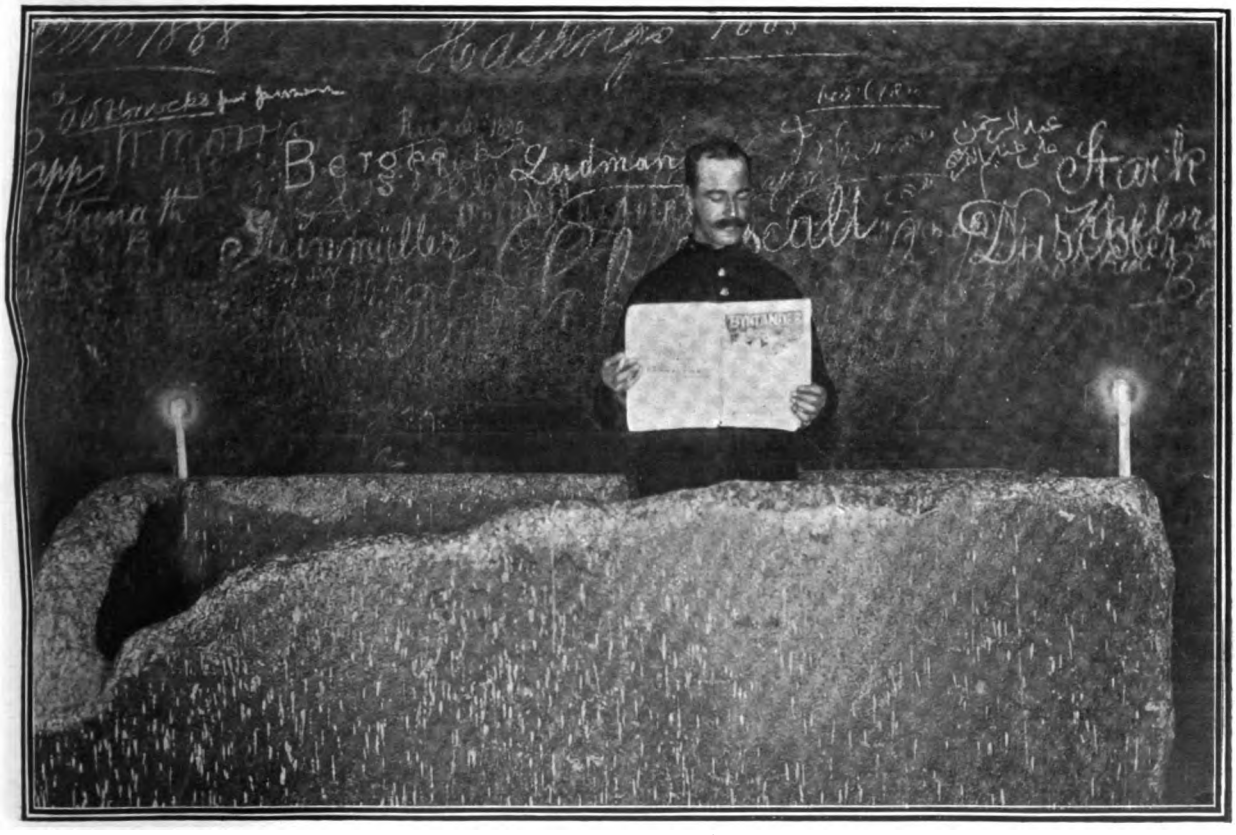


Among the Relics of Ancient Glory

These two little Mexican readers are seated among the ruins of Mitton Ertado, relics of the ancient Aztec civilisation, at Oaxaca, Mexico. Oaxaca, where there is an English colony, has been practically undamaged by the disastrous earthquakes which took place in Mexico last week. Sent by MR. E. H. DAURY, C.E., Apartado, 490. Mexico City, Mexico

"The Bystander" in Bloemfontein

Showing the typical verandah of a South African house. The native woman is a Hottentot, and the two English girls are the daughters of Colonel Hulcatt, R.E. Sent by MRS. HULCATT, Tempé, Bloemfontein, Orange River Colony



Inside the Cheops Pyramid, Egypt

Our reader is standing in a sarcophagus in the King's Chamber, in the centre of the Cheops Pyramid. The photograph, which was, of course, a flashlight one, required fifteen minutes' exposure. It will be seen that even this spot is not held sacred by those personalities who insist on leaving a record of their visits by inscribing their names on the wall. Sent by SERGT. W. H. HOLROYD, Army Pay Offices, Cairo

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By Field, Stream & Covert.

Will the Americans Beat Our Horses?

Interest continues to grow in the coming International Horse Show at Olympia, both at home and abroad, and the entries, which close next week, promise to constitute a record for this country. The majority of the best harness horses in the United Kingdom are certain to be seen in the big show-ring, and though the Americans are coming, as it were, with a rare flourish of trumpets I have an idea that we shall hold our own with their exhibits in this department. I saw Mr. Vanderbilt's horses at Edgware soon after they had landed in England, and must confess to being disappointed in them. Perhaps the way in which they have been boomed and vaunted in the Press led me to expect too much, and it must further be explained that they were not in tip-top order so soon after their Transatlantic voyage. Even making these allowances, my opinion is that the Vanderbilt contingent will not be good enough to beat the best of the home exhibits. However, they are making rapid improvement at Edgware, and by the time the Show comes round will not want for anything in regard to bloom and condition. One of the smartest of Mr. Vanderbilt's pairs are Vanity and Vogue, whose fine action and dash are admirably conveyed by the accompanying photograph. Mr. C. H. Wilson, who has the management of the Vanderbilt stud, is driving them, and in the art of showing off a high-mettled team or a free-actioned pair, he has certainly nothing to learn.

Mr. A. C. Vanderbilt's Show Horses at Exercise
His smart hackneys, Vanity and Vogue, driven by Mr. C. H. Wilson (Mr. Vanderbilt's stud manager), go in great style, and will be formidable competitors at the coming International Horse Show at Olympia

Keen Interest in New York

In New York even more interest is being taken in the details of the approaching Show than in London, and this is due, no doubt, partly to the enthusiastic way in which Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt is working for the success of the affair, and partly to the enterprising and whole-hearted spirit in which Americans enter into anything that savours of International competition. Mr. Vanderbilt reports from New York that much has been done in that city, and is being done, to arouse general interest in the Show, and the American entry is sure to be a strong one all round. Some of the smartest jumpers in the United States will be seen at Olympia, and it is hoped that Mme. Marantette, who rides her own horses, will enter her famous performer, St. Patrick. She recently offered to match St. Patrick for 1,000 dols a side, the bars to be raised from 6 ft. 6 in. for the first jump to 7 ft. 10¼ in., "after that each owner of horses to have the right of raising bars as he sees fit until the money is won." Seeing that there are very few horses in the world who have ever been known to clear more than 7 ft., we doubt whether any opponents will be found for Madame Marantette and her extraordinary jumper; but we should very much like to see them at Olympia.

The Cheshire Difficulty

Few things can be more damaging to the best interests of sport than internal dissensions in a fox-hunting country. With one party divided against another on some momentous question, nothing but mischief can result, and the evil is many times worse when the farmers join issue and take sides against the Hunt. Unhappily, a position of this kind has been created in Cheshire, and unless somebody gives way it is difficult to see how it will be possible satisfactorily to carry on sport in this pleasant hunting district. When the Duke of Westminster agreed, two months ago, to accept the Mastership of the Cheshire Hunt in succession to Mr. Hubert Wilson, the appointment was hailed as admirable throughout hunting circles. All seemed to be well. Followers of hounds in Cheshire were deemed highly fortunate in having secured so influential and important a landowner and so keen a sportsman to take over the command of the country. The Duke expressed his willingness to hunt six days a week, and so the Committee deemed it advisable to reunite the north and south sides of Cheshire, thus making them into one country again. So far as the actual law of hunting is concerned, they had a perfect right to do this, as the South Cheshire district was only loaned to the late Mr. Corbet when the division was made thirty years ago, and it was never intended that the country should remain permanently in twain. What has been wanted was a Master in a position to devote an adequate amount of time and money to covering the entire country, and that

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Wild Duck Shooting in India: A good bag
From Palanpur, India, Lieut.-Colonel G. E. Hyde-Cates sends us this photograph of a good bag of duck, got by him and his brother last January

sportsman has recently been forthcoming in the Duke of Westminster.

Loth to Part With Mr. Corbet

But a difficulty has presented itself. Mr. Reggie Corbet, like his father before him, has provided fine sport in the southern end of the county, and, with the farmers and landowners alike, is immensely popular, having always shown the utmost consideration and courtesy to them. It is thought, therefore, that the Committee's action in reuniting the country, necessitating the abandonment of Mr. Corbet's smart pack, would be detrimental to the interests of South Cheshire. The feeling, originating among the farmers, gradually extended to the land and covert-owners, and at length has become so strong that the Committee can no longer ignore it. Mr. Henry Tollemache, one of the disaffected landowners, asked at a recent meeting what chance the new Master would have of hunting the country when he had the farmers and thirty-seven out of forty covert-owners against him. Certainly, to attempt to proceed under such conditions would be to invite immediate disaster.

The Duke of Westminster's Position

I am sure the Duke of Westminster will be sensible enough not to place the prosperity of hunting in Cheshire in peril. It may be true that the Committee have a perfect legal right to link up the country again, but this is one of those cases where

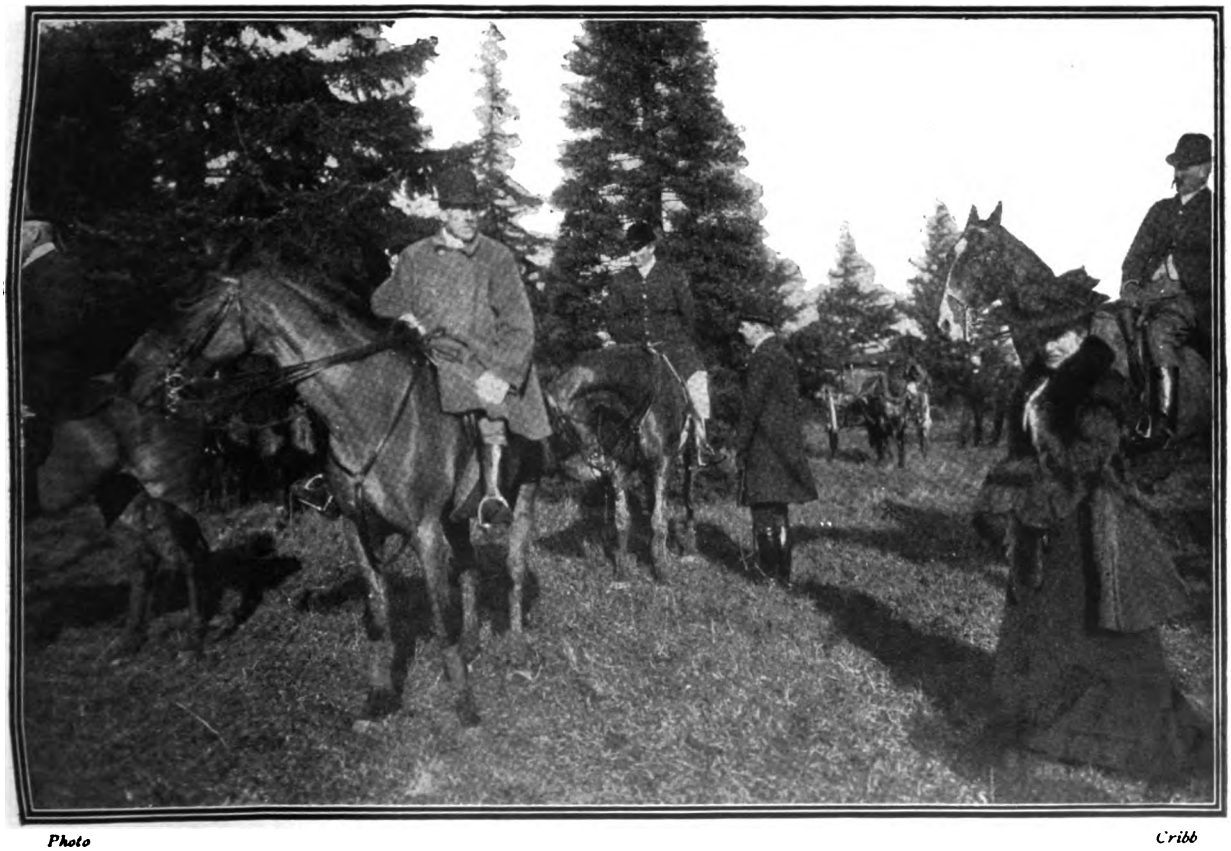

Photo *Cribb*

A Meet of the East Hambledon Hunt: Mr. H. Whalley Tooker the Master (in the background), talking to Sir Frederick Fitz-Wygram

At the end of the season, Mr. H. Whalley Tooker is resigning the Mastership of the East Hambledon Hunt, which is to be reunited with the western side under the Mastership of Captain W. P. Standish. On the right of the picture is standing Lady Fitz-Wygram

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popular feeling must be allowed, for the general good, to override legal considerations. It would be pitiable to see Cheshire as a house divided against itself, and I hope that by the time these pages are printed the Committee will have consented to submit the question to arbitration, or, better still, have agreed upon a compromise acceptable to the farmers in the south. A. W. C.

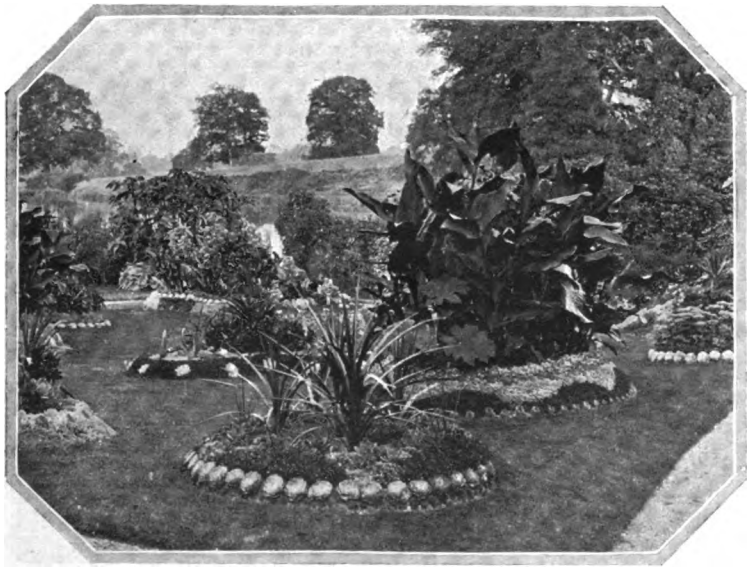
GARDEN NOTES

Cannas for Beds or Pots

Cannas, started in heat, should now be growing strongly. With their large flowers of many shades of red and yellow, and magnificent foliage, they are among the handsomest plants for pots or beds, and give a tropical appearance to the conservatory or the garden. As shown in the photograph, they are planted too close together, a mistake which many gardeners make. It is much better to give each plenty of space to show itself, and to fill up the intervening ground with begonias or other low-growing plants which will harmonise with the cannas and hide the soil. Cannas need a great deal of water; indeed, during their growing period they are almost sub-aquatic in this respect. If, when they are grown in pots under glass, the soil or the atmosphere is kept too dry, they are almost sure to be attacked by red spider, but frequent syringeing and more water applied to the roots will soon rid the plants of this troublesome insect. Fortunately, it is almost the only enemy they have. In rich soil, with occasional applications of liquid manure, they attain a large size during the summer, throwing up flowering shoot after flowering shoot in rapid succession, so they should be planted in large pots or even in tubs. Here, again, a greatly improved effect may be obtained by the use of trailing plants to cover the soil. The height varies, with different varieties, from between two and three feet to five feet, and advantage should be taken of this fact in grouping either in beds or in the conservatory. Of the newer cannas, one of the finest is Roi Humbert, with brown foliage and immense scarlet flowers.

Gladioli to Flower Late

What with sowing, planting, and hoeing, this is a busy time in the garden, but gladioli should not be forgotten, whatever else may be. Some have already been planted, but we cannot have too many of these beautiful flowers, and others should be planted now and at fortnightly intervals until the end of May for a succession. They are seen to the best advantage when grown in beds by themselves, but in large groups they are also very effective at the back of the border. In pots, too, they are very charming, flowering late in summer and well into autumn, when flowers are getting scarce. No race has been more improved by the hybridist. As the result, the original species have been almost entirely replaced by hybrids raised from them. The countless varieties of these are classified under different headings—Gandavensis, Nanceianus, Lemoinei, Childsii, and so forth. It is difficult to choose between them, each has so many valuable qualities, but Childsii is generally considered the finest, the large branching flower-spikes sometimes reaching the height of five feet. When the corms are planted in heavy land some sand should be placed at the bottom of each hole; indeed, this is a good practice in any case, as the sand facilitates the formation of roots, and the sooner the roots are formed—that is to say, the longer the start they are enabled to get in advance of the tops—the stronger the plants are likely to be. It is owing to the neglect of this essential detail in their cultivation that many bulbous plants are spoiled. If they are so managed that tops and roots start simultaneously, the former draw on the bulbs for their food, and the bulbs have no roots, or insufficient roots to keep them supplied, so failure is the inevitable result. H. C. DAVIDSON.



Cannas as Bedding Plants

Cannas, with their large flowers of many shades of red and yellow, are among the handsomest plants for pots and beds. They should not, however, be planted too close together

For Beautiful Lawns

Daisies and other weeds are now becoming unpleasantly conspicuous in the lawn, and unless they are dealt with at once they will soon form large patches. The old-fashioned method was to dig them out with a strong knife, but it was exceedingly laborious, and has now been largely superseded by the use of Lawn-sand. This preparation may be obtained from the Boundary Chemical Company, Ltd., of Luton Street, Liverpool. It is in reality a powerful fertiliser; but being very destructive to any foliage to which it adheres, it burns all the broad, flat leaves on which it rests—those of daisies, dandelions, and plantains, for example—while, if applied in dry weather, it falls off the narrow upright leaves of grass, and consequently does not injure them. If the conditions are favourable, a single application is often sufficient. If necessary, however, it should be repeated at intervals of a month during the summer until the weeds have completely disappeared. The labour involved is small, and if this be taken into consideration, it will be found that the use of Lawn-sand is a much less expensive way of getting rid of weeds than digging them out.

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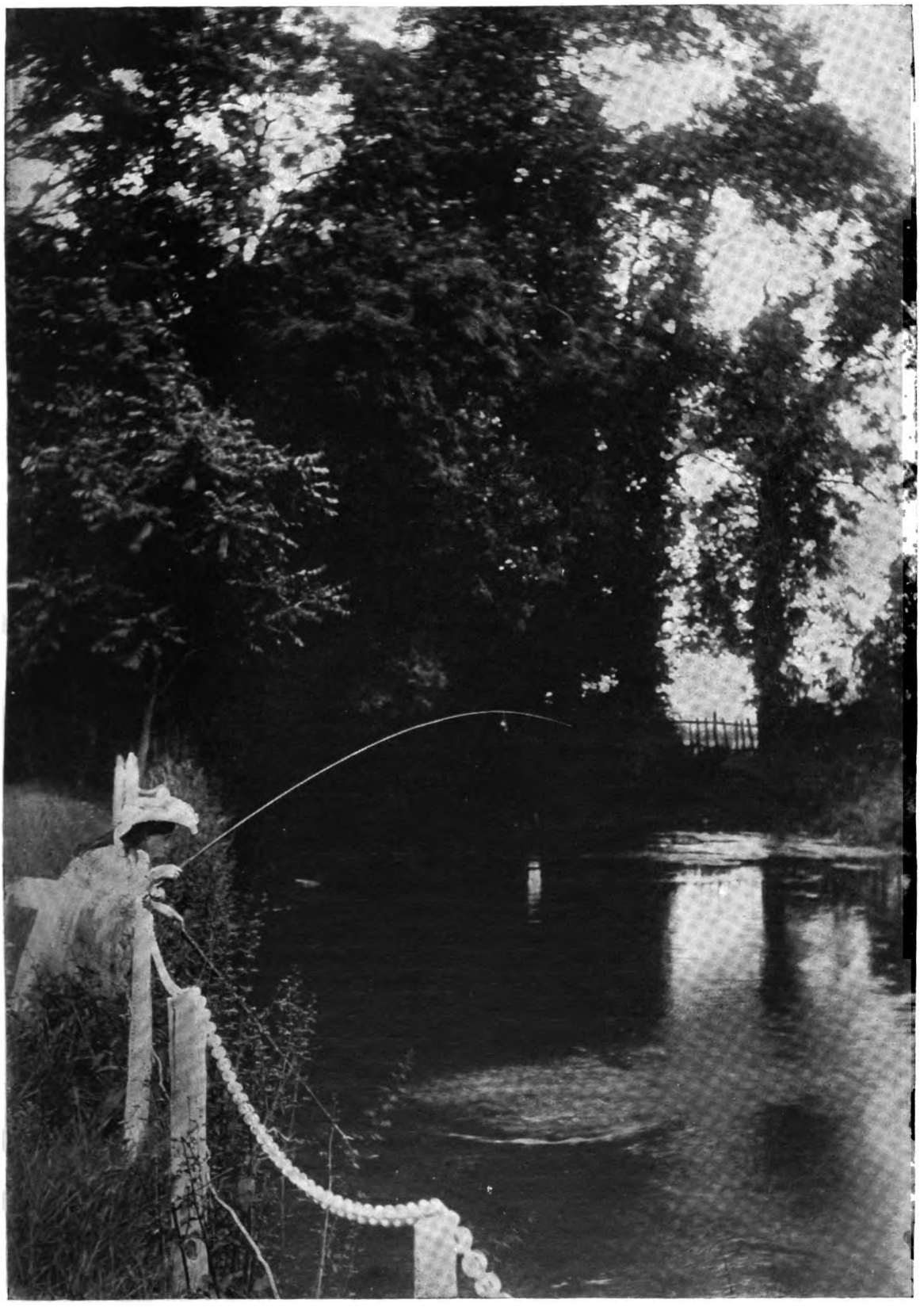
A Fishing Idyll



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ANXIOUS MOMENTS

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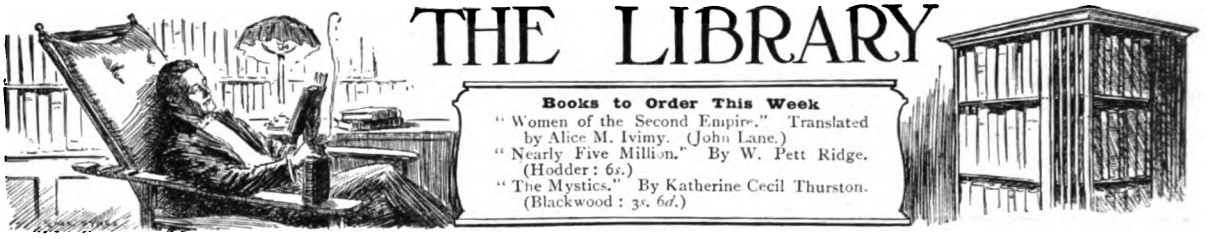

Destructive Mr. Davidson

Mr. John Davidson has, appropriately enough, celebrated his fiftieth birthday, the 11th inst., by the publication of a book—or, rather, a blank-verse play—entitled *The Triumph of Mammon* (E. Grant Richards), in five acts and an epilogue. With contemptible curiosity, I turned first to the epilogue, and at the time of going to press have, for reasons of sheer self-preservation, gone no further. For, in the epilogue, Mr. Davidson makes two statements, which cannot but be taken in alarming conjunction. In the one, he openly confesses that, having

> for half a century survived in a world entirely unfitted for me, and having known both the Heaven and the Hell thereof, and being without a revenue and an army and navy to compel the natives, I begin definitely, in my Testaments, *to destroy this unfit world* and make it over again in my own image, because that cannot be transcended.

Later, having chastised the world for its commercial, economic, and other aberrations, and for its bad taste in pleasure, Mr. Davidson announces that "the imagination of our time is not yet healthy enough, not yet strong enough, not serious enough, not joyful enough, not passionate enough, not great enough." He complains that

> *Godfrida*, *Self's the Man*, *Knight of the Maypole*, and my unpublished Arthurian drama, the likeliest plays written for the English stage in our day, are not produced.

I am bound to say I am not surprised at the reluctance of the managers to produce the plays in question. When a man has promised your death and destruction, you are naturally reluctant to accept anything he may prescribe for your supposed benefit. Hence, theatre managers, being a humane race, are, very naturally, not anxious to run the risk which would be entailed by lending their houses to *Godfrida*, *Self's the Man*, *The Knight of the Maypole*, and the unpublished Arthurian drama. Likewise, being, for the nonce, unrepentantly addicted to the habit of existing, I have paused ere going further with *The Triumph of Mammon*. When, however, a suicidal mood supervenes, it is a weapon that shall have my first refusal.

"The Mystics"

In *The Mystics* (Blackwood: 3s. 6d.) Mrs. Katherine Thurston tells a thrilling story which somehow fails to thrill. I fancy there is a mistake somewhere in the focus of the narrative. She tells of a great religious imposture. John Henderson is the nephew of the founder of a religious sect, "The Mystics," and acts as private secretary to his uncle. On that gentleman's death, John discovers, to his horror, that, instead of bequeathing his wealth to him, his uncle has left it to the brotherhood, as the endowment of the "Prophet who shall come," believed in by them. John, a somewhat mercenary young man, reconciles it with his conscience to personate the said prophet, with an eye to his heritage, and to bamboozle the Mystics. In time, however, falling in love with a fair worshipper, he confesses his imposture — at first to the disgust of the beloved one, but finally to her forgiveness. Obviously, here is a theme which should have thrilled, and yet it fails to do so. The reason of the failure, if I may say so, is that we follow the plot, from beginning to end, behind the scenes of the "Mystic" movement. We are with John Henderson from the first; we know him to be an impostor from the first. When his *débâcle* supervenes we are unable to be thrilled because we expect it too definitely, and we are unable to sympathise with him because his *human* nature has not been properly thrown into play. To thrill us, the action of the story should have shifted, after the uncle's death and John's decision, to the "Mystics" themselves in their private lives, especially to the heroine in her workaday rôle. We should have witnessed the arrival of the "Prophet" from their coign of vantage, and then we should in due course have been thrilled to exhaustion by the scene in which his imposture is discovered. As it is, we see only Henderson's side of the business, knowing nothing of the individual "Mystics," or of the personality of the heroine, and as the hero does not arouse definite sympathy, the story fails to allure. And yet, withal, it is not an unreadable volume. But, then, nothing of Mrs. Thurston's could be exactly that, for she has charm and distinction, and a vivid imagination.

Fair Femininity

Women of the Second Empire! What a galaxy of beauty, what a *monde* of elegance, what a coruscation of wit is suggested by the phrase! It makes one proud of one's period, almost, to be able to claim even that it followed one so fair in its femininity as was the Second Empire. Of the Empress Eugénie much has recently been written, and but a few weeks ago I dealt with Miss Jane T. Stoddart's life of that lady. Setting her aside, however, we have, for instance, first the Castiglione, the Imperial Pompadour, "born too beautiful"—the envy of all Europe, the woman who, perhaps, made as much history for her age as even Cavour, Bismarck, or the "Man of Destiny" himself. For a woman to be able to say more than, as Castiglione could say, that she "made Italy free and saved the Papacy," were, indeed, impossible; and this was the thing that was accomplished by this unofficial Ambassador to Paris of the ambitious Savoyards. And, then, the fine tragedy of the wane of the beauteous Florentine. She even faded magnificently. Rather than that her enemies should triumph over the passing of her beauty, she retired in supreme pride—to be seen by

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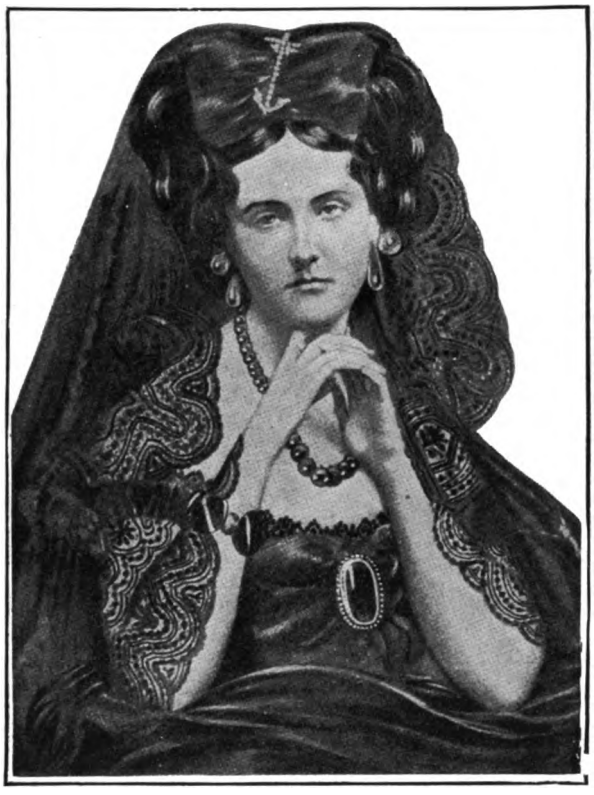
nobody, not even herself, for she banished mirrors, and shut out the sunlight, sooner than read, in her own face, the tragedy of time. What a reflection is here contained on the world's belief that beauty is any form of good fortune to its owner, seeing how hideous is the possessor's punishment for the loss of it. In splendid contrast—to the detriment, in the long run, of the beauty—is the case of Pauline de Metternich, of whom the Viennese were wont to sing, "There is but one Kaiserstadt, and that is Vienna; one princess, and that the Metternich." Pauline's triumph was that of the wit, of the diplomate, of the patron of art and music—who brought Wagner to Paris with horrible results, and who—*discovered Worth!* In greater contrast still is the Countess Walewska, wife of the natural son of Napoleon I., the woman with the multitude of lovers, whom, by superb art, she retained, and converted into friends—the woman of the silent wit, who did not utter *bons mots*, but, nevertheless, meant them. The book (published by Mr. John Lane) is infinitely worth reading, especially to students of real-life romance, is translated from Frédéric Loliée's Court Chronicles, by Miss Alice M. Ivimy, and has fifty-one illustrations, one of which is reproduced herewith.



"Born Too Beautiful"

The Countess de Castiglione, the fair Florentine, who "pleaded the cause of Italy to Napoleon III." Her life-story is related in "Women of the Second Empire"

(Reproduced from "Women of the Second Empire" by courtesy of John Lane)

Hungary: A Dry Compilation

The recent visit of the Eighty Club to Budapest, which attracted not very friendly criticism on the Continent because of the seeming association of British Liberalism with the Hungarian Separatists, at the time in conflict with the Austrian Government, has been done into book form. *Hungary: Its People, Places, and Politics* (Fisher Unwin) is the scarcely justified title of the volume (which is handsomely illustrated by photographs), for it consists in the main of descriptions of the entertainment programme of the guests and their speeches rather than of any valuable personal observations on Magyar life and character. To tell the truth, so unimaginative is the volume, and so devoid of any picturesque description or impression, that it rather constitutes a criticism in itself of the criticised visit. Obviously, politics, not pleasure, was the motive of the pilgrimage, or surely something more interesting could have been given than this official record, which is strangely dry—considering the number and quality of the banquets attended by the Clubmen.

The Narration of Nothing

A little story which has no specific plot, but which has, nevertheless, a charming sequence of scene and character, is Mr. Pett Ridge's "Capture of Town," the first of the three parts of *Nearly Five Million* (Hodder: 6*s*.). It traces the life of a modern London man through his boyhood in the 'seventies, his youth in the 'eighties, his manhood in the 'nineties, to the present decade. Nothing specially happens, save that the man makes a sort of name, and gets married, and has a son. He lives all the time in London—much as many a hundred thousand others live—and neither says nor does anything in particular. The chief charm lies in the underlying suggestion of "growing older," which is contained in the interpolated references to current events in historical sequence — to Tichborne, "Peace With Honour," Tel-el-Kebir, the Jubilee, Kitchener, and so on—an obvious enough device, which, nevertheless, produces excellently the effect of the passage of years. To few writers is given Mr. Pett Ridge's privilege of being allowed to write stories which narrate nothing—which is fortunate, for very few indeed could exercise it with a hundredth part of his art and subtlety.

"The Rapid"—R.I.P.

I suppose a wealthy publishing firm is at liberty to do as it likes with its own, but regret seems pretty general at the unhappy fate which has overtaken the *Rapid Review*. As an impartial survey of the month's doings and sayings, served up in attractive style, the review filled a valuable place in modern journalism. It has now been changed from a review into a magazine of miscellaneous "articles, stories, and poems." Its contents are bright enough and racy enough—but have not Messrs. Pearson and their rival firms already explored, to its uttermost recesses, the public which requires this sort of thing? It does not concern anybody, of course, whether they run a hundred publications on these easy and familiar lines, if they find it profitable. It is a pity, however, that, in starting another of them, they should have killed their one and only "review"—a periodical which one would have thought so prosperous a firm could well have decided to run, even at a loss, for the "honour of the house."

VIVIAN CARTER.

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Golf Notes and Notions

The St. George's Club Easter Meeting

(*Continued*)

The play of the week showed that the most likely back-markers, viz., Messrs. Horace Hutchinson, S. Mure Fergusson, and C. K. Hutchison were all in fine form. The latter player returned identical scores of 77 on the two medal days, tying on the first day with Mr. Hutchinson, who, however, lost on the second day's play by returning a score of 82. Mr. Mure Fergusson was close up to Mr. Hutchison with two scores of 78 and 79. Being engaged myself in the arduous task of flogging the ball over the giant hazards of the course, I was unable to see anything of the play of the great men. But the figures recorded above speak for themselves, and show that these three players are in fine fettle, and must be seriously reckoned with in computing the destination of this year's Amateur Championship. I did have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Mure Fergusson play in the foursome competition, being drawn with my partner against him and his partner, Mr. Speed, a somewhat over-handicapped player of great driving power and considerable proficiency in the short game, if somewhat nervous in pinching times. Mr. Fergusson has lost none of his powers, and seeing him play so well made me regret once more his absence from Hoylake last year, and makes me express my earnest hope that we shall see him in the ranks of the fighters this year at St. Andrews. Unfortunately, he has been unable to find anything to take the place of rubber grips in his affections, and he is, therefore, dependent on dry weather for the exhibition of his best powers. Otherwise, his magnificent nerve and dogged determination, coupled with his great command of all departments of the game, make him as formidable a competitor as ever.

Golfing Cricketers: G. W. Hillyard (Leicester) approaching the third hole

In the semi-final round of the Cricketers' Inter-County Golf Tournament, played at Sunningdale, Leicester, represented by G. W. Hillyard and H. H. Marriott, beat Yorkshire (the Hon. F. S. Jackson and Ernest Smith) by one hole. In the final round Leicester beat Kent by two up and one to play

The Foursome Competition

The foursome competition ended in the victory of two long-handicap men, Messrs. Lyall and Leach, who defeated Messrs. W. D. Bovill and C. M. Smith in the final. Their hardest fight took place against Messrs. Mure Fergusson and Speed. This match went to the twentieth hole. I saw these two holes of the match, and most thrilling they were. Receiving a stroke at the nineteenth, Messrs. Leach and Lyall managed to do the hole in seven. Mr. Speed drove his partner into the rough with a pulled ball, and Mr. Mure Fergusson hit a fine long shot into the pot-bunker on the right short of the one guarding the green. Out of this his partner only just got, and in the result Mr. Fergusson had to hole a putt of four yards at least for the first half, Mr. Lyall answering like a man with a four-footer.

A Critical Juncture

It looked all over for the little men when Mr. Fergusson got away a magnificent tee shot at the twentieth hole, which ran through the furthest pot-bunkers on the left, and lay beautifully for his partner's approach-shot to the green. Mr. Leach, nothing daunted, put his partner short of the big bunker, whence Mr. Lyall sent the ball to the furthest rough fringe short of the green. Mr. Speed's shot was short and rolled down to the left. Mr. Leach, with a "Musselburgh tap" of his wooden putter, put his partner within two yards of the hole, Mr. Fergusson answering with an even better shot, which lay about four feet from the hole. Mr. Lyall holed without much hesitation, and Mr. Speed lost the match by slightly pulling his putt. So ended a Homeric struggle which, as it turned out, practically decided the destination of the Sidgwick Cup for the year. The arrangements for the meeting were in the able hands of Mr. Ryder Richardson, the beau-ideal of a golf secretary.

The Late Hon. Algernon Grosvenor

I cannot close this article without a short reference to the sudden death of the Hon. Algernon Grosvenor, which occurred in London just before the meeting commenced, and so threw a gloom over the proceedings. Mr. Grosvenor was a familiar and beloved figure on the Sandwich links. Many a delightful match have I had with him. He was a fine player, close to the scratch mark, and wherever he played made hosts of friends. I take this opportunity of tendering my deepest sympathy to his relatives and friends on the loss of one of the kindest, most amiable, and lovable men it has been my good fortune to meet.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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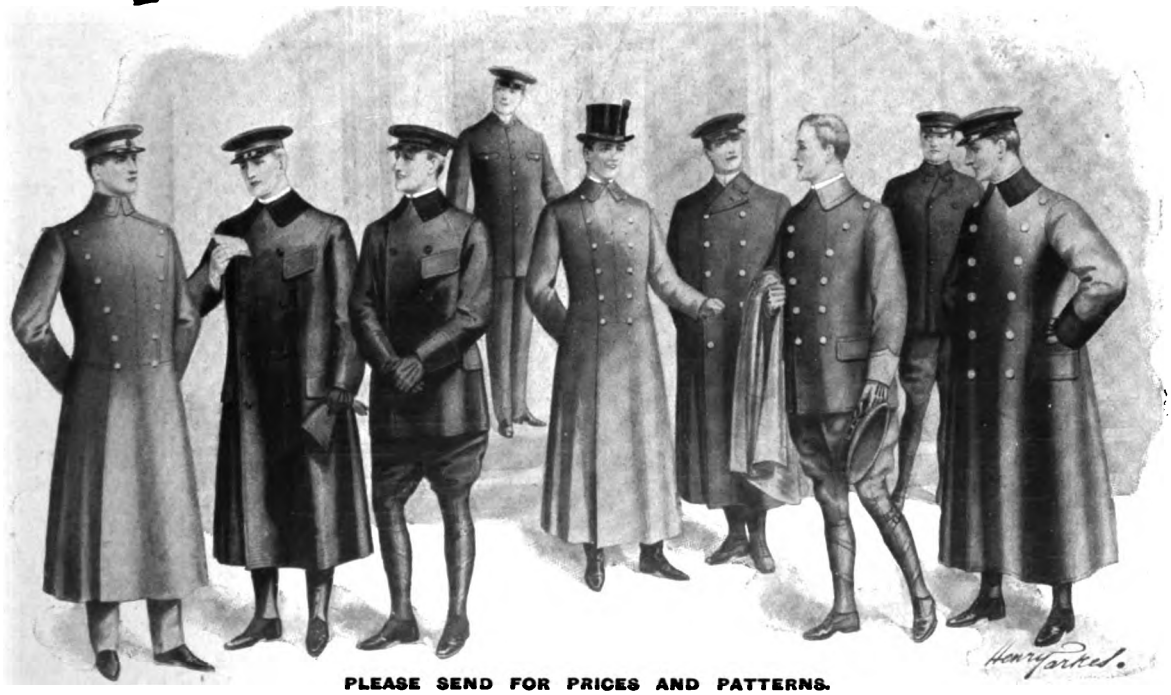

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RACING NOTIONS

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN. By "CARBINE"

Slieve Gallion's Good Form

"There goes the Derby winner," cried an enthusiast as Slieve Gallion cantered away with the Craven Stakes in effortless fashion last week. Certainly the performance was most impressive, and if the colt is really a non-stayer, there was nothing to show it this time. The gigantic Olympian is not yet fit, and there was nothing else in the race capable of extending Slieve Gallion. Right away from the bushes he had the race in hand, and all were agreed that this was a most satisfactory trial for him in view of the coming classic races. There will, of course, be stronger opposition to tackle in the Two Thousand Guineas on May 1. All Black, who has been backed for the Derby; Bezonian, who came very creditably out of a trial with Traquair the other day, and is likely to be Lord Rosebery's best three-year-old; Dusty Miller, who quite stylishly won his first race for the Duke of Westminster last week; and Simon Square, who is said to have improved—all these will be at the post for the Two Thousand, so it will be by no means a one-horse race.

The Derby Favourite: Slieve Gallion (Higgs up)
Captain Greer's colt, Slieve Gallion, last week won the Craven Stakes at Newmarket

The Two Thousand Guineas

It is also hoped that the King's colours will be seen in next week's classic race. Of the much-talked-of Perambulator one knows nothing definite, save that he is backward and wants time, and if His Majesty is represented it will probably be by Slim Lad, who has not won a race, but showed very promising form several times last year. I see that Slim Lad has a prior engagement at Sandown Park this week, and he looks like winning it. The success of the two-year-old Pearl of the Loch in the Royal colours was naturally very popular at Newmarket, and we all hope that this was the forerunner of many triumphs for the King this season, for latterly His Majesty's horses have been very poor. Marsh's stable, indeed, has scarcely maintained its reputation, but the Egerton House trainer, I am told, has a good lot of young horses this year, and for the Two Thousand he can choose between the King's pair and several belonging to Lord Wolverton. Acclaim will probably represent the Duke of Devonshire, and he has the merit of recent winning form; while Mr. "Billy" Bass can run his colt Stickup, who we saw to advantage at Newbury. Altogether it will be by no means an uninteresting Two Thousand; but I have complete confidence in **Slieve Gallion**, to whom Dusty Miller and Bezonian are next best.

The Derby: A Likely Outsider

As for the Derby, on June 5, I am not altogether so sure of Slieve Gallion, because the extra half mile may mean a lot to a colt whose stamina is not altogether beyond question. At the same time, I do not at present see anything likely to beat Captain Greer's colt over the Epsom course, which is usually favourable to speedy horses, and ought to suit him. On last season's form, Galvani will be his most dangerous antagonist, and Woodwinder, of course, must not be overlooked; but unless something occurs to cause me to change my opinion, **Slieve Gallion** will certainly be my Derby selection, though Orby, as an outsider, I fancy as likely to bring off a surprise.

What Will Win the "City"?

Instead of spoiling the City and Suburban, as some vowed would be the case, the Newbury Cup has added to the interest of the Epsom race. At one time Dean Swift looked like becoming a red-hot favourite, and we were wondering whether it would be possible to back him at all; but the Newbury meeting brought two new candidates strongly before us in Dalkeith and Larino, and it is quite possible that either of them, or both of them, may finish better favourites than Dean Swift. Nor will these three be the only ones backed, for the best of Alec Taylor's four is sure to have a strong following; and Fra Diavolo will likewise have his share of friends. The great question is whether Dalkeith could really have beaten Larino more easily than he did. If he had nothing in hand, then the 10 lb. penalty which the Waler has incurred ought to turn the scale in favour of Mr. Lionel Robinson's colt. It is said that little Wootton may not be able to do justice to his mount, but I know of no better rider at the weight. My selection, therefore, is **Larino**, and I think that Dalkeith and Dean Swift will be the best of the others. The Hyde Park Plate may be won by **Moët**.

At Sandown Park

For the Esher Plate this week, Donna Caterina, Acclaim, and several others are certain to be strongly fancied, but personally I should choose **Lowland Lord**, who is also engaged for the Tudor Plate on the following day, and, in the event of his absence, I would take Donna Caterina. The Stud Produce Stakes on Friday may be won by **Pendule**.

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Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Pekin to Paris Race

The Pekin to Paris race, which starts from Pekin on June 10, will easily eclipse any feat of endurance which motorists have hitherto essayed. It simply bristles with possibilities, for most of the route lies through vast tracts which have never yet seen a motor, and are inhabited by peoples who will look upon the "foreign devils" with no friendly eye. The course lies through Mongolia, the Desert of Gobi, through the Ural Mountains, and thence, *viâ* Moscow, Posen, Berlin, and Cologne, to Paris. Everything, short of building roads, that the Government of the Tsar can do to facilitate progress is being arranged. Cars and supplies for the chauffeurs are to be exempt from Customs duties, while the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg is informed that free passages will be granted on the Trans-Siberian railroads to the drivers. The distance on paper is 6,200 miles, but, considering that over a great part of the race there is nothing which could, even allowing every latitude, be called a road, and that, even where there are "roads," they are simply heavy tracks, wallowing, at this season, in mire and mud, any cars which land safe and sound at Paris will have accomplished a feat indeed.

Photo *Abeniacar*

Prince Scipio Borghese

The Italian competitor in the Pekin-Paris Motor Race

* * *

A Trying Route

Probably the petrol will present the greatest difficulty, though the tyres will cause anxiety to those who break down thousands of miles from any repair-shop. The competitors will need, on an average, about 500 gallons of petrol. Among the eighteen competitors are two tricars, and the photograph I publish of the De Dion will give an indication of the paraphernalia intending competitors will need to carry. No British cars have entered, which is to be regretted, considering the sporting nature of the race. On the other hand, a scion of the noble Roman family of Borghese—Prince Scipio—has entered an Italian car, and has already started *en route* to Pekin. He is going to make a bold bid for victory. With him sailed, a fortnight ago, several other competitors, and the remainder will travel *viâ* the Trans-Siberian Railway route. There is an idea, says the *Standard*, that the cars might beat the railway, but since the fastest time recorded of a journey between Paris and Pekin has been about twelve days, it would mean over 500 miles a day, or an average of 21 miles an hour day and night, excluding stoppages. Such a feat would be next to impossible, even if the roads were good. If any competitor finishes up on the right side of thirty days it will be a great achievement; but I expect few of the competitors will have much further inclination for the race by the time they have lost their way a few times in the Gobi Desert. It is a sporting race in every way.

Learn to understand a Motor before you buy one, then you are not in the hands of Chauffeurs or Dealers. Special private lessons for Ladies or Gentlemen.—HANOVER MOTOR INSTITUTE, 6E, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

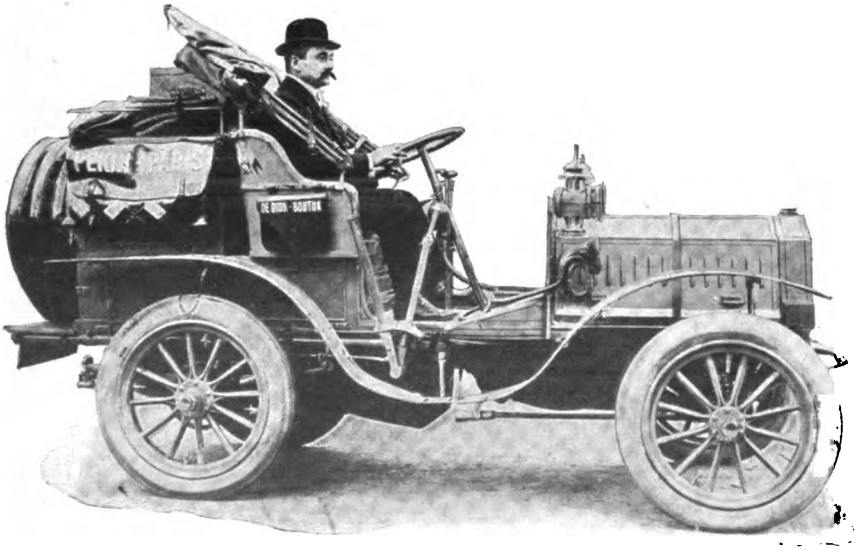

Photo *Topical Agency*

Pekin to Paris by Motor: The De Dion car which is competing

This car will be driven by Cormier in the race from Pekin to Paris, which starts on June 10. The car which overcomes the difficulties of a route across Mongolia, the Desert of Gobi, and the Ural Mountains, will have undergone a reliability trial worthy of the name

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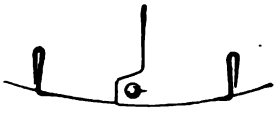

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It should be attached to the collar after the Tie has been tied up, as it is easily slipped on underneath. This enables the Tie to be tied up with freedom, and in a natural, easy, unhampered manner, which most retainers prevent.

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Let us suggest one or two questions you might ask yourself before you decide on your purchase.

FIRST: What is the record of the car?

SECOND: Is it absolutely reliable in every way?

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These are questions which you must ask yourself, and all of which must be answered satisfactorily before you purchase your car for this season.

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London to Monte Carlo

Against the imagination shown in the originators of the Pekin-Paris Race stands the continual efforts of the British manufacturers to break the record to Monte Carlo. The six-cylinder Napier car started from London a week ago, and reached Monte Carlo in 33 hr. 33 min., timed from the premises of the Royal Automobile Club onwards. Mr. Claude Johnson, alluding to this performance in a letter to me, contends that if a tour of this nature is a record of consistent travel at a high average speed, the only interesting part of the journey is that between the North and the South Coasts of France, as no competitor can hasten in the journey across the Channel or attempt any high speed between London and Folkestone. The distance from Boulogne to Monte Carlo is 771 miles, and the time the six-cylinder Napier took for this part of the journey was 28 hr. 21 min. The Hon. C. S. Rolls, travelling on a Rolls-Royce (Mr. Johnson reminds me), occupied 28 hr. 14 min. on the same journey. I think most people will agree with the view of Mr. Johnson, that an attempt to make a record between London and Monte Carlo should not be dependent on the luck of a Channel crossing or the fortune of evading police-traps, and under these circumstances the real run is from Boulogne onwards. The Napier car's time, however, was very excellent, because from Boulogne until past Lyons a blinding rainstorm interfered with the progress of the car, while it had two other mishaps — the bursting of a front tyre at Avignon, and being stopped at Cannes by *gendarmes*. The Dunlops, with which the car was fitted, acted splendidly, for on the roads traversed none but the strongest tyres would have had a look in.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XXIII.: Mr. Harvey Du Cros, Jun.

Like his distinguished father, the Member for Hastings, Mr. Harvey Du Cros the younger is an enthusiastic and all-round sportsman. One of the six sons of a gentleman who held, in his juvenile days, three championships — cycling, boxing, and fencing—it was but natural that the subject of this week's Car-icature should follow in his father's footsteps. An intrepid and skilful driver, "Harvey Junior," as he is familiarly known, has taken a prominent part in many competitions; and, a year or two ago, achieved the remarkable feat of driving one of his little Swift cars to the summit of Snowdon while yet the winter snows lay thickly upon the sides of that lofty mountain peak. At Blackpool, Brighton, Bexhill, and, in fact, wherever motorists most do congregate, Mr. Du Cros's genial good-fellowship and ready wit—his family hails from the Emerald Isle—are always greatly appreciated, for he is as genuinely popular on the sporting track as in his clubs in Town. A keen man of business, "Harvey Junior" knows how to work and how to play to the best advantage, and he is a director of three motor concerns, the Du Cros-Mercédès—which directs the destinies of the famous Cannstadt products—the Austin, and also the Swift Companies.

D. M.

Car-icature—No. XXIII: Mr. Harvey Du Cros, Jun.
The director of several motor concerns, including the Du Cros-Mercédès, the Austin, and the Swift, he is an intrepid driver, and a familiar figure at all the chief automobile meetings. He is one of the six sons of the Member for Hastings
(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

* * *

Miscellanea

The Humber Company have just published a very fine catalogue of their cars, giving most interesting particulars regarding these splendid British motors. Any reader can obtain a copy by sending a post-card to the Humber Works, Beeston, Notts, mentioning THE BYSTANDER.

Mr. Kenneth Durward, the well-known Conduit Street tailor, has sent me a most charmingly got-up booklet of his latest designs for ladies' and gentlemen's motor wear. All his goods are noted for the stylishness of their cut, though the figure asked is always most moderate. A copy of this attractive brochure will be sent to any reader mentioning this paper.

The Rudge-Whitworth Bicycle

The latest activity of Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., has been the opening of their magnificent new works at Coventry. This company, by the way, can trace its origin from the very early days of the cycle history, namely, from Dan Rudge, who began to make cycles in Wolverhampton in 1869. To Rudge, also, cyclists all over the world are indebted for the invention of ball-bearings. It was not till 1894, however, that the Company, in its present form, came into being, but during the thirteen years of its existence it has made the name of Rudge-Whitworth the hall-mark of the cycle world. The Rudge-Whitworth Company have also been the pioneers in the cheapening of bicycles, both in 1898, when the Standard Rudge was for the first time catalogued at 10 guineas, and also in November, 1904, when the "Crescent" Rudge, price £6 15s., was put on the market. But to return to the present state of affairs in this remarkable firm. The new buildings have a floor-area of 3½ acres; and an idea of the capacity of the output can be gathered from the fact that, in the busiest part of the season, the output is 1,000 machines a day. From the Editor downwards, I think I may safely say that all on this paper ride Rudges, and no praise can be too high for their stability and ease of running, while every machine is accompanied by a ten years' guarantee.

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Letters from Celebrities.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET ON NERVOUSNESS.

"INDUSTRIAL FARM COLONY,
"DUXHURST,
"*April*, 1907.

DEAR FRIEND,

"Your letter is one of many which I constantly receive begging me to tell of something which can help to restore tired nerves and over-worn strength, and you ask me to do so because I come into contact with so many who, for these very reasons, fail in the race of life, having sought the wrong remedy for such loss of nerve-power.

"The description which you give me of your difficulty scarcely varies from that of which I am so often told. Work has become a drudgery, and life a heavy thing. You tell me that you go to bed feeling tired, and that you wake in the morning almost equally tired, that your food is distasteful to you, and that little things which used to sit lightly upon you have become heavy burdens; that even pleasure is toil. I know you have worked hard through many years, and have had much mental strain. This may, in a measure, account for your weakness, which is not brought about by any condition of actual disease, but which seems to arise from an even greater trouble—namely, that your nerve-force is seriously overspent.

"It is important to understand that, in these days of worry and over-excitement, the over-work, mental and physical, to which most of us are subject, calls forth an undue expenditure of strength, and that, to recuperate the vigour we have lost, we must consider what sort of food or remedy we require.

"Of course, the whole question of proper nourishment requires much thought and experience. Many forms of food and many restoratives are recommended; but, having had to do with a great many people who have impaired their digestive organs, and whose nerve-power has been seriously undermined, I do not think that I have come across anything which I believe a more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen. I do not know if you have tried it; but it seems to me, under the conditions such as you have described, an ideal preparation, because it provides a valuable tonic-food in the most suitable form. It consists, I believe, in the nourishing element of pure cows' milk, incorporated with which is a special nerve-tonic containing phosphorus. It has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, and gives tone to exhausted tissues, to a surprising extent. The feeblest system and the poorest digestive organs are able to assimilate it, when they can really touch little else. I am strongly of opinion that you cannot do better than begin a course of Sanatogen if you wish to regain your strength.

"Sanatogen, undoubtedly, restores sleep and invigorates the nerves, and it braces the patient to health, for I have noticed that with the restoration of the digestive organs the mind becomes more quickly active, and work, both mental and physical, becomes more easy, and the freshness and keenness which such people have lost, apparently altogether, return gradually, and bring with them an enjoyment of life, and a feeling of hopefulness, not hitherto experienced.

"When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the invigorated nerves are braced to a more healthy tone, and the whole human machinery is made fit for exercise and work, and for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner. . . . . .

Isabell Somerset"

The above is an abstract from a letter addressed by Lady Henry Somerset to an intimate friend. In view of the public interest associated with the subject, the recipient has obtained her ladyship's gracious permission to make the contents widely known. Additional information on the same subject may be obtained from the Sanatogen Company, 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in packets, at 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., 5s., and 9s. 6d.

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The "Peel" Wing Easy Chair.
Luxurious double sprung seat, upholstered in best manner in Tapestry .. £4 : 10 : 0

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ON A DAIMLER CAR.

"Boulogne to Monte Carlo,
Monte Carlo to Biarritz,
Biarritz to Paris and Boulogne
WITHOUT A PUNCTURE."

Cheltenham, April 17, 1907, *signed I. N. H.*

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

I have such an embarrassment of riches in the shape of shop interests this week, that I must get to them right away—to use an Americanism—otherwise what I have to say will be shorn of half its conviction by a ruthless editorial pencil, who will cut out all my beautiful adjectives, and generally reduce me to a dull, dead level of grey statements—a position I very much object to occupy, more particularly when I have something really worthy to relate. Now, it may not be universally known, but one of the first places that every well-dressed American woman visits on setting foot in London is

Messrs. H. J. Nicoll, 114, Regent Street

And the reason for this is as plain as the nose on your face. She wants the best English-built costume procurable; and there is world-wide evidence that this is an assured possession at Messrs. Nicoll's, where a reputation second to none in the land is loyally maintained. Of late years, the firm have found it necessary to vary, or rather extend, the character of their business; and to-day the range runs from the simplest, most severe type of knockabout suit to the tailoring that one must, for lack of better, term *habillée*. And, quite within recent date, a determined demand has served to inaugurate a department, worked purely on modistic lines, and which from the very first scored a success that is never inseparable from excellence.

Our first picture relates to a model annexed from this dress-making corner of the big house, worked up in one of the novel all-over patterned foulards in navy and white, the skirt laid in flat, close pleats about the hips, and stitched down at intervals for a space; while at the hem there is introduced a fold of the finest possible navy face-cloth, above which a fancy strapping of the same simulates a certain *tablier* appearance that is highly effective. Surmounting this skirt is the favourite kimono bolero, ornamented with bumpy, square oxidised buttons, together with a little Irish lace collar and long cravat ends of navy taffeta that conclude with a tassel. But the surprise lies inside, where a lining of *plissé* navy chiffon, stitched with lines of white blonde lace insertion, rather induces the desire to turn the affair inside out.

An Attractive Spring Model
(Sketched at H. J. Nicoll's by Dorothy Millar)

With another perfectly dear little blue-and-white striped voile, a very pronounced blue taffeta kimono bolero is worn, trimmed fine black silk braid and the most knowing little touch of rose silk and gold cord.

Simply an ideal travelling, seaside, or country morning gown tells its story in striped grey alpaca, the long-shoulder, wide-armhole blouse, cut into a tiny round *décolletage* over a fine tucked *chemisette* of the alpaca, relieved by a smart knotted green satin tie. Then there are any number of exclusive French models of more extravagant novelty, notably an apricot *marquisette*, the skirt strapped in a deep key pattern with cloth the same shade, a *negligée* little stole corsage being ingeniously devised with the cloth, *filet* lace, and tempering touches of ivory and gold *dentelle*.

To the persistency of our American sisters, moreover, is largely due the fact of

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Silk Moirette Skirt-Frill, best quality, excellent cut; falls well. In Black, White, Navy, Sky, Mauve, Grey, Green, Violet, or in any special colour to order,

8/11

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE

VERE STREET and OXFORD STREET, W.

Free Delivery throughout the United Kingdom.

Smart pleated-net Skirt-Frill; well cut.
White or Black ground, trimmed White, Black, Sky, Mauve, or Pink Satin Ribbon.

Price **10/6**

PLEASURE CRUISE TO SUNNY LANDS

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ORIENT COMPANY'S

twin screw Steamship

"OPHIR"

6,814 tons Register,

14th May to 3rd June.

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Weedy Lawns

Tennis Courts, Bowling Greens, etc.

TRANSFORMED

into a beautiful sward of rich-coloured, close-growing grass, free from moss, daisies, plaintains, and other surface rooting weeds by "Climax" Lawn Sand. This remarkable preparation adheres to the rough hairy leaves of daisies, plaintains, etc., and, by absorbing therefrom all the sap, destroys them beyond recovery. Moreover, "Climax" Lawn Sand goes to the **roots** of the smooth-bladed finer grasses, and acts as a valuable fertiliser. The most weedy and impoverished lawn will show a remarkable improvement after a single application. 28lb. will dress 100 square yards. Price, carriage paid: 14lb., 3/6; 28lb., 6/-; 56lb., 11/-; 1 cwt., 20/-; 5 cwt., 90/-.
Any enquiry welcomed.

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IMPROVED MODEL.

With Simultaneous Focussing Adjustment.

Mag.	£	s.	d.
6 dia.	6	5	0
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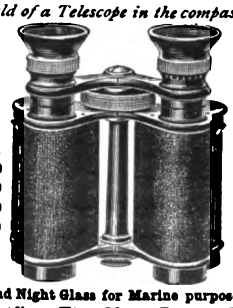

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Messrs. H. J. Nicoll providing a tailor-built shirt, so admirable of kind and moderate of price—12*s.* 6*d.*, to wit—the firm find it difficult to keep a supply up to the demand. And the above quotation holds good of models built either in cambric or delaine, whether bought ready-made or fashioned to order. What I personally find so attractive at Messrs. Nicoll's is the generously wide outlook and spirit that obtains throughout.

Crême de Japon Cie, 13-14, New Bond Street

A few weeks ago I had occasion to mention this perfection skin food, since when I have had more time to go into the question of its character and efficacy, and am more than ever satisfied that it has come to take an important stand in the complexion *galère.*

Crême de Japon is no ordinary surface emollient to soften and protect the skin; it does much more than that, since it acts as a tonic to the facial nerves, being of such construction as to sink, if properly and carefully applied, deep into the pores. It is a genuine stimulant as well as a skin food, and a published analysis safely guarantees an entire absence of glycerine. Consequently, it can be used with the utmost freedom, and is thus simply invaluable to the inveterate motorist.

I could write a very tome of entreaty to motoring women not to rush to sponge and water after a journey. The temptation to do so, I know from long and constant experience, is overpoweringly great—water is so refreshing—but, really, it is simply suicidal. Only the surface dust and dirt is removed, while the bulk sinks deeper into the open pores, and the rapidly dried skin draws itself into almost immediately perceptible wrinkles. Whereas, if a generous supply of Crême de Japon is laid over face and throat evenly and gently, and what is left on the surface removed with a soft cloth, there is created the same fresh, healthy look that comes after a bath, a light dust of powder, which adheres for hours, imparting the requisite finishing touch.

The surreptitious use of the powder-puff is a horribly *bourgeois* thing to do nowadays; and talking of powder, the quality supplied by the Crême de Japon cannot be surpassed for purity and fineness. It is perfection for children's use. Also, there is a Lotion de Japon that is really efficacious in the case of oily skins. Many lotions profess to alleviate this defect, but Lotion de Japon has an abiding result if patiently persisted in, night and morning, for three months or thereabouts.

Although originally only the supply of these remarkable skin remedies was intended, certain events have transpired to render a massage treatment procurable when desired. Thus, since the 15th ult., a pretty enclosed *salon* has been added to the "apartment" at 13-14, New Bond Street.

Shoolbred's Famed Tailor-made Shirts

You simply cannot beat these productions, wherever you may go. To call them perfection is tantamount to painting the lily white. Everywhere is the same story going the round of the world, inclusive of the rather gullible shopping woman, who has hitherto been apt to be dazzled by the aptly worded advertisement, that we are becoming more than a little weary of faked-up shoddy productions. One does not go again to establishments that resort to such low-down methods, whereas the fame of this Shoolbred shirt has, like the famous snowball, grown to gigantic proportions. The only changes this season, and they are so slight as to make no matter, relate to a trifle more fulness in the front, which necessitates the yoke being carried a scintillation deeper, and a return to the simple shirt sleeves with straight cuff. Last year there was a feeling for a turned-back cuff, but it failed to prove entirely practical, and so has been discarded.

A Pretty Spot Japleen Shirt Blouse

(Sketched at Shoolbred's by Dorothy Millar)

The impossible, for once, has been achieved, in an addition being made to the already extensive range of Japleen, a material that has no rivals and few equals. The pretty spot example illustrated by Mrs. Dorothy Millar is of Japleen in a navy and white, the whole presenting a greyish-blue aspect.

"Queen's Wear" is another very favourite selection, a fabric of pure wool, the finest Australian quality, and uncrushable, that runs through a gamut of the neatest, most sympathetic designs and refined colourings. Then, also of pure wool, is that wonderful gauze cashmere, descriptively described as a fine, light, crisp all-wool material. This is guaranteed not to crush or crease, and no amount of evil laundering can destroy either the surface finish or the colouring.

Although almost of world-wide knowledge now, it may be wise to repeat the formula how all these shirts are made in the gentlemen's shirt department, and that a self-measurement form is provided, so simple and accurate of kind, that the failures can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

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Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
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The BYSTANDER.

No. 178.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 1, 1907 [With Two Supplements, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo Mendelssohn

The Duchess of Sutherland

One of the Colonial Premiers' many entertainers. Two thousand people, representing all sections of Society and politics, were present at Stafford House on the occasion of the banquet recently given by the Duke and Duchess

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday May 1, 1907

Mr. Asquith ought to have been having sleepless nights during the past week. If he hasn't had them, then the curses of the widows and the fatherless, of married men, bachelors, retired Majors, unmarried women, fathers of ten, schoolmasters, greengrocers, the aristocracy, the middle and the working classes, have been of no avail. He has wronged them all with that shilling in the pound, and they have mostly written to the papers to say so.

* * *

If Mr. Asquith had been a business man, he would have made the tax elevenpence three farthings and given a packet of pins for the farthing. Then, at any rate, he would have had the pin manufacturers with him, and probably the wives of tax-payers. Little kindly thoughts like that go a long way in shops. But you cannot expect them from mere statesmen. (The emphasis in the last word lies on the *men*.)

* * *

It used to be considered a toss-up, but now the *Daily Mail* has pretty well decided what type of man a woman likes best. Bachelors who are anxious to marry might do well to consult back numbers of our contemporary, but married men should refrain from what can only be certain disappointment.

* * *

Three French swimmers have decided to try and swim across the Channel this summer, one taking up the swimming where the other fails. It is a capital notion, and, in the opinion of a good many people, is more likely to succeed than the old attempts made by a single individual. If it doesn't, the number of swimmers might be added to, or they might be towed by a steamer.

* * *

The Vienna *Tagblatt* was quite right to comment unfavourably upon the custom, which appears to be increasing, of Austrian football players slapping one another's faces in the course of the game. Such exhibitions of ill-humour should be reserved strictly for the referee. Scratching and biting are also bad form—as between player and player.

Many thanks to the Sewage Committee of the L.C.C. for undertaking to spare St. Paul's Cathedral. Some of these old edifices are worth retaining, if possible.

* * *

There is to be no disarmament at present, it seems. On the contrary, both Germany and China are talking of re-arming their forces. Some experts believe that Germany wishes to be ready in the event of a war with England, but we know what experts are. It may only be that they want to be strong enough to defend their shores and protect their Shakespeare against Mr. Tree's intended assault next year. As to why China is re-arming, we have not seen any reason given. Perhaps, some of the Chinese soldiers find it dull work manœuvring with guns that wont go off, or only kill their bearers when they do.

Scene—Piccadilly, tea-time
NEWSBOY (*disappointed*): "'E don't buy no bloomin' papers, 'e don't. Sees 'em for nuffin at 'er club"
(BY DUDLEY HARDY)

* * *

Great things are expected at the Opera this year. New dresses have been provided—a considerable expense when one considers what a lot of stuff some of the artists take—and the management is going to try and induce the principal singers to wear costumes more or less approximating to the period of the play. We wish the management all success, but hope they will not make Grand Opera too staid and realistic a business. There is not too much humour going begging in any case.

* * *

What is to become of authors? Mr. Lyons, manager of the refreshment company bearing his name, has written a novel, and it is to be the mere precursor of a "Lyons's Library"—presumably from the same pen. It will hit authors in two ways: (1) Authors' refreshments are bound to suffer if Mr. Lyons devotes most of his time to novels; (2) Authors' royalties will decrease if a business competitor steps in. Especially will the latter happen if, as is only too likely, Mr. Lyons's effort is followed by an A.B.C. Library, a B. T. T. Library, a Kardomah Library, and a Lockhart's Library. Mr. Eustace Miles has already written one, of course; and his "How to Live on 3*d*. a Day" should become a real boon to the literary profession.

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The Topictator

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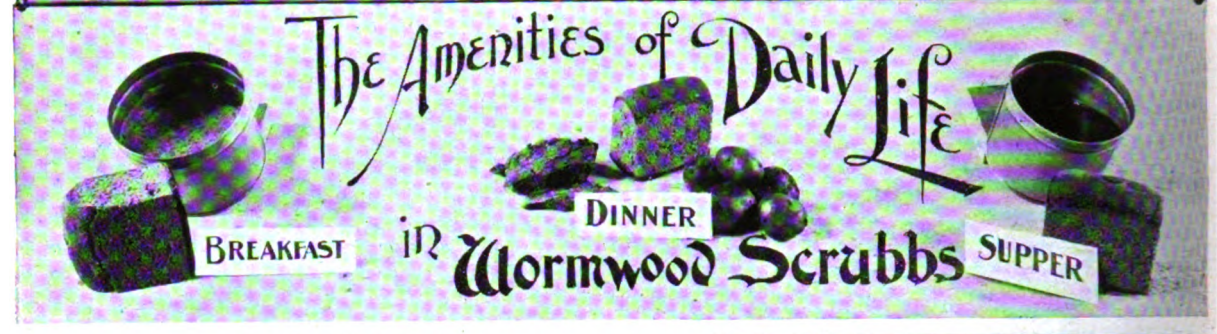
The Case for Prison Reform

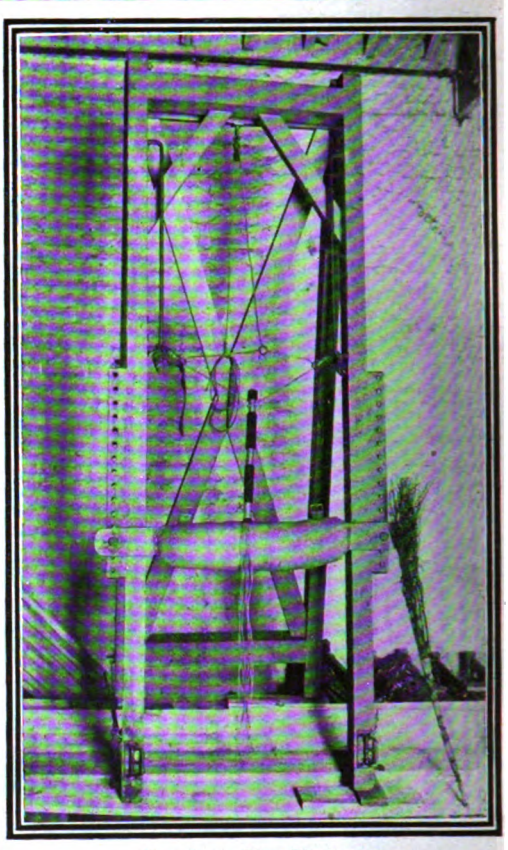


The Convict's Daily Dietary

Consisting of: Breakfast, 8 oz. bread and 1 pint of gruel. Dinner, 5 oz. meat (varied), 16 oz. potatoes, and 8 oz. bread. Supper, 8 oz. bread and 1 pint of cocoa. The absence of green food is, on grounds of health, the chief objection to the diet

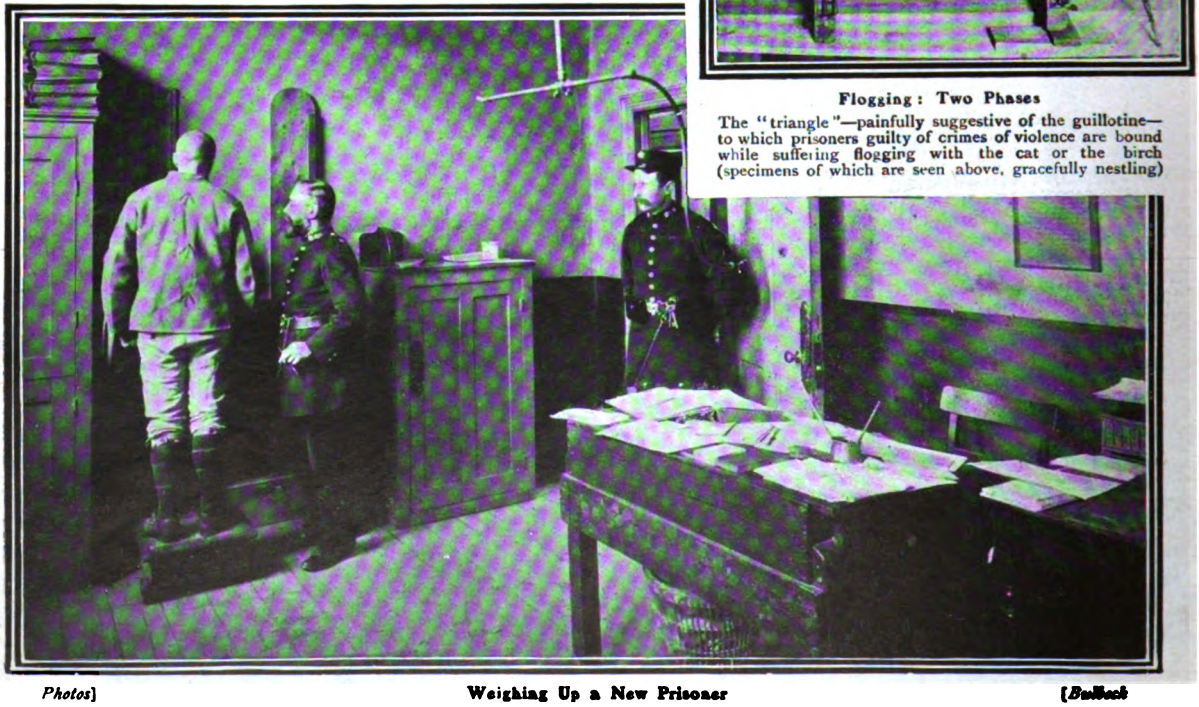
Face to the Wall!

On the arrival of new prisoners, the regulations are read to them while their faces are turned to the wall



Flogging: Two Phases

The "triangle"—painfully suggestive of the guillotine—to which prisoners guilty of crimes of violence are bound while suffering flogging with the cat or the birch (specimens of which are seen above, gracefully nestling)



Photos] **Weighing Up a New Prisoner** [*Bullock*

After having his head shorn clean of hair, the prisoner is weighed. Lord William Nevill in his book (published by Mr. Heinemann), *Penal Servitude*, states that his weight, after nine months' confinement, fell from 12 st. to 9 st. 10 lbs.

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The Trivial Round, the Common Task!

"Stitch! Stitch!" Prison tailors at their daily toil

This is a popular branch of servitude, as it affords thought enough to keep the mind occupied, and, by enabling the convict to shift about as he likes, is scarcely a more obnoxious form of labour than that of many thousands of "free" workers

A Hair-cut at the Scrubbs

Prisoners are operated on once a week by the barbers—themselves convicts—the hair on the head being clipped to a regulation $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, and that on the face to about $\frac{1}{16}$

In the Bakehouse

Another of the less objectionable forms of labour

Photos *Bulbeck*

The Cuisine of the Scrubbs: Convict-cooks prepare dinner for themselves and their fellows

The part played by the potato in these culinary processes is, as will be seen, large enough to satisfy the most bigoted partisan of that vegetable

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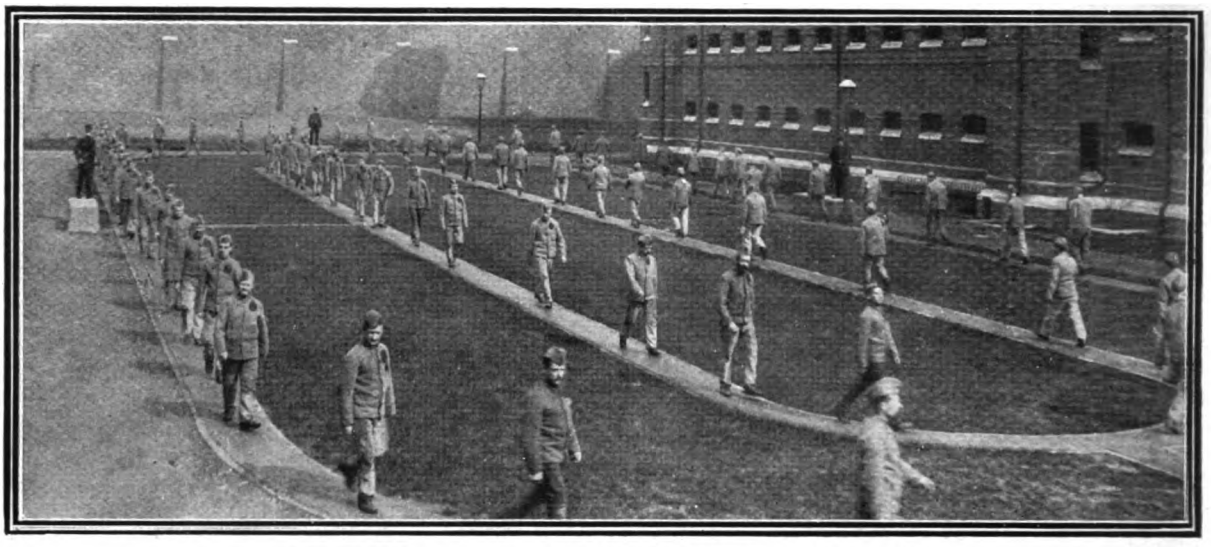
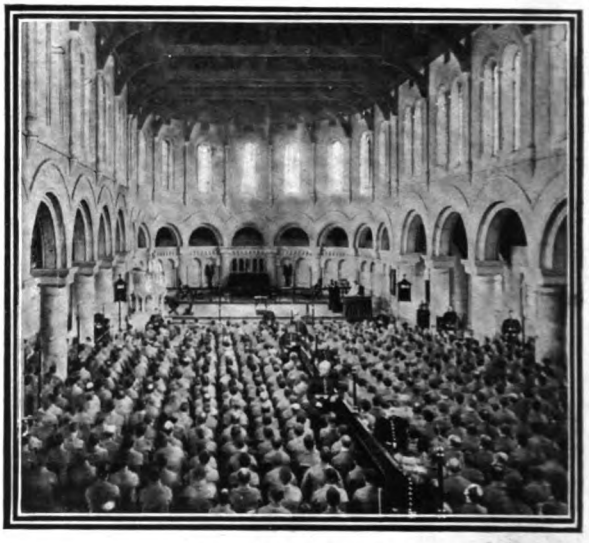
Prison Recreations, Physical and Moral

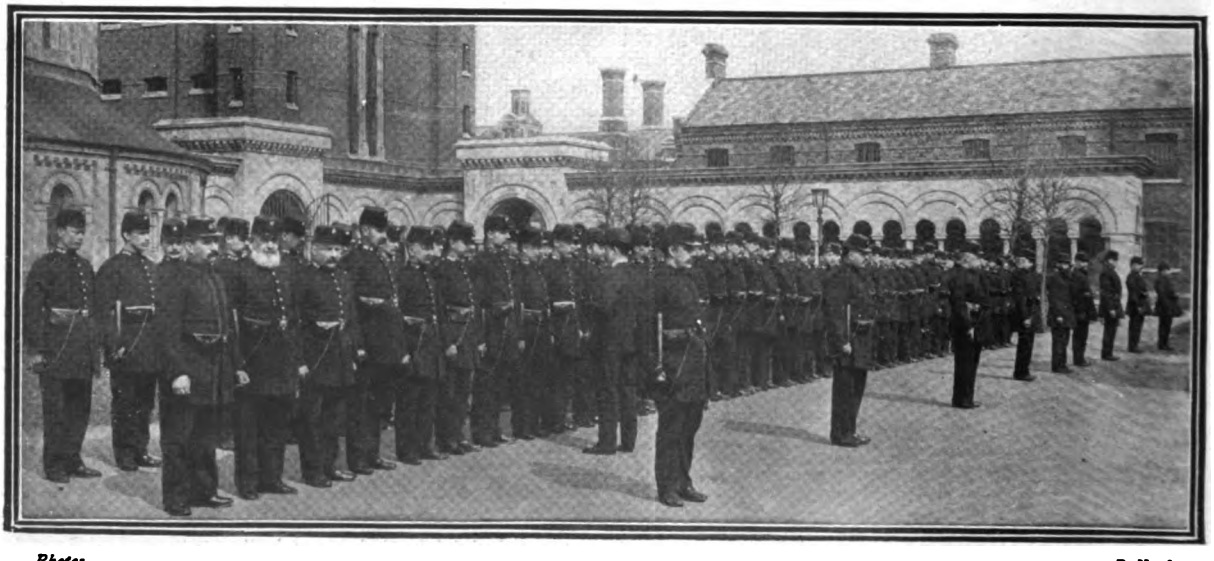


Tramp! Tramp! The monotonous daily function known as exercise

Caged Like Wild Beasts: A prison corridor and gallery
The "grille" arangement is to prevent suicidally inclined prisoners from throwing themselves over the rail



Prayers in Durance Vile
The services are welcome to the prisoners, not because of the religious consolation, but because of the break in the daily monotony (and the opportunity for surreptitious conversation) they afford



Photos *Bulbeck*

The Inspectors Themselves Inspected: Warders muster before the Deputy-Governor

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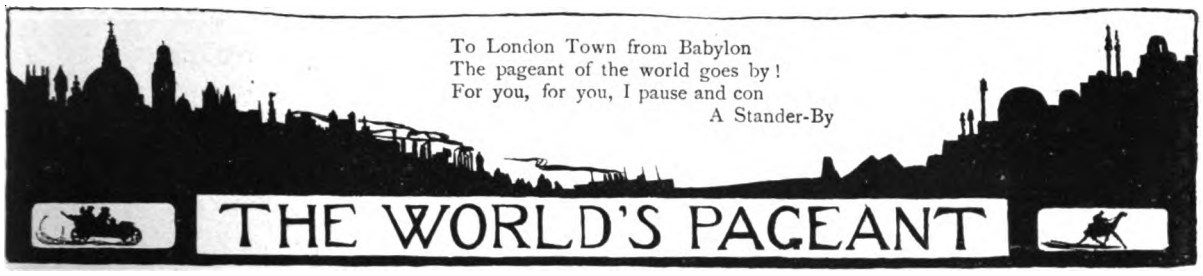

Opening of the Season

The return of the King and Queen to London this week, and the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket, heralds the opening of the season. For once, Buckingham Palace—the Court for the moment being out of mourning—will take its rightful place in the social scheme of things. A whole succession of Royal visitors is expected there. King Haakon and Queen Maud, the King and Queen of Denmark, Prince and Princess Adolphus of Sweden, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Roumania, and Prince Fushimi of Japan are the chief of them, and in their honour State balls and banquets, concerts, and a Gala performance at the Opera will be given. Altogether, the season promises to be both brilliant and crowded, and if, as happened last year, the Court stays in London until right into August, it will also be lengthy, for the presence of the Colonials has necessitated an exceptionally early beginning.

* * *

Millionaire Visitors

In the Park the hyacinths, sure heralds of the return of rank and fashion, are at the height of their radiant beauty. The fashionable restaurants, even the theatres, and the, for the present, strictly Wagnerian Opera, are crowded every night. A saunter down Bond Street reveals half social London sauntering also. A peep into the shops shows one not only buyers eagerly purchasing the season's panoply, but also tradesmen for once content. In common with the farmer, it is the tradesman's prerogative to grumble, both in and out of season, in good times and in bad. But this year, with the expected influx of American millionaires and multi-millionaires, the shopping of Colonial ladies in full swing, and the return of the Court to Town, even tradesmen are satisfied. The great houses of Mayfair are at last released from their wrappings and shutters, many of them have already burst forth into window-boxes and sun-blinds, *débutantes* are beginning to feel excited, and hostesses are already in despair over the arrangement of their "dates."

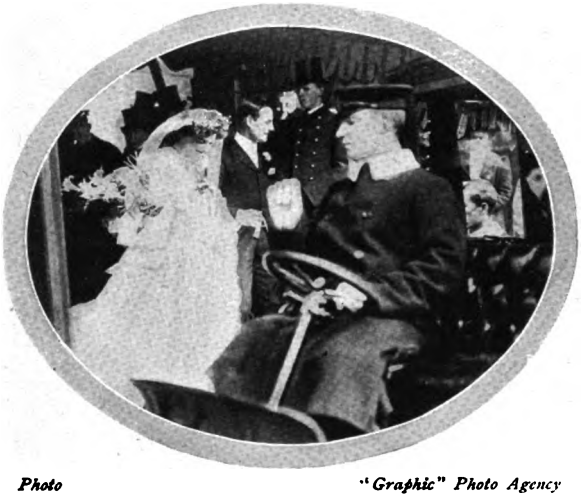

Photo "*Graphic*" *Photo Agency*

The Motor at Modern Weddings

The custom of taking one's departure after the ceremony in a motor-car, in place of the old-fashioned horse vehicle, may now be taken as established. The above photograph was taken after the wedding of Mr. Douglas Gordon (of the Scots Guards) to Miss Violet Streatfeild at the Guards' Barracks, on Saturday, the 20th ult.

The Prince and Princess of Wales

After a strenuous week of public inauguration, foundation-laying, visiting, and the receipt of degrees, the Prince and Princess of Wales are back at Marlborough House for the season, and to-day the Prince accompanies Prince Edward to Osborne, and will be present at the Naval display in the Solent on Friday. Their visit to Scotland was a great success in every way. They were enthusiastically welcomed, and no mayoral troubles, such as marred one of their recent visits, were allowed to disturb the harmony of the proceedings. Lord Kelvin, to whom his Royal Highness gracefully alluded as the "aged and revered Chancellor to whose labours and research, and investigation . . . Glasgow is so greatly indebted," conferred on their Royal Highnesses the degree of LL.D., and the Prince made an excellent and most appreciative speech in acknowledgment. The Prince, by the way, is probably the largest holder of University degrees in the United Kingdom, and this notwithstanding the fact that he never went to the 'Varsity. Certainly, the degree of LL.D. has been conferred on the Prince more often than upon the King. Both the Prince and Princess enjoyed their visit to Lord and Lady Blythswood, those most noted of entertainers. Neither of their Royal Highnesses, as most people know, care about country house visiting as a rule. The Princess hates being away from her children, and the Prince is never at his happiest "with company." Of late, however, the Prince has been in the best of health and spirits, just as the Princess seems to have taken on a new lease of good looks, and both, during the King's protracted absence from the capital, have stepped nobly into the breach in the way of entertaining and being entertained. Their party, at Marlborough House, to the Colonials was both brilliant and enjoyable, and in great part atoned for the unfortunate, though to the nation exceedingly valuable, absence of the King in Spain and Italy.

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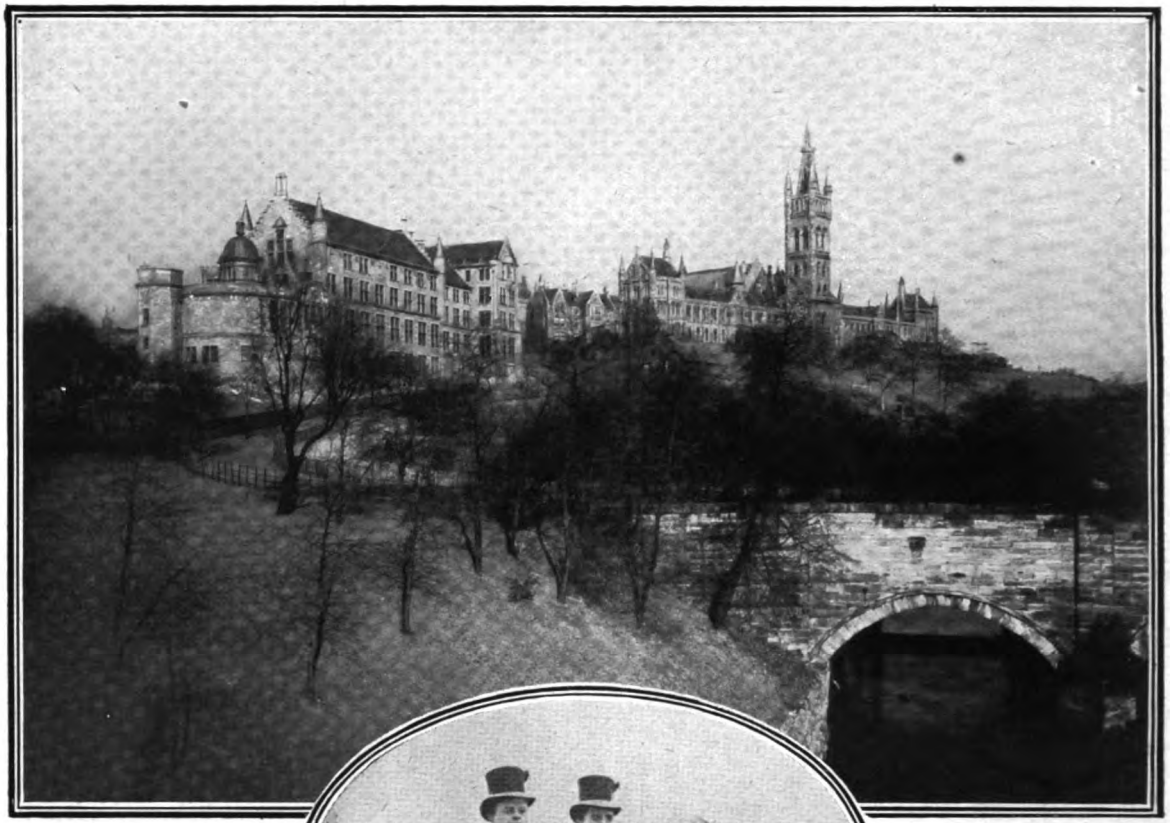
The Second City of the Empire

GLASGOW HONOURED BY PRINCELY PATRONAGE



Glasgow University, showing (on the left) the new wing opened by the Prince of Wales

The Prince of Wales on his way to open the new wing of the University

Photo *Dixon*

Photos] **Glasgow's Rialto: The busiest bridge in the City** [*Annan*

The Prince and Princess of Wales, Glasgow's Royal visitors last week, had a busy round of duties to perform. Besides receiving the Freedom of the City and the honorary degree of LL.D., they opened the new wing of the Glasgow University, laid the memorial stone of the reconstructed Royal Infirmary, and opened the new Clyde Bank Dock

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The Visits of King Edward

The King's Absence

It is rumoured, by the way, that some little irritation has been felt among the Colonial Premiers at the King's absence from the country during the last few ultra-Imperial and ultra-festive weeks. True, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman reminded his fellow Premiers that His Majesty was "doing good work for the country abroad." Are not, however, think some of the Colonials, his brilliant diplomatic offices as much in demand to cement the *entente* with the great sister States over-seas as with their Majesties of Spain and Italy?

* * *

His Majesty as Diplomat

I feel sure, however, that, by this time, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or Sir Edward Grey—Mr. Balfour or Lord Lansdowne — or all four, have managed to hint to the Premiers that the King's visits to the two Sovereigns in question have really been of vital moment to the country. There is little doubt that the diplomatic war with Germany, opened with the Kaiser's visit to Tangier, has been raging with alarming fury of late. A word in the ear of Alfonso, a friendly hint to Victor Emmanuel, delivered with all the King's unrivalled skill, will prove to have been of tremendous importance. Already a *ballon d'essai* has been sent up, in the shape of a rumoured *entente cordiale maritime* between England, France, Spain, and Italy, by which the command of the Mediterranean is assured, and by which Britain's naval background to the South is guaranteed against possible aggression. Really, it looks as though on the throne of Britain there sits a greater than Napoleon—a man who has secured by peaceful means what that man of iron failed finally to secure by bathing three Continents in blood, viz., the absolute predominance of his country in the councils of Europe.

Photo *Nops*

The Heroine of the Hour: A snapshot of the Queen of Spain

The Queen of Spain passing through the Castellana after the swearing-in of the new recruits to the Spanish Army, attended by Duchessa de San Carlos

* * *

The Younger Mr. Asquith—

Mr. Raymond Asquith, son of the Chancellor, whose engagement to Miss Katherine Horner is announced, is a true son of his father, especially academically. He, too, distinguished himself brilliantly (and in almost identical directions) at Oxford, and is now, like his father before him, a rising member of the Bar. Adaptability is evidently Mr. Asquith's motto, for at Balliol, where "erudite studies are coupled with an enjoyment of the grosser pleasures of this world," he was said by an observer to devote himself with equal ardour to bump suppers, bridge, anti-Clericalism, Liberal Leagueism, logic lectures, meetings of the "Souls," penning of "Ephemera Critica," etc.; and from this same acutely observant observer I learn that Mr. Asquith, jun., had a "magnificent *insouciance*" in matters sartorial. He wore a red tie constantly. He had been known to walk down the "High" in a motor-bicycling suit, and to appear, even in Bond Street, in flannels and shooting boots.

* * *

—And His Bride

His bride, Miss Katherine Horner, is quite cultivated, though, at the same time, a thorough sportswoman. Her father is well known in political circles and the owner of Mells Park, which has been in the Horner family for some five or six hundred years. Mrs. Horner is rather a character. She was a lovely girl, and sat constantly for Burne-Jones from childhood. After her marriage, she continued to sit for him, and then, later, her eldest girl, Cicely, the belle of the London season of 1903, sat for him also. Mrs. Horner believes in the Burne-Jones precept that one must see a beautiful picture, hear beautiful music, or read a beautiful book every day.

* * *

The Colonial Ladies

A singularly buoyant *joie de vivre*, a never-failing assurance, a suggestion of provincialism, and a certain grasp of politics and economics quite foreign to the Englishwoman, are the outstanding characteristics of the Colonial ladies now honouring us with a visit. One feels, though they do their best to hide the fact under the femininity of frocks and frills, that these ladies (those from Australia and New Zealand, at any rate) are of that advanced type—the possessors of the suffrage—which we in England still look upon with a species of nervous dread. Lady Laurier, of course, is rather one of our old-fashioned selves. The daughter of an old French-Canadian family, white

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Opening of the Opera Season

haired, artistic, and with beautiful old-world manners, Lady Laurier brings with her none of those younger, more strenuous mannerisms which surround the ladies from the Antipodes. Lady Ward, the wife of the Premier of New Zealand, is her exact opposite. Tall, decided in manner and opinion, and firm in politics, she is just the wife one would expect to find at the side of a great, self-made statesman. Mrs. Deakin is also the typical Colonial woman, ultra-Australian, yet Cosmopolitan, and with wide interests and sympathies. Neither lady, of course, finds much to learn in poor, slow old England.

* * *

The Colonial Girls

Amongst the daughters of the Premiers now in England, Miss Botha, by virtue of her father's peculiar position, stands pre-eminent. Tall and fair, and with quite her own taste in dress, Miss Botha has few of the attributes we commonly associate with the Boer woman. Educated in Brussels, she is a good linguist and an accomplished musician, but is content, nevertheless, to spend most of her time when at home on her father's farm, assisting in the upbringing and education of his younger children. Miss Moor, the daughter of the Prime Minister of Natal, has also been educated in Europe. Typically Colonial in appearance, small and slight, and with a rather bronzed complexion, Miss Moor is possessed of her full share of that energy which is so notably a quality in our visitors from Greater Britain, and has already proved herself an efficient hostess—her dance at the Cecil last week to meet the officers of H.M.S. *Natal* having been most successful.

Photo *Beresford*

Engaged to Mr. Asquith's Son

Miss Katherine Horner, whose betrothal to Mr. Raymond Asquith, eldest son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is announced

* * *

The Opera Season

Last night—in the dark—the doors of Covent Garden Opera House opened for the season, *Das Rheingold* being chosen for the first performance. It is difficult, rather, to understand why this, the least interesting, as it is the shortest, of all the *Ring* dramas, should have been chosen for the first performance. The first night at the Opera is a recognised social rather than a recognised musical event. The *Rheingold*, under Dr. Richter, and in accordance with Bayreuth tradition, is, of course, played from beginning to end with the auditorium in complete darkness. There is no interval, and that old arch-bore Wotan holds the stage for periods as interminable and even more tedious than those in the *Walküre*. Socially, therefore, the Opera season did *not* commence last night. It awaits the coming of Melba and Caruso. Apart, however, from the social impossibilities of the *Ring*, one does not complain of its representation thus early in the season, for the sooner it is out of the way the greater the general satisfaction. Mme. Donalda, one of Lord Strathcona's many musical *protégées*, is to be leading Wagnerian lady this year, but there is one rôle in which, it appears, we are to see neither Mme. Donalda nor anyone else. *Tristan und Isolde* is entirely out of the operatic programme for the season, to the great disappointment of all music-lovers, who would willingly have dispensed with some of the *Ring* for this, the most beautiful and most impassioned of all Wagner's music-dramas.

* * *

Some Subscribers

On Wagner nights, when utter darkness, no intervals, and intense earnestness is the vogue, diamonds, tiaras, and "best" frocks are the exception. They appear in all their glory later on, when, with the lighter French and Italian operas, Melba and Caruso come on the scene. With so many Royal visitors to England, it is probable that there will be several Gala nights at the Opera. The King has taken the Royal box for the season, and subscribes, as usual, to the omnibus box, to which also the Russian and Austrian Ambassadors, the Portuguese Minister, Lord Crewe, Lord Pembroke, and Lord Farquhar are subscribers. Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart is a new subscriber; the American Ambassador, the Duchess of Westminster, and the Duchess of Leeds have taken boxes; and, amongst opera-loving Americans, are, as usual, Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Yarmouth, Mrs. Adair, Lady Grey-Egerton (now Mrs. McCreery), and Mrs. Mackay. In the centre of the pit tier the accustomed holders again have their boxes, Lord Lonsdale and Lord Bath on one side and Mrs. Ronalds and Lady Derby on the other; while the Duke of Fife, Viscount Esher, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Paris Singer, Lady de Grey, Mr. A. de Rothschild, Mrs. Bradley-Martin, Sir Samuel Scott, Sir Basil Montgomery, and Lady Derby are the favoured *coterie* who hold their boxes for every night in the week right through the season.

* * *

The Polo Season

In another portion of this issue we discuss at length the polo prospects of the season. Suffice it to say, therefore, that in a few days those three beauty-spots of London—Hurlingham, Roehampton,

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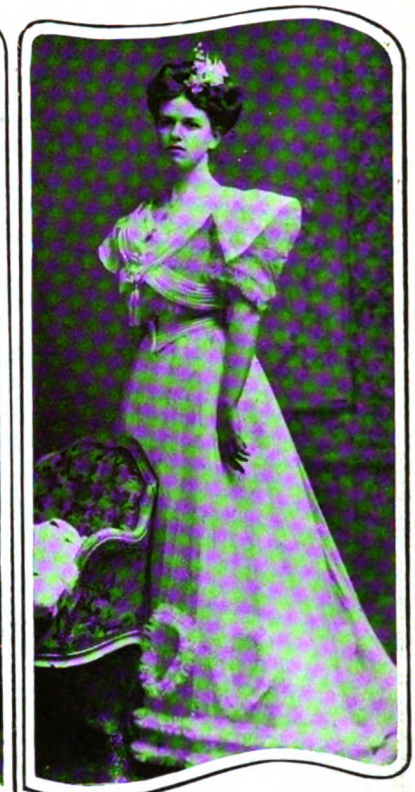
The Feminine Side of the Conference



Photos *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Miss Ward (New Zealand) Miss Botha (Transvaal) Miss Moor (Natal)

DAUGHTERS OF THREE COLONIAL PREMIERS

Photographed specially for *"The Bystander"*

Mrs. Deakin (Australia) Lady Laurier (Canada)

WIVES OF TWO COLONIAL PREMIERS

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Our Mediterranean Colony En Fête

and Ranelagh, especially Ranelagh, with its lovely gardens—will be at the very zenith of their beauty and popularity. Improvements have been effected in all three club-houses; and from a pictorial point of view greater care than ever has been given to the gardens. At Ranelagh still another polo ground has been added to the already existing three. The promised visit of a team of Spanish grandees to compete with picked English teams at polo will give cause for much entertaining—for it is not every day, even at Ranelagh, that we have half a dozen foreign dukes in our midst. At Barn Elms, by the way, a concession has been made this season which has brought relief to many Society mothers. The rule which rigidly excludes nurses from accompanying their charges on "children's days" has been revoked. They are to be allowed in. Croquet, of course, with its improved rules and stricter regulations, will still be, next to polo, the most favoured feature of Ranelagh sport. The lawns have been most carefully nursed, and are this year better than ever.

The King and Queen in Malta's Capital

March past of the Naval Battalions on the Marsa, Valetta. Note the loyal and enthusiastic crowd following the Royal carriage

* * *

The Surrey Golf Club

With the view of bringing the charms of their excellent course to the knowledge of the general golfing public, the executive of the Surrey Golf Club invited two giants of the game, Braid and Harry Vardon, to give an exhibition of their skill on Saturday last. The club-house and course are situated near Letherhead (I warn the printer that this is the correct old spelling of the name) on ground leased to the club by the owner, Mr. Ramsay, who is a keen golfer and member of the club. The committee are heartily to be congratulated on the excellent way they have laid out the course. The holes are all of good length, some, like the third, twelfth, and fifteenth, being exceptionally good and interesting. Possibly an improvement might be made by altering the sixteenth and seventeenth in such a way as to add to their length, both these holes being on the short side and of similar length. Braid and Vardon had a most interesting match, ending in the victory of the latter by one hole, the ups and downs of the contest being watched by a numerous throng of keen golfers of both sexes.

Mr. Balfour at Letherhead

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour was, unfortunately, unable to reach the links till the afternoon, when he enjoyed a foursome in company with Mr. G. E. Tabor, the captain of the club, Dr. Dove, and Mr. "Sleb" Smith, so well known to rowers in the old days. Whatever Mr. Balfour's views may be on the burning topic of "Preference," there is no doubt as to his convictions on one preference, to wit, that which he has for golf, and he loses no opportunity of converting this preference into practice. He was charmed with the course, and has become an honorary member of the club. Golfers who want a club and course within easy reach of London should turn their attention to the advantages of the Surrey Golf Club, which has still room for a few members.

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Letterhead * for London Golfers

PROFESSIONAL MATCH AT THE SURREY GOLF CLUB

Mr. Balfour After a Poor Drive

The ex-Premier, on Saturday, played a foursome with Mr. G. E. Tabor, Dr. Dove, and Mr. "Sleb" Smith, and has been enrolled an hon. member of the Surrey Golf Club

After a Good Match

Braid and Vardon leaving the course, Vardon the victor by one hole

Photos] **Braid and Vardon Putting** [*"Graphic" Photo Agency*

A professional match, played between Braid and Vardon at Letherhead on Saturday, witnessed by a large crowd, has served to attract the notice of Londoners to the Surrey Golf Club's excellent course. Mr. Balfour was a guest of the club on Saturday, played a foursome on the links, and has become an honorary member of the club

* *The correct old spelling of the name*

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Do Benefits Benefit?

The Santley Concert

Lord Kilmorey, in his untiring efforts to arrange a really satisfactory jubilee benefit for Mr. Santley at the Albert Hall to-day, has succeeded in getting together a wonderful collection of artists. Mme. Suzanne Adams, Miss Ada Crossley, Herr Fritz Kreisler, Mr. Ben Davies, and M. Edouard de Reszke are amongst them, and, of course Mr. Santley himself will take part. At this concert, therefore, those who have bought tickets will have the double satisfaction of knowing that they are doing Mr. Santley a good turn by contributing to his jubilee gift, and, at the same time, are able to enjoy an exceptionally good concert. Mr. Santley has, in the course of his lengthy career, given so much pleasure to others by his beautiful voice, that everyone hopes, I am sure, that the results of this benefit will be of permanent service to him. To the man in the street, however, it is a little difficult to see clearly the advantages, from the point of view of the general good, of this system of benefit concerts. A great artist like Mr. Santley must, for very many years, have drawn enormous fees, and laid up for himself considerable treasure on earth. He cannot, of course, be in need of charity, but it is on charitable grounds, when a benefit is in question, that one is asked to take tickets. Such benefits, therefore, should surely be reserved for those struggling artists who have not been so fortunate as Mr. Santley. These should have, if we were a musical nation, a greater call on our philanthropy than the highly successful and highly paid favourites of many years' standing. English people are none too generous in their support of music, and if they give it to the one, they withhold from the other.

Photo *Histed*

Mr. Charles Santley

Who has just celebrated his jubilee as a singer. A benefit concert on his behalf is being held to-day (Wednesday) at the Albert Hall

* * *

A New Motoring Club

It is a sign of the times that a second club, representative of the motoring interest, has been formed in the Metropolis. That it supplies a want I do not doubt. Motorists, especially those living in the country and coming often into Town, have long felt that something club-like—less formal and less official than the Royal Automobile, yet more devoted to their interests than the ordinary social club—would be eagerly welcomed by a large proportion of the motoring fraternity. The Motor Club is the result. Its premises consist of that large corner building at the Leicester Square end of Coventry Street, which has been for so long a well-known London landmark. Formerly the Lyric, founded with very distinguished support by the late Lord Londesborough some twenty years ago, it became successively the Prince of Wales's, the New Lyric, and the Walsingham, some of the members of which last dissociated themselves from the club on account of a difference of opinion as to the qualification of candidates for election.

A Re-discovered Art Treasure

This portrait of Canova, the famous Italian sculptor, by Lawrence, of which all trace had been lost, has recently been discovered in an excellent state of preservation in the house of a Countess near Bologna, which was being redecorated by Messrs. J. S. Henry, of St. James's Street (at whose showrooms the picture is now on view)

* * *

The Club's Aims

Important structural alterations and many improvements have made of the new Motor Club a delightful *pied-à-terre*. Its committee have declared that, beyond endeavouring to make its members extremely comfortable in "the heart of automobile London," the club has no special mission in life. The theatre—the Sunday entertainments in which have been a feature of past clubs on these same premises—is to remain a prominent attraction. Lectures on subjects interesting to motorists and other sportsmen will be given from time to time, but the politics of motoring will be left to those institutions which already exist for dealing with them. The subscription is reasonable, and there is, at present, no entrance fee. Doubtless, therefore, there will soon be an enviably long members' and waiting members' list.

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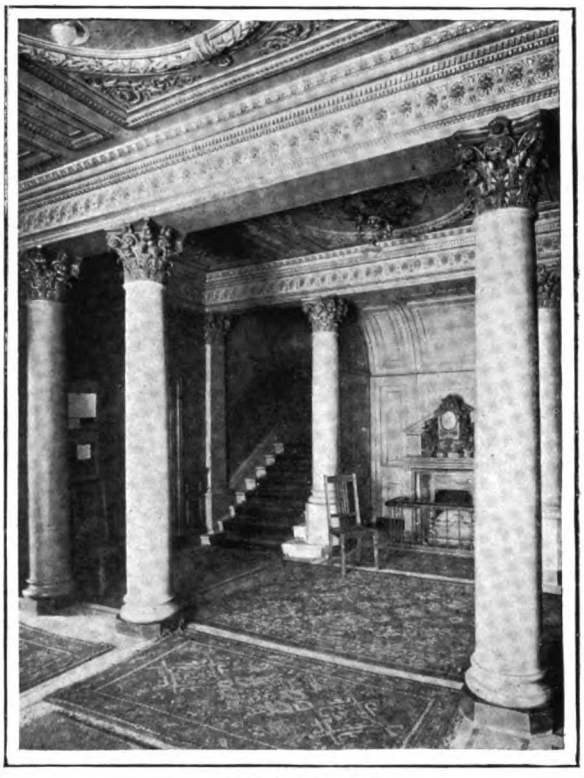
The Cult of the Motor Club

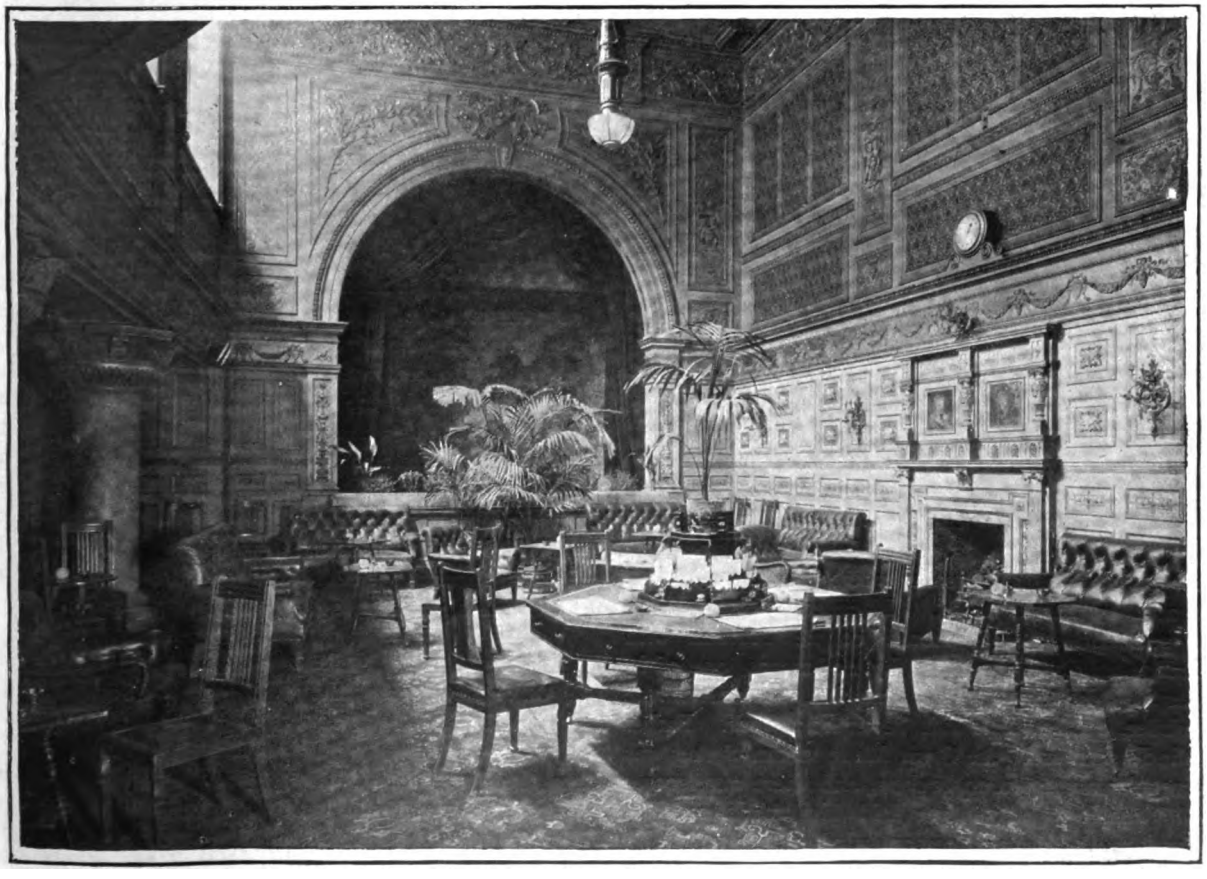
THE NEW RENDEZVOUS IN COVENTRY STREET

The Exterior of the New Motor Club



The Entrance Hall

The fine building at the corner of Coventry Street, between Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus, now to become the home of the Motor Club, was originally occupied by the Lyric Club, and latterly the Walsingham Club. Important structural alterations and many improvements have been made in the building, and, being situated in the heart of automobile London, it is bound to become the favourite rendezvous of the motoring fraternity



The Theatre of the Club, also used as a smoking and writing room

Though the Club is to be sacred to automobilism, the familiar theatre, which has been the scene of so many interesting productions, is to remain one of its chief attractions, Sunday concerts, lectures, etc., being permanent institutions

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RACING NOTIONS

"THE GUINEAS." By "CARBINE."

Splendid Velocity

The racing public knows how to appreciate a good performance, and it sent up a lusty cheer when Velocity won the City and Suburban in such remarkable style. Even the supporters of Larino —and there were many of us—were ready to acknowledge the merit of the achievement. Mrs. H. V. Jackson is a lucky lady to possess such a champion. Some time ago she wanted to sell the horse, and it was fortunate for her that nobody would bid up to the reserve of 8,000 guineas. In fact, that price was laughed at as ridiculously high. But Mrs. Jackson has the laugh on her side now. The winner of the "City" is a horse in a thousand, and there cannot be very much wrong with the British Turf when we produce such grand thoroughbreds as Velocity and Polymelus. Which is the better of the two? Polymelus must be on their Cambridgeshire form. But if the pair should meet in the Jubilee Handicap on May 11, Velocity may be as well backed as the other, so grandly did he shape last week.

Jubilee Prospects

What a race this Jubilee promises to be! What a memorable event were Polymelus, Velocity, Keystone II., Malua, Polar Star, and Orwell all to be started, as well as the Russian horse, Hammurabi! It is too much to hope to see all these cracks at Kempton Park, but if only the two top-weights are there the race will be worth a day's journey to see. Polar Star is reckoned a certain starter, and so convincingly did this colt win all his races last season that the probability is that he will be made favourite. We shall see him at Newmarket this week, and his owner does not worry about the penalty which Polar Star is expected to incur, for that will enable the unbeaten three-year-old to be ridden at Kempton by Lynham.

The Chester Cup

This historic race is to be run on the 8th inst., and I must say that Turbine promises well on his running at Epsom, where he was only just beaten by Father Blind. If called upon to make a selection now, I should couple Turbine with Bridge of Canny, who is by no means out of it, despite his big weight. But this, as well as the Jubilee, can be dealt with better next week. Father Blind's success in the Great Metropolitan Stakes was a regular nightmare to backers, and there were scores of "bookies" who never laid him for a shilling. Sandown Park was a pleasant wind-up to last week's racing in the South, and, after the downfall of Larino, I was glad to see the success, at nice odds, of Pendule, our selection for the Stud Produce Stakes.

Slieve Gallion and the Two Thousand

I suppose it is of no use looking for anything to beat Slieve Gallion in the first of the classic races. All Black is reckoned to be a danger, and if you look into his two-year-old form you will find it exceedingly respectable. But the class in which he ran was different from Slieve Gallion's. Then we are warned of Bezonian. Here, again, we have passable form. But why shouldn't the favourite beat him just as easily as he did in the Champagne Stakes? In other words, there is not, on form, the slightest justification for backing Bezonian to beat Captain Greer's colt. And the same must be said of the other probable starters. Dusty Miller would give interest to the race, but at Kingsclere they don't think he can beat the favourite, and so they are reserving him for Chester, where he will probably win the Vase next Tuesday. Whatever **Slieve Gallion** may do when he appears on the longer course at Epsom, it is certain that he is a great colt over the Rowley Mile, and it will be a tremendous surprise if he is beaten to-day. For a place investment, Bezonian may be recommended.

The One Thousand Guineas

It seems likely that Orwell will be made favourite for the One Thousand; but this is a much more open affair than the other, and there are several other fillies worthy of consideration. That Orwell comes out best on last season's form cannot be denied; but she was not seen out after August 22, and some of the others, in the meantime, may have "come on" in the way youngsters, particularly fillies, often do. Witch Elm, for instance, did well towards the end of the season, and I like this one for the game way in which she fought out her races. I am also an admirer of Silver Heeled, a charming filly. At Newmarket they think well of the King's filly, Victoria, while Lord Derby has a chance with Altitude. My selection is **Witch Elm,** who is worth supporting both ways, and I expect to see Orwell finish nearest to her.

Other Newmarket Races

Regarding other events at the Newmarket Meeting, I doubt whether anything will be found to beat **St. Elf** for the Two-Year-Old Plate on Thursday. Polar Star is engaged for both the March Stakes and the Chippenham Plate, but it is understood that the latter will be his race. The May Plate on Friday may be won by **Cinderello.**

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Spring Racing Begins

NOTED ENTHUSIASTS AT EPSOM

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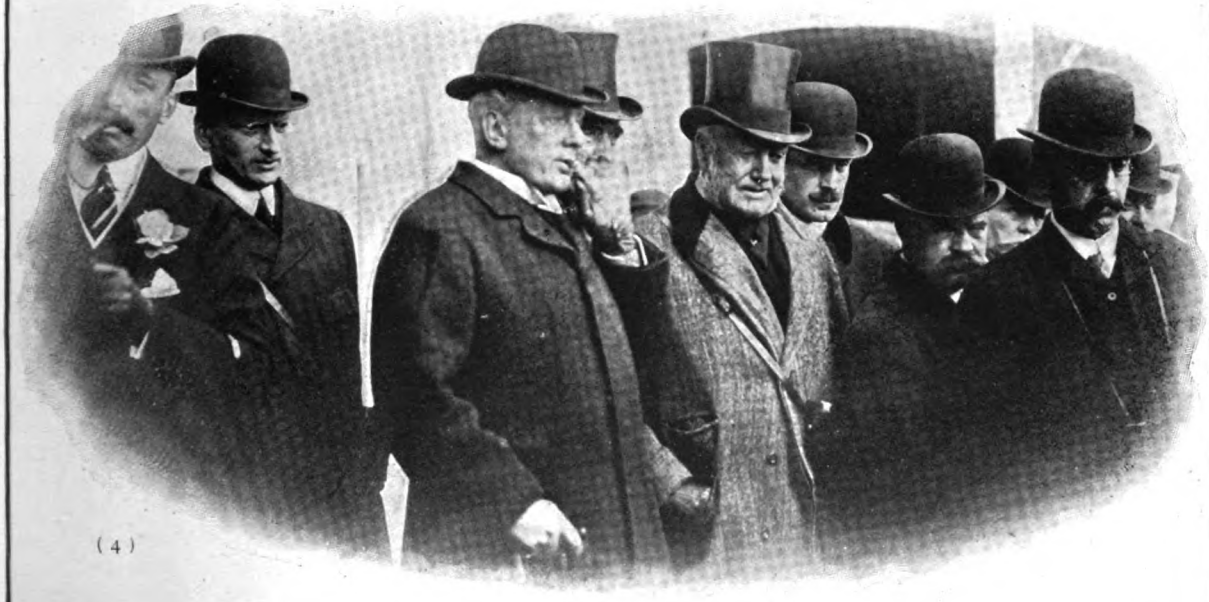

(4)

(1) Prince Christian, the only member o. the Royal Family present

(2) Lord Cholmondeley (on the left) and Mr. A. Saddler, Junr.

(3) Lord Westbury talking to his jockey

(4) Two Noble Owners: Lord Rosebery and Lord Coventry

Although Tuesday, the first day of the Epsom Spring Meeting, was somewhat dull and the attendance small, the success of the Meeting was assured by the magnificent weather and record crowds which favoured the City and Suburban on Wednesday. The great race was won by Mrs. H. V. Jackson's Velocity

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

APOLLO THEATRE

"Tom Jones"

Reams of abuse have been written upon comic-opera librettos. One unfortunate "book"-maker after another has been ridiculed for his stale jokes, his thin plots, and his hackneyed characters. Messrs. A. M. Thompson and Robert Courtneidge, as though determined to silence criticism, have calmly adapted for the lyric stage one of the great English novels. The results are curious. Their "book" is much better than the average. But it is such a long way after Fielding that no one dreams of accusing these enterprising stage craftsmen of an appalling literary crime. In fact, one is inclined to chuckle rather at their originality in borrowing the names of Fielding's characters instead of compiling a new list. But, although Miss Ruth Vincent's rôle is no more Sophia Western than Cleopatra; Mr. Hayden Coffin's no more Tom Jones than Alexander; and Mr. Rolyat's no more Partridge than Ahasuerus, yet there is a very distinct flavour of the original in Mr. Ambrose Manning's Squire Western. If "Tom Jones" were seriously adapted for the stage, I do not see how Mr. Manning could be required to alter his present characterisation by a hair's breadth. He conjures up for us a very fair likeness of the truculent, explosive, domineering, hard-swearing, hard-riding, old country sportsman in Fielding's pages.

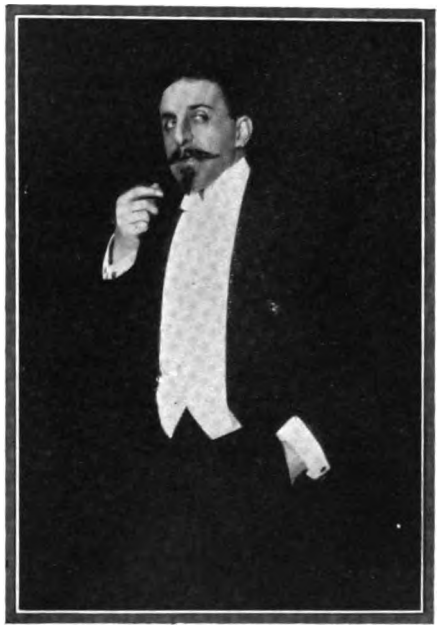

Photo *View and Portrait Supply Co.*

Mr. Herbert Grimwood

Now playing the part of Ivan Lazulie, the Russian journalist, in *The Red Lamp* at His Majesty's

Mr. Manning and the Music

In doing so, Mr. Manning is, of course, out of the picture. But he has the music with him. Mr. German's airs are, like Mr. Manning, in the period. They are the best things in the new comic opera. And here I will spring a paradox. If Messrs. Thompson and Courtneidge had written a better "book," it would have been a worse. If they had stuck more closely to Fielding they would have made it impossible for Mr. Dan Rolyat to breathe the atmosphere of their libretto. In a real Tom Jones comic opera, Mr. Rolyat would not have a pet leech named Lizzie; nor, upon the loss of that leech, would he run round the stage calling it by name. Had Mr. Rolyat done these things in a genuine Tom Jones comic opera, we should have left the theatre in order to hide our tears. Now, Mr. Rolyat, with the wonderful pantomine of his legs, is going to convulse large audiences at the Apollo Theatre for many an evening to come. So the librettists can shake hands upon having avoided the dangerous point where the artistic begins to encroach upon the commercial. Upon Mr. German's music it is difficult for one much saddened by musical comedies to dilate without rapture. It strikes a high level of excellence, and never sinks below it. It is the kind of music in which fresh beauties are found at every successive time of hearing. It is music we want to hear again. And this desire for a closer acquaintance is as much a test of good music as of a good book. The orchestration is the work of a scholar in a gay mood.

Concerning the Players

The cast is as effective on the boards as it is on paper. Mr. Hayden Coffin returns with all his old charm, and, if possible, in better voice than ever. Mr. Coffin is about as painstaking an artist as there is on the English stage. Dress him up as a lieutenant in an inane musical comedy, and he will work as conscientiously as though the rôle and the songs that fall to his lot were worthy of his powers. He always puts his best into his work, however meagre the opportunities afforded him. Mr. Coffin is rewarded this time with a much better rôle than usually falls to his lot. At the same time, he is confronted with one ridiculous situation, and never flinches. Among the most difficult songs now being sung upon the London stage is the measure which sets forth the pathetic case of the "Foundling Boy." That song is so egregiously maudlin as to strike terror in the heart of the bravest singer. The artist must either dominate the song or be crushed beneath it. Mr. Coffin comes through the ordeal with flying colours. In the sporting world, a man who always puts his last ounce into the task before him, who constantly snatches victory in the very teeth of defeat, who

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DRAWN BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

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recognises every move in the game except the move which spells defeat for him — such a man is the idol of the sporting world. Mr. Coffin is such a man on the stage. But a sporting crowd is much quicker to detect good work than a theatrical audience. An actor may, in his line, have just the qualifications which go to the making of a celebrated cricketer. Rarely does he obtain credit for them. Miss Ruth Vincent's well-trained voice is a great asset to her rendering of Sophia Western, but she might put a little more animation into her acting. Of Mr. Rolyat I have spoken. He raises a very storm of laughter. He fills the stage with his comicalities. But he must not be allowed still further to expand.

LYRIC THEATRE

"Clancarty"

Recently we have been given the opportunity of judging how a play has survived the wear of ten years. I refer to Mr. H. A. Jones's *The Liars*, at the Lyric Theatre. Mr. Waller has revived a play which dates as far back as the "'seventies." Of the two plays Tom Taylor's better stands the wear of time. For *Clancarty* is cast in the days of William of Orange, and, being historical, stands still; while Mr. Jones's play is concerned with the men and women of our own generation, to whom ten years represents a complete change of fashion.

So the curious anomaly arises that *The Liars*, with never an aside nor a soliloquy, bears traces of age; while *Clancarty*, sprinkled with both asides and soliloquies, appears so fresh that a few misguided enthusiasts in the gallery call for "Author."

The play is historical melodrama, written by a man with a strong literary sense. There is grace, beauty, and balance in the dialogue. Some of the scenes, notably a charming love scene between the Clancartys, married as boy and girl and romantically reunited when man and woman, are written in such simple, yet eloquent, language, that by contrast one is inclined to cavil at the grandiloquent, almost high-falutin', note struck by modern playwrights when they essay the romantic historical.

The revival was most enthusiastically received. To tell the truth, it was something of a surprise to many (among them myself) to be introduced to such a sound acting play, which has lain on the shelf for so many years. The play provides Mr. Waller and Miss Millard with eminently suitable parts, and gives a great opportunity to Mr. Mackintosh to show what great effects a sound actor can produce with an emotional character part. His William III. is a picturesque and moving performance. The test of the actor came when King William evokes the memory of his dead wife, Mary. Mr. Mackintosh rose to the occasion.

WALDORF THEATRE

It would be fair neither to Mr. E. H. Sothern nor to Miss Julia Marlowe to judge them by their performances in *The Sunken Bell*. The English version of Hauptmann's poem is tedious to the torture point. So I postpone record of our welcome visitors until next week.

E. C. S.

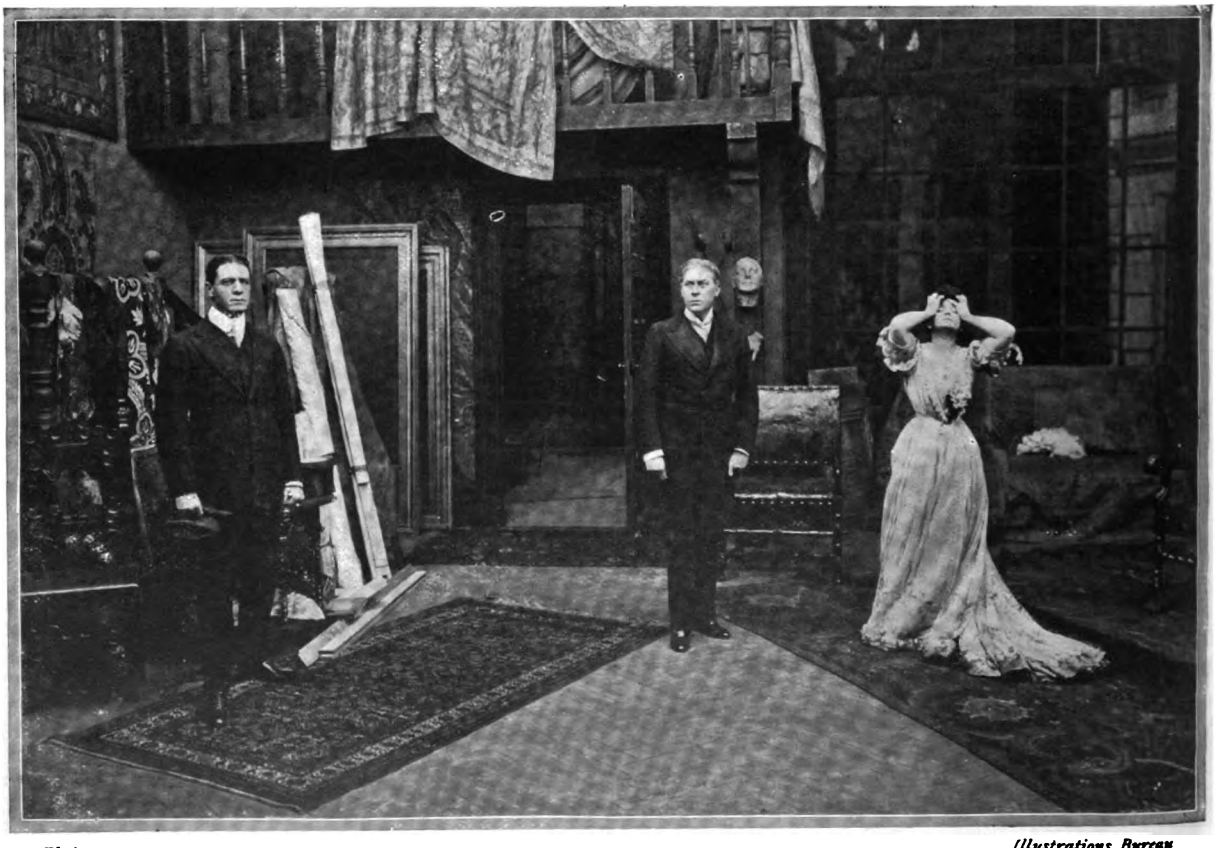

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A Dramatic Finale: The last scene in "John Glayde's Honour"

JOHN GLAYDE (Mr. George Alexander) to TREVOR LERODE (Mr. Matheson Lang): "Take her, and help her to lie and betray no more." This dramatic finale to Mr. Sutro's play has aroused a storm of discussion. The piece's popularity, however, shows no sign of diminishing, and still continues to draw crowded audiences at the St. James's Theatre

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Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon

MISS LEAH HANMAN MR. GEORGE BUCHANAN MR. MURRAY CARRINGTON MR. GEORGE R. WEIR MISS REGINA LAWRENCE
MR. E. A. WARBURTON MR. F. R. BENSON MR CLARENCE DERWENT MR. F. G. WORLOCK

Mr. F. R. Benson's Company in "Love's Labour Lost"

Photos] MRS. F. R. BENSON MR. E. A. WARBURTON *[Ellis and Walery*

An Amusing Scene from Wycherley's "Country Girl"

Wycherley's play is not often performed in London, but many playgoers will recollect the delightful performance of Miss Ada Rehan in the title-rôle. Some three years ago an opera called *Dolly Varden*, based on the play, was performed at the Avenue Theatre. Those who saw it will not soon forget Miss Mabelle Gilman's most amusing rendering of the famous letter-writing scene, where the husband of the country girl stands over her and forces her to write to order

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An Amusing Strike

The Paris waiters evidently had the charitable intention of amusing us when they started their strike, and everyone is enjoying the fun immensely. People who never frequent a café from one year's end to the other—the fashionable world—after a morning in the Bois, afternoon calls, and dull dinner parties, go to the cafés to see what is going on. The other evening several ladies came with a well-known Count, a person who has this year been a little more before the public eye than he cared to be; but as there was no one to serve them, the gallant Count was obliged to perform the duties of waiter. Unfortunately, we have been deprived of the pleasure of sitting on the *terrasses* of the Café de la Paix, where English people delight to drink a harmless *bock*, but otherwise this strike has given us most delightful moments. Last night, on our way home, we met one of the smartest waiters of the Café Riche, and asked him why he had gone on strike. "*Mon Dieu*," he replied, "I haven't the slightest idea.' Following the example of his colleagues, he had gone on strike first, and intended to find out the reason afterwards. "Besides," he added, "I am a bachelor, I can afford it."

* * *

What of France's Future?

An influential Royalist tells me his party will not very much longer submit to this *régime* of strikes, which is boring and degrading to a degree. He, for one, is doing his utmost to urge his fellow-countrymen to forget Society and bridge, and to set themselves to raise France from the depths to which the Clemenceau Government has dragged her. Education is evidently wasted on the people of France, in spite of the millions that have been spent on it ever since the Republic began. No nation has had greater facilities offered for acquiring learning and good taste; and yet, at present, no people could be more uncouth, no Government less refined. The most interesting of countries must now record chapters of history which are an insult to her past. Clemenceau seems incapable of understanding the very great peril in which his country stands—he seems terrified of the general labour federation, and absolutely incapable of taking any measures to crush it. All his energies are given to sifting out the Montagnini documents, of which everyone is bored to death. He spends the greater part of his day writing—the world knows not what; but he is evidently expecting his effusions to fall into the hands of some unscrupulous Government and be published. It appears he is taking the greatest care with his composition and punctuation, and the papers have already given him the nickname of "Monsieur de Sevigné." But to return to my Royalist friend. He will not tell me too many of his plans, but he is convinced that the Republic is doomed, and that after all a Constitutional Monarchy is the only possible Government for France. Had the Duke of Orléans any of the stamina of King Edward, long ago he would have been king.

Photo *Guigoni and Bossi*

Disappointed of Two Thrones

H.R.H. the Duchess d'Aosta (Princess Hélène d'Orléans), who has on two occasions been near to the rank of presumptive Queen. On one occasion she was designated for the hand of the late Duke of Clarence; and on another, as the wife of the Italian heir-presumptive, she enjoyed the prospect of being Queen of Italy—to be disappointed, however, by the birth of the little Prince of Piedmont

* * *

The King's Movements

King Edward is one of the few lucky persons who can combine business with pleasure. He takes one of the most delightful trips in Italy, a country teeming with romance and legend, along perhaps the most classical coast-line in the world, and he receives the approval of at least three great Powers His tour has been most successful; and why papers should try to make out that it is of no political significance is beyond comprehension.

Nothing can better direct the currents of public opinion than these meetings of Constitutional monarchs, confident of the loyalty of their people. After the recent interchange of Royal courtesies, there can be no further dispute as to Mediterranean rights, and still less chance of war. The Italian people are delighted at the Royal visit—King Edward is as popular in Italy as in France—and the European Press in general is most enthusiastic, with the exception of that of Germany. The poor Kaiser finds himself the political exile of Europe. No one understands him but himself, and yet, perhaps, no one has better intentions. He never loses an opportunity of publicly lauding France, and quite recently two great composers, Saint-Saëns and Massenet, have returned from Berlin delighted with their reception. One of them declares that the Emperor is absolutely French in his manners. He has all the quickness and vivacity of the Latin races, none of the phlegmatic

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The Waiters' Strike in Paris: The deserted "terrasses" of the Café de la Paix
During the waiters' strike at the popular Café de la Paix, the unusual spectacle was witnessed by *boulevardiers* of empty chairs and an air of desertion. Passers-by used the inviting chairs of the café as seats, and enjoyed a temporary freedom from the usually indefatigable *garçon*

temperament of the German, and had not the atrocities of 1870 taken place, no Frenchman could have desired a better Emperor.

* * *

The Duchess d'Aosta

At Naples our King was entertained by the Duchess d'Aosta—that charming lady who was for so long the idol of the French Royalists, and who to-day has won the affection of all Italy. As Princess Hélène d'Orléans she was well known in England, and, in spite of her religion, most people desired her union with the Duke of Clarence. The Queen, it is said, particularly wished for her as a daughter-in-law, but Parliament remained firm; and though all Europe was moved by the touching love story, Princess Hélène had to sacrifice herself for her religion. The Duke of Clarence died with her name on his lips, while she, with the consolation of her religion to help her, became resigned to her fate. I always thought that Parliament was particularly harsh towards this poor Princess. It seems to me she might have been allowed to retain her religion, provided only that the children were brought up in the faith of their fathers. After all, we are not living in a fanatical country like Spain. Princess Hélène's elder sister married the King of Portugal, and it was at her marriage that the Prince of Savoy met the present Duchess, and vowed he would have her as a daughter-in-law.

A Popular Princess

It was in 1897 that Princess Hélène went to Italy as the Duchess d'Aosta. She seems to be by nature exactly suited to her new country. She has youth and beauty, and the heart of the people went out at once to the exiled Princess of France. The night before her arrival, crowds waited all night in the Piazza of St. Mark in order to give her an enthusiastic welcome and carry her in triumph to her new home. Often she is to be seen walking with Queen Margherita, attended only by one gentleman-in-waiting. At the Lido, too, where they often go together, they stroll along the sands unaccompanied, exchanging mutual confidences, gazing at the glorious sunsets reflected in the calm waters of the lagoon. Her familiar figure, clad as a rule in white serge, is known to every fisherman along the coast. The Cisterna Palace—her home in Turin—is considered one of the finest residences in Italy, and when there the Princess's time is fully occupied. She rises early, attends to her voluminous correspondence, reads, and receives visitors in the morning, being accessible to anyone in need of her advice. In the afternoon, if she is not riding, driving, or motoring, she is generally to be found in her garden, directing the gardeners or even assisting herself. Her two sons, the Princes Amédée and Aymon, generally accompany her on her riding expeditions on their little ponies. If Princess Hélène has derived good

Bottle-washers Turn Waiters
The Café Riche—that very familiar Boulevard resort—coped with the difficulty by turning on their bottle-washing staff as waiters

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looks from her mother, the Comtesse de Paris, she has also inherited her passion for hunting. The Aosta hounds and stables are known throughout Italy, and very few people could be persuaded to forego an invitation to a meet at Veneria Reale, the Duke's hunting territory near Turin. Apropos of hunting, an American lady was once honoured with an invitation to join the Duke's hunting party, and the Duchess kindly offered her a mount. This she politely declined, saying she had brought her own horses with her. The day of the meet she appeared mounted on a handsome chestnut. Now, in Italy it is the custom for the huntsmen to set off to the strains of a military band, and the handsome chestnut, recalling the music he had learnt with great labour, started dancing! With the courtesy of the Italian race, not a single comment was heard—at least, until the unfortunate lady was out of ear-shot.

* * *

A Royal Philanthropist

It was a great grief to the Princess to be obliged, owing to illness, a few years ago, to leave Turin to settle in the warmer climate of Naples, but the hearty welcome extended to her enabled her to accustom herself speedily, and become attached to her new surroundings. In the poor of Naples she shows the keenest interest, and every week she takes her turn in serving out the soup in the soup kitchens inaugurated for their relief. Like her sister, the Queen of Portugal, she always had a taste for the study of medicine, and had she not married, she would have qualified as a doctor. After the eruption of Vesuvius she did gallant work amongst the sufferers, even staying all night in the hospital to help the nurses tend the wounded. Our King thoroughly enjoyed meeting the Duchess again, for he has a particular admiration, I am told, for the exiled Royal Family of France, although diplomacy forces him to pay homage to M. Fallières. In Italy, our King was attended chiefly by his Ambassador, Sir Edwin Egerton, who, by the way, is not such a diplomatic success as people imagine. People abroad laugh at our Diplomatic Service as a sinecure, for the King, they say, does all its work himself.

* * *

A Royal Lawsuit

An action is being brought against the King of Spain by his father's two illegitimate sons, one of whom bears a striking resemblance to Alfonso himself. The Sanz brothers seem to have elicited the sympathy of many members of Parisian Society, where their mother was well known. It appears that some years ago Alfonso XII. deposited considerable sums of money in a Paris bank for the use of these young men. The money has now disappeared. It was at first supposed — and then accepted as the truth — that part of this money had been taken to Greece by an absconding bank-clerk named Bolle. The money has in reality probably not been spent in Greece, as the brothers themselves are very extravagant. Each time they are short of money, which is a pretty frequent occurrence, they threaten the King of Spain with a lawsuit, and he, wishing to avoid a scandal, gives them the required sums. Now, however, his patience is exhausted; the Courts will be asked to decide the question.

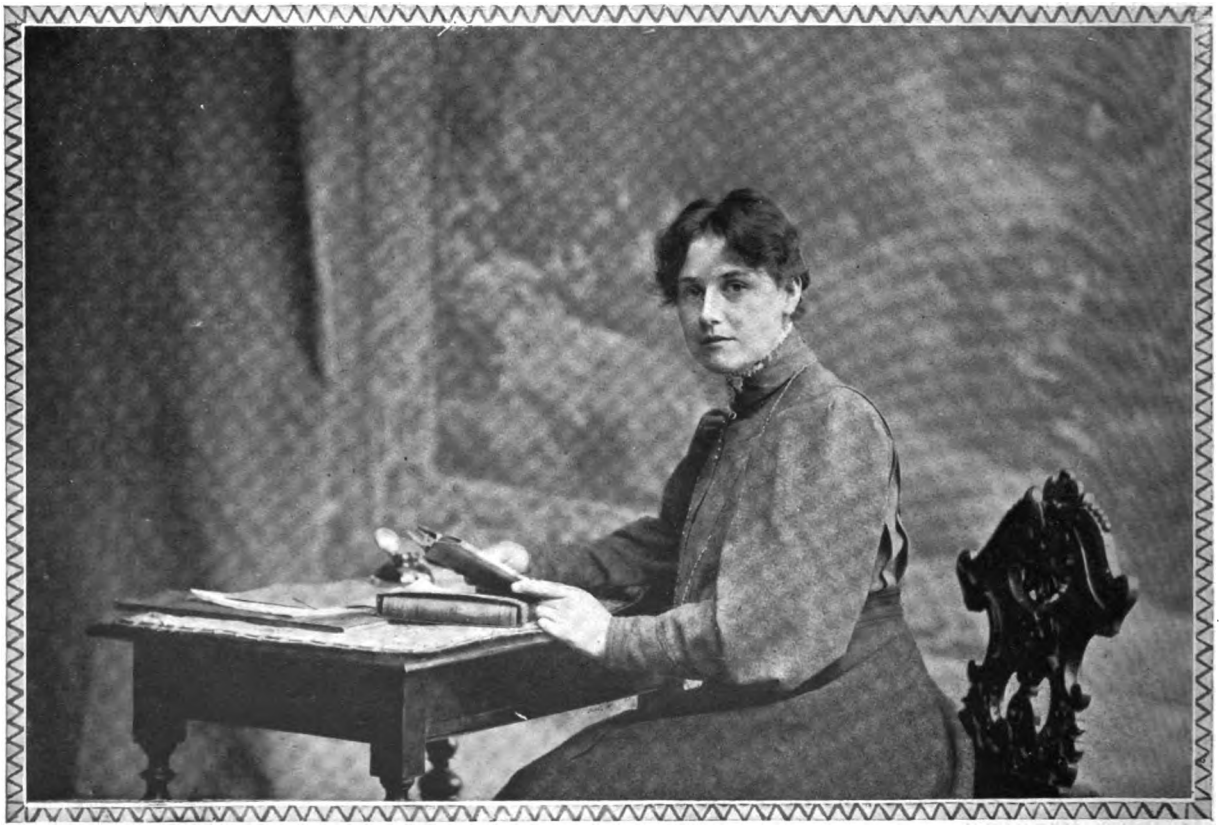

Photo *Devitte*

Switzerland's One and Only Lady Advocate: Mlle. Nelly Favre, who is now practising at the Bar in Geneva

Mlle. Favre, who is only twenty-seven years of age, has already won more than a dozen cases, and is a masterly orator

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Prospects of the Polo Season

AT HOME AND ABROAD

(Special Illustrated Supplement)

Photo *Rouch*

Tea at Ranelagh: A striking scene in the beautiful club grounds at Barn Elms

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Polo at Home and Abroad

Prospects of the Season

A Bright Outlook

If we only have a fine summer there is every reason to anticipate a very successful polo season this year, prospects generally being of the brightest. The three big London clubs have issued exceptionally long and attractive programmes, and the element of novelty will be provided this year by the visit of two foreign teams. One of these is a Spanish side from Madrid, captained by that well-known Continental player the Marquis de Villavieja, who is no stranger to English polo grounds, for twelve years ago he brought to London a Spanish team. The sporting object of the trip was to play a French team a match for a special International Cup offered by the Ranelagh Club. It was the first time that foreign teams had ever played in England, and the result of the contest was the victory of the Spaniards.

International Polo

In Coronation year there were a good many players from abroad in London, and an International Tournament was held at Ranelagh, in which Argentine, Spanish, Indian, Californian, Scottish, and Ranelagh teams competed. The Spaniards, who again included the Marquis de Villavieja and his brother, M. de Escandon, made a bold bid for victory, and had rather hard luck in not winning, for they held the lead during the last quarter of an hour, and it was only in the last minute that Mr. Gill's Ranelagh team equalised. This necessitated an extra period, in which Ranelagh scored again and won. On the occasion of their present visit, the Marquis de Villavieja and his brother will be assisted by the Dukes of Alba, Santona, and Penaranda. It is probably the strongest Continental combination that could take the field at the present time. They will make a stay of about five weeks, and have had many matches arranged for them at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton, making their *début* at the last-named club on Wednesday, May 29.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Earl of Harrington

A veteran polo player at the leading London clubs, and the donor of the Lords and Commons Cup at Ranelagh

Mr. Winston Churchill changing ponies at Ranelagh

Observe the pony's bandage over the eyes while being mounted. Mr. F. A. Gill, one of the Ranelagh polo managers, on the right

An Important "Confab" at Roehampton: Capt. E. D. Miller and his brother-in-law, Mr. P. W. Nickalls

RANDOM SNAPSHOTS OF POLO PERSONAGES

An All-Indian Team

Particular interest attaches to the Madrid team's match at Hurlingham, on June 1, for their opponents will be the all-native Indian team of the Maharajah of Bikanir, a great Rajput prince. It was a very happy thought to pit these two sides together, for the Marquis and the Maharajah are old opponents, Spanish and Indian teams captained by them having met in 1902 in the Ranelagh International Tournament already mentioned, when the natives were beaten by 6 goals to 4. Bikanir will also fight their old battles over again with the Royal Horse Guards. The last time that they met was at the historic Delhi Durbar Tournament in India, when the Blues were defeated by 5 goals to 2; this time they will try conclusions at Hurlingham on June 22, after the Champion Cup final. At home, Bikanir used evidently to be a strong team, for at the Durbar Tournament, in which the best polo talent of India competed, they beat the South of India Champions, the Golcondas, and reached the semi-final round. It has just been decided by the governing body to invite the Indian Polo Association to send three delegates each year to serve on the Hurlingham Polo Committee, and the seats for 1907 have been offered to Major R. St. C. Lecky, R.H.A. — the honorary secretary of the Association — Major J. Vaughan, D.S.O., 10th Hussars, and Major G. W. Hobson, 12th Lancers, who are all three coming home this season.

A Famous American Player

The Hurlingham rules are now in force all over the world, with the exception of the United States, the only real difference between the American Association's code and ours being their refusal to

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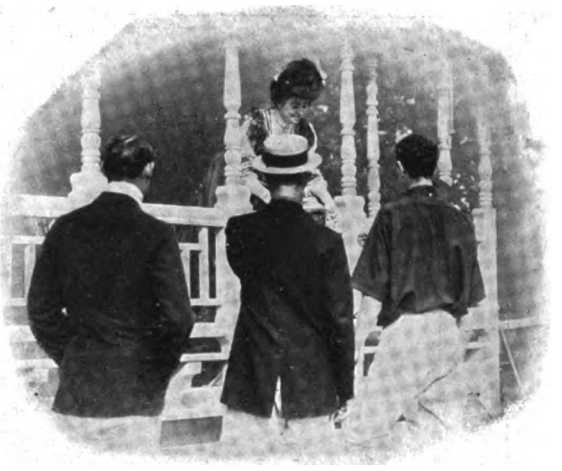
Polo Patronesses—Royal and Noble



The Duchess of Westminster Presents Two Challenge Cups

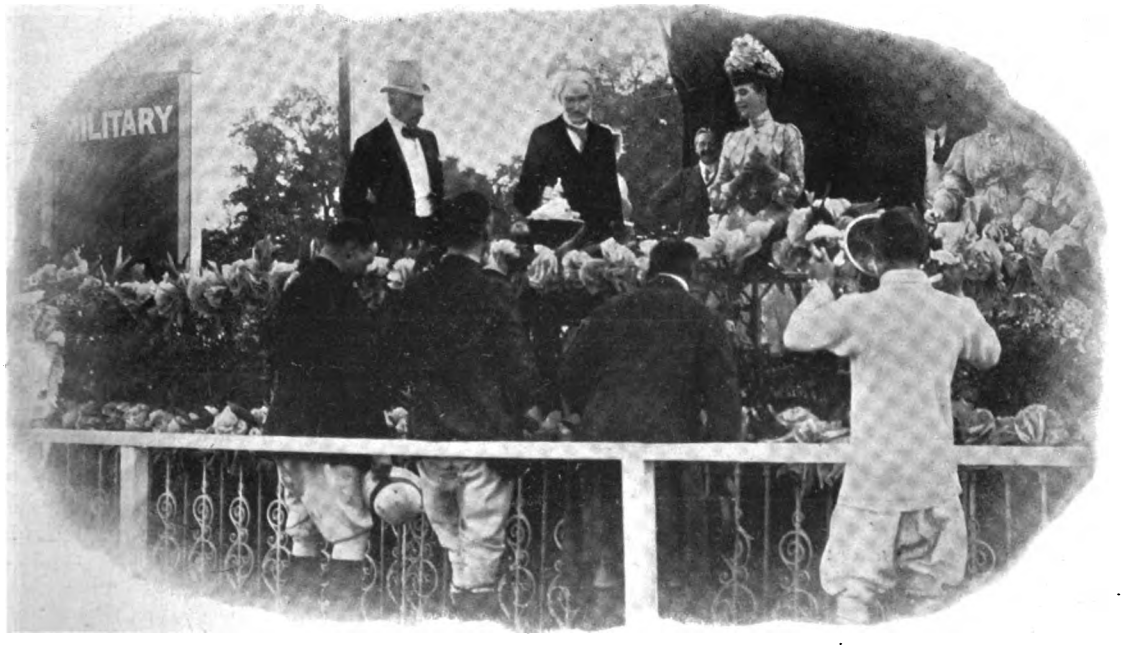
On the left, to the Lords, at Ranelagh, on their victory over the Commons; on the right, to the Roehampton team, at Hurlingham

adopt the offside rule. Until they do this, the Americans will be handicapped in their International matches with us, for the conditions governing the Cup contest are that it must be played under the rules of the holders. Last year there was a rumour going the rounds that an American team was coming over this season to make another attempt for the Cup, which Mr. John Watson's team brought back to England twenty-one years ago, but once again the report has ended in disappointment. The presence over here this season of that very clever American player, Mr. Foxhall Keene, will, however, add greatly to the interest of the season, and his name has, consequently, been once more placed on the Hurlingham Recent Form List—a "polo roll of honour" of the leading players of the day. In America, Mr. Foxhall Keene, who excels at so many sports, is considered to have no superior at polo; and on the Association handicap list, which corresponds to our "black list," he was last year assessed, with Mr. Lawrence Waterbury and Mr. R. L. Agassiz, at the "top weight" of nine goals. Mr. Keene captained the American team which came over here in 1902, and also took part in the 1900 match, as well as in the inaugural match for the Cup at Newport in 1886.

The Princess of Wales, with the Earl of Ancaster, leaving Hurlingham after the Inter-Regimental final

The Game in the Army

The recent attempt to abolish Regimental polo came to nought, as was indeed only to be expected,



The Queen, at Hurlingham, presenting the Inter-Regimental Cup to the 20th Hussars

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The Great Day of the P

Major F. Egerton Green (late 12th Lancers), the Manager of Hurlingham

THE INTER-REGIMENTAL FINAL MATC
A GALLOP PAST

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lo Season at Hurlingham

lth HUSSARS v. 20th HUSSARS (Winners).
PAVILION BOARDS

Mr. Walter Buckmaster, Cap ain of the famous team of Old Cantabs

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The Economy of Self-Trained Ponies

Major-General D. Haig

The new President of the Army Polo Committee

Major W. A. Tilney

Hon. Secretary of the Army Polo Committee, and Captain of the 17th Lancers' polo team

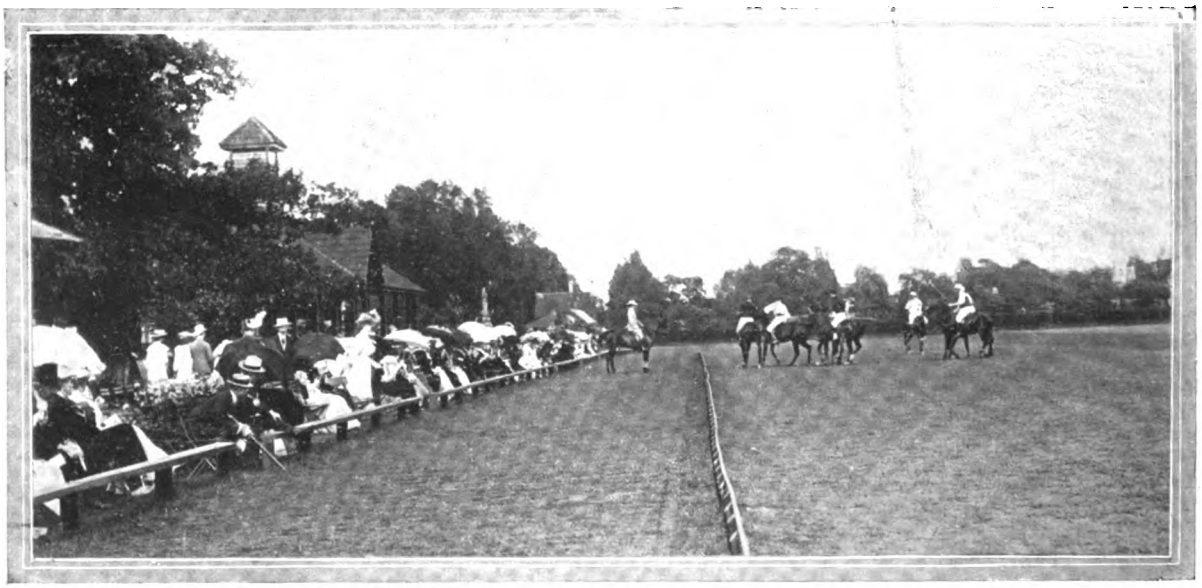
considering that most of the senior and commanding officers are not only strongly in favour of the game, but in many cases have been players themselves. There is no necessity whatever for any inordinate expense in connection with polo, and the curtailment of all unnecessary expenditure is one of the main objects of the Army Polo Committee, which was established in 1905. Major-General Douglas Haig, who has just succeeded Major-General Baden-Powell in the presidency of that body, is a very well-known polo player. Formerly in the 7th Hussars, he helped them in their Inter-Regimental victories at Hurlingham in 1885 and 1886, and in India in 1891, and subsequently, when in command of the 17th Lancers, he played back for them, and led them to victory in the 1903 Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham.

Self-Trained Ponies

Major W. A. Tilney, whose portrait is also given, has been for some years a prominent member of the 17th Lancers' polo team. He played in the Inter-Regimental final just mentioned, and the following year he captained the 17th Lancers' team which won the tournament at Hurlingham for the second year in succession. It is hoped eventually that all the ponies played in the Inter-Regimental will be trained by the officers themselves. There is no doubt that polo would not be such an expensive game if players would only take the trouble to train their own ponies. As an instance of this it is worthy of note that the pony Lightning that Major Tilney used to ride regularly he bought as a four-year-old for £40. He trained her himself, rode her for seven seasons, and sold her, after winning the 1904 Inter-Regimental, for £250.

Improvements at Hurlingham

The management have been very busy at Hurlingham since the club closed last August, chief among the many improvements carried out by the firm of John Barker and Co. being the remodelling of the club-house from the designs of the well-known architect, Mr. E. Lutyens. The entrance-hall has been enlarged by the removal of the staircase, giving a fine hall 80 ft. long, and the stables, formerly rented by Mr. John Watson, have been demolished and a new west wing built; and there are now sixteen French windows, which will afford a welcome and much-needed means of entrance and exit, instead of the one doorway, where there used to be a sad block on busy afternoons. The courtyard has also been enlarged, and a fine ornamental iron grille built which will regulate the traffic, while additional dining accommodation has been provided. Besides the matches that have been arranged for the Spanish and Bikanir teams, the Hurlingham programme contains all the old features, the most popular among them being undoubtedly the Inter-Regimental Tournament, the final of which is the event of the polo season. The 11th Hussars and the 20th Hussars will probably fight out the final again,



At the Roehampton Club: Watching a match on the centre ground

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Ranelagh and Roehampton Prospects

and their most formidable opponents will, I fancy, be the 8th Hussars. The mainstay of the 11th Hussars' team, Mr. M. L. Lakin, who played so brilliantly in the final last year, has been deservedly promoted to the Recent Form List. The 20th Hussars, who won the Soldiers' Polo Championship last time at their first attempt, will again have the assistance this season of Captain H. R. Lee, who has now recovered from the hunting accident which kept him out of the saddle for so long. Another tournament, which promises to be particularly interesting, is the Champion Cup, for Mr. Freake will be playing again this season, and so the favourite Old Cantabs' team will once more take the field.

Photo] **Mr. Foxhall Keene** [*Boyer*

The well-known American sportsman and polo player, who captained the last American polo team, and who will be playing here again this year

The Outlook at Ranelagh

The large amount of polo played at the Ranelagh Club has led to the provision of yet another polo ground; and, in addition to its charming estate at Barn Elms, the club can now boast of being the only club in or near London with four polo grounds — I was almost writing, in England, but the four grounds of the exceptionally prosperous county club in the Blackmore Vale came to mind. The Blackmore Vale, by the way, have handed over their Country Clubs' Junior Championship Cup to the County Polo Association, who have made it a Junior County Cup, and Ranelagh have agreed to allow the semi-final and final ties to be played at the club. The "county week" thus inaugurated—for the final stages are to be decided simultaneously with the County Cup at Hurlingham—ought to do a lot of good to country polo, and the moderate player who gets so often shouldered aside by the cracks will now have a look in. Besides the possession of four grounds, Ranelagh can also claim to have more tournaments than any other club, no fewer than eight figuring on the club programme. One novelty this season will be the Points' Challenge Cup Tournament, which will run its course throughout the season, each of the nine competing teams having to play every other. Among the sides engaged will be Lord Huntingdon's Sharavogue team and the King's Dragoon Guards, who are shortly going out to India. The one-day Aldershot Cup Military Tournament is always a very popular affair at Ranelagh, as also will be the new Lords *v.* Commons match.

Roehampton Polo

If Roehampton has no club-house, like its two neighbours, it has, at any rate, polo of the very best; and those who maintain that "the play's the thing" can always be sure of having their wish gratified there. The Roehampton Club is the headquarters, of course, of the famous Rugby and Roehampton teams; and the Old Cantabs, whose familiar colours will be welcomed by everyone again this season, will also be playing a number of matches here. As

The Growing Popularity of Polo: Crowd at Hurlingham watching the historic England and America matches

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Polo Abroad—Three Snapshots

Polo in Egypt: A game at the Ghezireh Club, Cairo

the Roehampton team has been broken up, the battle for the Championship ought to be very open, one of the keenest and most interesting indeed of recent years. Captain Herbert Wilson and Captain Hardress Lloyd have left the Roehampton team, and will play with their brothers-in-law, Mr. Aubrey Hastings and Mr. W. Bass, as the Woodpeckers, the combination that won the All-Ireland Open Cup last year. The Rugby team will, as usual, be made up from the three brothers Miller, Mr. Walter Jones, and Lord Shrewsbury. The new Roehampton and Old Cantabs' teams have already been mentioned, and besides these there will be a Ranelagh team and the Magpies. The latter side will be chosen from the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Roxburghe, Captain S. F. Gosling, Major J. Vaughan, and Major G. W. Hobson (12th Lancers).

Mr. J. Strang
One of three brothers, well-known New Zealand players

Miscellaneous Matches

A new team of Old Wyckhamists, composed of the four brothers Weatherby, will make their *début* as a team at Roehampton next Saturday. The Public Schools' Cup, the first tournament of the Roehampton season, begins on May 20, and the Junior Championship, which always attracts an exceptionally big entry, will take place during the last week in June. One of the most interesting matches of the whole polo season, and one which is sure to draw a big crowd to Roehampton, will be the match between the 1906 Club team and a Rest of England side. There will also be a great match on May 25 between Rugby and the Rest of England. There is to be winter polo on the Riviera next year, and the committee of the polo club that has been formed at Cannes have made sure of the success of the new venture by giving the management to Captain E. D. Miller, who already runs the polo at Roehampton, Rugby, and Ostend. L. V. L. SIMMONDS.

It is a proof of the excellent quality of the sticks and balls that they supply that the name of Salter is known wherever polo is played, and that their specialities are used by most of the principal clubs and players throughout the world. Messrs. Salter and Son now have at Aldershot the largest and best stock of canes, heads, and balls in the world, and the estimation in which their sticks are held by the leading players is shown by the fact that all the English International team used Salter's sticks in the last series of matches against the Americans. The firm have also been specially appointed to supply the Hurlingham and Ranelagh Clubs with polo balls for the coming season.

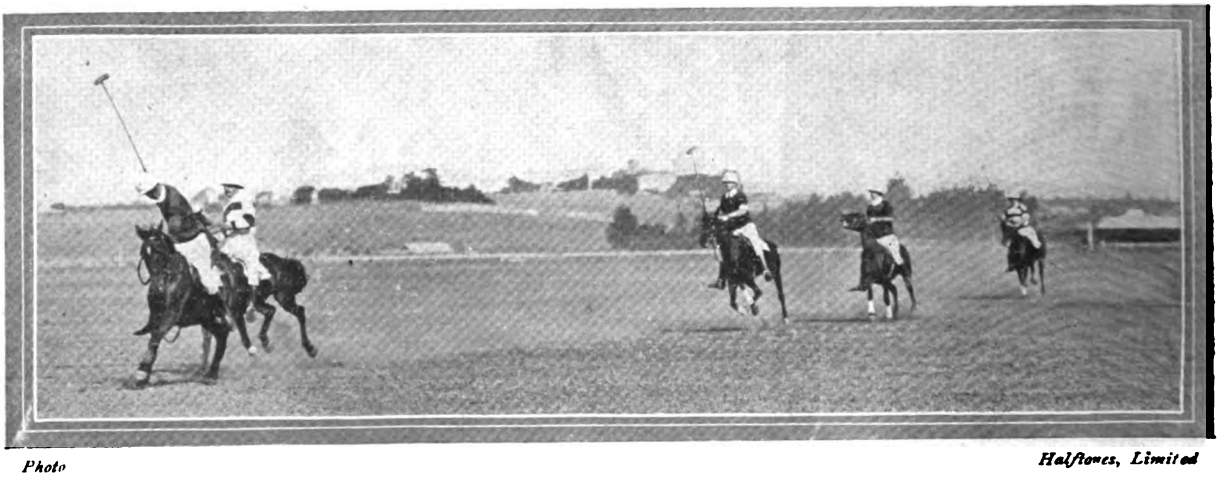

Photo *Halftones, Limited*

Polo in Australia: The final match for the Talbot Cup, between Caramut (winners) and Camperdown

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Mendacious Mrs. Warder

Dover Street Studios

Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Dion Boucicault, now playing in "The Truth" at the Comedy

Miss Tempest, in the rôle of the untruthful wife, Becky Warder, increases her already great reputation as a *comedienne*, while those who still regret her departure from the lyric stage will be consoled to hear that in the third act of *The Truth* she sings a French song, with all her old tone, charm, and expression

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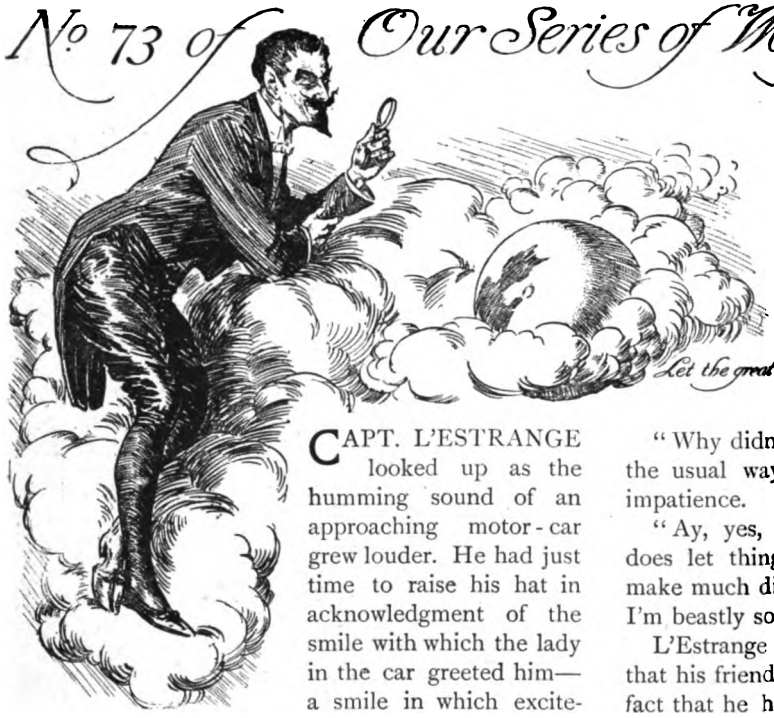
No. 73 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



A Modern Othello

By

J. SACKVILLE MARTIN

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

CAPT. L'ESTRANGE looked up as the humming sound of an approaching motor-car grew louder. He had just time to raise his hat in acknowledgment of the smile with which the lady in the car greeted him—a smile in which excitement mingled with a touch of defiance. He had time also to acknowledge the lifted hand of the driver; and then the car passed on and he stood staring after it, with a little frown upon his forehead.

"She will be getting herself talked about with that young cub," he said to himself. "I shall have to interfere."

He had every right to do so; for the woman was his wife.

He strolled towards his club.

In the smoking-room he ordered a whisky and soda, and sat down in a comfortable chair in the large bow window. There were a few other occupants of the room, but they were gathered into two or three small groups conversing together in low tones. As he looked across at the nearest group, the conversation ceased and the members forming it broke up. Two of them left the room, a third strolled towards the fireplace and took up a paper, and the fourth and last, a youngish man, with an eyeglass and a drooping, fair moustache, came directly towards him.

The Captain shrugged his shoulders imperceptibly. He was not in the mood for company, and Gus Clifton was a bore. But, short of positive rudeness, there was no escape; and the Captain was never rude. He resigned himself to the ordeal, and watched the newcomer select a chair beside him.

"Bad thing this about Harris," said Clifton, lowering his voice confidentially, and tugging at the points of his moustache.

"What's the matter? I hadn't heard," said L'Estrange, with an assumption of interest.

"You haven't heard? My dear chap! where have you been?" exclaimed Clifton, brightening at the prospect of imparting scandal. "His wife has left him. Gone to Paris with Bertie Danvers. Fact, I assure you. Left a note saying he might take what steps he pleased. He was in here this morning. Told it to Charlie Harrison. Awfully cut up, I believe."

"Why didn't he advertise it on the hoardings in the usual way?" said L'Estrange, with a touch of impatience.

"Ay, yes, exactly," replied his friend; "Charlie does let things slip a bit. But, after all, it doesn't make much difference. Everyone will know it soon. I'm beastly sorry for the poor devil, you know."

L'Estrange looked uncomfortable. He realised that his friend's sorrow was quite overbalanced by the fact that he had news to impart. The thought that he might find himself in the position of being pitied by such creatures struck him as unbearable, and affected him with a certain contempt for the man who had been so ready to wear his heart on his sleeve.

"It's his own fault, after all," he said. "He brought it on himself."

"Oh, but there you are wrong, I assure you, my dear fellow," exclaimed Gus. "Why, he couldn't have done more than he did. He spoke to his wife about the thing more than once. He went to Danvers himself and pointed out to him that he wasn't doing the straight thing. And, finally, he had to forbid him the house. Then this happened. I suppose it had to come. But I don't see that he could have done any more myself."

"No," agreed L'Estrange with a slight smile; "he seems to have been pretty energetic."

Mr. Clifton looked at him dubiously. He scented a certain disparagement of his opinions in the other's tone. It evoked a tendency to malice on his part, and prompted his next remark.

"By the way," he said, "I think I saw your wife in the Park this afternoon. Driving with young Harvey, wasn't she?"

"Yes," replied L'Estrange imperturbably; "she is fond of motoring. I haven't a car myself, so it's lucky he is willing to take her out now and then. They are very old friends. Knew each other when they were children, and all that sort of thing."

He told the lie deliberately and impassively. Evidently Elsie *was* getting herself talked about. He determined to put his foot down. Solicitude from Gus and his kind was not for him. He turned the conversation upon indifferent topics, and shortly afterwards he left the club.

When he reached his flat and let himself in, he was aware of voices coming from the tiny drawing-room. He recognised them at once as he walked towards the door. His wife, a pretty little brunette, stood up quickly on his entrance, lifting her tea-cup

(Continued on page 248)

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Actress, Singer, and Harpist

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Denise Orme

Now playing in the *Lady Dandies* at Daly's Theatre. Is not merely a charming actress, but an accomplished singer and player on the harp and 'cello. Her engagement to Baron Ernsthausen has been recently announced

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(Continued from page 246)

with a laugh that was obviously assumed to cover a slight confusion. Young Harvey, a fair-haired lad of twenty-five, kept his seat, looking up awkwardly, and flushing to the roots of his hair. L'Estrange came forward as though he had noticed nothing unusual.

"You are just in time," said his wife, brightly.

"In time?" he said, nonchalantly. "For what?"

"For a cup of tea," she replied, with a sidelong glance at the boy, which seemed to intimate an understanding.

L'Estrange accepted the tea and sat down. His presence brought restraint with it. In spite of Elsie's efforts, the conversation languished For some moments she strove against the advancing silence, and then gave in and left the field to the uninterrupted ticking of the clock. The monotonous sound was too much for Harvey's nerves. He rose to his feet.

"I'm afraid I must be going," he said, awkwardly.

"Must you really?" asked Elsie, rising to her feet, with a false note of regret in her voice. Inwardly she was relieved. The situation was beginning to tell upon her also.

When Harvey had taken his departure, she intimated that she was going to her room to make herself presentable.

"I'm simply covered with dust," she said, with a little nervous laugh. "It gets in one's hair, no matter what sort of a veil one wears."

"Stop a minute," he said, quietly; "I want to ask you something."

"What is it?" she asked, ill at ease.

"Nothing much," he replied, imperturbably. "I only want to know what you are doing with that boy."

"I don't understand you," she answered, flushing. "I am doing nothing with that boy."

"I am sorry to contradict you," he said, "but I am afraid I must. You *are* doing *something* to him. What I wish to know is the exact nature of that something."

"Please don't talk nonsense," said his wife, with a touch of asperity. "He is only a boy—a dear boy, of course. And he's very fond of me, and wants to give me a good time. That's all. Why should he not? It pleases him, and it doesn't hurt me."

"Ah!" replied L'Estrange, "I expected you would say that, my dear. But don't you think it might prove serious for him? I quite understand that you know the limits. If I did not, I should scarcely be talking to you as I am now. But does he? He may take this too seriously. He may hurt himself."

"How absurd!" she cried, with an angry laugh. "It won't do him any harm. He will get over it; and when he has done so, I'll look out for some nice girl for him, and marry him to her. But in the meantime, let the boy enjoy himself. He won't break his heart."

"You mean, I suppose," he answered, watching her narrowly, "that you don't care if he does?"

"Why should I?" she said, lightly.

"Why, indeed?" he echoed, marvelling at her. "Then he doesn't count. I'm glad of that, you know, because—well, because there's my own position as your husband. Excuse my mentioning it."

"Your position!" she cried, opening her eyes and giving way to a little shrug of disdainful astonishment. "Surely, my dear, you are not going to be melodramatic?"

"It was never a failing of mine," he answered, calmly; "I merely wished to point out to you the danger of allowing people to talk about your actions."

"I don't care what ill-natured people say," she retorted, hotly. "I am surprised that you should give ear to scandal-mongers. Do you mean to say that they are talking about me?"

"If they were, would it influence you?" he asked.

"It would not," she answered decisively; "I don't rule my life by other people's opinions. And I don't believe that they are talking. You only say so to frighten me."

Involuntarily, L'Estrange thought of his interview in the club.

"Since you don't care whether they do or not, it is of no importance," he answered, calmly. "I gather, then, that neither for the boy's sake, nor for mine, nor for the sake of public opinion, will you consent to stop this—this flirtation?"

The word angered her.

"I shall do as I please," she said.

"Very well," he answered, nodding; "in that case I shall have to take the law into my own hands."

She raised her eyebrows.

"What do you propose to do?" she asked, scornfully. "Lock me up? Forbid me to see him again? Or are you going to take him to France and fight a duel? I'm afraid the days for that sort of thing are over, my dear. You would only get yourself talked about."

"It is more than probable that I should," he answered, good-humouredly; "that is if I were to pursue any of the methods you have indicated. But I won't keep you any longer. I am sure you must be anxious to get the dust out of your hair."

He stood aside to allow her to pass. She looked at him with puzzled suspicion.

"Don't be silly," she said lightly, as she passed him. "There's really nothing for you to worry about."

"I don't worry," he answered, with a smile.

She shrugged her shoulders and left the room.

. . . . .

That evening, Captain L'Estrange sought his club. Not the one he had visited that afternoon, but a second one, of which young Harvey was also a member. He found the lad, as he had expected, in the smoking-room, and dropped in a chair beside him.

"I passed you in the Park, this afternoon," he said, casually.

The boy's face flushed.

"Yes," he said, awkwardly, "Mrs. L'Estrange was good enough to come for a ride with me."

"She is fond of motoring," said the Captain, with studied carelessness.

"Yes, she does enjoy it, doesn't she?" replied Harvey, enthusiastically. He was young enough to feel a half fearful delight in talking about his idol, even though his auditor was her husband.

L'Estrange read him like an open book.

"I haven't a motor myself," he remarked; "but that is of no consequence since she has friends who will place their cars at her disposal."

"Of course, you know I shall be delighted at any time," said Harvey, in an outburst of enthusiasm. "It is always a pleasure to do anything for Mrs. L'Estrange."

(Continued on page 250)

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Royalty in Sicily

Stereograph Copyright *Underwood and Underwood, London and New York*

One of Palermo's Gruesome Relics Visited by the King

Sicily is rich in gruesome relics of mediæval warfare, the Cathedral of Palermo containing a remarkable collection of mummies dating from the days of the Saracens. The Convent of the Cappucini, however, afforded the Royal visitors even more material for curiosity, containing, as it does, in its vaults, a veritable museum of twelve or fifteen hundred mummies of monks, some grimacing, others appearing to cry, some opening their mouths, others displaying black outstretched tongues

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(Continued from page 248)

The Captain smiled airily.

"Ah, my boy!" he said lightly, "when you are married yourself, and the husband of a pretty woman, you will find that a great many people find pleasure in doing things for your wife."

Harvey glanced at him with suspicion. He was not quite certain in what direction the conversation was likely to progress. But L'Estrange was apparently absorbed in lighting a cigar, smiling placidly the while as though pleased with his thoughts.

"When that day comes," he went on, removing the cigar and blowing a cloud of smoke, "I'll give you a bit of advice that may be useful. Don't make scenes over the business. Don't act the jealous husband. It's never worth it. Make a friend of your wife, and enter into all these little affairs. Laugh at them with her like a sensible man. You will find if you take things the right way that you will get as much amusement out of them as she does."

He did not look at the lad; but in his mind's eye he saw him flush, he felt the expression of pain that crossed his features.

"That is what I do," he went on. "My wife and I understand each other. Of course she is pretty; and now and again a man makes a fool of himself about her. Well, it gives us a laugh; and with the laugh Othello's occupation's gone, so to speak."

"Of course," said the boy, after a pause, "I can see that it must be very interesting and amusing for you. Perhaps, though, you may be mistaken at times. Perhaps some of these men—who make fools of themselves, as you say—are only paying ordinary attentions, ordinary civilities."

"Oh, well, you know," replied the Captain, "I daresay some of them begin that way. But a woman soon knows when these attentions are quite disinterested. In fact, it is just at that stage when disinterestedness passes into folly that these affairs are most amusing."

Harvey made no answer. He sat with his chin in his hands, staring at the floor. He was thinking very hard things of his idol. L'Estrange smoked placidly, amused at the effect he was producing. After a pause, the lad spoke.

"It's rather a funny thing," he said, sitting up abruptly, "I had an invitation from a man this evening to go shooting big game in the Rockies. I was wondering whether I ought to accept it when you came in."

"Well, why not?" said L'Estrange placidly, and then laughed.

"Why not," echoed the lad. "There would be nothing to laugh at in that," he added, a trifle bitterly.

"Nothing at all," agreed the Captain. "A sensible sort of thing to do. Wish I could go myself. But a married man is tied. My wife wou'dn't hear of it. It's well to be a bachelor for some things."

Harvey rose.

"Well, good night," he said; "I think I shall go. I may not see you again before I start. You might make my excuses to Mrs. L'Estrange, if I don't call. I shall have a good deal to do; and we sail in a couple of days."

"By all means," said the Captain, heartily; "I hope you'll come, though. She will be disappointed if you don't."

. . . . .

Mr. Harvey did not call. Three days afterwards, Mrs. L'Estrange began to get uneasy. She wrote a little note. There was no answer. Then, after some hesitation, she spoke to her husband.

"Have you seen anything of Mr. Harvey?" she asked casually across the breakfast-table.

"Gone shooting in the Rockies, I believe," said the Captain, calmly.

His wife looked at him with a world of expression in her face. But he was too busy eating bacon and eggs to notice her.

J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

Toothsome Morsels

This is not a mouth-organ orchestra, but merely a few readers having a little light refreshment, in the shape of a slice of water-melon, on a Mexican ranche

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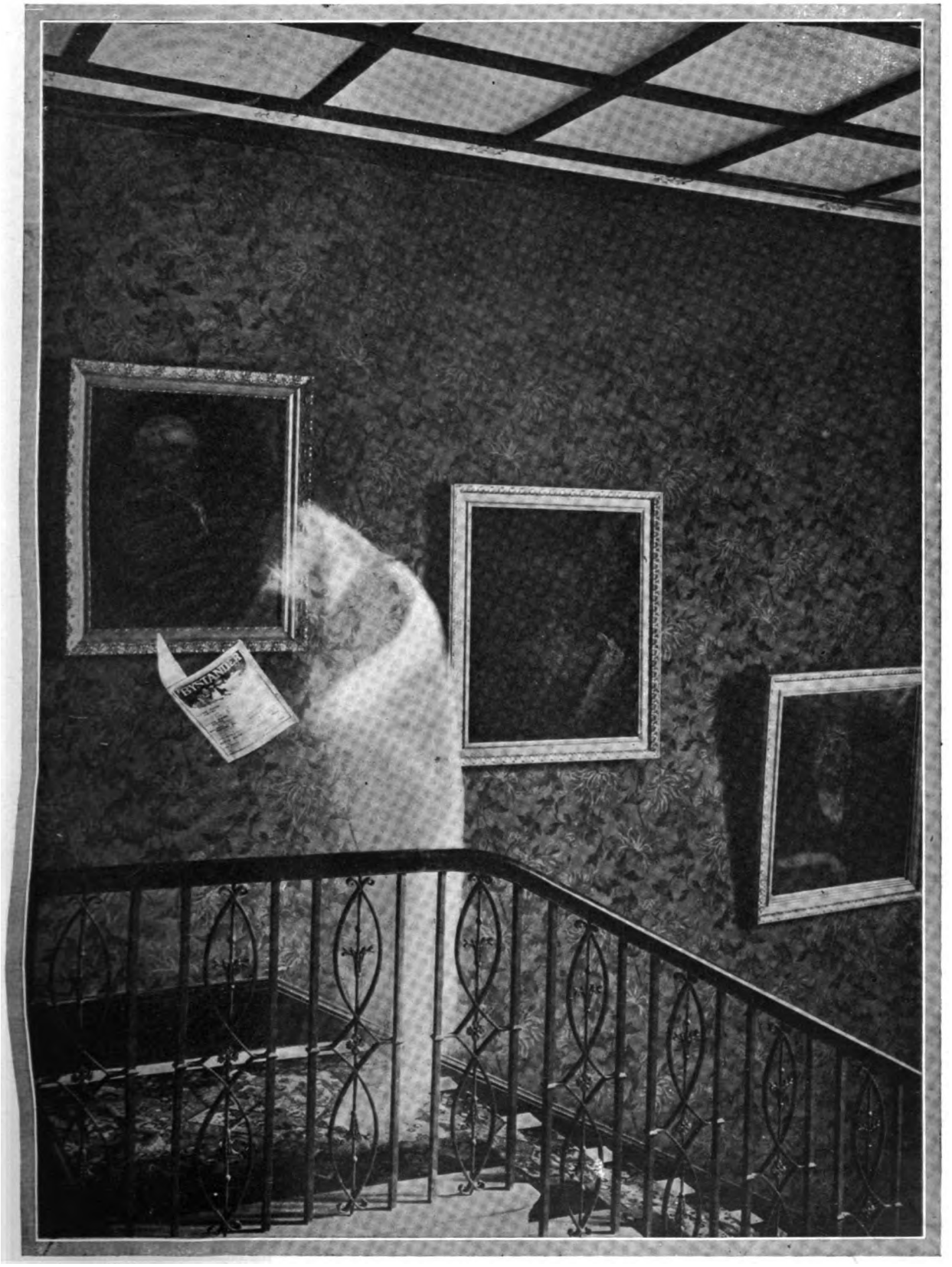
Family Ghost as Gentle Reader

STARTLING EVIDENCE OF "THE BYSTANDER'S" CIRCULATION IN SHADOWLAND



New Development of the "Literary Ghost"

We gladly commend the above remarkable photograph to the notice of Sir Oliver Lodge and the Psychical Research Society. Not only does it afford convincing proof of the existence of our spectral friends—it also offers evidence of a high literary and pictorial taste on their part, which should go far to redeem them from the disrepute which centuries of Christmastide burlesque has cast upon them. The sender of the photograph offers the following explanation of it: "When, at last, we got a camera within range of our Family Ghost, you may imagine our surprise at finding he was reading THE BYSTANDER! In fact, it was probably owing to this circumstance that we were successful, for the Ghost was so completely absorbed in his occupation that he hardly moved whilst we took his photograph"

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ST. BRIDE FOUNDATION

Golf Notes and Notions

Concerning the Interpretation of the Rules

In my review of Messrs. Nisbet's "Golf Year Book" I briefly touched on the decision of the Rules of Golf Committee as to the interpretation of the words "the line of the putt" in Rule 19. In order that my readers may understand the matter, I will concisely state the case which was submitted for decision by the Selkirk Golf Club. A and B were partners in a foursome against C and D. When A was about to play his putt his partner B, standing behind the hole, indicated the line he should take, and in doing so he rested the top of his club-shaft on the ground, two yards behind the hole, and not on the green between the ball and the hole. To reach the spot where the club rested, the ball would have needed to pass the hole and go two yards beyond it. C and D claimed the hole, and the decision of the Rules of Golf Committee is that they were right.

The Rules in Question

The rules gove ning this case are Nos. 18 and 19. Rule 18 says that "the line of the putt must not be touched except with the club immediately in front of the ball in the act of addressing it, or as above authorised," this last phrase referring to the permission given earlier in the rule to remove sand, earth, dung, worm-casts, molehills, snow, or ice lying around the hole or in the line of the putt, by brushing lightly with the hand only across the putt, and to remove dung with a club.

Rule 19 says: "When the ball is on the putting green no mark shall be placed nor line drawn as a guide. The line of the putt may be pointed out by the player's caddie, his partner, or his partner's caddie, but the person doing so must not touch the ground." The rest of the rule deals with the position of the person standing at the hole, who must not endeavour, by moving or otherwise, to influence the action of the wind upon the ball. The penalty for a breach of Rule 19 is the loss of the hole.

"The Line of the Putt"

So far as I know, there has never been a definition explaining the meaning of the words "the line of the putt." At any rate, no such definition occurs among those at the beginning of the present rules. But I am quite certain that no old golfer ever contemplated that the words "the line of the putt" could be held to apply to ground on the further side of the hole. The object of the rule was to abolish an abuse which had crept into the game, and had become rather flagrant on the part of some players. When these "canny chiels" were examining the line of their putt they would ask their caddie for the line, and then there would ensue a series of "pointings out" by the caddie and the player, consisting of running the wooden putter backwards and forwards between the ball and the hole till a groove had been made, along which the player sent his ball in security into the hole. That abuse was killed by a rule of which the present Rule 19 is the lineal descendant. In the 1882 Code the person pointing out the line could do so with "a club shaft only." In the '91 Code the person pointing out the line "may not touch the ground with the hand or club." Then in the '99 Code the present words first appear, viz., "but the person doing so must not touch the ground."

An Extended Meaning

The genesis of the rule is, therefore, quite clear, and it is patent that the "line of the putt" was held to apply only to the ground intervening between the ball and the hole. The Rules of Golf Committee have, however, given a great extension to these words; and, under their present interpretation, no spot on the green may not conceivably be on the line of the putt. It is even conceivable that, when a player goes (as I have seen many a player go) to the further side of the hole, kneels down, and, with his putter resting on the ground in front of him, looks across the hole to his ball so as to ascertain the line, his adversary will be entitled to claim the hole. If ground beyond the hole can be considered as being on the line of the putt, then this action of the player would lose him the hole under Rule 18, which makes it unlawful to touch the line of the putt, except under certain specified conditions which I have already explained.

Pedantry, or the Spirit and Traditions of the Game?

I discussed this matter with several old golfers, and found a general consensus of opinion condemning the "Selkirk" decision. Among others, I spoke to a member of the Rules of Golf Committee, who naturally upheld the decision, but who said, at the same time, that he did not think the claim ought to have been made. This struck me as showing that the rule had been interpreted according to the strict letter, and not according to the spirit or traditions of the game. Now, one of the main factors which led to the creation of the Rules of Golf Committee was the belief that by making such a Committee the final authority in the interpretation of the rules, golfers might rest secure in the faith that the rules would be administered and interpreted according to the spirit and traditions of the game, and not in the technical and pedantic fashion in which judges delight in expounding the provisions of a statute. It may be said that it involves no hardship to any player that anyone pointing out the line of the putt from any possible part of the green should be prevented from touching the ground with hand, foot, club, or any other thing with which he may be pointing out the line. What I object to is the dangerous extension of meaning given to the words "the line of the putt." Under this extension, as I have pointed out, we shall probably have all sorts of fantastic claims put in, and the evil precedent set by the "Selkirk" decision will make it difficult to resist such claims. In a word we do not want our rulers to give decisions which will send the game forward on pettifogging and sharp-practice lines. A few more decisions of the Selkirk sort will reduce the game to a lawyers' wrangle, and make it one unfit for sportsmen and gentlemen.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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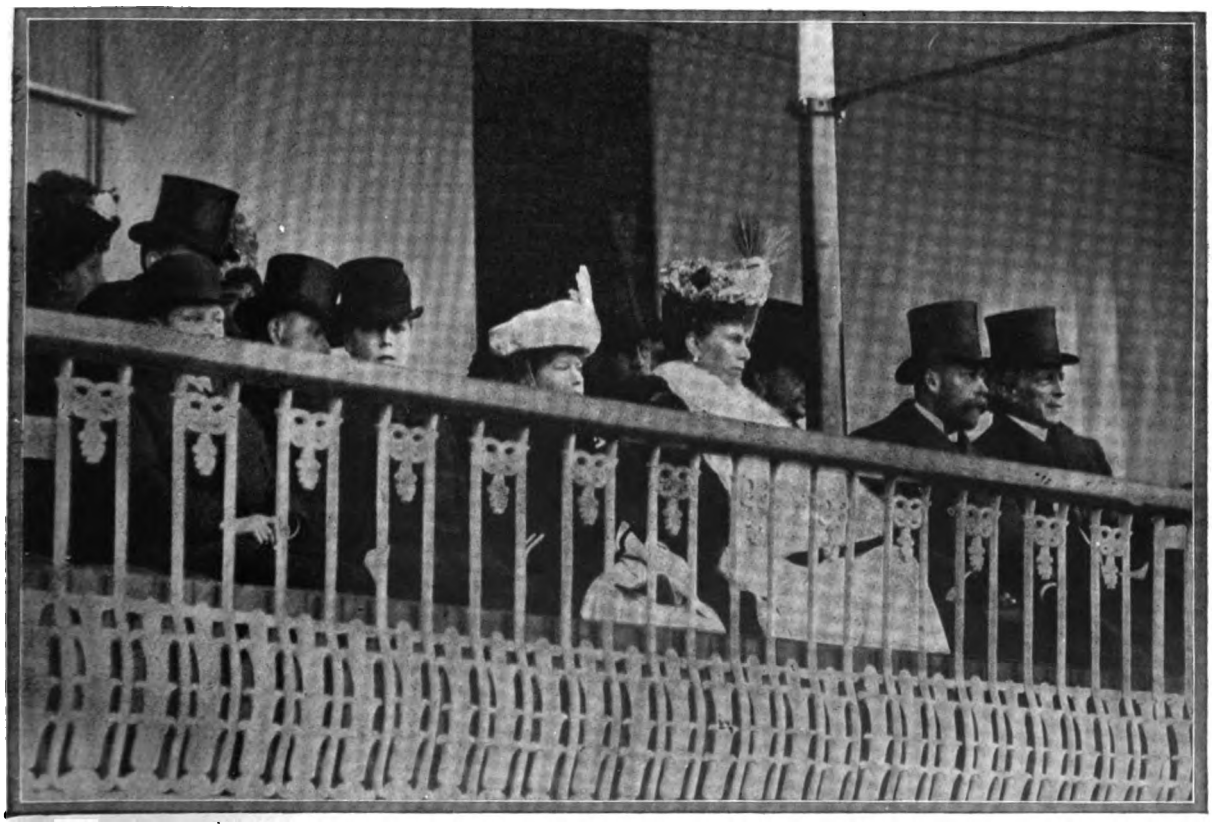
Games and Pastimes

Farewell to Footer Although the vagaries of the English Spring are proverbial, we never seem able to extract from them the warning not to be in too much of a hurry to jump from our winter to our summer pastimes. The man who plays football in April is looked upon by many as a sort of amiable lunatic, and yet last Saturday was quite a typical football day, with a fine drizzling rain, and a wind keen enough to cause spectators at Tufnell Park to shiver, even inside the warmest overcoats, as they watched the Casuals playing the London Caledonians in the final tie of the London Charity Cup, which ought to have been finished off somewhere about March 2. And, indeed, if the weather had been a little more springlike, it would have been better for all parties concerned, for as the game progressed the ground, which had had a good soaking the day before, became terribly soft, and the ball slippery in proportion. At the call of time nothing had been scored, and at the expiration of extra time both goals were still intact, so that, as Saturday was the last Saturday of the season, and no replay was possible, it was arranged that the two teams are to be joint holders of the Cup until next season. Though an inconclusive result of this kind is to be regretted, it was in other respects a fitting termination to a grim battle, in which each side struggled desperately hard, and spared neither themselves nor their opponents. As a matter of fact, the Caledonians did seventy-five per cent. of the attacking mainly with their left wing, and for that reason they must be deemed unlucky not to have won; but, on the other hand, their shooting was not good (although in the second half Macrae put in one which would have scored but for a remarkable save by Driffield), and the Casuals' defence was masterly in the extreme. The credit of saving the match belongs about equally to the two backs, Beardsley and King, and to Morgan-Owen, who was as sound as ever at centre-half. Craig also did pretty well considering that he was in a half-crocked condition for the greater part of the time. The Casuals' forwards, although the line included G. S. Harris, F. H. Bryant, and R. G. Wright, seldom seemed to get quite together, but when they did, they looked more like scoring than their opponents, and during the extra bit, they, in turn, were somewhat unlucky in not getting one or two right home. On the Scottish side, Dale Wilson, on the right wing, and Gibbons and Porter, on the left, were excellent, and the defence of Ralston and Robertson was tip-top.

Found at Last All my life I have been consumed with the desire to know what it is that causes "tennis elbow," and, therefore, I am particularly grateful to a correspondent who has unearthed from the *British Medical Journal* a peculiarly luminous description of the origin of the malady. As I feel sure that many of my readers are longing to be in possession of the secret, here it is—in a nutshell. Nothing else, therefore, is required but a good, strong pair of nut-crackers :—

. . . If the ball be near the ground and below the armpit, the stroke is effected by associated movements of the flexor and



Photo] **Lacrosse at Lord's: Some distinguished spectators at Saturday's match** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Saturday's match at Lord's, when the Capital lacrosse team only beat the Duke of Argyll's team by ten goals to eight, was witnessed by over six thousand spectators, among whom were, as our photograph shows, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the young Princes and Princess Mary, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier

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supinator muscles. In order that the ball may be properly attacked, the ulnar side of the hand must be carried forwards and outwards, and at the elbow both flexion and supination take place, and the brachialis anticus and the supinator brevis act together, and stretch the wall of the articular capsule, to which some of the fibres of both these muscles are attached.

Now you know all about it, don't you?

To Play or Not to Play

The growth of International competition in games has given rise to a rather difficult question. How far does the champion of a game owe a duty to his country to support her in an International contest if there is no actual bar, such as ill-health, the claims of business, or considerations of £ *s. d.*, to his doing so? The question has materialised in the case of lawn tennis, owing to the announcement that H. L. Doherty intends to give up the game, at any rate for a season. So, I believe, for the matter of that, does R. F. Doherty, but his case is somewhat different, because the health question enters into it. In the case of "H. L." everyone is agreed that, so far as the All-England Championship is concerned, he is free to please himself, but I have heard it said again and again that he ought to play for England in defence of the Davis Cup; which means, I suppose, that he is under some sort of moral obligation to do so. I confess that I cannot quite see the force of this. After all, the main object with which men play games is amusement; every man has a right to give up a game if he thinks he can amuse himself better in some other way; and when you come to think that if it had not been for the Dohertys we should probably never have had the Cup on this side of the Atlantic at all, it seems a little hard that, having brought it over, they should be expected to go on defending it, presumably, until they are beaten or until someone of sufficient skill to take their place turns up. On the other hand, there is no doubt whatever that if our champion puts patriotism before personal inclination just for this once, he will gain (and fully deserve) the credit of doing a highly sporting thing; and I hope that, as the time draws nearer, he may be induced to look at the matter in this light, and revoke his decision not to play. Let him announce that he is willing to represent England once more, but that, win or lose, it must be understood that he is definitely retiring, either for good or for a season, after that, and I undertake to say that, popular as he already is, he will receive, when the match comes off, and whether we win or lose, such an ovation as he has never had before in his life.

Photo] **Mr. S. M. J. Woods** [*Thiele*

The well-known cricketer, is retiring from the captaincy of the Somerset Eleven, and is to be presented with a testimonial on May 9

Do Golf and Lawn Tennis Harmonise?

It will probably interest my readers to learn that I have obtained some evidence in support of the contrary proposition to that upheld by Mr. Lehmann and myself, that a player both of golf and lawn tennis cannot play the two games concurrently and satisfactorily. A lady, who is within measurable distance of the top of the tree at both games, assures me that she finds no difficulty in going from the one to the other, and that she has even shown her best form, both at golf and lawn tennis, on the same day. There may, for aught I know, be others of both sexes like her; but, if there are, I am afraid that I shall still be disposed to regard (and envy) them and her as instances of exceptional versatility. The majority of those I have questioned appear, like Mr. Lehmann and myself, to find the two games exasperatingly incompatible.

The English Setter Field Trials: The judges, Lord Alfred Fitzroy (in front) and Lieut.-Col. Beck

The Trials were held last week on the Elstow and Haynes Park Estates, near Bedford, and though the weather was beautiful on both days, scent was very poor. First in the Setter Puppy Class was Col. C. S. Coxe's Dabchick, while among the old dogs, Mr. H. Mitchell's Lingfield Beryl, last year's winner, was again successful

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TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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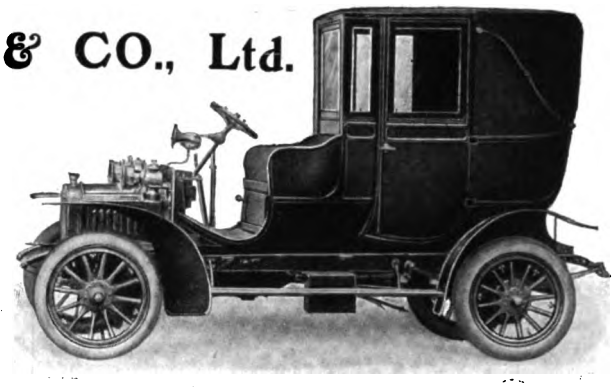

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Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Congested Streets

It seems impossible to attempt to get anywhere quickly in London if one has to use the streets. For the last few years the authorities have added a great quantity of "island crossings" in leading thoroughfares, with the result that more than ever the speed of the traffic is regulated at a crawling pace. The audacious way in which these authorities have seized on space in our streets for various shelters, lavatories, and lighting standards, is positively akin to piracy. Wherever there is a crossing particularly congested by traffic they set to work to build a street lavatory, thus reducing the width of the street by about one-half. They are now in the middle of a gigantic specimen at the junction of Stamford Street, York Road, and Waterloo Bridge Road, near Waterloo Station. This congestion of traffic is increased by allowing heavy commercial vehicles to use our over-crowded main streets at all times, without attempting to hug the kerb. The other day, a string of motors and carriages was held up nearly the whole length of the Strand. Why? Because a coal-cart was loitering along the middle of the road in company with another crawling wagon. Having caused me to miss my train, for other vehicles were quite unable to pass them, I dismissed my cab and watched them. Did their drivers have any business in the Strand? Not they. They leisurely pursued their evil courses, until at last I lost sight of them again blocking the traffic in Piccadilly.

Common-sense Treatment

Something really ought to be done to put a stop to the present intolerable congestion of our streets. The matter is a serious one. London is a huge and unwieldy city, and it does not tend to decentralise. There is only one Strand, one Piccadilly, and one Oxford Street, yet, in spite of this, no attempt is made to discriminate as to the traffic. Coal-carts and slow-moving commercial vehicles, having no immediate business in our leading thoroughfares, should be forbidden to use them between 8 a.m. and 10 p.m. The police ought to have strict instructions to summon any slow-moving vehicle—I allude, not in this instance to coal-carts or wagons, but ordinary tradesmen's vans, and even horse-drawn omnibuses — wilfully using the middle of the road, and on such delinquents a heavy fine should be imposed. Finally, those intelligent beings on the Borough Councils who are responsible for electric standards in the middle of the roads should be made to take them down at their own personal expense. The problem of dealing with London traffic is not so much of a problem, believe me. It really only requires the application of a little common sense.

14 H.-P. MINERVA, side entrance, Cape hood, glass shield, £200; 12-16 H.-P. LEADER four-cylinder car, bargain at £125; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W. (Car run by the year.)

Photo] **Motorist-Aeronauts: The Hon. C. S. Rolls and his record balloon party** [*Campbell-Gray*

The Hon. C. S. Rolls, the well-known motorist and aeronaut, recently took some members of White's Club, among whom were several motor enthusiasts, for a trip in his balloon, *Britannia*. The party "landed" in Suffolk, after a hundred miles journey, which occupied just over three hours. Reading from left to right, the names of the passengers are: Lord Northland, C. F. Pollock, Esq., the Hon. C. S. Rolls, Lord Dalmeny, V. Ker-Seymer, Esq., John Dunville, Esq., Sir Hugo de Bathe, Sir Charles Ross, and Captain Corbet

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A Steam v. Petrol Match

In the near future an interesting 4,000 miles reliability trial will take place between Steam and Petrol. Mr. Frederic Coleman, of the White Steam Car, having challenged any rival, there is to be a match between a 30 h.-p. White Steam Car and a 40-50 h.-p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce. The trial is to be a test of trustworthiness, and with a view to deciding which is the better type of touring carriage *de luxe*. It must not be forgotten that while the selling price of the 30 h.-p. White chassis is £675, the 40-50 h.-p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce is £950, or with magneto £980. The White Steam Cars are growing very rapidly in popularity, as the absurd prejudice against them, mainly owing to ignorance, is gradually passing away.

* * *

Railway Charges on Cars

Mr. Henry Sturmey, whose "Way of Thinking" in *The Motor* is always interesting and outspoken, has drawn attention to the unintelligent manner in which railway companies undertake the delivery of motor-cars. As he says: "To the railway company a car is a car, irrespective of whether it costs £100 or £1,000, or weighs one cwt. or a couple of tons, and their charge is the same—6*d*. per mile." This crude and indiscriminate method of levying toll on motors is the same principle that the railway companies first adopted towards bicycles, when to carry a bicycle by train was quite a guarantee of a good bank account. Cars should be charged by weight. No one owning a small car, on the present system of charge, ever sends it by train if it can possibly go by road.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

Mr. Weigel is anxious to pit a 40 h.-p. four-cylinder Weigel against Mr. S. F. Edge's 40 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier. Mr. Weigel's chassis costs £750, the Napier £950. Mr. Weigel, in informing me of his challenge, says: "I am sick and dead tired of Mr. Edge's continual change of front."

The Automobile Association Offices have been moved to Prince's Buildings, Coventry Street, W.

Friswell's, of Albany Street, are offering free seven-day trials in their six-cylinder "Standard," from 15 to 50 h.-p.

The wonderful little single-cylinder Sizaine and Naudin car, which I described a few weeks ago in these pages, won the Targo Florio Voiturette Cup recently.

The Daimler Company, in the Appeal Court, obtained judgment against the firm using the word "Daimler" in connection with their cars. Lord Gerard has just ordered a new 28 h.-p. Daimler chassis.

At the Norwich Motor Show, of 168 tyres fitted to cars 114 were Dunlops.

An "Entente Cordiale" motor service, in the shape of a 40-60 h.-p. Sobron-Brillie car to Paris and back, has been started by the Westminster Bridge Garage. I believe it includes a personally conducted tour in "Gay Paree!"

The British De Dietrich Company has purchased the Ariel factory at Birmingham. The Company's capital is £100 000, all of which is taken up.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XXIV.: Mr. Stenson Cooke

Although one of the youngest organisations directing automobile affairs, the Automobile Association has already made for itself a singular success. Originally started by a few sufferers from police persecution who had been "held up" on the Brighton Road, and who adopted the plan of employing cyclist patrols to give warning of authority in ambush—the idea was Mr. Charles Jarrott's—so great has been the success of the scheme, that to-day the membership-roll of the omniscient "A.A." exceeds three thousand, and its scouts are to be found on every main trunk artery of vehicular traffic in the kingdom. A most useful innovation was instituted a few months ago, when Mr. Stenson Cooke—the subject of this week's Car-icature, and to whom is chiefly due the remarkable position achieved by the Automobile Association — caused his men to be instructed in the work of rapid tyre repair. This has been found of incalculable service to many motorists who, touring without a mechanic, would be otherwise compelled to depend upon their own resources in time of tyre trouble. A new sphere of usefulness was inaugurated by the "A.A." last week, when Colonel Bosworth, its popular Chairman, presiding at the opening dinner of the Motor Club, announced that his Committee had determined to support the social side of motoring, and that a very large percentage of the members of the "A.A." had decided to give in their adherence to the Motor Club. It is not too much to say that Mr. Stenson Cooke has made the Automobile Association, and his remark to the writer a few days ago that "We are only just beginning to show our use," is characteristic alike of the man's well-grounded, sanguine optimism and his innate modesty of disposition. "We have done *nothing* yet," said Mr. Cooke. All practical motorists will be disposed to propose an amendment.

D. M.

Car-icature No. XXIV.: Mr. Stenson Cooke
The indefatigable secretary of the Automobile Association, whose membership now exceeds three thousand and the sworn foe of police traps in whatever shape or form
(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

Learn to understand a Motor before you buy one, then you are not in the hands of Chauffeurs or Dealers. Special private lessons for Ladies or Gentlemen.—HANOVER MOTOR INSTITUTE, 6E, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

MOTOR-CAR DRIVING AND MECHANISM for Ladies or Gentlemen given at an inclusive fee at the Victoria Street Garage and Showrooms, 94, Victoria Street, Westminster, various types of Cars being used for this purpose. Motor-cars for Hire.

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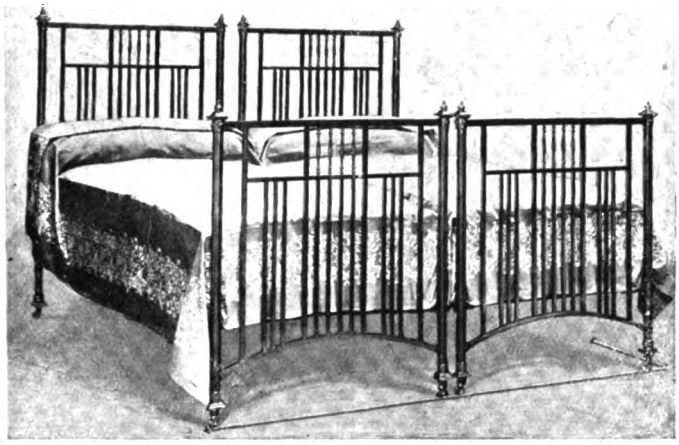
Bedsteads and Bedding

Carriage Paid on Orders over £2 to any Station in England or Wales.



Catalogue of Bedsteads, Bedding, and Bedroom Furniture Post Free.

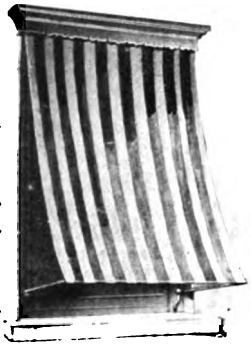
A Pair of Brass Twin Bedsteads on Heal & Son's Patent Tramways.

These Tramways and Runners can be fitted to any existing bedsteads.

196 Etc., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

JAS SHOOLBRED & Co

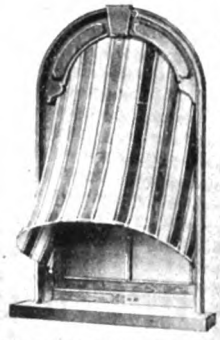
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD LONDON W



ITALIAN BLIND

MANUFACTURERS OF INSIDE AND OUTSIDE BLINDS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION



ORIENTAL BLIND

PINEOLEUM SUN BLINDS

NEW FABRICS FOR CASEMENT CURTAINS

ESTIMATES AND PATTERNS FREE

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HURLINGHAM CLUB. Programme for Season 1907

Polo, Croquet, Band Arrangements, and other events.

MAY.

Thurs. 2. Mulgrave House *v.* Elvaston Castle
Sat. 4. Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Old Cantabs *v.* Hurlingham
Mon. 6. Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham
Eaton *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 7. Cavalry Club *v.* Hurlingham
Mulgrave House *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 8. Old Cantabs *v.* Hurlingham
Magpies *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 9. White's Club *v.* Hurlingham
Tally Ho *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 11. Rugby *v.* Hurlingham
Parthians *v.* Hurlingham
Mon. 13. Eaton *v.* Elvaston
Tues. 14. Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Hurlingham
Wellington Club *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 15. Rugby *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 16. Parthians *v.* Hurlingham
Spring Hill *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 18. Old Cantabs *v.* Hurlingham
Magpies *v.* Hurlingham
Moonlighters *v.* Hurlingham
*Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham (at Datchet)
Mon. 20. Boodle's Club *v.* Hurlingham
Tally Ho *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 21. Magpies *v.* Hurlingham
2nd Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 22. Old Cantabs *v.* Hurlingham
*Ranelagh *v.* Hurlingham (at Ranelagh)
Thurs. 23. Eaton *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 25. Moreton Morrell *v.* Hurlingham
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Ladies' Driving Competition
Mon. 27. **Social Clubs Tournament**
Tues. 28. **Social Clubs Tournament**
Tigers *v.* Hurlingham
Mulgrave House *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 29. Worcester Park *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 30. Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham

JUNE.

Sat. 1. **Social Clubs Tournament (Final)**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Madrid *v.* Maharajah of Bikanir's Team
*Roehampton *v.* Hurlingham (at Roehampton)
Mon. 3. 2nd Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham

JUNE.

Mon. 3. Tally Ho *v.* Hurlingham
Moonlighters *v.* Hurlingham
Beavers *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 4. Ranelagh *v.* Hurlingham
Parthians *v.* Hurlingham
Tigers *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 5. Old Cantabs *v.* Hurlingham
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham
Arcadians *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 6. Eaton *v.* Hurlingham
Ashton *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 8. Rugby *v.* Hurlingham
Moonlighters *v.* Hurlingham
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Hurlingham
Polo Pony and Hack Show and Jumping Competition
Mon. 10. Rugby *v.* Woodpeckers
Tues. 11. Madrid Polo Club *v.* Magpies
Wed. 12. Old Cantabs *v.* Hurlingham
Moreton Morrell *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 13. Spring Hill *v.* Hurlingham
Arcadians *v.* Hurlingham.
Sat. 15. Woodpeckers *v.* Hurlingham
Tigers *v.* Hurlingham
Magpies *v.* Hurlingham
*Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham (at Datchet)
Mon. 17. **Champion Cup (Ties)**
Tues. 18. **Champion Cup (Ties)**
Wed. 19. **Champion Cup (Tie)**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 20. **Champion Cup (Semi-Finals)**
Madrid *v.* Hurlingham
Ashton *v.* Hurlingham
Fri. 21. *Worcester Park *v.* Hurlingham (at Worcester Park)
Sat. 22. **Champion Cup (Final)**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Maharajah of Bikanir's Team
*London Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham (at Crystal Palace)
*Roehampton *v.* Hurlingham (at Roehampton)
Musical Ride and Cavalry Display
Mon. 24. Inter-University Match
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Hurlingham
Beavers *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 25. Cavalry Club *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 26. Royal Horse Guards (Subalterns) *v.* Hurlingham

JUNE.

Wed. 26. Moonlighters *v.* Hurlingham
Tiverton *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 27. 1st Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Mulgrave House *v.* Hurlingham Lodge
Beavers *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 29. Moreton Morrell *v.* Hurlingham
Madrid *v.* Hurlingham
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Maharajah of Bikanir's Team
*Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham (at Datchet)
Gymkhana and Victoria Cross Race

JULY.

Mon. 1. Old Etonians *v.* Madrid
Tues. 2. Parthians *v.* Hurlingham
Beavers *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 3. **Inter-Regimental Tournament**
Thurs. 4. **Inter-Regimental Tournament**
Mulgrave House *v.* Ashton
Sat. 6. **Inter-Regimental Tournament (Final)**
Maharajah of Bikanir's Team *v.* Hurlingham
Soldiers—Past *v.* Present
Mon. 8. 2nd Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Tiverton *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 9. **County Cup (Semi-Final Tie)**
Arcadians *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 10. **County Cup (Semi-Final Tie)**
Thurs. 11. Moonlighters *v.* Hurlingham
Tally Ho *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 13. **County Cup (Final)**
Old Cantabs *v.* Hurlingham
London Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham
Mon. 15. **Handicap Tournament**
Tiverton *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 16. **Handicap Tournament**
Wed. 17. Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Cavalry Club *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 18. Mulgrave House *v.* Hurlingham
Fri. 19. *Worcester Park *v.* Hurlingham (at Worcester Park)
Sat. 20. **Handicap Tournament (Final)**
Old Etonians *v.* Hurlingham
2nd Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
*Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham (at Datchet)
Tues. 23. 1st Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 24. Hurlingham Lodge *v.* Mulgrave House

*Matches marked * will be played away from Hurlingham.*

FURTHER ARRANGEMENTS, including the Annual Visit of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs, will be made as the Season progresses. Any such arrangements will be duly ADVERTISED in the *MORNING POST* and Sporting Papers. The above Programmes are subject to any alterations that the Committee may deem advisable.

CROQUET.

THE CLUB CROQUET TOURNAMENT, for Members of Hurlingham Club and Friends nominated by Members, will be held on **Monday, June 10, 1907**, and following days.

A CROQUET TOURNAMENT, open to all Members of the Croquet Association and to Members of the Hurlingham Club, will be held on **Tuesday, June 18, 1907**, and following days.

BAND ARRANGEMENTS AND OTHER EVENTS.

The Band of His Majesty's Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) will perform on Saturdays from May 18 to the end of the Season, from 4 to 6.30 p.m.

The Band of the Imperial Yeomanry will perform on Whit Monday, May 20, from 4 to 7 p.m.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING BANDS.

THE HURLINGHAM CLUB BAND, under the direction of CHEVALIER ARRIGO BOCCHI, will play every Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday from 5 to 6.30 and from 8.30 to 10.30 p.m., commencing on Saturday, May 18.

The above Band, and all Entertainments given at the Hurlingham Club, can be secured for Garden Parties, At Homes, etc., throughout the Season, by applying to Messrs. Ashton and Co., 38, Old Bond Street, or to the Secretary of the Hurlingham Club. The Evening Bands will be supplemented by the following Entertainments:—

Two Kinematograph Displays, Eight Sunday Concerts (vocal), Pyrotechnic Displays, Venetian Fête, Pastoral Play, Daylight Fireworks, Special Variety Concert, Illuminations.

The dates on which the above Entertainments will take place will be notified on the weekly Programmes during the season, and also advertised on the front page of the *Morning Post*.

The above Programmes are subject to any alterations the Committee may deem advisable.

HEALTH
is worth preserving.

FERNET-BRANCA

BITTERS.

A marvellous Tonic and Digestive. Just a spoonful in water or coffee has immediate effect. These famous Bitters are recommended by medical men as an invaluable appetiser.

Fernet Branca of Fratelli Branca (Branca Bros.) of Milan.
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POLO GLOVES .. 7/9
HUNTING SAC GLOVES 3/6
CHAMOIS GLOVES 2/6
LADIES' 12-Button Length Kid .. 5/6
16-Button ditto 6/6

Knitted Silk Ties, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6

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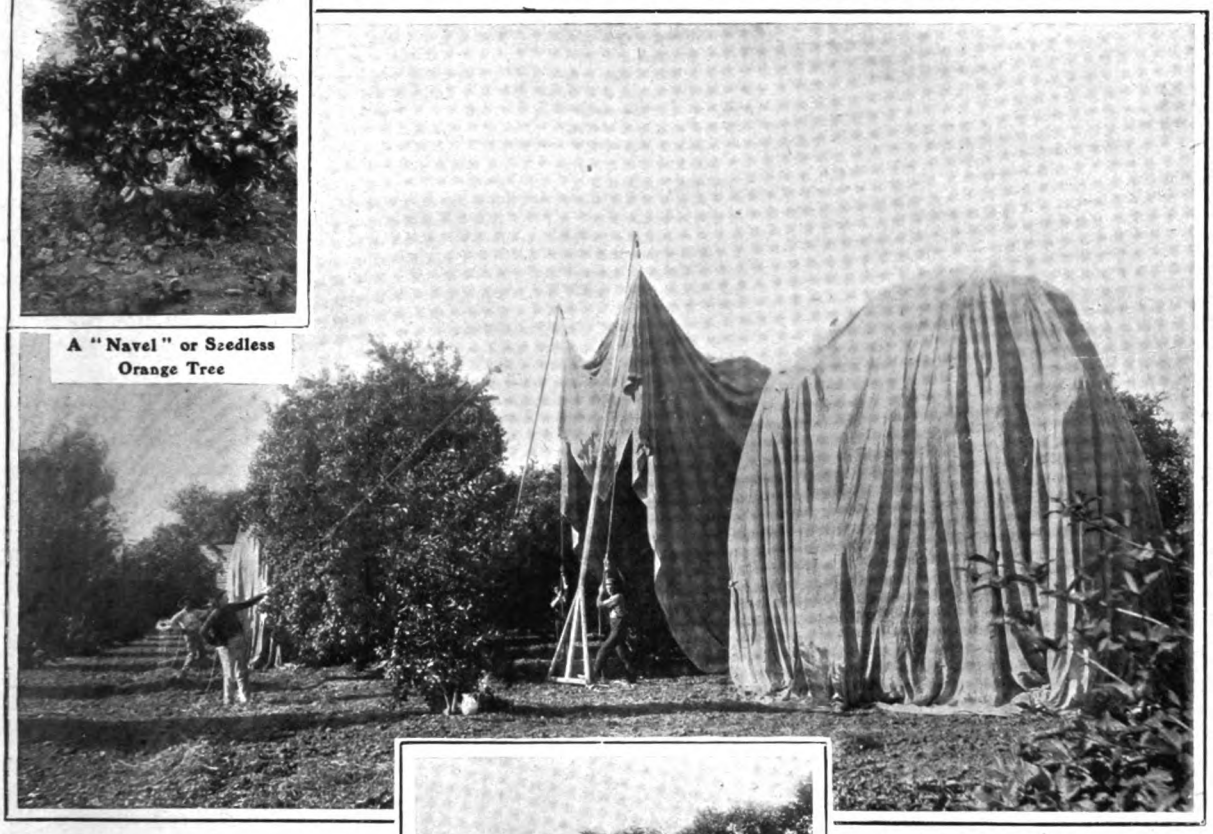
Improving Upon Nature

THE EVOLUTION OF THE IDEAL FRUIT, THE SEEDLESS ORANGE

A "Navel" or Seedless Orange Tree

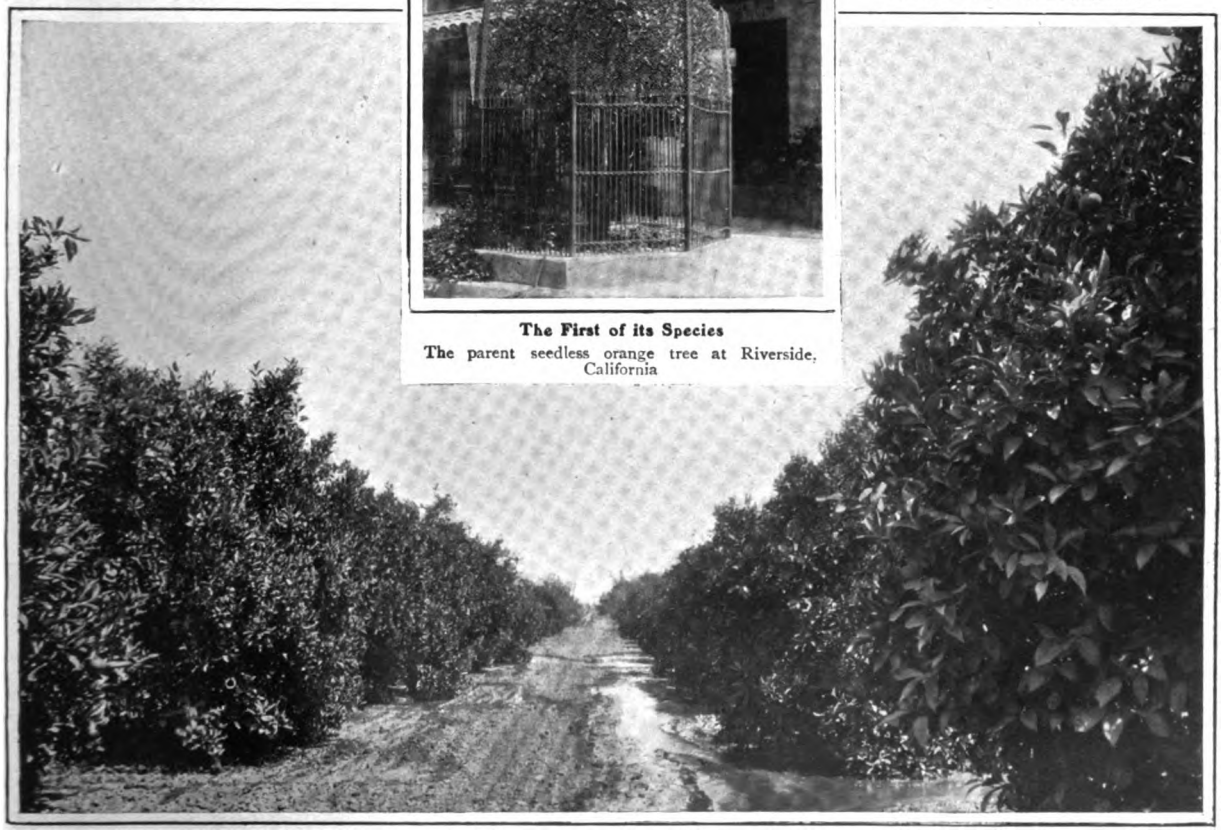


Fumigating an Orange Orchard

To kill the "scale" parasite, each tree in turn is covered by a tent, under which a chemical preparation is burned, the fumes destroying the pest

The First of its Species

The parent seedless orange tree at Riverside, California



Photos] **A grove of Californian seedless orange trees in process of irrigation** [*Topical Agency*

The evolution of the seedless orange is the latest triumph of scientific fruit-breeding, a subject to which the United States Department of Agriculture now devotes special laboratories. California, almost as famous for its "golden fruit" as for its golden ore, is now pushing forward the cultivation of this ideal orange. Orange orchards, whether of the seedless or ordinary variety, as our pictures indicate, require the utmost attention, as the irrigation difficulty is one which often troubles the Californian grower while he is no more free from insect pest than his brother in more temperate climes

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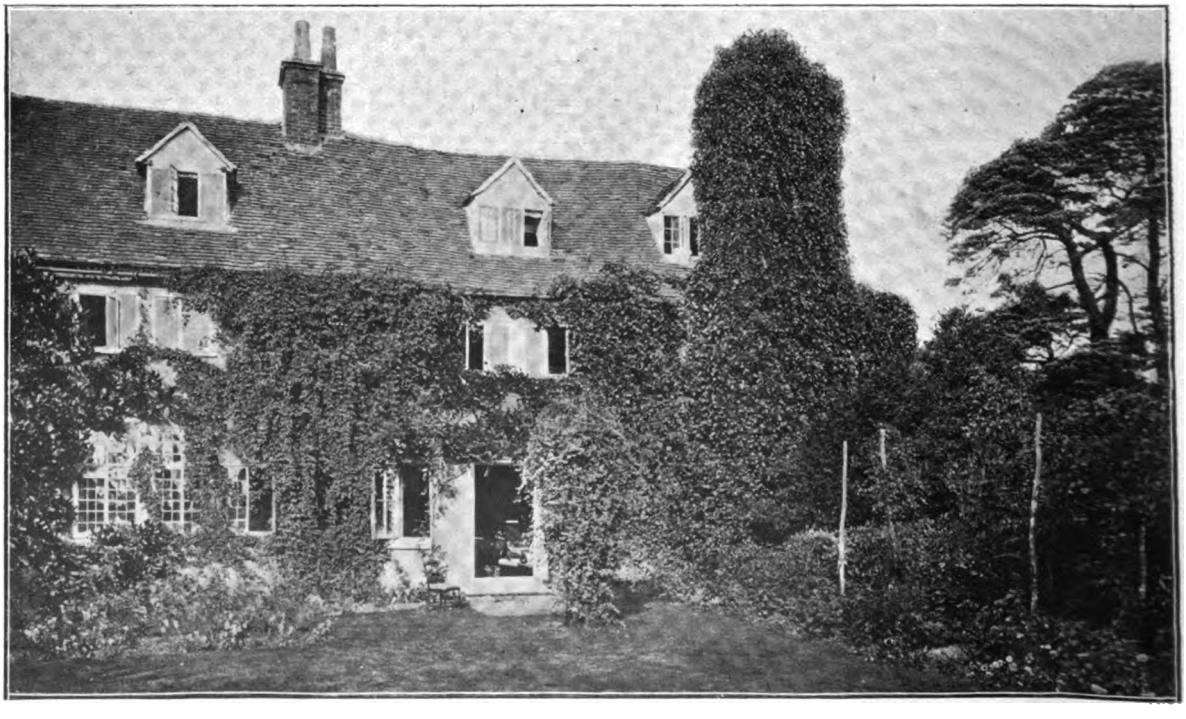
Ivy for Walls

Ivy is usually pruned about the present time, or sometimes a little earlier, the reason being that the young shoots, which start into growth at this season, quickly cover any bare patches. Of course, if the cutting is done recklessly, so that only very old wood is left, this result cannot be expected; the plant will then probably take years to recover its green appearance. But, even if it has been rather neglected, there is seldom any need for hard cutting; for ivy and all other climbers, with the possible exception of Ampelopsis Veitchii, are always most effective when, as shown in the illustration, they are allowed to grow in their own way. For north and east walls there is no climber equal to the ivy; and there are now many beautiful varieties to choose from, differing in the size, and shape, and colour of their leaves, green, and white, and yellow. On sunnier walls, too, it is excellent as a background for flowering climbers like roses, which lose their foliage in winter, and, if the two are not allowed to interfere with one another, no harm is done to either by growing them together. But, perhaps, for this purpose many would prefer Ampelopsis Veitchii, in spite of its being deciduous. Though rather slow for the first year or two, it makes rapid growth afterwards; by means of its interesting little pads it adheres closely to the wall, and in autumn its colouring is unsurpassed by that of any flowers in the garden.

Beautiful Climbers

Very little pruning is advisable for clematises. As the montana and florida groups flower on the wood of the previous year, they should not be cut at all, and even the Jackmanni varieties, though they flower on the young shoots, require no more than an occasional slight thinning. The improvement in clematises has made them great favourites, and for continuous flowering the Jackmanni group is unsurpassed. Another beautiful climber, though with rather a terrible name, is Eccremocarpus scaber. Its clusters of orange flowers are rather like those of the heaths, and the foliage is very light and graceful. Unfortunately, it is not quite hardy, but in warm districts, though it may be killed to the ground in winter, if the roots are covered with ashes, it will throw up plenty of strong shoots in Spring. There are two newer varieties, one with yellow flowers and the other with red. Aristolochia sipho, popularly known as the Dutchman's pipe, is an interesting climber, especially useful for draping old tree-trunks, and the jasmines, honeysuckles, wistarias, and passion-flowers are all charming. But, undoubtedly, the finest climber is Tropœolum speciosum. It likes a moist, deep soil and a cool aspect, and is seen at its best on the West Coast of Scotland. That it will grow almost equally well, however, in the South of England may be proved by a visit towards the end of summer to the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at Wisley.

H. C. DAVIDSON.



The Picturesque Effect of Climbers

Few things add more to the picturesqueness of a house than a healthy climber, which is always most effective when allowed to grow in its own way

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RANELAGH CLUB. Preliminary Programme of Fixtures, 1907.

APRIL.

Tues. 16. } Ladies' Annual Golf Tournament
Wed. 17. }
Sat. 27. Annual Parliamentary Golf Match
Mon. 29. Polo Commences. Members' Games
Tues. 30. Entries close for Handicap Tournament

MAY.

Wed. 1. Handicap Tournament Ties
Thurs. 2. Semi-Finals of the Handicap Tournament
Sat. 4. **Final of the Handicap Tournament**
Wanderers *v.* Ranelagh
Mon. 6. Essex Union *v.* Ranelagh
Warwickshire Hunt *v.* Ranelagh
Wed. 8. 2nd Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Sharavogue *v.* Magpies (Points Cup)
Thurs. 9. Tiverton *v.* Parthians (Points Cup)
1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 11. Moonlighters *v.* Red Rovers (Points Cup)
Tally Ho *v.* King's Dragoon Guards (Points Cup)
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Ranelagh
Pytchley Hunt *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Mon. 13. Hunt Challenge Cup Commences
Red Rovers *v.* Tally Ho (Points Cup)
Beavers *v.* Ranelagh
Moreton Morrell *v.* Ranelagh
Tues. 14. Ties of the Hunt Challenge Cup
Wed. 15. Tiverton *v.* Magpies (Points Cup)
Moonlighters *v.* Parthians (Points Cup)
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Eaton *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 16. Semi-Finals of the Hunt Challenge Cup
Sat. 18. **Final of the Hunt Challenge Cup**
Tigers *v.* King's Dragoon Guards (Points Cup)
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Colchester *v.* Ranelagh
1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Mon. 20. (*Whit Mon.*) King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Red Rovers (Points Cup)
Moonlighters *v.* Ranelagh
Old Cantabs *v.* Ranelagh
Wed. 22. Tigers *v.* Sharavogue (Points Cup)
Moonlighters *v.* Tally Ho (Points Cup)
Hurlingham *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 23. Moreton Morrell *v.* Ranelagh
Beavers *v.* Ranelagh
Ranelagh *v.* Roehampton
Sat. 25. Parthians *v.* Magpies (Points Cup)
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Ranelagh
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Colchester *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Mon. 27. Tigers *v.* Tiverton (Points Cup)
Magpies *v.* Tally Ho (Points Cup)
Lancers (Past and Present) *v.* Royal Horse Guards
Royal Artillery *v.* Ranelagh
Tues. 28. Ranelagh *v.* London Polo Club
Wed. 29. Red Rovers *v.* Parthians (Points Cup)
House of Lords *v.* Ranelagh
Moreton Morrell *v.* Ranelagh
Rugby *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 30. Sharavogue *v.* King's Dragoon Guards (Points Cup)
2nd Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh

MAY.

Thurs. 30. House of Commons *v.* Ranelagh
Old Cantabs *v.* Ranelagh

JUNE.

Sat. 1. Infantry (Past and Present) *v.* Ranelagh
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Hussars (Past and Present) *v.* Ranelagh
Driving Competition
Mon. 3. Army Cup Commences
King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Parthians (Points Cup)
Roehampton *v.* Ranelagh
Tues. 4. Ranelagh *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 5. (*Derby Day*) Tigers *v.* Moonlighters (Points Cup)
Red Rovers *v.* Magpies (Points Cup)
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 6. Semi-Finals of the Army Cup
Madrid *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 8. **Final of the Army Cup**
Sharavogue *v.* Tiverton (Points Cup)
Arcadians *v.* Ranelagh
Tally Ho *v.* Ranelagh
Tigers *v.* 2nd Life Guards
Ranelagh *v.* Royal Horse Guards
Polo Gymkhana and Ladies' Sports
Mon. 10. Sharavogue *v.* Moonlighters (Points Cup)
Tigers *v.* Tally Ho (Points Cup)
Old Etonians *v.* Ranelagh
Moreton Morrell *v.* Ranelagh
Wed. 12. Parthians *v.* Tally Ho (Points Cup)
Roehampton *v.* Ranelagh
Red Rovers *v.* Royal Horse Guards
Colchester *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 13. Moonlighters *v.* Magpies (Points Cup)
1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Old Cantabs *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 15. **House of Lords** *v.* **House of Commons** (Annual Match)
Tiverton *v.* King's Dragoon Guards (Points Cup)
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Artillery *v.* Ranelagh
De Frevilles *v.* Ranelagh
Military Sports
Mon. 17. Novices' Cup Commences
Tues. 18. Novices' Cup Ties
Wed. 19. King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Moonlighters *v.* 2nd Life Guards
Thurs. 20. Semi-Finals of the Novices' Cup
Sat. 22. **Final of the Novices' Cup**
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Tally Ho *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Madrid
Ranelagh Horse and Polo Pony Show
Mon. 24. Ranelagh Open Cup Commences
Tiverton *v.* Moonlighters (Points Cup)
Tues. 25. Ranelagh Open Cup Ties
Wed. 26. Tigers *v.* Red Rovers (Points Cup)
Magpies *v.* King's Dragoon Guards (Points Cup)
1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Arcadians *v.* Ranelagh

JUNE.

Thurs. 27. Semi-Finals of the Ranelagh Open Cup
Sat. 29. **Final of the Ranelagh Open Cup**
Sharavogue *v.* Tally Ho (Points Cup)
De Frevilles *v.* Ranelagh
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Colchester *v.* Ranelagh
Aerial Longest Distance Race

JULY.

Mon. 1. Sharavogue *v.* Red Rovers (Points Cup)
Moonlighters *v.* King's Dragoon Guards (Points Cup)
Tally Ho *v.* Ranelagh
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Wed. 3. Tiverton *v.* Tally Ho (Points Cup)
1st Life Guards *v.* Madrid
Essex Union *v.* Ranelagh
Arcadians *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 4. **Aldershot Day**
Sat. 6. Tigers *v.* Parthians (Points Cup)
Moonlighters *v.* Ranelagh
2nd Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Ranelagh
Finals of Croquet Tournament
Automobile Gymkhana
Mon. 8. Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup Commences
Blackmore Vale Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Tues. 9. Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup Ties
Soldiers (Past) *v.* Soldiers (Present)
Wed. 10. **Semi-Finals of the Country Clubs' Junior Championship**
Sharavogue *v.* Parthians (Points Cup)
Tiverton *v.* Red Rovers (Points Cup)
Children's Day
Thurs. 11. Semi-Finals of the Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup
Tigers *v.* Magpies (Points Cup)
Vale of White Horse *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 13. **Final of the Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup**
Final of the Country Clubs' Junior Championship
Moonlighters *v.* Ranelagh
Beavers *v.* Ranelagh
Ranelagh *v.* Royal Horse Guards
Pony Gymkhana
Mon. 15. Hunt Tournament Commences
1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Tues. 16. Hunt Tournament Ties
Wed. 17. 2nd Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Tigers *v.* Ranelagh
London Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Old Cantabs *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 18. Semi-Finals of the Hunt Tournament
Sat. 20. **Final of the Hunt Tournament**
Moonlighters *v.* Ranelagh
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Polo Pony Races
Mon. 22. Woodpeckers *v.* Ranelagh
Red Rovers *v.* Ranelagh
Beavers *v.* Ranelagh
Wed. 24. Travellers *v.* Ranelagh
House of Commons *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 25. Tigers *v.* Ranelagh
De Frevilles *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 27. Household Brigade *v.* Ranelagh
Wanderers *v.* Ranelagh

The above arrangements will be adhered to as closely as possible throughout the Season.

Official Umpire, MAJOR A. M. PIRIE.

F. A. GILL, L. C. D. JENNER, } *Joint Polo Managers, Ranelagh Club.*

The dates for the Visits of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs will be announced during the Season.

Open-air Plays will be performed in **June and July.**

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The Band of the 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers will play every SATURDAY afternoon.

Further Musical arrangements will be duly announced.

The Four Polo Grounds will be open in May, and Members' Games will commence WEDNESDAY, May 1, weather permitting.

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ROEHAMPTON CLUB. Polo and Croquet Tournaments, 1907.

(Subject to Alterations)

APRIL.

Mon. 29. Regimental Games
Tues. 30. Members' Games

MAY.

Wed. 1. Whites Club *v.* Eaton
Roehampton *v.* Mr. Grenfell's Team
Beavers *v.* Roehampton
Thurs. 2. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 3. Members' Games
Sat. 4. **Roehampton *v.* Rugby**
Magpies *v.* Tally Ho
2nd Life Guards *v.* Moonlighters
Old Wyckhamists *v.* Roehampton
Mon. 6. Roehampton *v.* Old Cantabs
Parthians *v.* Red Rovers
Regimental Games
Members' Croquet Tournament Commences
Tues. 7. Members' Games
Wed. 8. King's Dragoon Guards *v* Moonlighters
Roehampton *v.* Mr. Grenfell's Team
Spring Hill *v.* Roehampton
Rifle Brigade (Past and Present) *v.* Roehampton
Thurs. 9. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 10. Members' Games
Sat. 11. **Roehampton *v.* Old Cantabs**
Tigers *v.* Magpies
1st Life Guards *v.* Roehampton
Sharavogue *v.* Roehampton
Rugby *v.* Hurlingham (at Hurlingham)
Mon. 13. Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Old Cantabs
Regimental Games
Tues. 14. Members' Games
Wed. 15. **Roehampton *v.* Old Cantabs**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Tally Ho
Beavers *v.* Roehampton
Sharavogue *v.* Roehampton
Red Rovers *v.* Roehampton
Rugby *v.* Hurlingham (at Hurlingham)
Thurs. 16. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 17. Members' Games
Sat. 18. **Roehampton *v.* Rugby**
Tally Ho *v.* Roehampton
Magpies *v.* Roehampton
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Roehampton
Parthians *v.* Roehampton
Mon. 20. **Public Schools' Cup, 1st Ties**
Regimental Games
Peel Memorials Croquet Tournament Commences
Tues. 21. **Public Schools' Cup Ties**
Wed. 22. **Public Schools' Cup Final**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Roehampton
Magpies *v.* Rifle Brigade (Past and Present)
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Roehampton
Roehampton *v.* Worcester Park (at Worcester Park)
Thurs. 23. **Ranelagh *v.* Roehampton**
Regimental Games
Fri. 24. Members' Games
Sat. 25. **Rugby *v.* Rest of England**
2nd Life Guards *v.* King's Dragoon Guards
1st Life Guards *v.* Tiverton
Old Wyckhamists *v.* Roehampton
Roehampton *v.* Hurlingham (at Hurlingham)
Mon. 27. Moreton Morrell *v.* Roehampton

MAY.

Mon. 27. Eaton *v.* Parthians
Regimental Games
Tues. 28. Members' Games
Wed. 29. 1st Life Guards *v.* King's Dragoon Guards
Madrid *v.* Roehampton
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Tiverton
Moonlighters *v.* Magpies
Rugby *v.* Ranelagh (at Ranelagh)
Thurs. 30. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 31. Members' Games

JUNE.

Sat. 1. **Hurlingham *v.* Woodpeckers**
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Magpies
2nd Life Guards *v.* Tally Ho
King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Roehampton
Mon. 3. **Members' Croquet Tournament Commences**
Rugby *v.* Old Cantabs
Madrid *v.* Tiverton
Roehampton *v.* Ranelagh (at Ranelagh)
Tues. 4. Members' Games
Wed. 5. **Derby Day**
Roehampton *v.* Woodpeckers
King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Madrid
H.H. The Maharajah of Bikanir's Team *v.* Roehampton
Beavers *v.* Eaton
Thurs. 6. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 7. Members' Games
POLO AND RIDING PONY SOCIETY'S SECOND ANNUAL POLO PONY SHOW
Sat. 8. **Roehampton 1906 Team *v.* Rest of England**
Moonlighters *v.* Aldershot
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Madrid
Old Wyckhamists *v.* Roehampton
Rugby *v.* Hurlingham (at Hurlingham)
Mon. 10. Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Old Cantabs
Madrid *v.* Tiverton
Regimental Games
Rugby *v.* Hurlingham (at Hurlingham)
Roehampton *v.* Ranelagh (at Ranelagh)
Tues. 11. Members' Games
Wed. 12. **Roehampton *v.* Rugby**
Sharavogue *v.* Roehampton
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Tigers
Aldershot *v.* Roehampton
Moonlighters *v.* Roehampton
Thurs. 13. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 14. GYMKHANA
Members' Games
Sat. 15. **Roehampton *v.* Old Cantabs**
1st Life Guards *v.* Madrid
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Eaton
Old Wyckhamists *v.* Roehampton
H.H. The Maharajah of Bikanir's Team *v.* Roehampton
Mon. 17. H.H. The Maharajah of Bikanir's Team *v.* Madrid
Magpies *v.* Roehampton
Red Rovers *v.* Roehampton
Regimental Games
Tues. 18. Members' Games
Wed. 19. 1st Life Guards *v.* Tiverton
Aldershot *v.* Tally Ho
Beavers *v.* Parthians

JUNE.

Wed. 19. House of Lords *v.* Madrid
Thurs. 20. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 21. Members' Games
Sat. 22. **Roehampton *v.* Hurlingham**
Sharavogue *v.* Old Wyckhamists
1st Life Guards *v.* Roehampton
King's Dragoon Gds. *v.* Roehampton
Red Rovers *v.* Roehampton
Mon. 24. **Junior Championship, 1st Ties**
Regimental Games
Championships Croquet Tournament Commences
Tues. 25. **Junior Championship Ties**
Wed. 26. **Junior Championship Ties**
Thurs. 27. **Junior Championship Ties**
Regimental Games
Fri. 28. Members' Games
Sat. 29. **Junior Championship Final**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Roehampton
Moonlighters *v.* Roehampton
1st Life Guards *v.* Rifle Brigade (Past and Present)
2nd Life Guards *v.* Roehampton

JULY.

Mon. 1. **Roehampton Cup, 1st Ties.**
Regimental Games
Tues. 2. **Roehampton Cup Ties**
Wed. 3. **Roehampton Cup Ties**
Thurs. 4. **Roehampton Cup Ties**
Regimental Games
Fri. 5. GYMKHANA
Members' Games
Sat. 6. **Roehampton Cup Final**
Madrid *v.* Eaton
Tiverton *v.* 1st Life Guards
Magpies *v.* Tally Ho
Mon. 8. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament, 1st Ties**
Challenge Cups' Croquet Tournament Commences
Regimental Games
Tues. 9. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament Ties**
Wed. 10. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament Ties**
Thurs. 11. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament Ties**
Regimental Games
Fri. 12. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament Ties**
Sat. 13. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament Final**
1st Life Guards *v.* Tiverton
King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Parthians
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Tally Ho
Mon. 15. Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Woodpeckers
Tiverton *v.* Roehampton
Regimental Games
Tues. 16. Members' Games
Wed. 17. Spring Hill *v.* Tiverton
King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Magpies
Moonlighters *v.* Parthians
Beavers *v.* Sharavogue
Thurs. 18. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 19. Members' Games
Sat. 20. Royal Horse Guards *v.* Spring Hill
1st Life Guards *v.* Tally Ho
King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Parthians
Sharavogue *v.* Red Rovers
SEPT. 2. **Champion Cup Croquet Tournament Commences**

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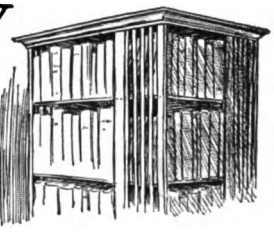
THE LIBRARY

Books to Order This Week
"A Short History of Mediæval Peoples." By Robinson Souttar. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
"From One Man's Hand to Another." By G. H. Breda (6s.)
"The Last of the Mammoths." By Raymond Turenne. (Chatto and Windus: 2s. 6d.)



MEDIÆVAL RELIGIONS—A REMARKABLE HISTORY

The Philosophy of Christianity

There are two criticisms off-hand to be passed on Mr. Robinson Souttar's *Short History of Mediæval Peoples* (Hodder and Stoughton)—the one, that it is not short; the other, that it is not a history of Mediæval Peoples. What Mr. Souttar's volume really is is a critical survey of *religion* in the Middle Ages, with side-glances at Society and politics. It is of extreme interest and value, not so much as a history, but as a sketch of the evolution of Christianity and Mohammedanism. Mr. Souttar's estimate of Christianity, though written in avowed sympathy with that creed, is, nevertheless, of philosophical interest, as it presents Christ's mission to us as it presented itself to the Romans, whereas Protestantism forces the student to regard it from the standpoint of the Hebrews. Taught, as are most Anglo-Saxons, to sympathise with the "chosen race," to regard Christ as the fulfilment of the Jewish law and the prophets, and the New Testament, not as a chapter in the general history of the world, but as a corollary to the Hebrew Old Testament, we have been abjured to view Christ emotionally as the Jewish Messiah, not philosophically as the Sage of Galilee. By treating the reader as a *Gentile*, as a descendant of Roman or Teutonic ancestors, by inviting him to see Christ as the Gentiles of his day, rather than the prejudiced Hebrews saw him, something like a new impression of His teachings is given us.

A Summary of the Gospel

Here is Mr. Souttar's summary of Christian doctrine, presented, remember, to the reader after a brief *resumé* of Roman history and literature has secured his sympathies with Roman standards:

> Christ's teaching was free from excitement, superstition, sophistry, or uncharitableness. He was not narrow-minded, his rules were suitable, not only for the Jewish race, but for all men and for all times. He did not argue or explain. He uttered short sententious rules as one having perfect knowledge and full authority. He summed up all that it was necessary to remember, in order to lead a perfect life in two simple but never to be forgotten precepts, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart"; "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Though twenty centuries have gone by, and the world may be presumed to have grown in wisdom and experience, Christ's teaching has never been improved upon. It stands alone, perfect, unique.

This presentation of the *philosophy* rather than the dogma of Christianity is of such obvious value as to be allowed to speak for itself for the wisdom of the historian before us in this branch of his work.

A Biassed View of Mohammedanism

It is a pity Mr. Souttar could not have regarded the teachings of Mohammedanism from the same calm and detached standpoint. When he comes—after describing the rise of Christianity in Rome, the establishment of Byzantium, the work of the early Churchmen—to the period entitled "The Saracens," he becomes somewhat violently biassed. He places rather too much stress on Mohammed's moral weakness as an individual, and rather too little on the immense and enormously successful appeal of his teaching. The mass of the people of Arabia at the time of the Prophet were, as Mr. Souttar himself states,

> in dense spiritual darkness. Vice, infanticide, highway robbery, drunkenness abounded. And their Gods, what were they? Three hundred and sixty-five deities in the Kaaba, blocks of wood.
>
> Mohammed came to the conclusion that all men had gone astray. Jews, Christians, Arabian idolaters, had alike forgotten the first great cause—the Most High God. He must begin there. *There is one God.*

"A Bad Book and a Bad Man"

Mohammed having admittedly, by his strenuous and courageous work, converted to monotheism a pagan world, is it just for this historian to stigmatise Mohammedanism as the "worship of a bad book and a bad

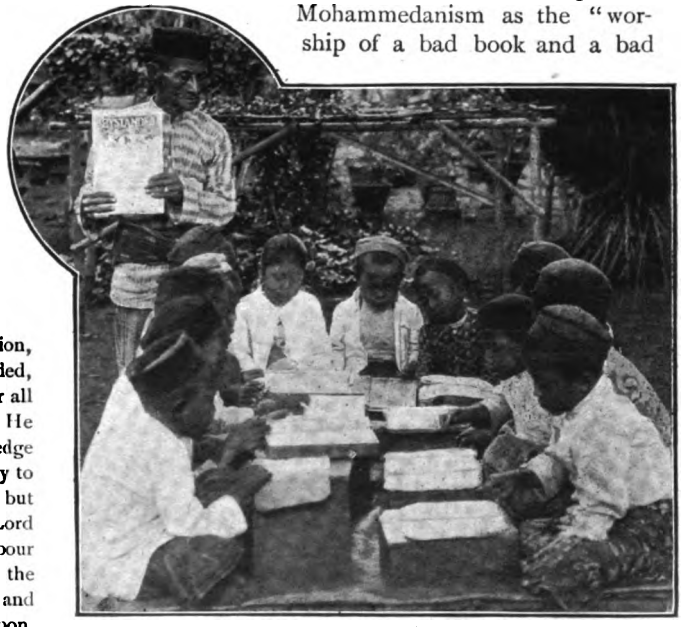


Photo *M. C. Kirkpatrick*

Teaching the Koran in Java

The above photograph (one of the "BYSTANDER Everywhere" series) shows that the Koran is taught with a thoroughness and universality by no means to be despised by Christians. It shows a Javanese preparatory schoolroom run by the night-watchman of a local compound. The Koran is the only subject taught. The pupils read in a shrill, monotonous chant, and, although each is engaged at a different part of the holy book, it is wonderful how the master instantly detects a mistake made by any scholar

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man"—to revile Allah as a "God of ignorance, of immorality, of assassination, of truce-breaking, of rapine, of bloody war"? If Mohammedanism has brought such evils in its train as Mr. Souttar states, what of the frightful enormities committed in the name of the God of the Christians—of which some excellent instances are furnished by Mr. Souttar himself in his description of the barbarous Crusades? It is not for us, with the recollection of nearly two thousand years of sanguinary conflict behind us, who, even at this day, can only keep the peace with our own highly civilised fellow-Christians by spending hundreds of millions a year on armaments, to apply the epithet "bloody" to Islam.

The American Abroad

England has long since ceased to be amused by the supposedly humorous exploits of vulgar young men of the Jerome K. Jerome species on the Continent. Consequently, nobody nowadays thinks it worth while writing them up. America, however, we must suppose, still finds material for mirth in the exploits of vulgar Americans—

Are Americans laughed at in Europe?

According to Mr. George Ade, in "In Pastures New," they are; and an elderly gentleman wearing a "Kansas hat" is liable to be ridiculed in European streets. On what grounds the objects depicted in the rear of the above picture (lifted from the book) could possibly dare to laugh at anybody—seeing the quaint and fantastic clothes they themselves are wearing—is not obvious. As to the artist's idea of a hansom—well!

[*From "In Pastures New," by George Ade (E. Grant Richards)*]

old as well as young—hence *In Pastures New*, by Mr. George Ade (E. Grant Richards). This tells us mostly of exploits in and impressions of England, France, Italy, and Egypt by one Mr. Peasley. Englishmen who want to know something entirely new and strange about their own country should study Mr. Ade, whose "Fables in Slang" made him famous. I suppose Mr. Ade has, by the way, been over here? When next he runs against the young man who did the pictures which adorn his tale, would he give our kind regards, and hope that he, himself, will some day pay a visit to this Continent? There are points about the cut of our clothes, the shapes of our hats, and the rig of our hansoms which I feel sure he would find it worth noting when next illustrating a humorous book about European customs. The picture above shows how far his knowledge on the subject has, at present, extended.

The Mournfulness of the First Novel

In only one respect do I take exception to Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library—which has now reached the comfortable total of fourteen volumes. I could wish for a quieter colour-scheme for the covers, which, at present, are a somewhat exhilarating green. In one respect, no doubt, this colour is eminently suggestive of the freshness of the author's methods. Personally, however, I should prefer a colour less radiant, as befitting the chastened spirit in which the cunning critic really approaches a "first novel." There is, if anything, something rather funereal about the first novel. The better its artistic promise, the more conscious am I of a throbbing, funeral note in the bass of the score. For the greater the gain to Literature by the budding author's talent, the deeper the loss to private life of his personality. Filched from the service of man is one who has hitherto, of necessity, been an ornament to some phase of private life—a talker, perhaps, of wise or witty distinction; the lion of innumerable tea-tables; the letter-writer, the sight of whose handwriting on an envelope beneath the breakfast-plate has filled with emotion, either lively or deadly, the whole tablehood. His "first novel" successfully published this great ornament has gone for ever from the private life he so adorned. Mr. Undertaker Unwin has taken him away. No longer will a *mot* be thrown away by him on a tea-party; a sage saying on a neighbour in the evening train; a description of place or person on a letter to a mother; a poetic rapture on the ears of a lover. All alike will henceforth be treasured up for burial between the boards of novels Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5.

A Promising Pessimist

The latest capture of Mr. Unwin—Mr. G. H. Breda, author of *From One Man's Hand to Another*—is scarcely likely to impoverish private life in the matter of wit. He brings to us a pen steeped in gall—deep, incessant tragedy is his speciality. Not that the story is exactly tragic in subject-matter. Commendable in its simplicity, it tells us of Jim, the peasant boy, brought to London from the wilds of Erin by an artist who has discovered him to have talent. Put to work in a school, he paints and paints and paints—just as do his fellows of both sexes—for years and years. Once, he paints the picture of the woman (Lauri), *ætat* forty, of dark and bitter experience, forcible character, and deeply pessimist philosophy—and falls in love with her. His success with the woman's portrait provokes her protector, the artist Vivian, to destroy first the offending canvas, then himself. The pair having married and gone away together, find love impossible between them, and the boy takes himself back to Ireland, abandoning alike art and love. In telling the story, Mr. Breda has given it about as much melancholy as its plot could hold. A more depressing view of London's Art-life has never, surely, been presented. The only lighter emotions shown in this tale of dismal loves are the hatreds. Vivian's destruction of the boy's canvas, and his subsequent suicide, almost the only actual incident of the story, is a relief which almost amounts to refreshment. But Mr. Breda is a promising pessimist. VIVIAN CARTER.

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W. S. Buckmaster (Moreton Manor, Moreton Morrell, Warwick) writes :— October 26, 1906.

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H. J. Cove (Rowland Lodge, Epsom) writes :— Feb. 2, 1907.

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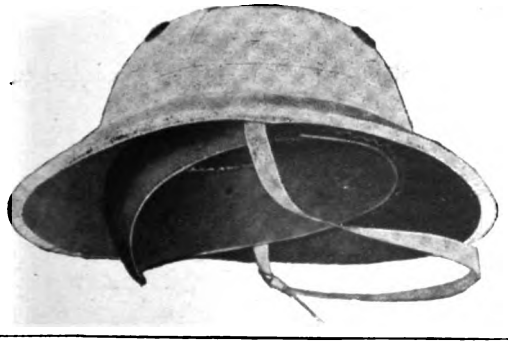

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

Earth of Egypt and "Chêne" Ribbon

Although I still very much admire the kimono corsage, with its drooping shoulder line and graceful draperies, it is quite conceivable we shall grow utterly weary of its presence at the prevailing rate of acceptance. All the great drapery houses who cater for the populace are concerned in its production; consequently, it is with no sort of surprise that one observes the more exclusive *couturières* emphasising other silhouettes, notably every variety of the *fichu* bodice, together with a certain deep-cut *berthe* that is inclined to clip the shoulder, and in every way carries a reminiscence of the Early Victorian age.

Mode: Bechott David *Photo: Manuel*

A Parisian Tailor-made Costume for Morning Wear

Comprising a *trotteuse* skirt and a kimono bolero, worn over a *filet* lace shirt, with a *crêpe de chine* cravat

Without question, the leading colour of the year is Earth of Egypt, a sort of delicate hearthstone tint, which is really lovely in marquisette voile and Shantung. For the two first-named fabrics several notable *modistes* are providing wide *chêne* ribbons of suitable harmony, these to contrive *bretelles*, sashes, vests, and even, at the moment, skirt panels. The skeleton corsage has an assured feature, wondrous combinations having recently arisen in the shape of *bretelle* bands and epaulette effects, these invariably supplemented by the lingerie slip. There was never a moment, as a matter of fact, when dress was more easily arranged in bits. You can buy the bits or make the bits, and, given the gift, of course, arrange these to form one beautiful ecstatic whole.

In Paris they are according favour to short, vague, heavy, black lace coats as an accompaniment to light-coloured taffeta and Shantung gowns. The suggestion has a tempering note that makes a direct appeal, in its way as great a one as the fussy little light-coloured taffeta *fichus*, with white or neutral-tinted gowns, about which I believe I have already spoken. There is a certain *fichu* model, the ends of which cross in front and tie at the back, that is adorable, but which exacts for its best finish masses of narrow ravelled-out ruches. As will be readily understood, these are more for the summer months, whereas the *guipure* coat meets an immediate need, and is frequently mounted on soft silk foundations. It will be clearly understood this does not, in the very least, resemble the three-quarter-length affair of yore, but is just a dainty incidental matter, provided to fill the requirement of the immediate season.

The Value of Veils

The grip of the veil is apparently irresistible. The Parisian, as I have already related, has taken unto herself the umbrella *voilette*, an adjunct directly influenced by the automobile. There are varieties worked with chenille, hemmed with a border of *crêpe*, finished with a frill of chiffon or narrow silk fringe, while others, similar in kind to the one displayed in our photograph, are edged with a deep vandyked

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The BYSTANDER.

No. 179.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 8, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo] **Lady Penrhyn** [*Keturah-Collings*

The wife of the new Lord Penrhyn, who recently succeeded to the title on the death of his father. She is a sister of Lord Southampton, and has Royal blood, that of Charles II., in her veins. Her husband, owning as he does the vast slate quarries in Carnarvonshire, is one of the richest men in England

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No. 179.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, The Bystander, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

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"The Great Plot." By William Le Queux. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"Mrs. Beeton's Family Cookery." (Ward, Lock: 5s. net.)
"The Fool Hath Said." By "Amio." (John Long: 1s. net.)
"The Motoring Annual." (*Motoring Illustrated*: 5s.)
"The Fall of Napoleon." By Oscar Browning. (John Lane: 12s. 6d. net.)
"A Yankee Napoleon." By John F. Macpherson. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Millionaire and the Lady." By Gertrude Warden. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Girl in Grey." By Curtis Yorke. (John Long: 6d.)
"The Great Craneboro' Conspiracy." By John Oakley. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"Harland's Military Annual." (Harlands: 1s. net.)
"Lessons on Golf." By W. H. Webb. (*The World of Golf*: 1s.)
"The Cinematograph in Science, Education, and Matters of State." By Charles Urban. (1s.)
"Days in Cornwall." By C. Lewis Hind. (Methuen: 6s.)
"Devon." By S. Baring Gould, M.A. (Methuen: 2s. 6d. net.)
"The Laws of Bridge." By W. Dalton. (De La Rue: 1s. net.)
"The Creed of a Layman." By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.)
"The Poems of Keats." By Arthur Symons. (Jack: 2s. 6d.)

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday May 8, 1907

To-night the King dines the Colonial Premiers at Buckingham Palace. His Majesty has shown his usual tact in delaying this meal until the Premiers have got what is, in sporting parlance, known as their "second wind."

* * *

It is doubtful if we have much to teach the Japanese in the way of arsenals, but, after visiting Woolwich yesterday. Prince Fushimi will admit that we have raised to a very high pitch the art of dismissing superfluous workmen.

* * *

The fossil tooth of a hippopotamus has been found in North America, and geologists are — according to a halfpenny paper — now saying that the animal must, contrary to all previous evidence, have existed there. Perhaps some enterprising journalist will shortly light on the remains of the dentist.

* * *

The problem as to whether statues should be alive or otherwise seems a vexatious one. In a sense, statues must live, even though the National Vigilance Association does not see the necessity. But they might, perhaps, live by some other profession than that of being statues. The N.V.A. suggests that living statues are not Art; but, then, what statues are Art in this country? Not, surely, the stone statues that decorate London? Not, surely, the Albert Memorial? On the whole, we are inclined to think that statuary, whether living or dead, is not very safe in British hands; so that the Bishops are probably right, and the less we have to do with it the better.

* * *

Socialists have long maintained that the history of the acquisition of land by the great land-owners might be summed up in the proverb, "Finding's keeping." Now that the Government has begun its attack upon the land-owners, the latter have begun to retaliate by saying that Holding's (particularly small Holdings) stealing.

What our artists have to put up with

Boy: "Shall ye be 'ere to-morrer, mister?"
Impressionist: "No, my lad. The picture is finished now"
Boy: "Finished? Aw, 'ow do ye tell when it be finished, then?"
(By Arthur Lee)

Now that the season has begun, the voice of the American is heard in the land. Tower officials are waking up from their winter's sleep, and the models at Madame Tussaud's are said to be looking more life-like than ever. But how on earth does the *Daily Mail* know that "four separate small parties of American visitors strolled up Bond Street in the rain yesterday afternoon, and, in the course of two hours, spent in various shops a sum of a little over a thousand pounds"? Is every party of shopping Americans dogged by a reporter from our enterprising contemporary?

* * *

Medical controversies pass over the heads of the public as a rule. But that on alcohol—between the *Lancet* and the *Medical Press and Circular* — is not unamusing. It will be remembered that the *Lancet* issued a pronouncement, signed by leading physicians, that "the moderate use of alcohol by adults was usually beneficial." So wild, reckless and exaggerated a statement could not pass unchallenged. Up pops the *Medical Press and Circular*, with a manifesto—by equally leading doctors—stating that "the general use of alcohol could be discontinued without detriment to the world's welfare."

* * *

Either pronouncement would apply equally well to riding on elephants or eating currant buns. But they were worth having, if only to show how beautifully doctors can express themselves. For the benefit of waverers, we have compressed the essence of the arguments as follows:

Anderson, Duckworth, and Browne assert you
Will find that a moderate drink won't hurt you:
Treves, Ewart, and Barr are by way of thinking
That you'll keep quite as well if you give up drinking.

* * *

Alas, that all controversies are not as helpful as this! How is the mere layman to decide whether the rattlesnake ought to have live rabbits for dinner or

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not? Mr. Coleridge urged the secretary of the Zoo last week to feed the reptiles on "still life" or not at all. How—he asked, in effect—would the Secretary of the Zoo like first to be fascinated and then swallowed alive by a rattlesnake? What would be his feelings as he went down the last lap of the reptile? The Secretary couldn't say, not having tried, but seemed to think rabbits might not dislike being fascinated. And why should the poor rattlesnake be starved to death by Humanitarians?

* * *

It is difficult, somehow, to get up much sympathy with a rattlesnake. The fact that it rattles before biting you is merely an aggravation, like a chauffeur hooting before he runs you down. But there is something in the view that rabbits like being fascinated. Look at Spiritualists in the presence of the medium. Consider Archdeacon Colley. True, the believers in spirits are not swallowed afterwards. They swallow. On the whole, we sympathise with the Colleys—we should say, the rabbits.

* * *

Mr. Howard Ruff, Honorary Secretary of the Royal Society of St. George, has been writing to the papers to say that the King's birthday, and not May 24, should be celebrated as Empire Day, inasmuch as May 24 clashes with Whitsuntide, and thereby prevents the whole adult population of England from participating in what should be an Imperial anniversary. This seems decidedly Ruff on Empire Day.

WANTED, Post as Secretary.—By a young lady, cheerful disposition, good piano player and conversationalist, sings, fluent French.—(*From a contemporary.*)

In the intervals, when his cheery secretary is not playing on the piano, or chatting fluently in French, the employer of this young lady should be able to get through quite a lot of work.

* * *

From the Diary of a Colonial Premier

TUESDAY.—Lunch, Skinners'—Spoke on "Imperial" Unity; Proposed health of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. Dinner, Tanners' — Proposed Haldane's health. Consulted doctor.

WEDNESDAY.—Lunch, Cordwainers'—Proposed Sir Edward Grey; Spoke on "Imperial" Diplomacy. Reception, Lady B.'s. Dinner, Colonial Club—Spoke on "Imperial" Defence; Proposed Sir Haldane Battleman. Saw specialist.

THURSDAY.—Breakfast, Suffragists—Proposed Mr. Asquith; Spoke on "Imperial" Woman. Lunch in bed. Consultation between doctor and specialist.

FRIDAY.—Lunch, Suffolkshire Pilgrims—Spoke on "Imperial" Idea; Proposed Sir Campbell Chamberlain. Opened Bazaar "Imperial" Wastrels. Fainted. Dinner, Colonial Cowboys—Proposed Mr. Haldane Grey; Spoke on "Imperial" Aggression. Saw solicitor; Made Will.

SATURDAY.—Wired all engagements off. Saw undertaker.

SUNDAY.—Rested in bed. Feeling better. Long live the Empire!

The Candid Method

SHE: "Don't you think the new *débutante's* voice is perfectly heavenly?"
HE: "Quite unearthly!"

(BY DUDLEY HARDY)

(NOTE.—*No copyright fee attaches to the use of the above formula, but the method should be employed with care.*—ED.)

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Water (?)-loo

FESTIVE GENTLEMAN *(comparing his watch)*: **"One of ush 's wrong, anyway!"**

BY THORPE

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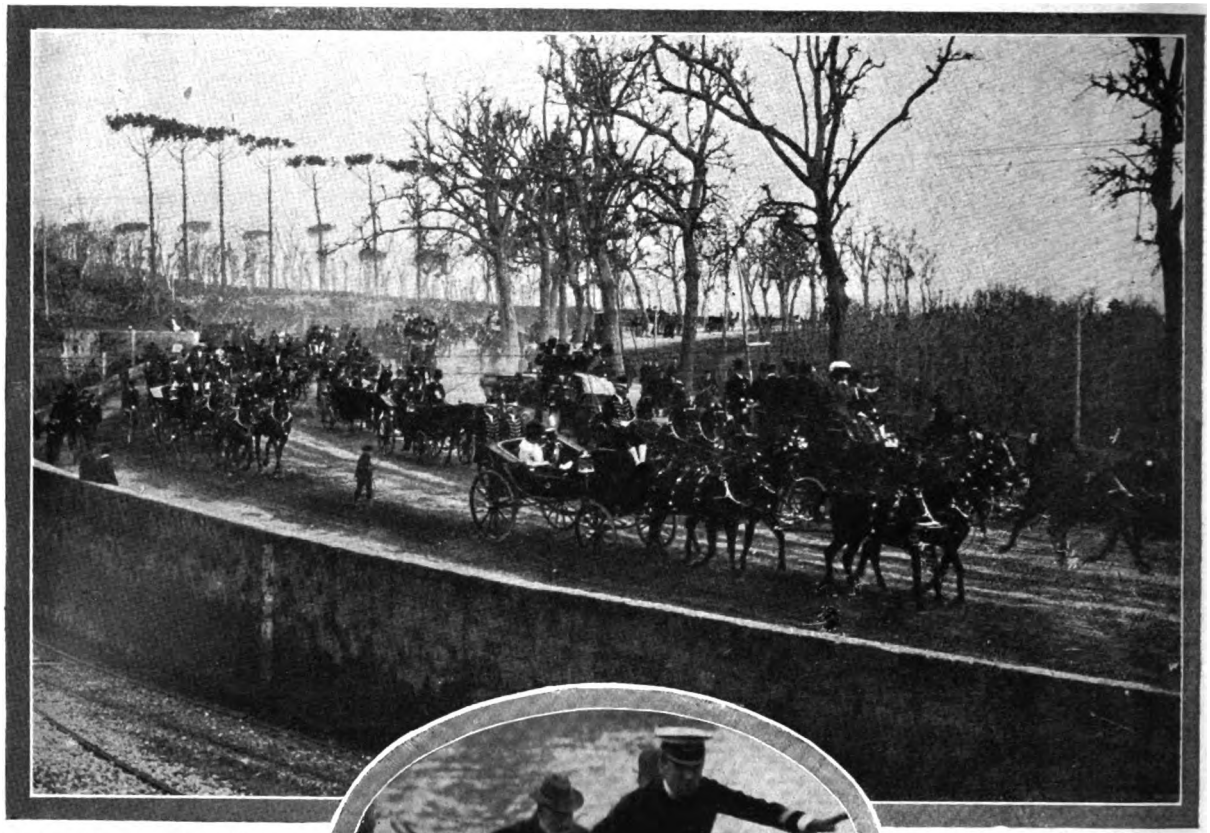
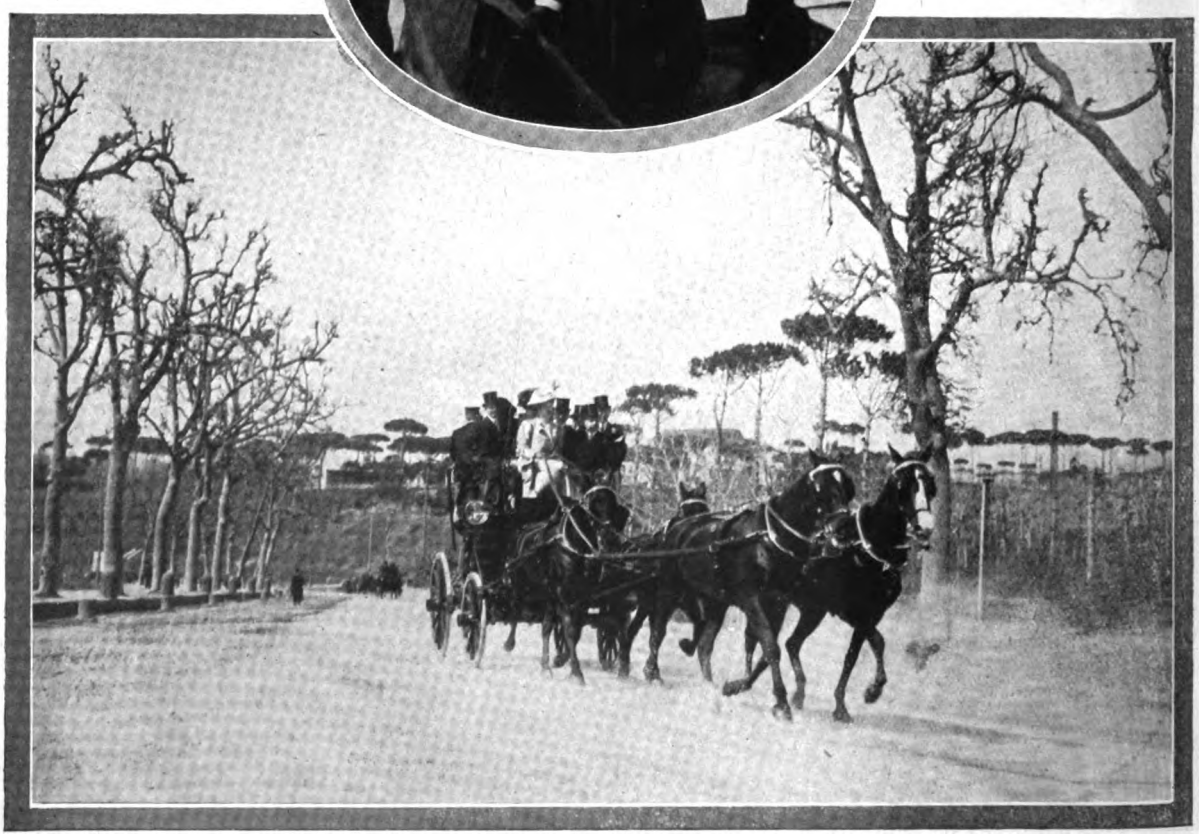
The King and Queen in Italy

THE NEAPOLITAN SEASON TERMINATES WITH THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT



The Duke and Duchess d'Aosta returning from the races at the Champs de Mars, near Naples

The King and Queen landing at Naples from the Royal Yacht



Princess Hekiav Hilmy, a relation of the Khedive of Egypt, driving her four-in-hand to the races at Naples

Naples, where the season came to an end after their Majesties' visit, has been twice visited by the King and Queen during their late tour. With Naples as their headquarters, they made many delightful excursions to places of interest, and were present at several social functions of importance, including a Gala performance at the Opera and the race meeting held at the Champs de Mars

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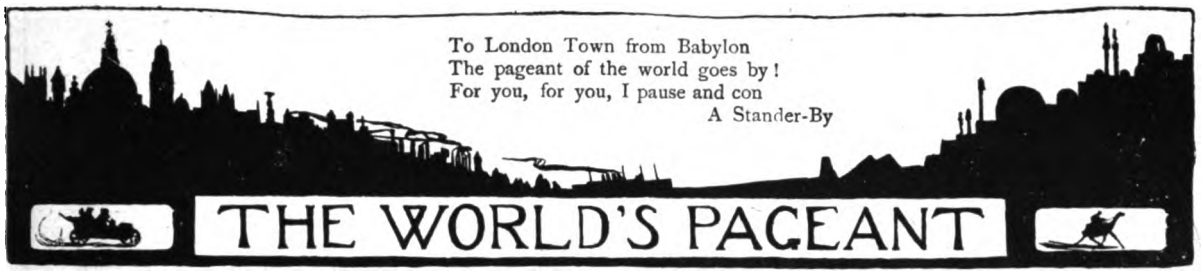

The King's Return

To-night (Wednesday), at Buckingham Palace, His Majesty the King will entertain the Colonials to dinner. Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria being still abroad, no ladies are included amongst the guests. Last night, a State banquet took place in honour of Prince Fushimi of Japan, and to-morrow King Edward, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, visits Aldershot for a review on Laffan's Plain, also in honour of Prince Fushimi.

* * *

None Too Soon

As I said last week, the absence of the King and Queen from England during the last few epoch-making weeks has been cause for regret to many fervent Imperialists. It is quite obvious, however, that this same absence has, in reality, been only another instance of that tact and good policy which are the distinguishing features of our Sovereign. His Majesty doubtless realised that his Government, during the recent crisis, was best left to fight its own battles. His presence in England would almost inevitably have forced him to take sides, had any difference of opinion on high policy between the Government and the Premiers been brought before him. Discretion, therefore, whatever the aforesaid fervent Imperialists may say to the contrary, was, in this case, the better part of valour.

* * *

Britain's Secession

"Great Britain," remarked one of the entourage of a Colonial Premier to me, coming out of the fateful sitting in which Mr. Asquith definitely declined Preference, "has notified her official secession from the British Empire." This is, perhaps, putting the case somewhat strongly. However, I am bound to say that so very forcible, so "damnably lucid," a defence of what is known as "Free Trade" has come somewhat of a shock to people of all shades of politics. We knew, of course, that the Preference door would needs be closed by His Majesty's present advisers; we were hardly prepared for the resounding bang which Mr. Asquith gave it. Mr. Asquith is Cobdenism's most dogmatic defender, and being so, was, perhaps, the worst man to be put up to reply for the Mother Country. The *suaviter in modo* was wanted rather than the *fortiter in re*, and general regret is expressed that the rebuff was not administered by an orator of more silvery tongue—say, the Prime Minister himself, or even the sympathetic and bantering Mr. Lloyd George. I fear the damage done by the Asquith *fiat* will be hideous, not because of its matter, but the manner of its delivery. The Colonials return with their tails between their legs, the only one of them to retreat with any grace being Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who came with his already thus. He expected little, said less, and is not, therefore, disappointed.

Photo *L.E.A.*

Prince Edward leaving Waterloo, the Prince of Wales in front

Last week Prince Edward was taken by his father, the Prince of Wales, to the Royal Naval College, Osborne, which he has joined as an ordinary cadet

Photo *Russell*

Crossing from Portsmouth to Osborne

* * *

The Case for Preference

To stand side by side in war, and yet in the market-place to allow foreign competitors a free field, is surely not the right policy for a nation whose very foundations of power rest on its trade. It is as a nation of shopkeepers that we have risen to pre-eminence. It is as such we must continue if we are to remain pre-eminent. A "squalid bond," once said the Premier, would be a union brought about by Preferential trade; a still more "squalid bond," we venture to think, is that uncertain one which, while it accepts and expects Preferential treatment, yet refuses to grant a single reciprocal privilege.

* * *

A Great Protectionist

And while on the question of Tariff Reform, one cannot pass over, without a word of regret, the

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Mr. Chaplin Ambushed at Wimbledon

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Henry Chaplin

The veteran Protectionist, who has been unexpectedly opposed for Wimbledon by a Suffragist candidate, Mr. Bertrand Russell

opposition offered to the return for Wimbledon of Mr. Henry Chaplin. For nearly forty years Mr. Chaplin sat in the House of Commons, the valiant fighter for, and doughty champion of, the rights and privileges of the wheat-growers of England. Last year, at the General Election, "the Squire" was defeated by Mr. Lupton, a strong Liberal, in the Sleaford Division. Five years previously, for reasons still unsolved, he had been left out of Lord Salisbury's last Administration, but from that time to the day of his defeat at the Election the voice of Mr. Chaplin had been raised long and often from the freedom of the back benches below the gangway. Socially, the most popular of men, Mr. Chaplin is also one of the most kind-hearted. As the owner of Hermit, he is, of course, "a Nestor of the race-course"; as an epicure, a connoisseur of rare wine and rarer food, he comes next only to that journalistic gourmet, Colonel Newnham-Davis; as the hero of romance he has most gracefully figured; as a master of long-windedness he is still remembered; and in courtesy, in kindness, and in generosity he has no equal. He is the father of two pretty daughters, one is Lady Castlereagh, the other, Miss Florence Chaplin, is still unmarried.

Photo *Beresford*

Sir Horace Plunkett

Vice-President of the Irish Board of Agriculture, who resigns his position at Whitsun. The matter has been the cause of some acrimonious discussion in the House

* * *

The Home Rule Bill

The introduction of the Home Rule Bill—disguised—by Mr. Birrell in the House of Commons last night could scarcely have been more opportune. Steps are being taken to ensure a United Empire; why not, at the same time, a United Kingdom? As I write, the Bill, of course, has not been introduced, but it is known that it has undergone very considerable alteration since it was first drafted, and that it

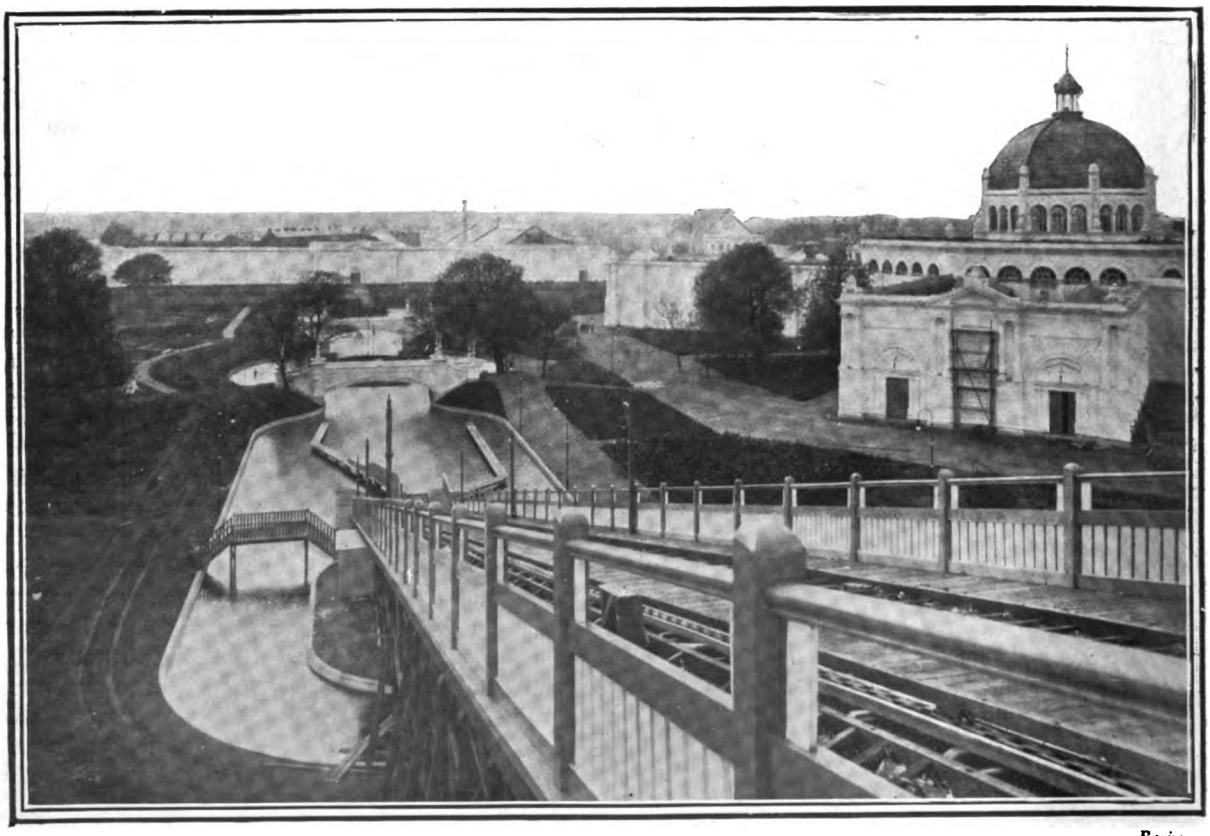

Photo *Rocke*

The Irish International Exhibition: A general view of the Exhibition from the water-chute

The Irish International Exhibition in Dublin was opened in State on Saturday last by Lord and Lady Aberdeen

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Not Wanted by the War Office

has been the cause of much dissension between the Irish Party and the Government. Briefly, the Bill will aim at setting up in Dublin an Administrative Council. This Council is to have complete control over all public expenditure in Ireland, but its work will be strictly administrative, and no legislative functions will be conferred on it. Mr. Birrell, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, will probably preside over the Council, and the British Parliament will vote the sums set out in the Irish Estimates. It is a Bill, in fact, which, according to Mr. Birrell, is to give the Irish people some control over, and sympathy with, the administration of certain great branches of their law.

* * *

Sir Horace Plunkett

Where the satisfaction of their political ambitions is concerned, the Home Rule Party in Parliament do not, it is very evident, intend to allow the welfare (or otherwise) of Ireland to stand in their way. Very certainly, had the prosperity and well-being of the country, or the efficiency and genius of its servants, come before Party politics, Sir Horace Plunkett would not, at Whitsuntide, have been forced to resign his appointment as Vice-President of the Board of Agriculture in Ireland. Sir Horace has one great fault. He is a Unionist. Against this he has loyalty, genius, courage, sympathy, a never-failing grasp of agricultural questions, and a great love for Ireland and the Irish. Many Liberals, especially those most conversant with Irish affairs, on account of Sir Horace Plunkett's great services to his native land, are more than willing to tolerate the anomaly which he presents of a Conservative Minister acting under a Liberal Administration. But the Nationalists thought otherwise, and Sir Horace is to go, after having retained his present position at the special request of the Government, and for no possible fault except that he is no Nationalist.

Photo "*Graphic*" *Photo Agency*

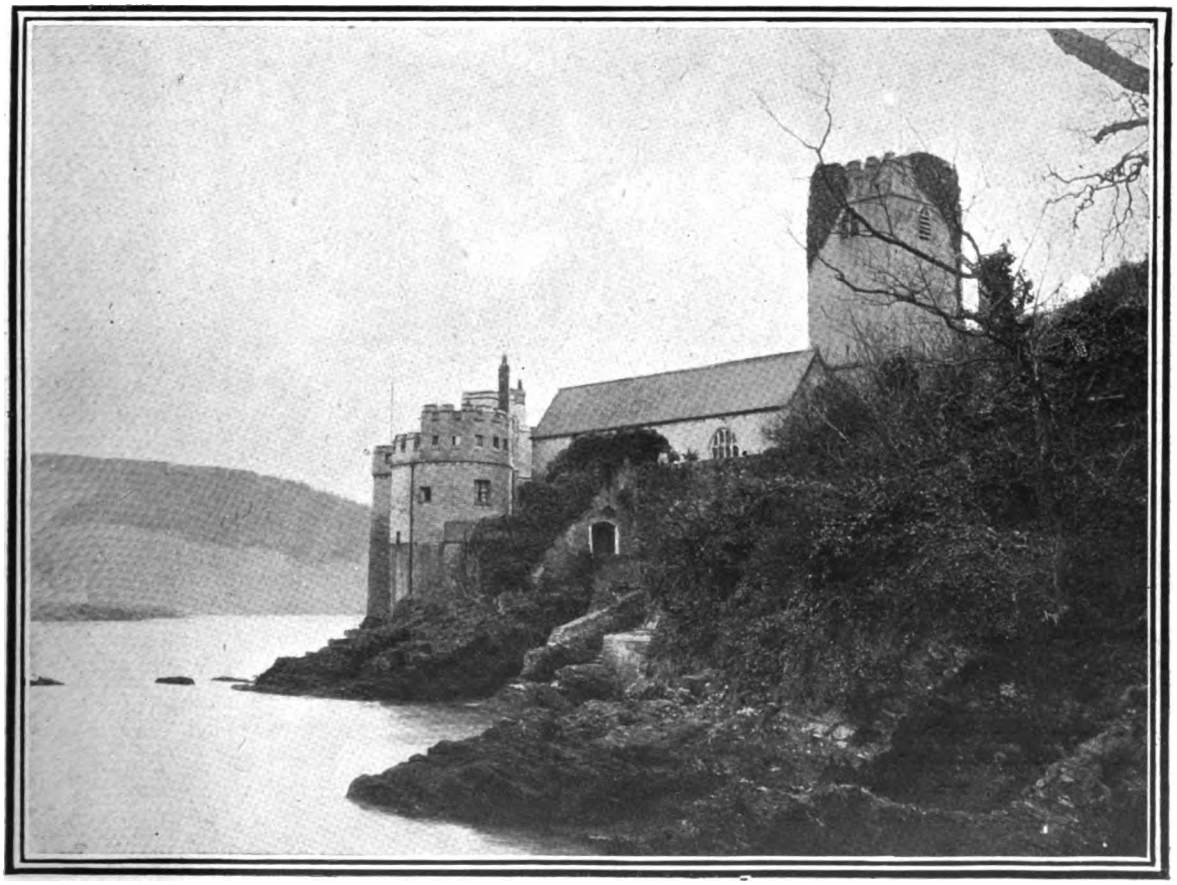
The Bishop of Ely's London Residence

Ely House, Dover Street, which has been gazetted for sale to found new bishoprics, is the last of the London residences owned in former times by several provincial Bishops

* * *

The Irish International Exhibition

There is also a certain irony in the fact that the Irish International Exhibition should be opened within a few days of the introduction of the



Photo] **Not Wanted by the War Office: Dartmouth Castle, at the mouth of the Dart** [*Carslake Winter-Wood*

Dartmouth Castle, which is to be handed over by the War Department to the Office of Works as a historical building, is a very ancient structure, dating from the reign of Henry VII., but a castle stood on the site in the Saxon period

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The Thousand Pound Ghost

latest thing in Home Rule Bills. The Exhibition is an important feature of that killing-by-kindness policy which the late Government and Sir Horace Plunkett adopted towards Home Rule. The two, therefore, are in reality anomalies. The Exhibition cannot possibly be a success without large support from England. Yet the Home Rule Party wish to be in no way "beholden" to England; they would like, indeed, to ignore its very existence. It will be a dreadful pity, though, if, as seems not improbable, the Exhibition turns out to be something of a "frost." So much money, time, and trouble have been spent on it, and so much depends upon its success.

* * *

An Irish Victory

The defeat of Miss May Hezlet, at Dollymount, Dublin, by Miss F. Walker Leigh, of the Foxrock Club, in the Irish Ladies' Golf Championship has once more brought to light the time-honoured question—the fairness, or otherwise, of deciding a championship by matches instead of scores. Without being technical, it is very evident to see that, by making the scores the determining factor, it would obviously be more possible to arrive at a true test of ability. Miss Walker Leigh is famous for her long putts—a form of the game in which women should excel—and she only beat Mrs. Lionel Jackson by holing a long putt on the last green. She has three times been near to the supreme honour she now holds, twice in the Irish and once in the Open Championship, having been runner-up to Miss Rhona Adair, who has recently been married, and Miss May Hezlet in the Irish Championships of 1901 and 1904, and to Miss Adair in the Ladies' Open Championship of 1903. Miss Hezlet, her vanquished opponent, belongs to an Ulster family, whose devotion to golf is proverbial, and who find their chief pleasure, from the cradle to the grave, on the links.

Photo *A. B. Pascoe*

The Duchess de Santona

Wife of the Duc de Santona, a Spanish grandee shortly visiting England for the polo season

* * *

A Bishop's London Residence

It is not, perhaps, common knowledge that Ely House, Dover Street, which has been gazetted for sale to found new bishoprics, is the last of the London residences owned, in former times, by several provincial prelates. Winchester House, in St. James's Square, the survivor of three similar mansions, was sold to the War Office on the sub-division of the diocese. A hundred years or so ago, the Bishops of Chichester had a mansion, the name of which still remains, in Chichester Rents, Chancery Lane, and in this neighbourhood the Bishops of Chichester still hold property. Ely House, Dover Street, a photograph of which we publish, was given to the Bishops of Ely in lieu of Ely Place, Holborn, famous in the days of Shakespeare for "good strawberries." Here, within the memory of living man, householders still retained their Parliamentary vote for Cambridgeshire; and here, too, were gardens, the like of which were enjoyed by no other bishoprics.

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The Thousand Pound Ghost

On the whole, I am not surprised at the result of the Colley and Maskelyne ghost case. Whatever Mr. Maskelyne's grievances may have been, it was rather strong to accuse his opponent of being an impostor in matters which had nothing to do with the subject in dispute, especially as it was obvious that if there was any defect in Mr. Colley's appointment as Archdeacon the fault was not his, but Bishop Colenso's. But I doubt whether the plaintiff would have got as much as he did without the unintentional assistance of Mr. Justice Ridley. Every litigant has a right to put his case fairly to the jury, and to answer the arguments of his opponent as well as he can, and in this case the exposure of the real character of Dr. Monck's *séances* created a strong prejudice against the plaintiff which it was necessary for his counsel to remove in order to get a verdict. It was Mr. Bankes's duty to deal fully with every point in the case in his final speech, but the learned judge thought fit not only to interrupt him with pointed allusions to the flight of time, but practically to tell the jury that Mr. Colley's character was such that it could not be substantially injured by an accusation of fraud. That was a question, not for the judge, but for the jury, and they, I suspect, intended by their verdict to express their resentment at having the case taken out of their hands.

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Spooks at St. George's Hall

I don't know whether the matinée of Maskelyne and Devant's Mysteries to which the Press were invited last Wednesday was originally intended as a celebration of an anticipated victory over Mr. Colley or not, but it was an excellent entertainment, in the course of which the defeat was turned to good account more than once. Mr. Karl Germain and Joad Heteb did some very clever sleight-of-hand tricks, many of which were new to me, and

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Our New Royal Visitors

Photo Uhlenhuth

H.R.H. The Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (with her baby son), who is now on a visit to England

The Grand Duke and Duchess are now staying quietly at Claremont with the Duke's mother, the Duchess of Albany. On Sunday, the Royal pair, with a delightfully British lack of ceremony, walked together through the fields and lanes to Esher to Divine service. The Duchess, formerly Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, was married in October, 1905, and her baby son, the heir to the Duchy, was born last August

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A Colonial Puzzle Picture

Mr. Percy French as a lightning sketch artist, and Mr. Barclay Gammon in a sort of Corney Grain musical sketch, were quite two of the best performers in their respective lines that I have ever seen. As regards the spooks, I cannot compare Mr. Maskelyne's spectres with those of the professional mediums, as I have never had the privilege of seeing the latter, but I cannot see how even a genuine ghost could be an improvement upon the St. George's Hall variety; and Mr. Colley appears to think so, too, for immediately after the verdict in the case his solicitors wrote to Mr. Maskelyne withdrawing the £1,000 challenge.

* * *

The Oxford Pageant

Last year, it may be remembered, my allusions, such as they were, to the Pageant fever that obsessed the country (Pageantitis) were couched in somewhat supercilious vein. May I be allowed, now, to make due apologies? I misreported myself. The printer, as Mr. Birrell would say, "did not put the exact turn on my phrase I now think I should have put upon it." To be brief, I have *caught* Pageantitis. Oxford was, last week, the scene of my infection. Lured thither by the hospitality of Mr. Mayor, I was entertained and conducted to the place at which, at the end of next June, will be enacted Oxford's own little historic orgie, wherein the town's history will be told, sartorially, from the eighth to the eighteenth centuries. Now when Oxford enters the lists; when austere Academics lend their countenance to Pageantry; when the stage (in the person of Mr. Beerbohm Tree) connives; when Nature lends for the purpose such a superb amphitheatre as the Christchurch Meadow, with its winding Cherwell and its whispering trees—well, then, I am bound to admit that the seal of high respectability is placed on Pageantitis, making it a complaint which nobody should omit to have—once.

Photo *D'Arcy*

Miss F. Walker Leigh

Of the Foxrock Golf Club, the winner of the Irish Ladies' Golf Championship at Dollymount, Dublin

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Ancestor Worship for Britain

Oxford, of course, has scarcely such a plethora of historic incidents to its credit as, say, Bury St. Edmunds

A CROWD OF COLONIALS: WHERE IS IT? PRIZE COMPETITION FOR READERS

The above is a photograph of a crowd in one of the British Colonies. In order to put our readers' knowledge to the test, we offer a Prize of *One Guinea* to the sender of the first postcard, to reach this office between now and the first post on Saturday morning, May 11, which contains the name of the place where the crowd is assembled. Postcards, to be marked "Colonial," should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., whose decision will be final. Colonial Premiers may compete!

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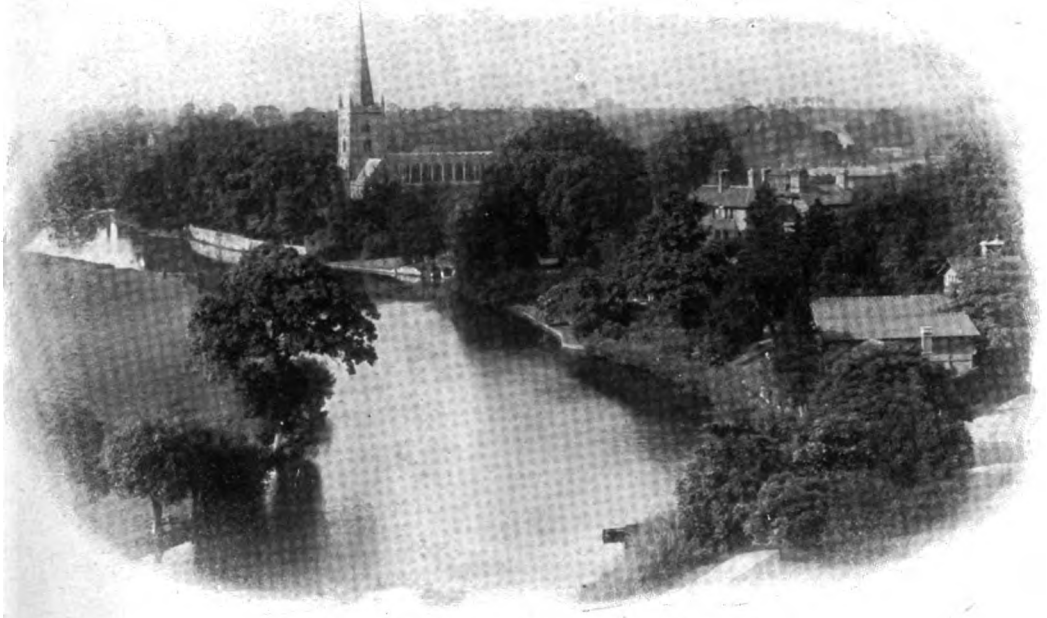
In Honour of Shakespeare

THE FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

A Familiar Landmark: A crowd of sightseers outside Shakespeare's House in Henley Street



General View of Stratford-on-Avon from the Theatre Tower

The High Street

Historic Stratford-on-Avon has been the centre of great activity during the recent Festival in honour of her famous son. Besides Mr. Benson's production of many of the Bard's favourite plays, in which many of the best-known players have also taken part, an old-world touch was given to the proceedings in the shape of Morris dances, may-pole dances, and old English games

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An Historic Group of Statesmen

or Winchester. It is, however, an ideal rendezvous for a Pageant; and, therefore, the days of the function (June 27th to July 3rd) should be truly memorable. The sanction of the 'Varsity, the co-operation of gown and town upon the basis of mutual historic glories, should secure unusually splendid results. I shall have more to say on this matter as the arrangements for the Pageant approach more nearly to completion. In the meantime, the city is agog with interest. The shop-windows announce "Pageant" clothes; "Pageant" hats and ties, and waistcoats and boots; "Pageant" picture postcards, grave and gay. Local hostesses are already arranging with each other the "periods" in which they will entertain their respective house-parties. A "Tudor" one is already fixed, while others, in which Saxon, Norman, Jacobean, and Stuart costumes will be *de rigueur*, are in process of organisation. The actual scene of the Pageant is so deliciously free from the disfigurement of aught that is modern, architecturally, that it is the joyous claim of the promoters that the spectators on the stands will, themselves, be the only anachronism! But, more sinister and more imaginative still, I heard one of the organisers of the Pageant define the object of these festivals as the gradual introduction of Shintoism—ancestor worship—into England! If this prospect, coming on top of the prohibition of *The Mikado*, does not cement, for all time, our Japanese alliance, then nothing will.

* * *

A Glimpse of the Academy

I dreamed I walked in the streets of Jerusalem (or was it Hampstead?) the other night after visiting the Academy. For on the walls of that emporium of British art are counterfeits of all the really *chic*, Hebraic ladies in Mayfair. Black velvet, priceless pearls, and misty ermine are their only wear; dark, Eastern eyes, pomegranate lips, and dead white, powdered skins, their only motley. What a chance for a portrait painter to show that Sargent is not the only man in the world who can paint black-blue velvet and white, translucent flesh! I quite enjoyed looking at the first two or three of these ladies. They are so very pert, so very *chic*, and they look so very expensive. But after a while I wearied. There were two or three of them in every room. And there are *ten* oil-painting rooms at Burlington House!

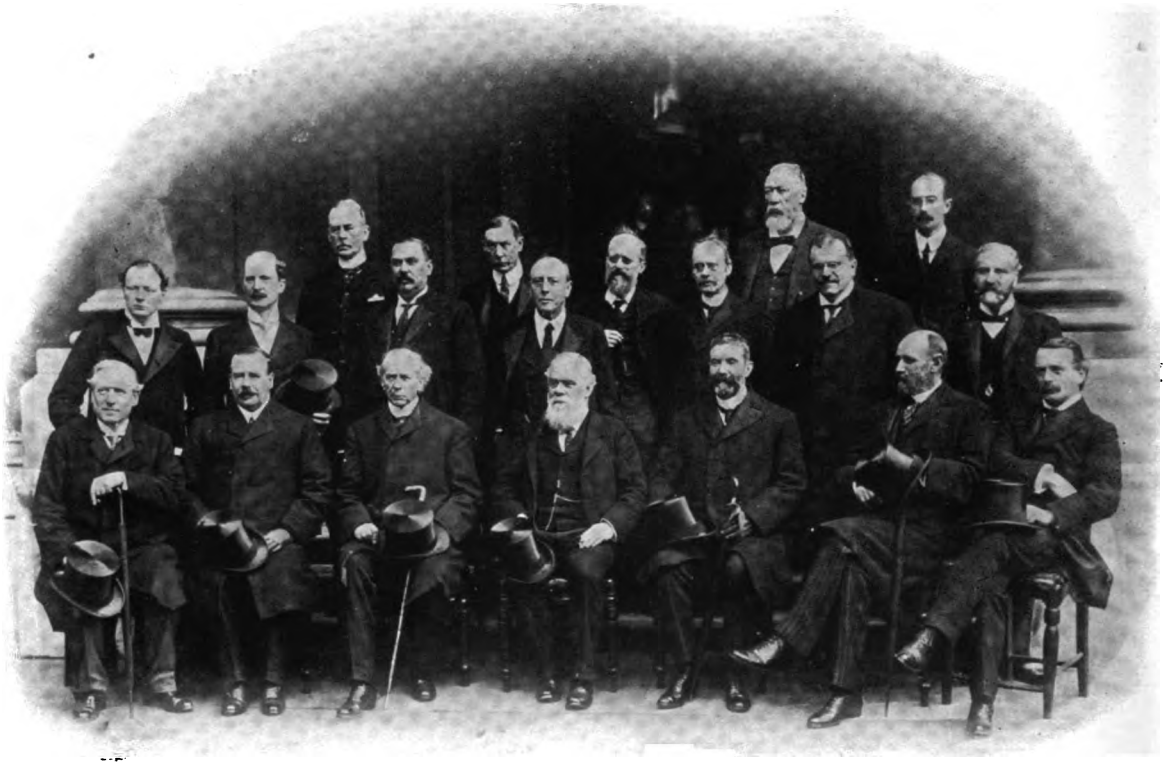

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Imperial Conference: An historic group, taken at the Colonial Office after the Preference Debate

Reading from left to right are: (*Back row*) Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Holderness, Sir William Lyne, Mr. W. A. Robinson; (*Middle row*) Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Francis Hopwood, General Botha, Sir J. Mackay, Mr. G. W. Johnson, Mr. H. W. Just, the Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Sir Robert Bond; (*Front row*) Mr. Asquith, Sir Joseph Ward, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lord Elgin, Mr. Deakin, Mr. Moor, Mr. Lloyd-George

Portraits, Portraits, Portraits all the Way

At a rough computation, I should say that every sixth or seventh picture at the Academy this year is a portrait. As there are some 1,500 pictures, this means that there are plenty, and to spare. Mr. Sargent, of course, has any number. Some with a lot of work in them; some showing signs of weariness—and no wonder; but what a fortune he must be making! The length of Lady Eden's neck, in his picture of her in the first room, is simply abnormal. Nothing, of course, could detract from her ladyship's beauty; but really, I am sure, in this painting, her neck must be a quarter of a yard long at least! Mr. Richard Jack has a most breezy portrait of J. H. Taylor, the late Open Golf Champion; Mr. Albert Collings has fine portraits of Lord and Lady Ampthill; and Mr. J. J. Shannon, amongst others, sends a delightful portrait of the very handsome T. A. Shannon, Esq.

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The Iron Bonds of Empire

THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD IN HONOUR OF THE COLONIAL PREMIERS

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

An Episode of Mimic War

Removing the body of a "dead" man

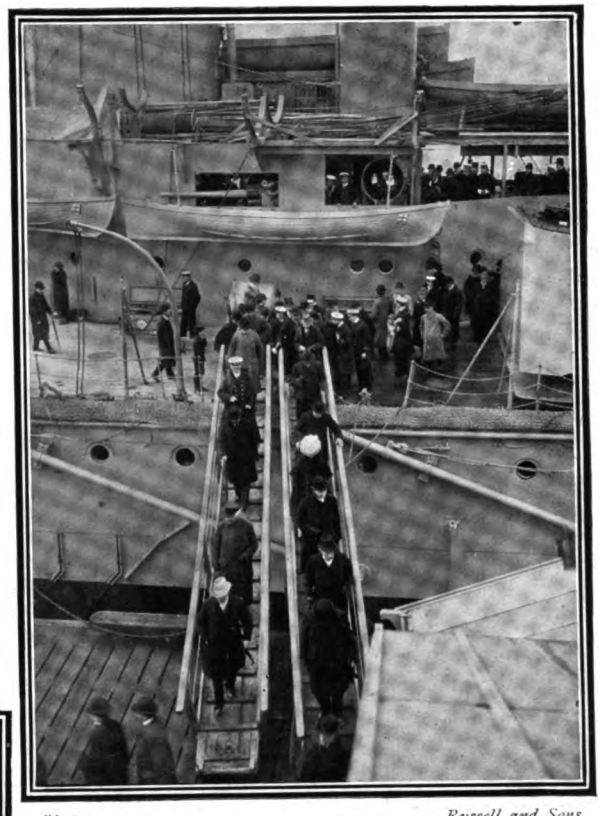

Photo *Russell and Sons*

After the Review

Colonial Premiers and friends leaving the *Dreadnought*

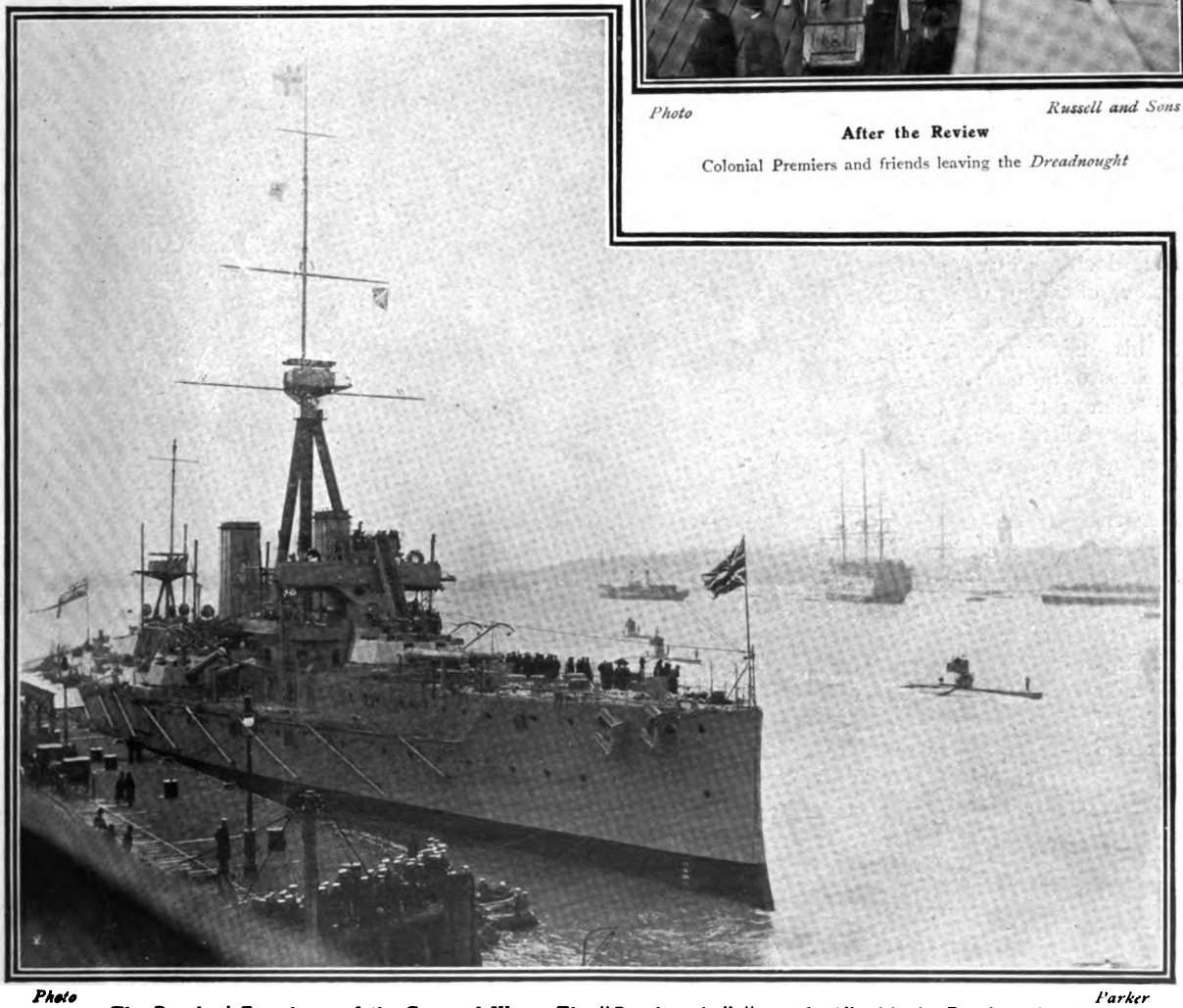

Photo *Parker*

The Premiers' Experience of the Game of War: The "Dreadnought" "torpedoed" with the Premiers aboard

One of the most interesting features of last Friday's great naval display at Spithead was the march past of destroyers and submarines. The former, as they steamed past, discharged dummy torpedoes at the *Dreadnought* herself. As each torpedo neared the mammoth vessel, the line of bubbles became distinctly visible. The Premiers watched the manœuvres with the keenest interest

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

GARRICK THEATRE

"The Duel"

The adapting of French plays for the English stage is a difficult task. However careful the operator, he rarely succeeds in preventing the escape of light, volatile gases during the process of adaptation. Some of the spirit of Henri Lavedan's play seems to be absent from the version at the Garrick Theatre. Unless this surmise be correct, one cannot account for a general air of nebulousness which hangs around the play, particularly towards the close of it.

The theme of the play is fine: two brothers, one a priest, the other a doctor and atheist, fighting for the soul of a woman. The issue between Father Daniel and Sir Paul Forester is set forth in a long but intelligible and engrossing first act. Later, when the brothers cross swords, the points of the duel are a little difficult to follow. The doctor accuses his brother of taking more than a Father Confessor's interest in his fair penitent, the Duchess of Severn; of being the man rather than the priest. This would have been an effective situation from the standpoint of drama had there been stronger grounds for the accusation. True, the priest, in an interview with Monsignor Boleyn (who, if I may so put it, acts the rôle of referee in this spiritual encounter), accuses himself of being attracted by the sensuous side of his religion. But we are given no indication that the Duchess has awakened his dormant love of the earthly and the beautiful.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Arthur Bourchier

As Father Daniel in *The Duel* at the Garrick Theatre

A Lesson in Moral Philosophy

Consequently, Sir Paul Forester's taunt falls to the ground. As the play progresses, it soars higher and higher into the regions of moral philosophy. It needs to be followed with the closest attention. We feel that the missing of a single sentence may throw us out of the narrow path of understanding we are striving to pursue into the mists which encompass us on either side. In the last act, the judgments of the Bishop, Monsignor Boleyn, upon the errors into which the priest and the Duchess have been led by their too delicate consciences are arrived at by a process of reasoning too subtle for the layman. We know, broadly, that the wise old Bishop exorcises the demon of unrest which is tormenting Father Daniel, and decides that the Duchess is called not to the seclusion of a convent, but to marriage with Sir Paul Forester, whom she has long loved. But the chain of reasoning which leads to these judgments is so closely welded as to appeal rather to a student of divinity than to the ordinary playgoer. Perhaps injustice is done to Mr. Bourchier, who prepared the version, by the suggestion that his adaptation fails to give forth the dialectical flavour of the original. If so, I crave pardon. But whatever be the matter with *The Duel*, as distinct from *Le Duel*, it deals, in England at any rate, with a subject which is better treated in book form. A book can be laid down while the reader pauses to get his ideas into order. For the playgoer, confronted with this difficult thesis, there is nothing for it but to grip the arms of his stall in a frenzy of attention and pray heaven his neighbour may not cough.

Concerning the Players

Miss Violet Vanbrugh gave an arresting portrait of the Duchess of Severn. She seemed to breathe, more freely than anyone in the cast, the religious atmosphere of the play. Her fervour has the true fervour of a religious woman. From her personality irradiated sweetness and sincerity. Mr. Sydney Valentine, with many a skilful touch, embellished a fine portrait of a Churchman. He was to the life the man of the world, the scholar, the gentle monitor created by the author. Mr. Cyril Keightly has done some good work in London in comparatively minor rôles. His playing of Sir Paul Forester stamps him as a young actor with a future. There is a finish and polish to his work not often seen in the work of the rising generation of players. He creates strong effects by quiet methods, giving one the pleasing impression that, however strong the

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demands made upon him by the dramatist, he can easily fulfil them.

Mr. Bourchier was less happily suited than the members of his cast. There was a decided, almost business-like, note in his performance of Father Daniel, which struck me as quite at variance with the ideal and conception of the dramatist.

TERRY'S THEATRE

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

It has taken the powers that be just seven years to make up their minds to bring Mrs. Wiggs to England. No wonder. I know a man who knows a man to whom the English rights were offered. "Mrs. Wiggs in London? Not on your life!" he retorted. Now he is kicking himself round the block. Excuse this phraseology, but Mrs. Wiggs galvanises every picturesque and riotous Americanism which has been lying decently stored in the mind for years. It is difficult to illustrate the capacity of the play for being "local." Shall we say it is to an English audience as a coster play to the Chocktaws; as a play in *argot* at the "Grand Guignol" is to an audience of English girls at a Parisian "finishing school"? If you watch the cast carefully, you will find them playing a little game with the audience. After firing off an idiom they will watch for the effect of their shot. "Never touched them," they say to themselves, and the ghost of a smile appears upon their lips. Or again, "My land, but that went," and the ghost of a look of surprise flits across their faces. The play will succeed in England, not in spite of, but because of its colloquialisms. These quaint figures of speech temper the sentimentalism with which the play is charged. Had the play been written in English, an English audience would have none of it. But the types are so utterly foreign as to be free to indulge at will their eccentricities and their sentimentalisms. The play is as refreshing as the sting of a breeze charged with the sea. The cry of a people for somebody new has been answered by Mrs. Wiggs, Mr. Stubbins, and Miss Hazy. Mrs. Madge Carr Cook is a great artist. Her touch is sure, her instinct unerring. She can draw tears and smiles from her audience with such consummate ease as to make the art of acting appear the most simple in the world. One requires for an actress an engaging personality, a sense of fun and of pathos, a kindly, expressive, and humorous mouth. *Viola tout!*

THE HICKS THEATRE

"Brewster's Millions"

The task of constructing a farce-comedy would be infinitely more simple if all authors were equipped with as humorous a central idea as that which has occurred to the author of *Brewster's Millions*. The world is wearied of the struggle to make money. So these merry gentlemen show us the reverse of the medal: the struggle to spend it. But an audience would soon become weary of seeing a young gentleman play ducks and drakes with a fortune. The comedy would peter out. So the ingenious authors have equipped their hero with a strong motive for his dissipation of wealth. Brewster spends a quarter of a million in order to gain two millions. This is sound finance. In order that his position be made still stronger, the spendthrift is given a sentimental reason for ridding himself of the first fortune. It is bequeathed to Brewster by a grandfather who had allowed his (Brewster's) mother to go in want. Brewster's uncle knew of this sordid story, and left his nephew the larger fortune on condition that within a year he should have squandered the money which, coming from the hateful old grandfather, was tainted in its very source.

Photo *Rimton-Bristow-Noble*

Two Well-known Shakespearean Actresses

Miss Nora Lancaster, a well-known member of the Benson Companies, seated in a Swift car, and her mother, Mrs. Reynolds (Miss Wallis)

A Hero With a Purpose

When he learns the story of the two wills, Brewster shuts his teeth and takes a savage joy in squandering the minor fortune. The apparent profligate takes rank with the men whose cause is just. This furnishing of motive is but one of many instances in which the authors have shown their cleverness in sustaining the interest of the play. The complications arising from the central idea are obvious, but they are presented with ingenuity and humour. We know that Brewster will meet with set-backs in his appointed task. None the less, we explode with merriment when the Lumber and Fuel shares which he has taken up suddenly soar above the market; when Polite, a rank outsider, comes in at 40 to 1; when Brewster comes away from Monte Carlo disconsolate, his pockets bulging with notes.

The comedy is played in the manner which American Companies have made familiar to us; rattled through without a pause for laughter or applause. Better a line lost now and again than valuable time wasted. For some reason, the fair

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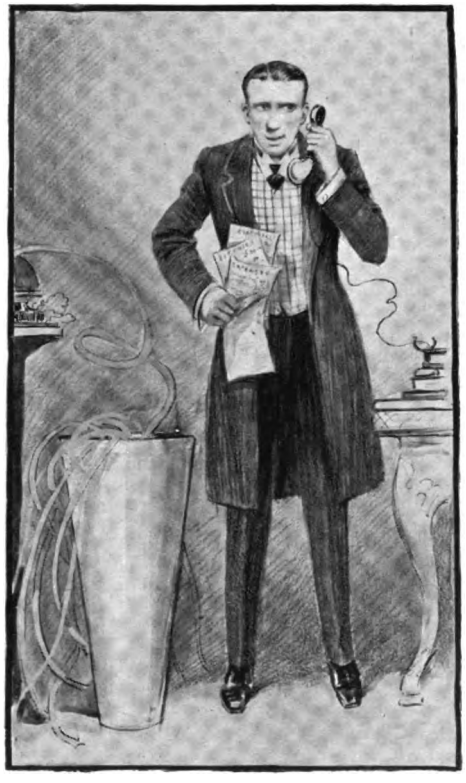
object of Brewster's affections was played by Miss Beatrice Agnew in a style diametrically opposed to that so happily adopted by her companions. Constantly she changed the *tempo* to *rallentando* without any gain to her own performance or the general action of the play. In Brewster, Mr. Gerald du Maurier has a rôle rather too easily within the range of his ability. The actor is called upon to exhibit but a modicum of his talents. Still, like the artist he is, Mr. du Maurier never gives the faintest suggestion that he is superior to his rôle. His comedy is of a delicate order. He gains his effects with little touches: a pause, the play of his features, and of his most expressive hands. Yet he is never dominated by the more rough-and-tumble methods of his companions.

WALDORF THEATRE

"Jeanne d'Arc"

If Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe had commenced their season in London with this notable production, they would have made a more promising *début* than they did. But the evil, being done, may prove, we all hope, a minor one. If subsequent Joan of Arc plays prove up to the standard of Mr. Percy Mackaye's, we gladly welcome the invasion of the militant Maid of Domremy. Mr. Mackaye has constructed his play simply and well. At no stage of it are we bewildered by the intricacies of the story. Moreover, the love interest is cleverly woven into the general scheme — a difficult piece of weaving, considering that the Maid is an historical character dissociated by her very temperament from earthly passions. This is the author's plan of getting round the difficulty.



Mr. Gerald du Maurier

As Monty Brewster in *Brewster's Millions* at the Hicks Theatre

(By Norman Morrow)

The Love Interest

The Duke d'Alençon falls in love with the warrior maid. But he scoffs at her "visions." Jeanne is asleep outside her tent. The Duke approaches. Reverently he would kiss her hand, when suddenly St. Michael, with a flaming sword, intercepts him. To the lover this is the "sign" needed to convince him of the divine mission of his adored one. He is instantly converted. Time passes. Temporal misfortune befalls Joan of Arc. She is sold to the English, and is about to be burned as a witch. The last hour of her life finds her in a terrible state of doubt. Her belief in the visions is shaken. She is assailed by the mental suggestion that the appearances of St. Michael and St. Catharine were merely the delusions of a half-witted brain. With Death at the door, she struggles in the throes of the Great Doubt. Then, to deliver her from this mental agony, comes the Duke d'Alençon, turned priest. He revives her drooping faith by telling her how St. Michael had proved her Guardian Angel. Once more the light of Faith bursts upon her, and the lovers go hand-in-hand to meet death at the stake.

The language of the author is well suited to the nobility of his theme. There is a strain of poetry in the writing. Time and again happy turns of phrase and graceful similes fall upon the ear. Moreover, no discordant note of modernity breaks harshly in to dissipate the atmosphere of mediævalism.

Concerning the Players

Miss Julia Marlowe's performance stamps her as an actress of the very first rank. In her most inspired or stirring moments, when rapt in ecstasies at the visions, or cheering her soldiers on to a fresh assault upon the English, this Joan of Arc was ever *au fond* the simple peasant maid of Domremy. The actress never lost for a moment her grip upon the many sides of the Maid's character. Her voice, resembling, in startling fashion, the voice of Mrs. Pat Campbell, Miss Marlowe uses with great skill and effect. She can make the theatre ring with it, and never shout. She can whisper, and never slur a syllable. Miss Marlowe has the gift sometimes abused and made the pretext for ceasing to study —the gift, which, thrown into one scale, will make the balance with good looks, good voice, and the mimetic power—the gift of personality.

Mr. Sothern played his subordinate rôle with much charm and restraint. Never once did he force the rôle into undue prominence by a too highly coloured rendering. He was the actor always — never the actor-manager. This is higher praise than it appears upon the surface. Indeed, we have rather gained the impression over here that in American companies the stars are first and the rest nowhere. This vicious distinction does not obtain in the Sothern - Marlowe organisation. The company is of all - round excellence, and the stage - management of the play most capable. I cannot refrain from protesting against the tone adopted by a certain critic, who commences his notice with the astounding statement that "*Mr. Percy Mackaye need not feel ashamed of having written 'Jeanne d'Arc.'*" The italics are mine, as is the retort, "Hoity-Toity!"

E. C. S.

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DRAWN BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

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Photo *Topical Agency*

Early Morning Exercise in Paris: Riding in the Bois de Boulogne

Most of the best-known figures in French Society are to be seen riding in the Bois by ten o'clock in the morning, and Smart America, much as she dislikes this early hour, finds she must perforce also follow the fashion set

The American Invasion

Now Spring is here at last, there is only one thing to mar my pleasure, and that is nothing more nor less than an American invasion of Paris. In the Bois, in the Champs Elysées, at the theatres, at all the fashionable restaurants, Americans are to be seen, everywhere American is to be heard. Were it possible to ignore the members of this nation, matters would not be so serious. But with their dollars they always manage to assert themselves. Carpenters of yesterday, millionaires of to-day, what matters it to them if they are rapidly destroying the few remaining traditions in the Society life of a country with a past? And the unfortunate part of it is, that they have come to stay the season, and that their friends are following them. The *New York Herald* announces that five steamers, with every cabin taken, have started for Europe.

The Americans offer "shopping" as an excuse for their appearance in such numbers at this time of the year; and, judging from the rows of automobiles to be seen in the Rue de la Paix, and the amount of their purchases, one might even be inclined to believe them. But, really, their mission is more serious. American mothers have their eyes on the young French nobility. The fame of Count Karl de Beaumont's son and heir has crossed the Atlantic; but the catch of the season is lost, for, in less than a month, young de Beaumont was engaged and married to one of his own compatriots.

* * *

French Society Leaders

The Count de Nion, brilliant critic and novelist, feels very strongly about what he calls "this detestable American element in our Society." Royalist to the backbone, he clings zealously to the few remaining customs. Constantly sighing for the days when the laws of the Faubourg St. Germain were rigidly enforced, when the members of the best families were only to be seen in the most exclusive drawing-rooms, or in the Bois in the morning, there is nothing that annoys him more than to see ladies playing bridge in the tea-room at the Hotel Ritz. French Society leaders are riding in the Bois by ten o'clock in the morning, and Smart America, much as she dislikes it, must perforce follow their example. The Duchesse d'Uzès, in spite of her great age, hardly ever misses a morning's canter. She is a sculptress of great talent, possesses one of the oldest and most important names in France, and one of the longest purses. Comtesse Greffuhle, Comtesse de la Rouchfoucauld, Comtesse Jean de Castellane, Princesse de Faucigny (who has a lovely house in the Rue Marignon, in Paris), and the incomparable "Gyp" (Mme. de Martel), are amongst the ladies whose lead Smart America strives to follow.

* * *

Visitors from England and the States

The Duchess of Marlborough is here without her husband; so is the Duchess of Manchester. Mrs. Potter-Palmer, Mrs. Andreis, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Armour, and Mr. and Mrs. Dana Gibson, too, are amongst the crowds of Americans who pass their afternoons in the Rue de la Paix, and their evenings at the Ritz or at Paillard's. It appears that the one thing the fashionable world has ceased to purchase is jewellery, and, consequently, many of the best-known diamond merchants find themselves at present in very low water—one of them, well known in both Continents, has just had a terrible bankruptcy. Motor-cars, however, are purchased by these "invaders" with as little reflection as the ordinary mortal would buy a hat. The other day, when I was talking to a lady, Baron Carlo d'Aliotti, the popular Chancellor of the Italian Embassy, passed in a handsome red car, with brass fittings. The car's appearance and fittings so took her fancy that this American lady there and then decided to possess one.

Mrs. George Keppel is here, and has been frequently dining at the British Embassy; for, during the last few weeks, Sir Francis Bertie has hardly

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ceased to give official and private dinners. Lord and Lady Northcliffe are still staying at the Ritz.

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The King's Movements

When King Edward visited Paris last week, he came not on pleasure, but on business; and, according to many of the French papers, he piloted his "lieutenant," Clemenceau, through the difficult straits in which he found himself.

The King, it appears, abandoned his Mediterranean cruise in order to help M. Clemenceau—only he took the precaution of asking the Premier and M. Bousquet, "King of the Anarchists," if it were safe for him to come to France in its present disturbed state. Both answered in the affirmative. What a marvellous diplomat must be the King, who knows how to get on the right side of even the Anarchists!

The Queen, who did not return to England with His Majesty, was greatly interested in the collection of Sicilian jewellery of Mr. Churchill, the Consul at Palermo, which a relation of his tells me is of very great value. By the way, this gentleman possesses the secret for which Maurice Hewlett would give a fortune—the whereabouts of Cœur de Lion's crown The King is as diplomatic in private as in public life. According to Reuter, he was buying a beautiful coral frame, when the Queen entered the showroom unnoticed. At first he tried to hide it; but, when he found that was of no avail, he confessed it was to be a surprise present for her—a frame containing his portrait!

* * *

France's Japanese Guest

Prince Fushimi, who has been invited to every Embassy in Paris, to the Elysée, and to the houses of all the important political men, before his departure gave a big banquet at the Hotel Continental, where he was staying with his suite. He has been to Versailles and a few of the Museums, but that is all the sight-seeing that he has accomplished, the rest of his time having been spent shopping. Waistcoats and ties have particularly fascinated him, and he would have to live to considerably over a hundred to wear all that he has purchased in Paris.

He wishes to make the best of himself in England, for he naturally understands the high mission that has been entrusted to him. In the East, the greatest attention is shown to the constitution of an important Embassy like this, and in sending Prince Fushimi, accompanied by the highest dignitaries of the land, to return the visit paid by Prince Arthur of Connaught to the Mikado, the courtesy is unmistakable. Paris has been greatly interested in this Eastern Prince. Many, it must be confessed, in spite of the constant proofs we are always having of Japan's progress, expected to find in him an improved edition of Sisowath, and the first question I was asked after I had been to see him the other day at the Hotel Continental was, how many wives has he got with him? As a matter of fact, he has not *one*.

The Empress of Japan

Though little known in the Western world, her Majesty has exercised a tremendous influence in Japan's rapid rise to power. Besides being a woman of deep learning, she is a poetess of no mean order

Prince Fushimi of Japan

After staying in Paris, has now arrived in this country, to return the visit paid by Prince Arthur of Connaught to the Mikado

* * *

Prince Fushimi

Prince Fushimi has more than his Royal rank to commend him. General in the Japanese Army, member of the Supreme Council of War, and on several occasions direct representative of the Mikado, it will be remembered that, only eleven years ago, he took part in the coronation of the Tsar. To few foreigners has England offered such honours as are being prepared for this Oriental Prince. Earl Roberts and Admiral Seymour are to be attached to his suite, and he is to be attended by Sir Alex. Bannerman, one of the few officers who took part in the war in the Far East, and who has learnt to speak Japanese.

Although the Prince is not the son of the Mikado, as many suppose, he is very nearly related, belonging to one of the five noble families from which the Empress is chosen, also the wives of the Royal princes, and the heir, when the Emperor has no son. The Prince Imperial of Japan, too, is not a son of the Emperor. Prince Fushimi is exceedingly handsome for a Japanese, but he is not as young as many suppose him to be, having a son of twenty-two, Prince Hiroyasu, who was wounded in the war, fighting by the side of Togo. This Prince married the last heiress of the Tokugawa Shoguns. M. Nagasaki, Chancellor of the Empire, and head of the Prince's suite, is as polished a man as one could wish to meet. And his courtesy is far deeper than the low and repeated bows which accompanied his replies to all my questions; it consists of services, and a hundred and one little gallantries, such as it is useless to expect from the Western men of to-day.

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Japan's Rulers

M. Nagasaki seemed disposed to enliven me with all kinds of interesting details about Court life in Japan, and explained what it meant to that country to have overcome the great Tokugawa influence, a feat which was only accomplished after thirty-five years' struggle, and which, greater than the defeat of Russia, is without parallel in the history of the world. With the marriage of the Prince Imperial, this hateful *régime* has disappeared for ever. The Mikado never leaves Japan. It is extremely difficult for any native to have an audience with him, although he is always pleased to welcome distinguished foreigners; one of the attachés of the Embassy tells me he has not even seen him. The Empress Haru-Ko, to whom Loti has given the charming epithet, "*Imperatrice Printemps*," is little known in the Western world. Born at Kyoto in 1856, she belonged to the celebrated Ichijo family, one of the five houses from which the ruler's wives were always chosen. Of extraordinary beauty—at least so I am told—she is the first Oriental Sovereign who has had any voice in the government of a country; the first of all the Oriental consorts whose influence and intelligence is considered of any value. That Japan can take her place with the other Western nations is now a recognised fact, but it is not generally known that the Mikado could not have accomplished what he has for his country had he not been seconded by a powerful feminine intellect.

* * *

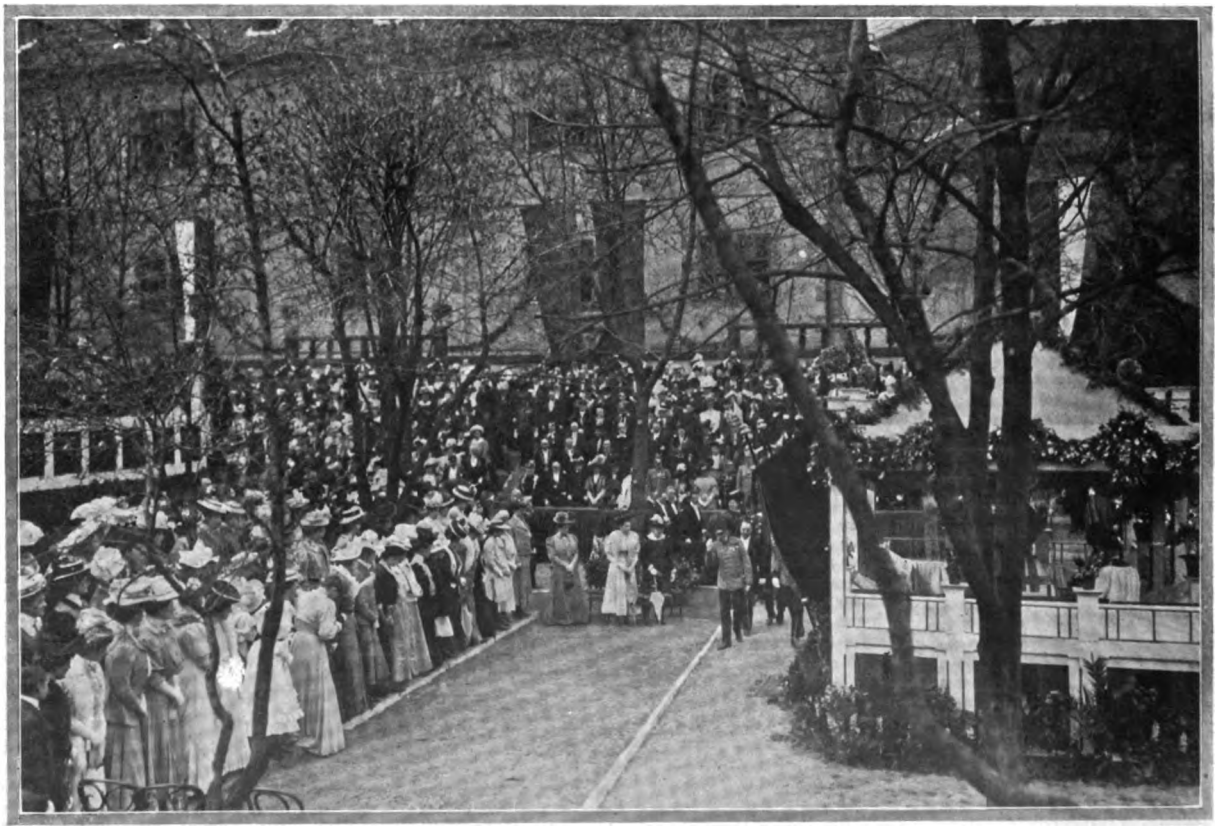
The Activities of the Empress Haru-Ko

It was Haru-Ko who first suggested to the Emperor what is unknown in Oriental history, "the equality of men and women." With her own money, she sends every year five of the most talented women of the land to study in an American university, and these ladies are officially known as the Empress's *protégées*. According to her wishes, primary and secondary schools have been established in all the principal towns. A college has been founded which does not exist in any other country, and in which the Empress takes the keenest interest, namely, a school for noblemen's daughters. To become a lady-in-waiting, or take any part in Court life, it is necessary to have been a pupil at this school, and the curriculum comprises all the arts, from painting and poetry to needle and household work. Court etiquette in Japan is quite a science apart. It must be commenced between the ages of ten and eleven, being long and complicated.

* * *

An Imperial Poetess

Haru-Ko is not only a woman of great intelligence and erudition, but a poetess of talent; she will certainly take her place in the literary history of her country. Every Japanese child knows her poetry by heart, and on all the important events of the reign she has written verses. Once, when the Imperial Palace had been destroyed by fire, the Sovereigns accepted the hospitality of a Daïmio, who gave them his own palace whilst their own was being reconstructed. The Royal party and suite were far from comfortable. But when the Empress heard that the people were pitying her, she replied by a charming poem, the gist of which is this: "The luxury of life is of little consequence to me, for one dwelling only I crave—the hearts of the people." And her desire has been realised.



The Imperial Visit to Prague: The Emperor of Austria leaving the station with the Governor of the City

This is the first time that an Emperor of Austria has paid a visit to the capital of Bohemia, and the fact revives the hope of the Czech nationalists, who wish to see the Emperor Francis Joseph crowned King of Bohemia in Prague, in the same manner as he was crowned King of Hungary in Buda-Pesth. Bohemia is, of course, an integral part of the Austrian Empire, but its nationality, unlike that of Hungary, is not specifically recognised

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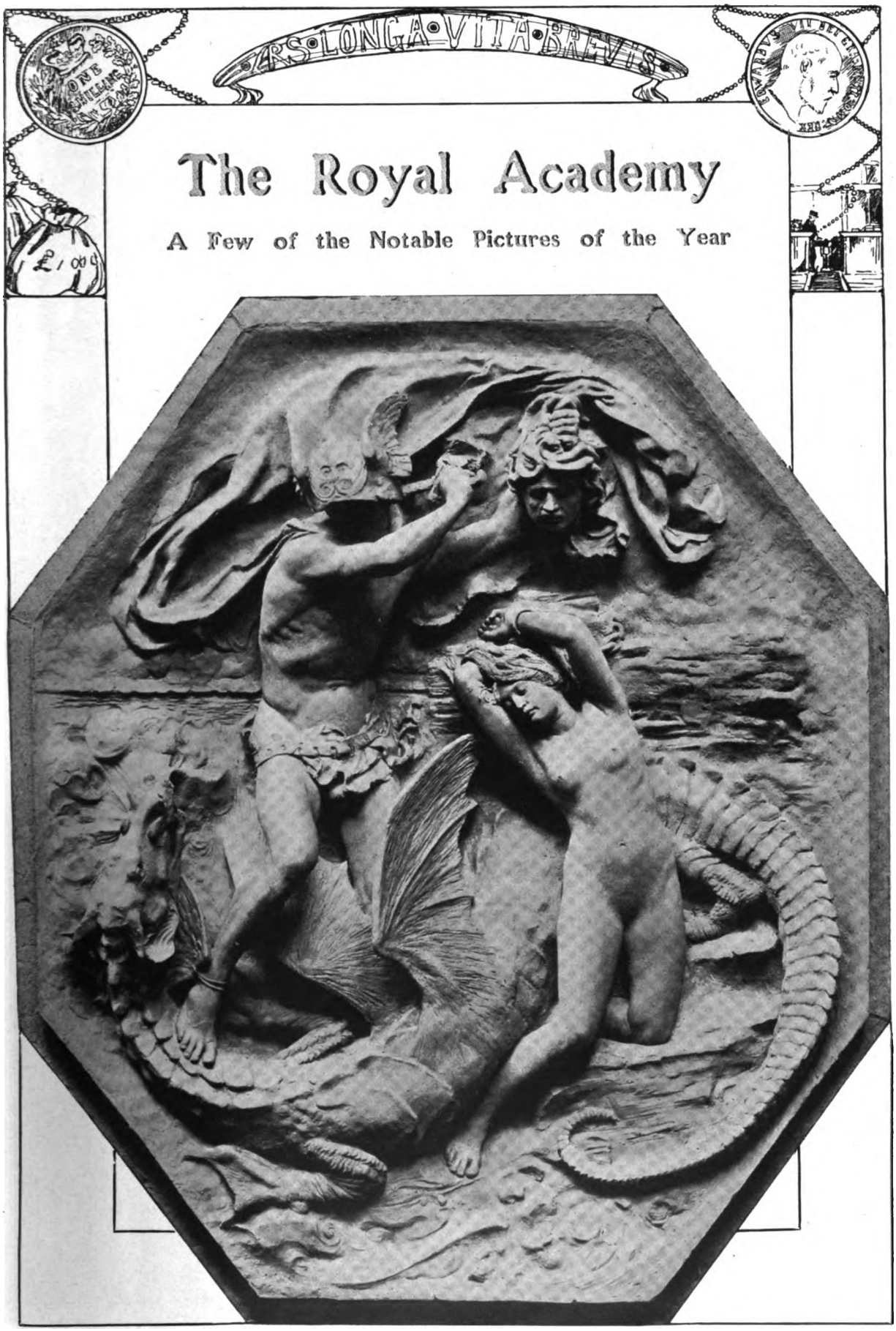

The Royal Academy

A Few of the Notable Pictures of the Year

"PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA." By H. A. PEGRAM

Sculpture, in England, seems to be regarded as a negligible quality in art. The Committee of Selection at the Royal Academy is composed entirely of painters. Sculpture and bronzes, therefore, receive scant, and generally ignorant, consideration. Witness the rejection of "Lycidas"—a triumph of modern sculpture—two years ago, and of the bust of Queen Victoria Eugénie this year. It is, therefore, a relief to be able to call attention to the inclusion of the above striking example

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The Art of Allegory and Romance

"GOLDEN YOUTH." By T. C. GOTCH

"TRISTRAM AND ISEULT." By E. BLAIR LEIGHTON

Exponents of the romantic and allegorical schools of painting, to which Watts, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Millais, and others belonged, are to day very few and far between. The more lucrative profession of portrait painting has practically superseded the romantic school. However, there are a few examples of this attractive cult in this year's Academy, and the above two are of interest. Whether Mr. Blair Leighton's treatment of the Arthurian legend will exactly appeal to the average taste is a matter of doubt

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The Nude: Three of This Year's Examples

"ROSES OF YOUTH." By HENRIETTA RAE (MRS. NORMAND)

"A NYMPH OF THE STREAM." By SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

"THE POOL." By H. S. TUKE, A.R.A.

The nude in England is unpopular. Its realistic conception on canvas rarely avoids a suggestion of impropriety. Only the chocolate-box or wax-doll variety—a nice derangement of idyllic arms and legs inhumanly attached to a pretty and conveniently boneless body—is acceptable. The British artist—most conventional of beings—follows fashion as carefully as any *mondaine*, only with him it is a question of brushwork, colour, and subject, not of hats or sleeves. Hence, and also because of its difficulties, the absence of the nude in British art. In France *the* pictures of this year's *Salon* are nude subjects. Mr. H. S. Tuke's predilection for the ablutionary in Art is again charmingly manifested

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Landscape: Its Return to British Favour

"A WELSH RIVER." By B. W. LEADER, R.A.

"OLD DURHAM." By ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.

Since the recrudescence of Turnerism, landscape painting—a form of art particularly suited to the British constitution—has returned to favour, artistic if not public. At Burlington House, that crowd "which foremost shall be damned to fame" hurries past the landscapes, trying not to look so bored as it feels. To a few, however, green landscape after many portraits "doth greatly please"

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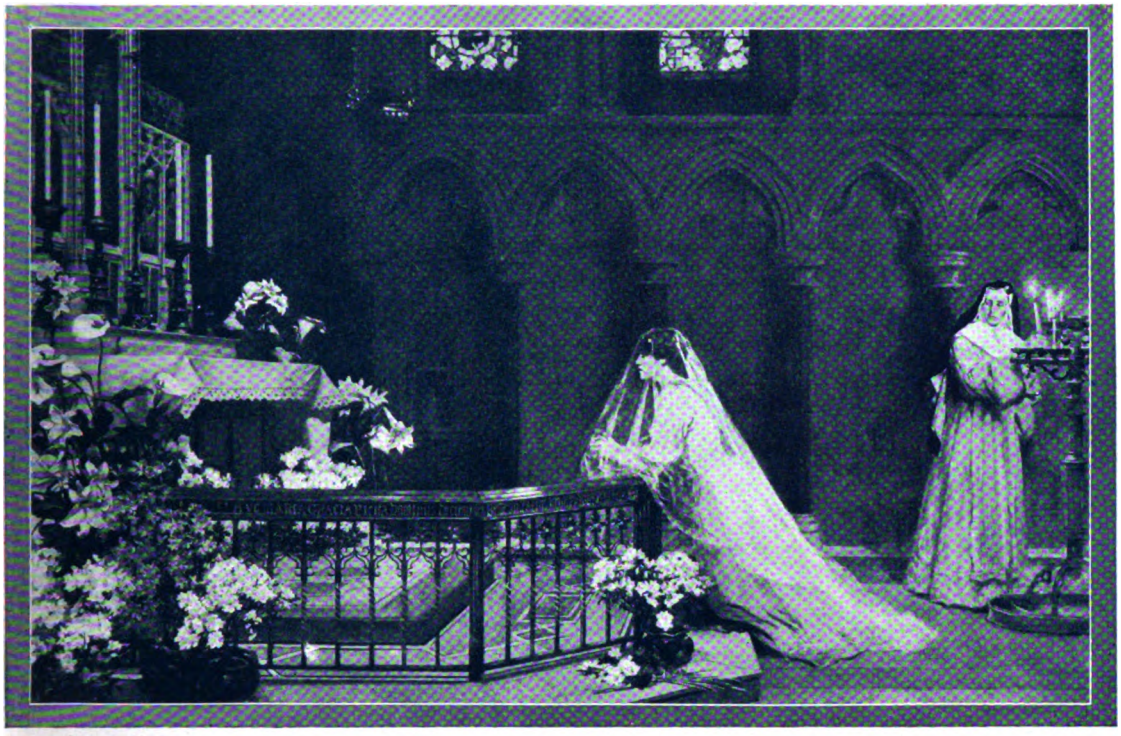
Two Subject Pictures



"LE MOIS DE MARIE." By A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER

"THE ROUNDELAY." By SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

The subject picture, like the nude, is out of fashion. An appeal to the senses is a lapse from the present purpose of art, that purpose being to paint baldly, and without any dressing of romance, sentiment, or imaginary beauty, the object as it appears to the unimaginative eye. Added, and therefore meretricious, attractions are no longer *de rigueur*. Hence, perhaps, the uniform absence of interest in modern pictures

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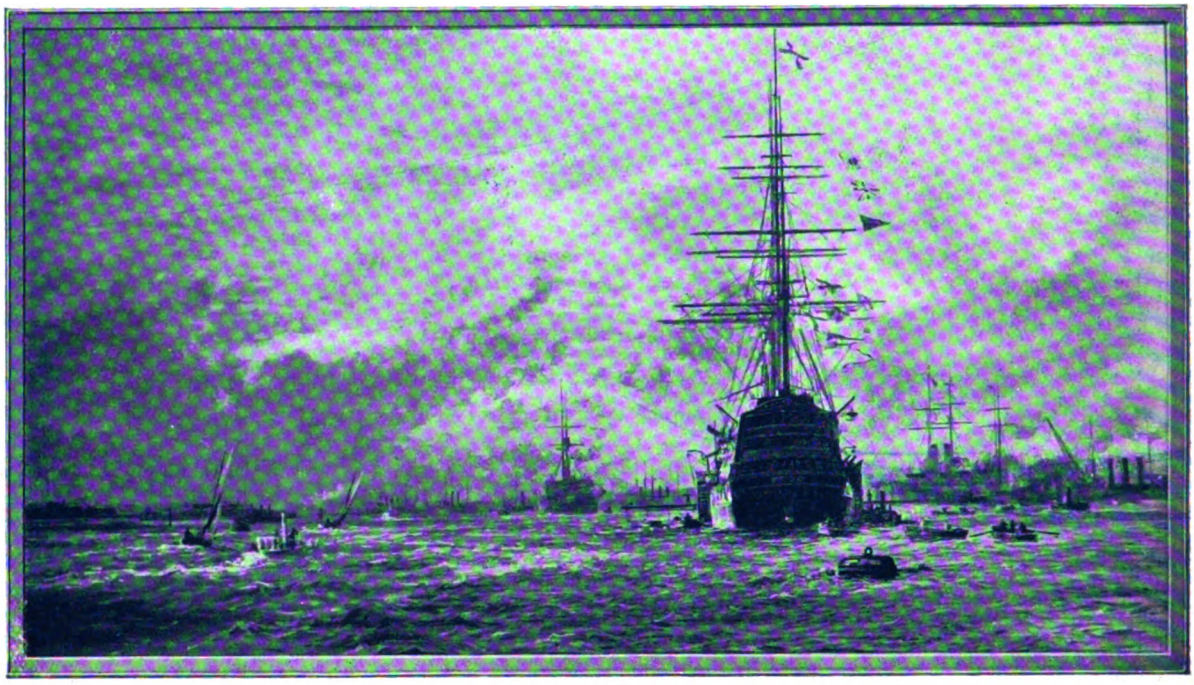
Sea-scape: Where British Art Excels



"SIGNALLING FROM THE 'VICTORY.'" By W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.

"CAUGHT OUT." By C. N. HEMY, A.R.A.

Sea painting is a form of art in which British artists—as befits islanders—quite often excel. This year's collection of sea pictures proves no exception to the rule. Altogether, it is not an uninteresting Academy. Decidedly, taken as a whole, it is an improvement on past years. Signs of grace are not lacking, but they are overshadowed, swallowed up by the ever-recurring prevalence of the commissioned, and, to the public, totally uninteresting, portraits How long, O, British public, how long?

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No. 74 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.

The Coffee Stage

By

FRED M. WHITE

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

THE whole thing appealed to the imagination of Ross Halkett much as a magnificent piece of mosaic work might have done. He sat there quietly enough, perfectly cool and self-possessed, though the scene was an entirely novel one to him. He had sat at rich men's feasts before now. He knew the subdued glitter and cheap artistry of New York and London's leading hotels, but all that was on a different plane from this. Seeing that it was the first time he had dined with the Duke, something might have been left to the imagination of even a man of the world like himself.

There was a certain glow of satisfaction, too, in the knowledge of his company. Most of the guests round the table were familiar to him by sight—here was a great soldier, there a distinguished diplomat, and further down the table a statesman who had made history. The lights shone with a reverent dimness upon the brilliant toilettes of the women. Halkett's slanting eyes caught the flash of diamond and opal and sapphire. With the curiosity of his race, he would have liked to ask if the Duke of Fancourt always dined in this fashion, but Prudence laid her fingers on his lips and held his tongue.

Oh, yes, he was perfectly self-possessed, he told himself, and quite as much at home as if he had been doing this kind of thing every day of his life. But, all the same, he wished he could get away from the feeling of vastness, which, to a certain extent, stirred up a feeling of reverence. It was vast, too—so vast that the high, fretted ceiling was lost in the brown Rembrandt shadows. It was only here and there that some objects stood out sharp, refined, and decisive. He could catch the glimmer of gold picture-frames, the silver flash of trophies on the wall, and here and there the protruding prong of stags' horns.

It was a good thing to be there, he told himself. As a matter of fact, considering that he was little better than a penniless adventurer, Ross Halkett had a good deal of the poet about him. His ambitious dreams would not be spread out upon so large a canvas had he not been gifted with a vivid imagination, and there was plenty of play for it now. On the whole, he decided to let things slide for the moment. It would be an easy matter to come to grips with the Duke when the latter showed himself ready for the fray. Therefore, Halkett leant back in his chair; now, surveying the brilliant scene through his eyeglass, he sipped his champagne with a sense of perfect enjoyment. It was very much as if he had suddenly found his way in some enchanted theatre, where the dazzling programme was being enacted for his benefit alone. After all's said and done, there are more theatres than those licensed by various district councils; and here, assuredly, was one of the best of them.

And, strange to say, Halkett had not come down here to Fancourt Royal in the shape of a welcome guest. To a certain extent, he was self-invited. All the same, his welcome was none the less pleasing and gratifying. He could feel the pressure of the Duchess's slender fingers on his own still; he could see the light of welcome in her grey eyes. He watched her now as she sat chatting with her neighbours, and just for a moment the suggestion of a grim smile crossed his face. He wondered if she remembered.

But, surely, she could not have forgotten. No one could ever put aside the remembrance of those stirring times, especially as it had all happened within the space of the last few years. And yet her prettily chosen words of welcome had been conventional enough, and no illumination had lighted up her face as she stood in the great hall ready to meet him.

Well, it didn't in the least matter. The fight was coming presently, and in the long run the battle must go to the strong. It may not be to-night, it might not even be this week, but the time would come when the Duke would have to listen, ay, and have to bow, too, though he were the proud possessor of a rent-roll of half a million, to say nothing of a score of houses besides. The god of circumstance had thrown this fat jewel into the lap of Ross Halkett, and he was not the man to let the prize slip through his fingers.

Therefore, he sat there enjoying himself with the full satisfaction of a perfect meal tempered by perfect wines, waiting for his time to come and studying those around him. He was a poor man, it is true, but he did not make the mistake of underrating his own amazing abilities. He was going to take the chance of a lifetime. The pear was ripe for the harvest.

Presently, the brilliant kaleidoscope underwent a subtle

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change. There was a glimmer of jewels, a rhythmic swaying of silken embroideries, with a faint suggestion of perfume on the air, and the ladies filed slowly out. There was the closing up of gaps round the table, a sudden invasion of crimson-coated footmen bearing fresh wines on salvers. They came in noiselessly, each to his appointed place, as if they were engaged in some solemn ceremony. A cork lay on the floor, in the light of the fireplace, and, with a superb gesture, the head-footman pointed it out to one of his subordinates. It seemed all part of the same ceremonial, so that Halkett smiled in spite of himself. There was another fireplace in the far end of the dining-room, round which a group of men had gathered to discuss sport and such shooting as the morrow afforded. Halkett pulled his chair a little nearer the fire at the lower end of the room. The fitful blaze touched the side of his face, and threw his strong features into sinister relief. He took a cigar mechanically from the silver box which one of the footmen was handing round; he held the spirit-lamp to the flaming tobacco and inhaled it luxuriously. When he looked up again, he saw his host standing there with his back to the fire.

"Are you not drinking any wine?" the Duke asked.

"I rarely do," Halkett replied. "And then only with my meals. You have a beautiful place here. One is disposed to envy you."

"I dare say," Fancourt said, carelessly. "After all's said and done, when one has knocked about the world like I have, there is no place like home."

"Provided always," Halkett smiled, "that the home is complete. And I am sure in your case that the gold is refined and the lily painted. You know what I mean."

The words were quietly enough spoken, though there was a certain challenge in them which caused Fancourt to turn his dark eyes upon the speaker for a moment. He saw the man, long and brown and lean; a man with a grey eye and a square, determined jaw; a man with long, lean hands, with the muscles standing up like whipcord on the back of them. On the other hand, Ross Halkett was looking at the other man, who stood on the short side, with thick curly black hair, and a nose somewhat suggestive of the beak of a vulture. There was class about the Duke of Fancourt. He would never have been mistaken for anything in the common way, but as his keen, black eyes burnt on Halkett's face, the American thought that the veneer of civilisation was perilously near to the surface.

"I think we had better understand one another," Fancourt said, after a long pause. "Those men talking sport over there need not worry us. We can discuss business just as freely as if they were not in the room. I understand you have a certain proposal to make to me in regard to certain mining properties in Colorado in which I, or rather my wife, has an interest. It is some time since I was out in that part of the world, and, of course, after the lapse of time one forgets places and faces. At the same time, your face is familiar enough to me. Have we met before?"

Halkett flicked the end of his cigar into the fireplace.

"It isn't for me to say so, your grace," he murmured. "Still, if you think that we are not altogether strangers——"

The speaker paused and shrugged his shoulders. Once more the note of challenge came into his voice. There was an answering gleam in the Duke's eyes, but no words came from him. One of the gorgeous footmen came forward and placed logs of wood upon the fire as if he had been performing some religious rite. It was all very fine and impressive, and just for the moment Halkett had to struggle for his self-possession. The magnificence of Fancourt Royal must not overpower him, he told himself. It seemed to him that he had the game in his own hands now.

"Then let us say, for the sake of argument, that we haven't met before," Fancourt went on. "Let us assume that you come to me as a perfect stranger, and that I am disposed to listen to your suggestion. Of course, it means a fortune to you."

"To both of us," Halkett corrected.

"Very well, to both of us, if you like. In the course of your travels did you ever come across a place called the Four Sentinels? Now take your time, don't answer in a hurry. The spot I mean is in Colorado, and is marked by four white rocks which stand out at the entrance of Big Creek Gully. I am particularly anxious to know if you have ever been at the spot in question."

Halkett took several puffs at his cigar before he replied.

"I remember the place now," he said.

"That is very good of you," the Duke said dryly. "I have every occasion to remember the spot, because there it was that the man whose story I am telling you drifted out to five years ago. He was a man fairly well known in Society at that time, one of those unfortunate individuals who are cursed with great expectations which are never destined to be realised. He was brought up as the heir of a nobleman. There seemed to be nothing between him and vast wealth. Unhappily for him, he was not quite so steady as he might be, and he was foolish enough to quarrel with his noble kinsman, who took a characteristic revenge. The owner of the title and property got married, and, what is more, in the course of two years he was the father of twins. I need not dwell upon the point. By this cruel stroke of fortune the derelict in the story found himself hopelessly in debt and difficulty, and finally landed on the other side of the Atlantic with the last few hundred pounds he could scrape together. With this money in his possession he went up country and speedily fell into bad hands. You know from your own experience how quickly men drift when they once start to go down hill. You can easily imagine what a sodden, battered wreck that man became at the end of two years. The thing hardly bears thinking about. You can picture him in your mind's eye—the butt and ridicule of the village. You can see him creeping from one saloon bar to another whining for the drink which was at once his curse and his salvation. You can imagine the time when he was found dead in some ditch, and thrown into a dishonoured grave, there to be forgotten. I hope I don't bore you, Mr. Halkett?"

"On the contrary," Halkett replied, "I am deeply interested. I rather gather from the tone of your

(Continued on page 300)

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A Ghostly Reality

Mr. Maskelyne's "Real" Ghost, which he produces nightly at the St. George's Hall

This lady's performance was the subject, last week, of an amusing action between Archdeacon Colley and Mr. Maskelyne. The Archdeacon was awarded £75 damages for libellous statements, while Mr. Maskelyne, who counterclaimed for £1,000, for fulfilling a "spiritualist vision"—the outcome of a wager between the Archdeacon and himself—was declared not to have completed the visionary effects sufficiently

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

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(Continued from page 298)

narrative that your friend was not destined to perish as you suggest."

"That is so," Fancourt said gravely. "At the eleventh hour, so to speak, he was saved. Come, I have no doubt that a man of your perspicuity can guess how?"

Halkett blew a wreath of smoke towards the ceiling and smiled cynically. He seemed to be amused.

"If the story proceeds on conventional lines, of course I can," he said. "I take it that you mean that hereabouts the woman intervenes. Correct me if I am wrong."

"Quite right," the Duke went on gravely. "It is at this point that the woman intervenes You look like a man with an imagination. Nobody who was born to be a great capitalist could possibly get on without one. Now I wonder if you can guess what the woman is like? Once more I venture to hope that I do not bore you?"

Halkett's lips tightened. He tossed the end of his cigar into the fire. The game was being played in earnest now, and he knew it. And he was beginning to be conscious, too, that he had in Fancourt a foe who was worthy of his steel. Well, if the Duke liked to throw the gauntlet down, it would be picked up promptly.

"Tall," he murmured, with half closed eyes. "Tall and fair, with a wonderful mesh of golden hair and steadfast, fearless grey eyes. Of course, your grace understands I am only guessing."

"You really are a most delightful antagonist," the Duke smiled. "Let me tell you that you have guessed it exactly. I will not bore you with a long and elaborate account of my friend's illness. I will not go into a wild diatribe over the beauty of the woman who took that derelict into her own house and nursed him as long and patiently as if he had been a brother. The time came when he was well and strong enough to register a vow that he would walk upright and live cleanly in future, and from that resolution he has never since departed. And now I am coming to the really interesting part of my story. In the days I am speaking of, the girl had a father who was, perhaps, one of the cleverest of the old type of miner then living in Colorado. In the course of time these two men went into partnership, and a little later on they struck one of the richest silver mines in the West. Unfortunately for the partners, three other men came on the ground much at the same time, and a bitter quarrel broke out, which resulted in the death of the old man, who was shot under his daughter's very eyes. It was all very well for a packed jury to bring in a verdict of manslaughter, but the thing was murder surely enough, and everybody knew it. And, out of the three men who were, more or less, responsible for this crime, there was only one of them who could locate the exact spot of that silver mine. Two days later, that man was found dead, with a bullet through his brain, and every creek in the village for miles around knew that the daughter had avenged her father in her own way. Mind you, I don't mind admitting that this was murder——"

"It was," Halkett said, eagerly. "I—I remember the circumstances now. The girl fled down South, and, as far as I know, she was never heard of again."

"You have never seen her since?" Fancourt asked.

"I am not quite sure," Halkett said, cautiously.

"Oh, yes, you are. You know perfectly well where you can put your hand upon her at the present moment. You didn't know a couple of hours ago, but you do now. Now come, unless you play the game properly it is impossible for me to proceed."

Halkett hesitated a moment before he replied. In some strange way he felt the ground slipping from under his feet now. He felt that all the castles he had been building during the last hour or two were dissolved into so much thin air. There was a peculiar metallic gleam in Fancourt's black eyes, his mouth was drawn tight till it looked like a mere scarlet thread.

"You have seen the lady in question?" he persisted.

"I admit it," Halkett replied.

"I am much obliged for your candour," Fancourt went on. "Now I can proceed with my story. There were but three people now left to carry on the feud. The girl in question had disappeared, her father was dead, and so was the old ruffian who had been the cause of all the mischief. Of the three survivors, it was impossible that more than two should live. One of them disappeared mysteriously, and many months afterwards his body was found at the foot of a deep precipice lying in the snow. I don't think there is any occasion for me to tell you who got rid of him. His end was accomplished by the man who had been brought back to health and strength again by the magic power of a woman's eyes. I think I ought to say a woman's grey eyes, Mr. Halkett. Do you understand me? Perhaps you can tell me the name of the man who was found in the snow?"

"I might recollect it," Halkett said sulkily, "but do you think that it is really worth while?"

"Perhaps not. At any rate, it was only man to man now, and for the best part of two years those two were hunting one another across the white Continent of America. It mattered little that they were hardly acquainted with one another, even by sight. It mattered little what weapons they used, for the blood feud still went on, and more than once these men were nearly face to face, more than once they fought the long-range duel with rifles. Goodness knows how long this would have gone on, how much time might have elapsed before one or the other lost his reason, but it so fell out at the end of two years that a body was found in a creek which was identified as that of one of the two sworn foes. It was all a mistake, but it served its purpose, and thus it seemed to the one man who had come back from the dead that he was alone in the world now and could do as he liked. To make the story complete, it was his bounden duty to go South and marry the girl to whom he owed so much."

"And he did it?" Halkett asked.

"Most assuredly he did. And it was the best day's work he ever did in his life. But, my dear sir, the story by no means ends here. You can imagine the young people leading a healthy, happy life until chance threw in the man's way an old newspaper, a paragraph of which affected him deeply. It matters

(Continued on page 302)

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The Jubilee of the Mutiny (1857—1907)

"THE BYSTANDER" IN DELHI—FIFTY YEARS AFTER THE SEPOY REBELLION

The reader of THE BYSTANDER is a native of Delhi, and is standing in the open square outside the Jama Masjid, the largest mosque in India

The reader of THE BYSTANDER is standing on the steps of the Memorial put up in memory of John Nicholson, that brave soldier who was killed at the Siege of Delhi, just fifty years ago (1857)

The "King of Delhi"

Arch-mutineer, who was captured by Hodson, and subsequently imprisoned in Rangoon. (Photographed (from a portrait) by Major-Gen. G. ROBLEY)

This man, reading THE BYSTANDER, is seated beside one of the beautifully sculptured Hindu pillars in the Kutal Mosque, eleven miles from Delhi

Two native women of Delhi looking at the pictures in THE BYSTANDER. They are standing outside the walls of the city of Delhi, where the mutiny broke out just fifty years ago (1857)

As the Jubilee of the Indian Mutiny is now being celebrated, the above photographs of Delhi, taken recently, will be of unique interest. On May 10, 1857, fifty years ago next Friday, the Sepoy Mutiny broke out at Meerut. It was soon checked, but the fugitives fled to Delhi on the following day and, combined with other troops, seized the city, and proclaimed as King the individual shown in the centre picture. The capture of Delhi, on the following 20th September (saddened by the death of General Nicholson), was the beginning of the end of the Mutiny

(Photographs of "The Bystander in Delhi" sent by Mr. A. J. Weighall, R.R.C.)

ST. BRIDE FOUNDATION

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(Continued from page 300)

very little how it happened—a railway accident, a yacht catastrophe, a sudden attack of malignant fever—but, anyway, those twin boys were dead, and a firm of lawyers were anxiously advertising for the Duke of—what?"

Halkett rose slowly to his feet and stretched himself slightly. He was beaten now, and he was sportsman enough to know it.

"Why, the Duke of Fancourt, of course," he said. "You have been telling me your own life's history. I am obliged to you for the compliment you have paid me in giving me credit for so much illuminated intelligence, but I don't quite understand why you have chosen to put it in this way."

"Oh, I think a little reflection will show you that," the Duke went on, quietly. "You thought I was dead, and I thought the same so far as you are concerned. You come to England purely in the spirit of adventure. You are still in search of fortune, and when chance throws the Duke of Fancourt in your way, you recognise your old antagonist, or, at any rate, you find out I am he; then it occurs to you that your opportunity is at hand. But, really, my dear fellow, you can't do it. It would be utterly impossible. Just take my position into consideration. Think of my wife, who, in this short time, has become one of the most popular Society leaders in the country. Why, my good man, there are a dozen excellent judges of such matters who would back me to be Premier if I took to politics seriously. And do you seriously suppose that anyone would listen to you if you published a charge of murder against the lady whom I have the honour to call my wife? Why, you would be laughed at in London. My dear Halkett, I am not in the least afraid of you, nor is my wife, though I can assure you we have talked the matter over together. If you are determined, of course, that there shall be war between us, why, then, you must take the consequences. If anything happened to you either in this house or elsewhere, people would never identify me with the sad catastrophe. But I tell you what I am prepared to do. I am prepared to make an agreement with you to share the produce of those mines so long as you undertake the work and I have no responsibility. But, of course—ah, it is all very well for you to talk like that, my dear Lord Beresford; as a matter of fact, I have been listening to all you have said, and, of course, your logic is unanswerable."

The Duke had turned gaily away, as if his conversation with Halkett had been no more than a pleasant interlude. He rose and touched the latter on the arm; his smile was easy and pleasant.

"And now come along with me as far as the billiard-room," he said. "If you prefer bridge, there are half a dozen tables going in the library. All I ask you to do, my dear fellow, is to make yourself absolutely and entirely at home."

Halkett followed without another word. He passed through the great dim hall, along the corridors where the scarlet coated footmen were standing; he had visions of noble architecture, of stained-glass windows, of forests of ferns, of flowers in the conservatories beyond. He had won a victory in a way, but he felt small and humiliated all the same.

"Quite right," he murmured to himself. "No man is strong enough to get beyond his environment, and Ross Halkett, evidently, is no exception to the rule."

FRED M. WHITE.

OUR LADY OF THE——SUNSHINE!

Photo] **Spring in Canada: Fair Canadian cousins and an interrupted picnic** [Realftones, Ltd

Canada has always chafed at Mr. Kipling's description of her as "Our Lady of the Snows." The above picture depicts some of our Canadian cousins enjoying themselves after the winter snows have disappeared. Strangely enough, too, they do not appear to be free from their English sisters' prejudice to the harmless, necessary cow

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RACING NOTIONS

"THE JUBILEE." By "CARBINE."

How the Two Thousand Was Won

Opinions differ as to the way in which Slieve Gallion won the Two Thousand Guineas. Certainly it was no runaway affair, and there was a moment when we thought that Bezonian was going to make a close fight of it; but the favourite soon drew away when called upon by his jockey, and there was as much as three lengths between the first and second at the finish, Maher, on Lord Rosebery's colt, ceasing to persevere in the last few strides, when all hope of catching the winner had gone. What pleased me most in the race was the game and gallant way in which Slieve Gallion fought on when the real pressure came. There had been just a suspicion that he was not the best-hearted of horses, but that impression was entirely removed by his stout running in the Two Thousand. It seems impossible to believe that any of the horses he beat last Wednesday will ever reverse the result at even weights; and if Slieve Gallion is now a strong favourite for the Derby, who can wonder?

Photo] **The Finish of the Thousand Guineas at Newmarket** [*Illustrations Bureau*

The race was won on Friday last by Mr. Hall Walker's Witch Elm (seen in front on the left), Lord Falmouth's Frugality being second

Will Slieve Gallion Win the Derby?

But the Derby isn't over yet. Indeed, I think Slieve Gallion's successes make it more interesting than ever. One reason is, that he has to meet Galvani, who beat him last year. Why shouldn't Galvani beat him again? It will be answered that Slieve Gallion was not himself when defeated, and I may add, in parenthesis, that that is my opinion, too. But we *may* be wrong; Galvani may still be the better of the two. Form more often than not works out correctly, and that, primarily, is why no reasonable person can suppose that Slieve Gallion is going to have it all his own way at Epsom. But he is now in the best of form, and most of us will be ready to stake our money on his capacity to wipe out the stigma of his one and only defeat. It is to be hoped that Major Loder will give Galvani a gallop on Whit Monday at Hurst Park, so that we may get some idea of the form *he* is in. I still incline to the opinion that Orby is the best of the Derby outsiders.

Witch Elm's One Thousand

Slieve Gallion's price on Wednesday rendered his success of little profit to his supporters, and I was rather disappointed in Witch Elm's price, for I expected she would start at better odds than "fours" when selecting her for the One Thousand in these pages last week. But "fours" cannot be complained of in regard to a real good thing, such as Witch Elm proved herself to be. She won more easily than Slieve Gallion had done two days previously, though the margin of three lengths was the same. Orwell is decidedly off colour just now, and nothing in the race stood a chance with Mr. Hall Walker's filly, who looks like having another easy task in the Oaks.

The Chester Cup

At Chester, to-day, the Cup will be more than usually interesting for the presence of Querido. The French horse's chief claim to fame lies in his unlooked-for defeat of Maintenon a few weeks ago. Otherwise, his form is moderate, but he stays well, and no doubt will be dangerous. Turbine, whose chance is first-rate on the Epsom running, is, unfortunately, classed as a "doubtful starter" at the moment of writing. Bridge of Canny is a great favourite of mine, and I think he will get a place; but his great weight in this long journey may just prevent him from winning. Feather Bed, who was the winner of last year's race, may again run well, but, in the presumed absence of Turbine, my selection is **Torpoint.**

The Jubilee at Kempton Park

At present, the question as to the probable starters for this popular race engages almost as much attention as the task of finding the winner. First, owners chiefly concerned say they won't start, then they say they will, and between now and Saturday they may change their minds. Others say nothing at all, and leave us just as much in doubt. It seems certain, at least, that we shall see Polar Star, and I cannot go against this brilliant three-year-old, though the price is so horribly short that backers are sure to look about for something to beat him. This is rather suicidal when we have a supposed good thing, and Polar Star certainly does seem good. We know what he did as a two-year-old; we know that he has been tried very highly with Rifleite and Witch Elm just lately. Botha, Velocity, and Polymelus have to give him more than "weight-for-age." **Polar Star** will win if he is anything like so good as I believe him to be, and best of the others I like Velocity. At Chester on Thursday, **Woolwinder** should win the Dee Stakes; and for the Stewards' Handicap at Kempton on Friday, **Camp Fire II.** is my selection.

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Games and Pastimes

POLO NOTES

Our Polo Visitors

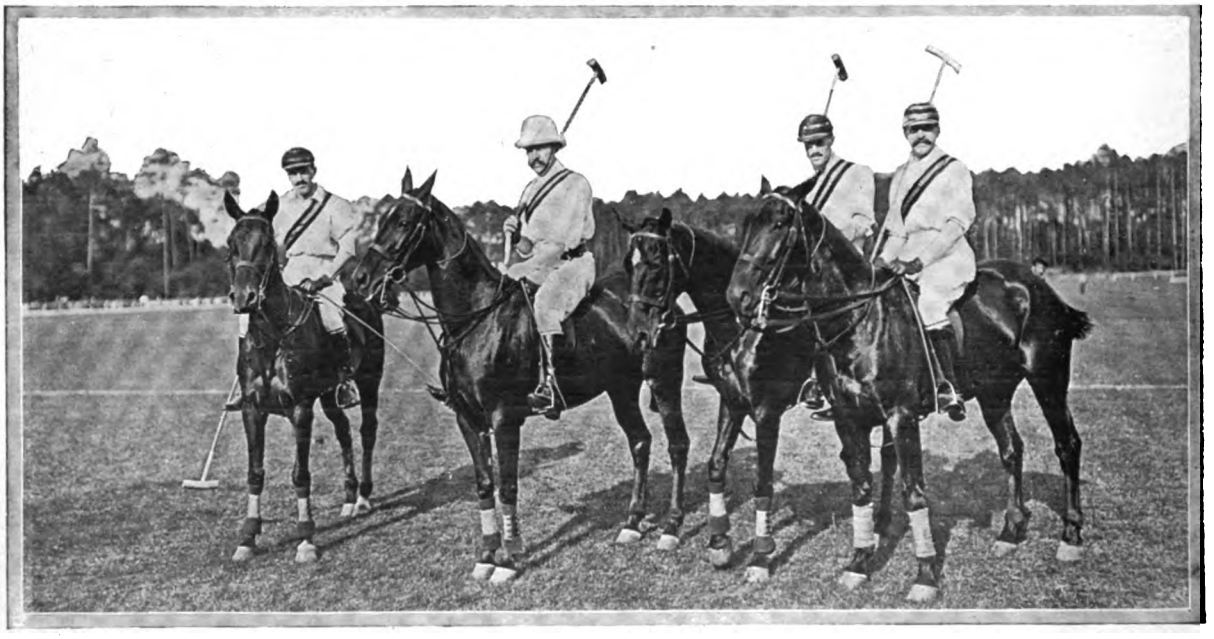
A feature of this polo season will be the presence among us of several well-known players from abroad, including the Spanish Marquis de Villavieja, who for the past fifteen years has been one of the moving spirits of polo on the Continent. Then that powerful Rajput potentate, the Maharajah of Bikanir, is bringing his State polo team of natives from India. Several American players are also expected, notably Mr. Foxhall Keene, who captained the American International team in 1902. We shall also have some visitors from the Argentine, namely, Messrs. F. Kinchant, J. Traill, and B. Kerr, who are going to play in Mr. Drybrough's team of Red Rovers, and that well-known Argentine back, Mr. H. Scott-Robson, will also probably be here this season. Mr. J. Strang, the No. 2 of the New Zealand International team that won the Championship of Australasia a few years ago, is also home, and has already started play.

A Well-Known Spanish Polo Player: The Duke of Alba

He is one of the Madrid Polo Team, which, captained by the Marquis de Villavieja, is shortly visiting this country

The Madrid Team

Very well mounted, the team from Madrid will be captained by the Marquis de Villavieja, who is well known over here, and has played back in the winning team of the Continental Championship at Ostend each year since the tournament was instituted in 1904. To complete his team, the Marquis will have five players to draw upon, viz., his brother, Senhor Don E. de Escandon, the Dukes of Santona, Penaranda, and Alba, and Senhor Don F de Yturbe. The Marquis is now in Madrid, completing all arrangements for the trip, which will last for about five weeks, the team being due to arrive at the end of this month. While he can claim to have been the first foreigner to bring a polo team to this country—for he captained a Spanish team that played in London in 1895—the Marquis de Villavieja is one of the few persons who have been privileged to read their own obituary notices, for an accident that he sustained while playing polo at Ostend in 1904 was magnified by



Our Polo Visitors from Spain: The Marquis de Villavieja's team

(*Reading left to right*): The Duke of Alba, the Marquis de Villavieja, the Duke of Penaranda, and Senhor Don E. de Escandon

A feature of this year's polo season will be the presence of several well-known players from abroad. Besides the Spanish team, the Maharajah of Bikanir is bringing his native Indian team, while Mr. Foxhall Keene, the American player, Mr. J. Strang, from New Zealand, and several players from the Argentine, will also be in this country

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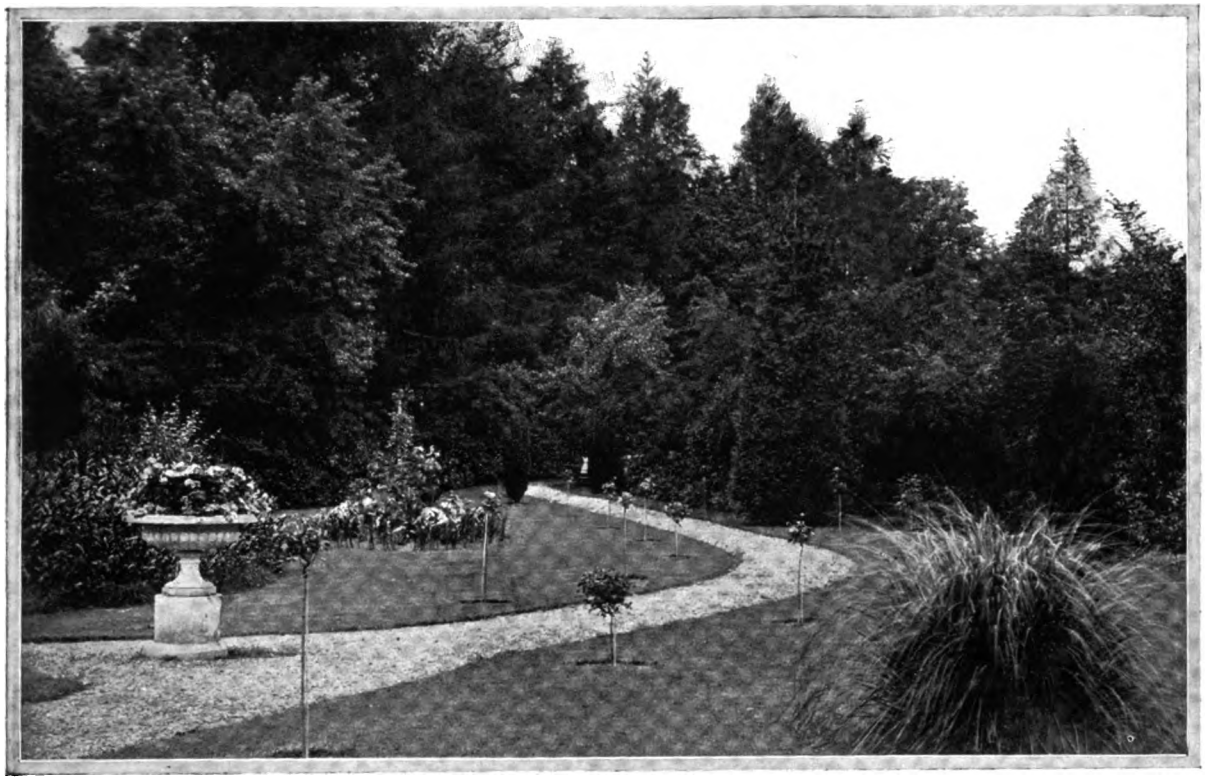

Pampas Grass as a Lawn Decoration

One of the finest plants for the lawn is the pampas grass, handsome at all seasons, but especially so when it sends up its tall, white, feathery plumes

some imaginative Belgian correspondent into his death, and the false report reached London, *viâ* Paris, with the result that "Marquis Killed at Polo" appeared on some of the bills.

A Possible International Tournament

Not since the Coronation have so many well-known players from abroad been in London, and, therefore, the suggestion which has been made that an International Tournament should be held for a special Cup might well be considered. Besides the sides that have been mentioned above, there is the Anglo-Spanish Tiverton team of the four brothers de Las Casas; and the Comte de Madre would, doubtless, be able to raise a French team. The addition of teams representing England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, each limited to one Recent Form List player, would add to the interest of what ought to be a very sporting affair, and would make the 1907 polo season a memorable one. An impromptu tournament on these lines was held at Ranelagh in Coronation year, and the Marquis de Villavieja's team was only just beaten by the Ranelagh team in the final. L. V. L. S.

GARDEN NOTES

Pampas Grass on the Lawn

One of the finest plants for the lawn is the pampas grass, handsome at all seasons, but especially when it sends up its tall, white, feathery plumes. It luxuriates in a damp position, where its roots can reach water, and is at its best on the bank of a stream or pond. In drier soil it should be watered heavily during the summer, and now that it is growing strongly a dressing of manure should be placed around the roots. For this reason it should not be planted directly in the grass, but in a bed cut out of the lawn. As the pampas grass grows, the long curving leaves reach the ground, so the bare earth is practically invisible. If there is any objection to ordinary manure—and in some cases it might be objectionable—artificial fertilisers may be used instead, though for this purpose they are hardly so good, for, unlike it, they have no mechanical effect on the soil; they are merely plant-food, and do not assist in the retention of moisture.

The Torch Lilies

To associate with pampas grass, there are no better plants than the Kinphofias, formerly called Tritomas, and commonly known as torch lilies or red-hot pokers. They are somewhat similar to it in foliage, and a large group of them, bearing their tall yellow, orange, and scarlet spikes, is a magnificent sight in autumn. Indeed, by making a good selection from the many new varieties which have been introduced, flowers may be obtained during many months in the year. Præcox, not unlike the common K. aloides, but smaller, flowers in May; Foliosa and Tuckii in June; R. C. Affouotit begins early in summer and keeps on till autumn; and there are many others equally valuable for succession. Then there is quite as much variation in the colours of the flowers. In Lemon Queen, they are pale yellow; in Chloris, apricot; in Grandiflora, orange; in John Waterer, coral red; in Atropos, dark red; and so on. Again, the different varieties differ very much in height, and this makes it all the easier to group them effectively. Some, such as Leitchtlini, are barely two feet high, while others, like the Star of Baden-Baden, are as much as six feet. Kinphofias do not need so much moisture as pampas grass, and they make more

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rapid growth in rather lighter soil. It is not yet too late to plant them. In the northern counties they are not quite hardy, and some species and varieties are more tender than others, but a heap of ashes round the crown is a sufficient protection in winter, and even this is not necessary in the south. There is, however, a strong objection to the practice, common among tidy gardeners, of cutting away all the leaves as soon as they turn brown. The leaves protect the crown, and if they are removed it is fully exposed to atmospheric influences. It is much safer to let them remain until fresh growth starts in Spring.

H. C. DAVIDSON.

Lawn Tennis in South Africa

Dr. A. J. Rowan, the winner of the Singles' Championship of South Africa, held at Port Elizabeth. Dr. Rowan was formerly one of the best players in Scotland. The South African Championship has also been won in former years by P. W Sherwell, the captain of the South African cricketers, whose portraits are given below

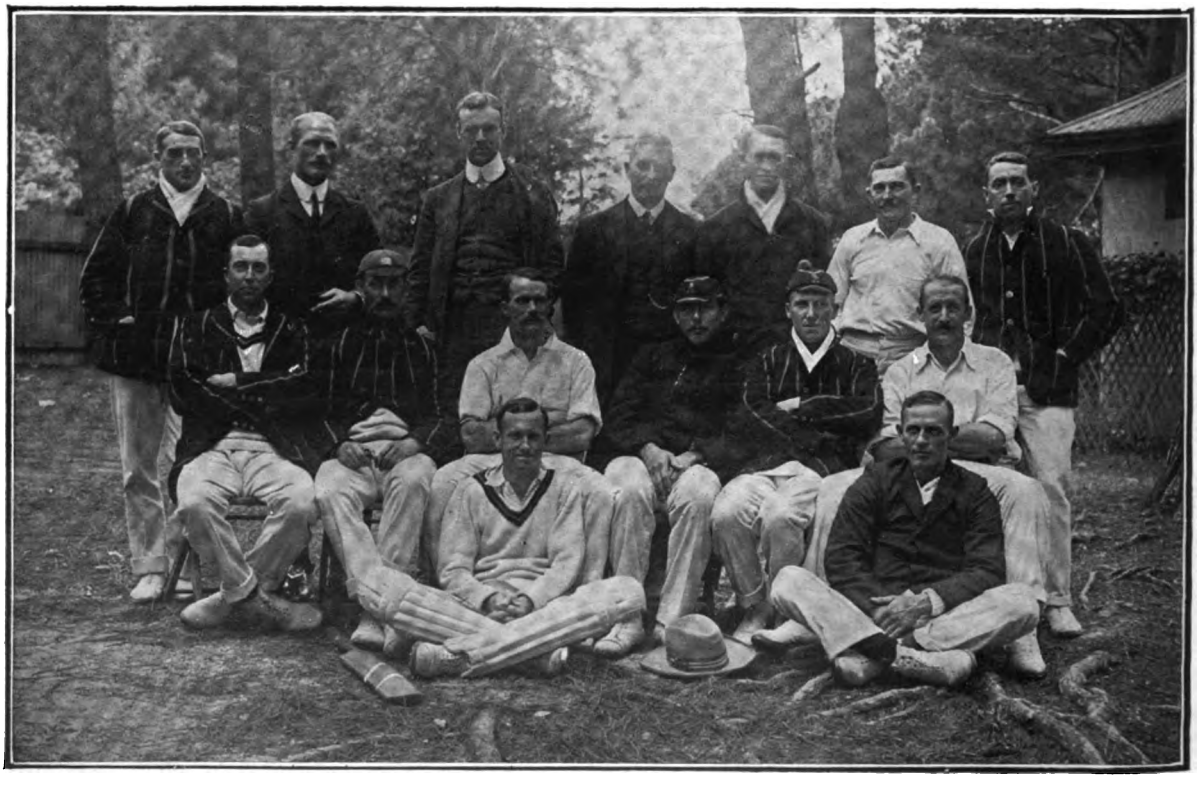
LAWN TENNIS

In Praise of Match Play

I am very glad to see that *Lawn Tennis* last week took for one of its leading articles the text upon which I, myself, have often preached—the importance of fostering the match-playing side of lawn tennis as distinguished from its tournament side. We all know that lawn tennis has made great strides of late years, but I think (and *Lawn Tennis* agrees with me) that there is some cause for regret that those strides have been made to such a large extent in the tournament department, and that match play has even declined somewhat in consequence. The one reproach that can be hurled at lawn tennis is that it is a "pot-hunting" game, and although this allegation can be met by the answer that it invariably costs a player more to win the pot than the pot itself is worth, yet I am convinced that the game will never take the really high position in sport to which it is entitled until its players—and especially its leading players—devote more of their energy and keenness to match play, and learn that the game is worth playing for its own sake, like cricket and football, and is not to be regarded merely as a means for displaying the personal prowess of each individual player.

The Davis Cup: Don't Miss It

The arrangements for the Davis Cup International lawn tennis matches have now been completed, and, in view of the scramble which has taken place for reserved seats for the Championship meeting, and the disappointment



Photos] **The South African Cricketers** [*Arnold Keyzer*

The South Africans, who arrived in England last week, commenced practice at Lord's on Friday. The names, reading from left to right, are: (*Back Row*) C. A. Faulkner, A. D. Nourse, J. H. Sinclair, G. Allsop (Manager), S. D. Snooke, A. E. Vogler, G. C. White; (*Front Row*) M. Hathorn, R. O. Schwartz, P. W. Sherwell (Captain), J. J. Kotze, W. A. Shalders, L. J. Tancred; (*Seated on the ground*) S. J. Snooke and H. Smith

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which so many people have experienced in failing to obtain them, it may, perhaps, be as well if I explain in detail what these arrangements are. The preliminary round—America *v.* Australasia—will be played at Wimbledon on July 13, 15, and 16, which means, probably, that two Singles will be played on the 13th, the remaining two Singles on the 15th, and the Double on the 16th. For these matches there will be no advance booking. Half a crown will be charged for admission to the ground, and another half-crown for a seat in the covered stands, or a shilling for one in the uncovered stand. On July 20, 22, and 23, also at Wimbledon, the Challenge round will be held—*i.e.* the winners of the match between America and Australasia against England. Here, again, the order of play will probably be the same, as I am assuming it to be for the preliminary round; but in this case reserved seats will be obtainable in advance in the covered stands for 15*s.* each. This payment secures a seat for all three days, and includes admission to the ground. The price of admission to the ground only will be 2*s.* 6*d.*, and seats in the uncovered stand (which cannot be booked in advance) will cost 2*s.* My experience is that the only way to see the show in comfort is to have 15*s.* worth. For one thing, it makes you independent of the weather, and for another it ensures you a good view. The matches will be better than they were last year, for both America and Australasia will be stronger, and England (unless the Dohertys can be prevailed upon to play) weaker, which means, to go a step further, that England will be in a pretty tight place. I, therefore, strongly recommend all who intend to be present to write for their seats at once to The Manager, International Meeting, All-England Lawn Tennis Club, Wimbledon.

The Tennis Championship

Mr. Eustace Miles, who, though he played a splendid match, was, nevertheless, defeated in the Championship by Mr. Jay Gould. His valiant effort to retain the trophy won him general admiration

"The Bystander" Prizes for Umpiring

I am pleased to be able to announce that THE BYSTANDER'S modest efforts to make the life of that long-suffering individual, the lawn-tennis umpire, a little brighter and more purposeful have been so much appreciated that BYSTANDER umpires' prizes will this year again figure on the programmes of most of the leading meetings, and a good many minor ones, too. In each case the prize will take the form of a "Mass" racket as heretofore, and I hope also, in cases where competition is keen, to be able to offer a supplementary prize, consisting of a box of Messrs. Lillywhite, Frowd and Co.'s balls, which I have been trying during the winter on covered courts with satisfactory results.

THE TENNIS AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

All's Well That Ends Well

The chief lesson to be learnt from the Tennis Amateur Championship, which was won by Jay Gould, the young American millionaire, on Saturday, from the holder, Eustace Miles, is that now that the International element has found its way into the competition the conditions under which it is held require to be more carefully defined than they have hitherto been. In the course of the eliminating rounds of the competition a question of some complexity arose, which was, fortunately, settled quite amicably, mainly owing to the sportsmanlike attitude of the person—Jay Gould himself—whom it chiefly concerned. But one knows what the American Press—or, rather, a certain section of it—is like, and it is not difficult to imagine the howl that might have been raised if Miles had happened to succeed in the defence of his title. The fact of his having definitely announced his intention of not playing before the competion began would have been fastened upon, and it would have been contended that the committee of management had no right to allow him to reconsider his decision, but that they let him do so because Gould was an American, and they did not want an American to win the Championship—with possibly a good deal more in the same, or even a less polite, strain. Of course, the real truth was that Gould, animated by the true sporting spirit, wanted to have another go at Miles quite as much as to win the Championship, and was very disappointed when he found that Miles didn't propose to defend, so that when Miles "thought better of it" Gould raised no objection (assuming that he was entitled to object), even though it involved putting off the date of his departure for America. And so the matter was quite easily arranged without any question arising. What is more, I think we may say — in words hallowed by long usage — that the best man won, without in any way detracting from the merits of the plucky fight which Miles, short of practice as he was, put up. But I think that, in view of possibilities which I have hinted at above, it is highly desirable for the managers of this Championship, before the time for holding it comes round again, to consider seriously how far a formal announcement by a holder that he does not intend to defend is binding upon him, and what is the latest time for the rescission of it.

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Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

A Small Car's Weekly Cost

So many people are now flirting with the idea of possessing a small car, but are deterred from serious consideration by a mistaken notion as to the expense incurred in keeping it up, that the following letter, lately received from a reader in India, may be of interest to some of THE BYSTANDER'S patrons :—

I have seen some second-hand cars advertised in your paper and others which tempt me very much to buy one. I am not a wealthy man, nor even can I say I am in affluent circumstances. What I want to ask you to tell me is: suppose I buy a reliable, small car, second-hand, how much per week should I have to allow for its up-keep? I am coming home directly, on furlough, and should drive, say, 250 miles a week. I should not keep a man, and, in fact, should exercise the greatest economy. I want to be told just exactly the expense of maintaining the car.

* * *

Items to be Considered

Supposing my correspondent were to purchase, say, an 8 to 12 h.-p. small car in a thoroughly good condition, and, as I assume he is, were willing to keep the car thoroughly cleaned himself, it is surprising how little the expense would be. His initial expenditure would be registration, which costs £1 1s., but is not an annual charge. The carriage-tax for his car would cost him annually £2 2s., and his driving licence a further 5s. Stabling is a charge that depends very largely on circumstances, but the average person who is able to afford a small car probably has, if not a stable, at least a shed that he can adapt to his requirements. If he lives in Town, the stable rent has to be allowed for, but I will suppose that he can find storage room about his premises. The cost of petrol, oil, grease, paraffin, etc., would amount to about £45 10s. per annum, allowing twenty miles to the gallon and 250 miles covered per week. Tyres, of course, are a very important consideration, and in attempting to estimate their cost one cannot speak with certainty, so very much depends on luck and the way the driver treats his car. Nowadays, substitutes for pneumatics are being placed freely on the market, but assuming that the driver prefers pneumatics, is reasonably careful, and has average luck, I should allow £13 per annum for renewals. Other disbursements which must be allowed for, I also put down at £13 per annum, a fair allowance in the ordinary run of things. Insurance is necessary, and must be included as an up keep charge. Tips and such-like matters I do not include, as if one began to include incidental expenses it would be difficult to know where to stop.

Car-ica:ure—No. XXV.: Lieut.-Col. Mark Mayhew

The founder of the Motor Volunteer Corps, he is now the Commanding Officer of the Army Motor Reserve, into which the original corps has been merged. At one time a member of the L.C.C., he is said to harbour aspirations to Parliamentary honours

(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

The weekly up-keep bill for a small 8-12 h.-p. car, with pneumatic tyres, covering 250 miles per week, works out thus :—

	£	s.	d.
Renewing tyres	0	5	0
Petrol, oil, etc.	0	17	6
Other expenses	0	5	0
Insurance	0	4	0
	£1	11	6

That is a guinea and a half. People owning a small car and going out for week-ends, would spend appreciably less.

* * *

Police Methods

Not long ago I was a passenger on a car proceeding quietly through a London suburb, when a policeman stopped the driver. Immediately afterwards, two men in civilian costume, but minus collars, appeared and informed the owner that he was exceeding the speed limit. In view of the quiet pace of the car, and, moreover, seeing that the speed indicator showed just under fifteen miles an hour, the statement seemed remarkable. The men, however, declared that the car was going over twenty-five miles an hour, and one of them produced a cheap American chronometer as proof of his assertion. How carefully the police had measured the distance of the two hundred and twenty yards they were timing over, it would have been interesting to know, but the owner of the car did not dispute the matter with them, pleaded guilty, and was fined as usual. I am convinced to this hour that the car was not going at more than fifteen miles an hour, and my conviction is not lessened by the following account of a summons dismissed against Mr. Max Pemberton, proving clearly how unreliable these police-traps frequently are :—

SUMMONS AGAINST MR. MAX PEMBERTON DISMISSED

The summons was the outcome of a new police-timing arrangement instituted on the Fair Mile at Henley. It was elicited, on cross-examination by Mr. Moresby White, that the measured distance was a quarter-mile in length, and the policeman at one end was hidden behind a wall forty yards from the road. He climbed a ladder to time the car into the measured distance, and then waved a handkerchief to the sergeant. In order to see the policeman at the other end of the distance, the sergeant had to stand on a wheelbarrow behind a hedge several yards from the road. As the car passed him, he had to get out of the barrow, get to the hedge, and peep through to time the car out of the other end. He then whistled to another policeman and clambered back into the barrow before he could signal to the man at the other end to stop his watch.

14 H.-P. MINERVA, side entrance, Cape hood, glass shield, £200; 12-16 H.-P. LEADER four-cylinder car, bargain at £125; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W. (Car run by the year.)

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TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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Issued on Saturday, May 18th, will be available for return on Tuesday, May 21st.

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Photo *Bassano*

Merry Maids a Motoring Go: A bevy of beauty

The fair passengers on this 16-20 h.-p. Argyll are: The Misses Firth, Webster, Erskine, Bell, and Carrington, of Daly's and the Vaudeville Theatres. The makers of Argyll cars claim that ladies may take full charge of one of their cars with every confidence, for the system of control is the acme of simplicity

Mr. Pemberton gave evidence, and stated that he had received double warning of the existence of the police-timing arrangement. His speedometer, which was recently tested, showed that he was only going fifteen miles an hour. There was no traffic on the road and scarcely any persons on the footpath. Mrs. Pemberton and Mr. Neville corroborated this evidence, and the magistrates, after a very brief consultation, dismissed the summons.

* * *

The Magistrate Responsible

The magistracy is really responsible for much of the ill-directed zeal of the police. By all means, let the police set traps to catch delinquents who break the laws by exceeding the speed limit. At the same time, magistrates should protect citizens, though they be motorists, by refusing to convict unless they are thoroughly satisfied that the charge is proved beyond all reasonable doubt. As things stand, a motorist goes into Court feeling that he is prejudged guilty, unless he can produce some very strong evidence to the contrary—usually a very difficult matter. The evidence of a policeman, squatting behind a hedge with a cheap American stop-watch, is enough to refute the word of the most distinguished and upright gentleman. So keenly is this injustice felt, that motorists, in nine cases out of ten, prefer to plead guilty and be done with it, hoping that before long the twenty-mile-an-hour limit will be relegated to the past, in exchange for a law making it an offence to drive recklessly or to the common danger. Only in such a way shall we escape the present system of petty persecution. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

The Reo car is booming at present. Over 110 tons of Reo chassis have just been delivered from America, while twenty-eight cars were sold at Cordingley's Show. In the Scottish Reliability Trials last year the Reo gained 798 marks out of a possible 800.

The cheapest four-cylinder car on the market is the Ford 15 h.-p. "Ford Junior," the price of which is £165.

Mr. W. T. Lord (late of Messrs. Argylls, London, Ltd.) has now the management of Messrs. Sidney Straker and Squire, Ltd., Light Motor-Car Department, at 75, Shaftesbury Avenue, W. This firm are handling the well-known French "C.S.B." (Cornilleau and St. Beuve) car, and are shortly placing on the market a small car built entirely at their Bristol works, costing considerably under £500 complete.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XXV.: Lieut.-Col. Mark Mayhew, Army Motor Reserve

The founder of the Motor Volunteer Corps—now merged in the Army Motor Reserve, of which Col. Mayhew is Commanding Officer—the subject of this week's Car-icature has been an ardent automobilist since motoring began. He narrowly escaped death in the ill-fated Paris-Madrid Race in 1903, but, with characteristic intrepidity, drove—and with distinction—in the Gordon Bennett trials and the Circuit des Ardennes in 1904. On his De Dion, Peugeot, and Napier cars, Col. Mayhew has toured over 60,000 miles, at home and abroad, and, in addition to being a Vice-President of the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, is a well-known member of the Automobile Clubs of France, Switzerland, and Nice. A good shot, and a keen fisherman, Col. Mayhew does not confine his enthusiasm for sport to any one particular branch, and he is a member of the Cavalry and Ranelagh Clubs, in addition to those already named. As a practical adherent to the principle of the utility of the self-propelled vehicle for commercial purposes, Col. Mayhew emphasised his views when he had a number of five-ton lorries, with internal combustion engines, constructed for the work of the great flour and grain milling works of which he is the head. At one time a Member of the London County Council, our subject is understood to harbour aspirations for Parliamentary honours, and in the event of his election to a seat in the House of Commons, his well-known views in favour of the adoption of motor transport for military purposes are bound to command the respect of his fellow-members. D. M.

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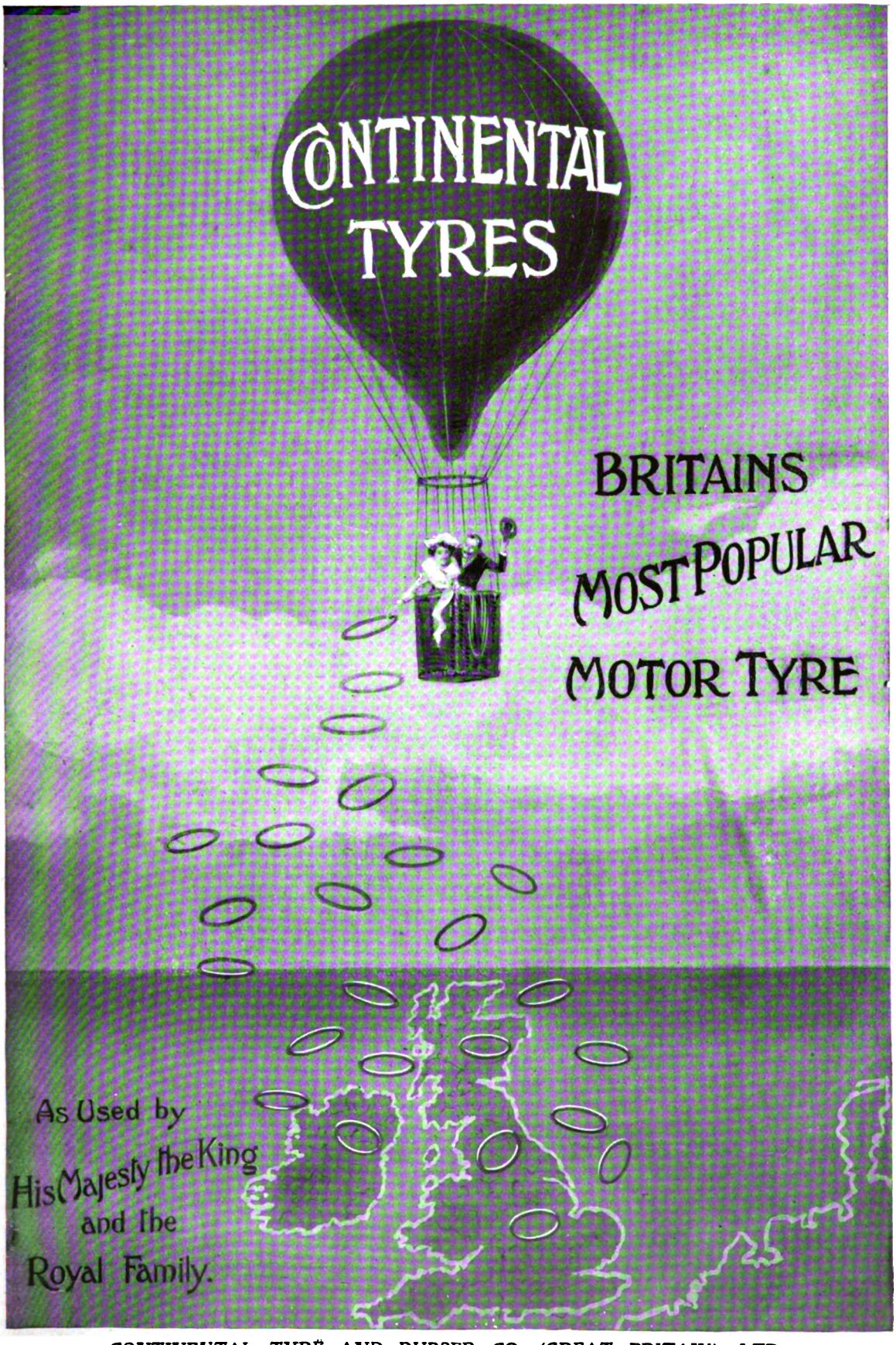

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Golf Notes and Notions

The 'Varsity Match

The 'Varsity match took place this year at Hoylake, where it was also played last year. I do not understand why the golf authorities of the two Universities should depart from the unwritten rule which governs all other 'Varsity contests, and which prescribes the Metropolis or its near suburbs as the proper place for all such matches. It would be much better if, in future, one of the big Metropolitan courses were chosen.

Now that we have two such fine links as Sunningdale and Walton Heath within easy reach of London, there seems no earthly reason why the 'Varsity Golf Match should not be played at one of them. Of the two, perhaps, Sunningdale is the more convenient of access; and I feel certain the ruling authorities of that club would be delighted to extend the hospitality of their club and course to the 'Varsity players. Old 'Varsity golfers, like myself, would then be able to see this match, whereas Hoylake makes it practically impossible for any but local men to watch it. I trust, therefore, that the 'Varsity authorities will consult the convenience of old players, and fix the match within the confines of the Metropolitan area, and so bring it into line with other inter-'Varsity fixtures.

Mr. M. T. Allen

The Cambridge captain, whose magnificent play gained his side the victory in the recent 'Varsity Golf Match at Hoylake

The Play

So much being said by way of protest, I will proceed to the match, which proved as exciting and closely contested as last year's was poor and one-sided. Cambridge, who had five choices from last year's victorious team, were hot favourites, but the event proved, as it has proved so many times in 'Varsity contests, that Oxford are a bad lot to lay against. The brothers Barry made a very bad business of their matches, and lost thirteen holes between them, A. G., the ex-Amateur Champion, suffering a severe defeat to the tune of seven holes at the hands of Mr. J. A. Robertson-Durham, whom Mr. Allen beat last year by six holes.

The hero of the match was, undoubtedly, the Cambridge captain, Mr. M. T. Allen, who wiped off the debit balance of thirteen holes caused by the rout of the Barry brothers, by placing thirteen holes to his credit at the expense of the Oxford captain, the Hon. C. N. Bruce. When Mr. Allen was twelve up with two holes to play, news was brought that the two 'Varsities were now level. The match, therefore, depended on the last two holes. Mr. Allen took the seventeenth and halved the eighteenth, though Mr. Bruce made a gallant effort to hole a longish putt to win the hole.

The London Amateur Foursome Competition

The final of this competition took place at Byfleet, the contestants being Woking, represented by Mr. B. Darwin and Mr. F. H. Mitchell, and South Herts, represented by Mr. A. C. Lincoln and Mr. W. H. Scarborough. Woking, as was generally anticipated, proved the winners by three and two, though South Herts worried them a bit towards the finish. The winners have been one of the two fancied pairs from the start, the other pair being Mid-Surrey, in the persons of Mr. Sidney Fry and Mr. J. Worthington. This latter pair received their quietus from the Richmond pair, Messrs. H. E. Taylor and J. F. Abercromby, after a terrific finish at Sunningdale. Unfortunately, Mr. Abercromby could not play when it came to the turn of Richmond to meet Woking, his place being taken by Mr. J. A. Healing. I take this opportunity of placing this fact on record, as most of the papers reported Mr. Abercromby as playing. I fancy that Mr. Abercromby's absence made a vast difference. His short play is so uncommonly good that he is an ideal partner for a fine free hitter like Mr. Taylor.

I do not wish to infer that Richmond would have beaten Woking, for it takes very good play to dispose of those two fine International players, Messrs. Darwin and Mitchell. But Messrs. Taylor and Abercromby's victory over Messrs. Fry and Worthington was such a great feat that it made them look very formidable. This does not, however, detract from the merits of Messrs. Darwin and Mitchell, to whom I tender my heartiest congratulations.

Cricketers' Inter-County Tournament

I have still another final to put on record, in the shape of the victory of Leicester *versus* Kent in the Cricketers' Inter-County Tournament. The result was in doubt right up to the finish, which ended in favour of the Leicester players, Mr. H. H. Marriott and Mr. G. W. Hillyard, by two and one against the Kentish men, Messrs. K. L. Hutchings and C. J. Burnup. Mr. Hillyard is one of the few men I know who has attained a first-class position in the three great games of cricket, golf, and tennis. His views on the subject of the inter-influence of these games on each other, which I was discussing the other day, would be most interesting.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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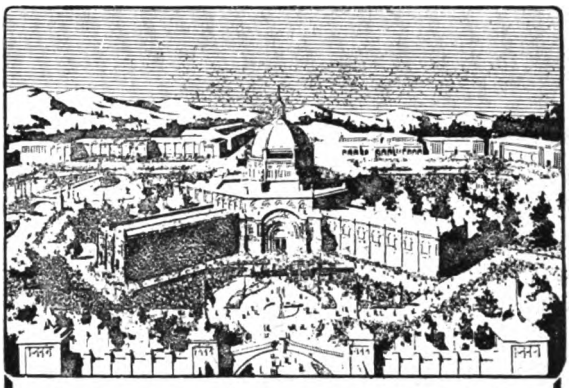

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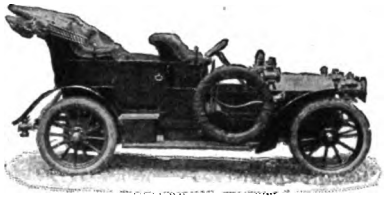

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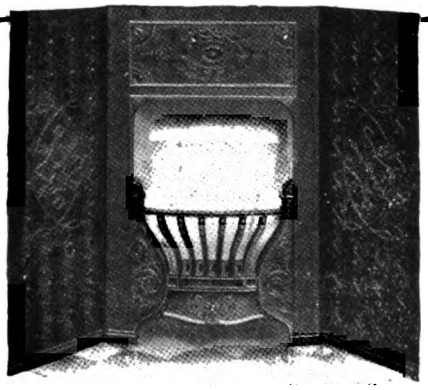

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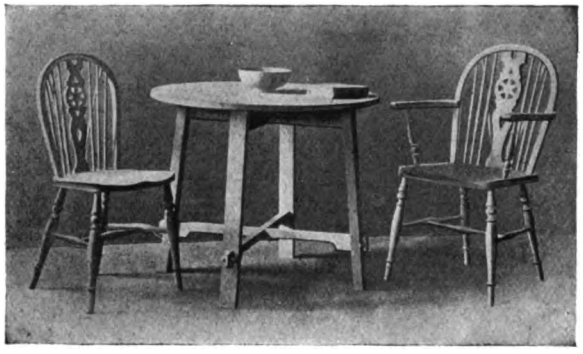
The Cult of the Cottage

A Cottage in the Garden City, designed by Lionel Crane

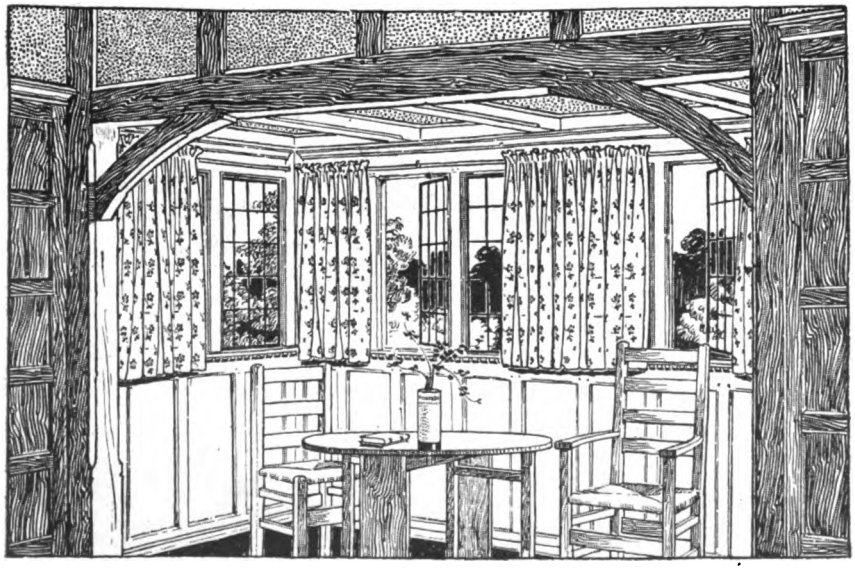
Although the supposed taste for the simple life is, like most other fashionable fads, rather ridiculous and hopeless, the movement has, at least, had one enduring and noble result: it has restored to Society that cottage of gentility which so amused Dr. Southey's early Victorian devil. But, instead of a double coach-house, which was the *mode* then, there is now room to house a convenient motor, whose useful service makes the cottage more than ever comfortable. Richmond, Windsor, Tunbridge Wells, or any other charming town near London, is rich in neighbouring cottages—small houses which have stood the test of time, or modern structures which combine as far as may be the simplicity of the old with the more sophisticated comforts of our time. To escape from the luxurious life of a Mayfair flat to rustic things — from Saturday till Monday—is a delightful idea, but, unless the cottage business is very well managed, it can be anything but a change for the better. One great difficulty in regard to this new housing question has hitherto been connected with the furniture. It would, of course, be a vulgar mistake to spend much on the cottage. Cottons and flax must stand where silks have been, and plain oak or unpolished white wood where marquetry and mahogany and satinwood have stood. Instead of the Georgian silver of your London house, simple brass and copper; in lieu of delicate porcelains of urban life there must be simple cottage table-wares.



Plain oak table and wheel-back Windsor chairs for the cottage of simplicity

The embarrassment in this connection has, however, now been entirely removed. I have just been over the showrooms of Messrs. Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road, and seen the result of their inspired attempt to wrestle with the problem of simple cottage furniture. One interesting example that this firm has completed is that of a cottage in the Garden City. The plain hand-made oak therein used is full of quiet distinction, and that restful, simple grace of a day that had seemed dead, but which they have very cleverly induced to come back to us. But although there is plenty of old-world charm in their reproductions of the wheel-back Windsor chairs, the oak dressers, and plain benches of the farmhouses of two hundred years ago, there are many other pieces, especially, perhaps, in the painted or fumed oak bedroom sets, which show a delicacy and refinement—a care for comfort and hygiene—which certainly improves on the household plenishment familiar to our rude forefathers. From the simple, plaited green rush matting for your parlour floor to the agreeable mirror for your toilet, from the restful Grey Goose bolster to the most pleasing reproduction of a Stuart gate-leg table, Messrs. Heal have considered every point that you can possibly raise, and are prepared to furnish your simple cottage from "base to dome" in a way that is at once cheerful and charming, in perfect keeping with the simplicities we all admire, and yet not unmindful of the luxury and grace which, without our being quite aware of it, are the necessities of our age.

E. M.



A casement window

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Letters from Celebrities.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET ON NERVOUSNESS.

"INDUSTRIAL FARM COLONY,
"DUXHURST,
"DEAR FRIEND, "*April*, 1907.

"Your letter is one of many which I constantly receive begging me to tell of something which can help to restore tired nerves and over-worn strength, and you ask me to do so because I come into contact with so many who, for these very reasons, fail in the race of life, having sought the wrong remedy for such loss of nerve-power.

"The description which you give me of your difficulty scarcely varies from that of which I am so often told. Work has become a drudgery, and life a heavy thing. You tell me that you go to bed feeling tired, and that you wake in the morning almost equally tired, that your food is distasteful to you, and that little things which used to sit lightly upon you have become heavy burdens; that even pleasure is toil. I know you have worked hard through many years, and have had much mental strain. This may, in a measure, account for your weakness, which is not brought about by any condition of actual disease, but which seems to arise from an even greater trouble—namely, that your nerve-force is seriously overspent.

"It is important to understand that, in these days of worry and over-excitement, the over-work, mental and physical, to which most of us are subject, calls forth an undue expenditure of strength, and that, to recuperate the vigour we have lost, we must consider what sort of food or remedy we require.

"Of course, the whole question of proper nourishment requires much thought and experience. Many forms of food and many restoratives are recommended; but, having had to do with a great many people who have impaired their digestive organs, and whose nerve-power has been seriously undermined, I do not think that I have come across anything which I believe a more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen. I do not know if you have tried it; but it seems to me, under the conditions such as you have described, an ideal preparation, because it provides a valuable tonic-food in the most suitable form. It consists, I believe, in the nourishing element of pure cows' milk, incorporated with which is a special nerve-tonic containing phosphorus. It has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, and gives tone to exhausted tissues, to a surprising extent. The feeblest system and the poorest digestive organs are able to assimilate it, when they can really touch little else. I am strongly of opinion that you cannot do better than begin a course of Sanatogen if you wish to regain your strength.

"Sanatogen, undoubtedly, restores sleep and invigorates the nerves, and it braces the patient to health, for I have noticed that with the restoration of the digestive organs the mind becomes more quickly active, and work, both mental and physical, becomes more easy, and the freshness and keenness which such people have lost, apparently altogether, return gradually, and bring with them an enjoyment of life, and a feeling of hopefulness, not hitherto experienced.

"When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the invigorated nerves are braced to a more healthy tone, and the whole human machinery is made fit for exercise and work, and for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner. . . . . .

Isabell Somerset"

The above is an abstract from a letter addressed by Lady Henry Somerset to an intimate friend. In view of the public interest associated with the subject, the recipient has obtained her ladyship's gracious permission to make the contents widely known. Additional information on the same subject may be obtained from the Sanatogen Company, 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in packets, at 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., 5s., and 9s. 6d.

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

The orchards white with blossoms, and the gorse blazing with glory, afford one the sense of a delightful well-being—a sort of "God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world." Under such influence, it seems difficult to concentrate on anything but the joyousness of life. Yet, such is the perversity of things, Society insists that we shall just now be inordinately fussy and fumed over our clothes and our engagements. Perpetual movement is the law of our latter-day existence; and just what a hold this has got of us is, perhaps, only realised when we have half an hour absolutely without any claims thrust on our hands. What to do with it, or ourselves, then becomes a problem, and, nine times out of ten, we concentrate it to some fresh movement.

An Example of the "Fichu" as now Worn

(Drawn by Dorothy Miliar)

From observation, I am disposed to believe that the present decade holds no two more difficult demands than, on the one hand, to sit still, and, on the other, to listen intelligently. It is a fact that nobody listens nowadays, while everybody talks. Our tongues, like our bodies, are animated by a perpetual unrest. All of which, of course, has nothing whatever to do with my allotted rôle in life, the translation of dress.

Linen Coats and Coarse Crochet Lace

Never, in our most extravagant flights of fancy, did we conjure up the possibilities of the real old-fashioned, loosely crocheted lace, such as was used in underwear, being revived in the cause of outward adornment. But such is the case, and one that confronted me the other day in connection with a short, loose coatee of heavy white linen, a quite charming persuasion, caught my eye and appreciation simultaneously. There was some braid introduced, together with the lace, and the latter was the roughest, coarsest quality imaginable, what children would call "lumpy," and it was inserted. Worn with a well-cut navy serge or cloth skirt, and dainty lingerie slip, I have great ideas as to the future of this white linen and lace coatee, which the purveyors of blouses have taken up as a rightful prerogative.

Meanwhile, the fancy for *filet* lace grows apace, the open-work ground and conventional treatment alike appealing as of the best artistic value. A peculiarly effective variety reveals a charming dèsign of *végétale* silk, that comes out excellently in all black, while another notable novelty is worked in the two tones of ivory and ochre. But in any and every aspect will *filet* lace occupy a foremost place in the esteem of the elect this season.

A Melée of Little Things

These matter so very much just now, that they are almost disposed to overshadow the larger and more important parts of the toilette. On the kimono *bretelles* a very tome might be written. They are fashioned of *chêne* ribbon, lace, and taffeta, together with a plethora of hand-worked fancies, and, truth to tell, one has to watch very closely to distinguish when

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these adjustments cease to be *bretelles* and become sleeveless blouses or boleros. There is no getting away from their immense serviceableness; nor, on the other hand, is there any disguising the fact of their already acquired ubiquity. There is a brace arrangement, with sash-ends at the back, that is less assertive in character, and which, by reason of its reasonableness, appeals as amenable to individual adjustment. Then, I have a perfectly delightful lingerie stock collar to describe, that should very quickly usurp the place of the hard turn-over collar, that so very, very few women can wear with an appearance

The Severely Picturesque Dinner Gown
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

that is at once smart and becoming. Smart and Parisian, the deep embroidered linen collar is, most indubitably, but really becoming only about once out of ten times. Well! my fresh find comprises a high-tucked band of lawn or muslin, the top edge of which is finished with a tiny pleated frill of the same, and the base by a coloured silk tie, obviously modelled on that worn by a man in evening dress. I have not, for some long while, been so genuinely pleased with any neck fitment as with this particular arrangement, which boasts all the upright influence of the adored collar, and is yet infinitely more in sympathy with fair femininity.

A furore, too, that is unmistakably earnest, is being made over embroidered linen belts, lingerie belts as they are called, in the easy colloquialism of the day. Myself, I am not deeply enamoured of the departure, but in all faithfulness let it be chronicled, and the result enjoyed by those who are not of my opinion.

The Severely Picturesque Evening Gown

In the midst of much that is extravagantly ornate, the eye turns with a grateful sense of repose to the rather hard little evening frock, always provided the right personality essays its wear. Our artist portrays exactly the required *ensemble*. The gown, a veritable picture affair, is fashioned of meteor satin, and, accorded the assistance of auburn hair, would be enchanting in very delicate apple-green, the chemisette and sleeves of white Dalghari *crêpe*. The heavy *rouleau* finishing the upturned hem is just one of the minor details that makes for notability in such a studiously simple design as is this.

A black Liberty satin, with which I am intimately acquainted, is arranged something after this manner, but with a *décolletage* more round of form, and a continuous tucker of black tulle, drawn up on a silver cord. Otherwise, the same severity obtains, and in black, of course, is even more daring. But, worn with an air, this type of evening toilette commands an assured success, and is very nearly always safe to be in the minority, and, consequently, gains enormously in distinction.

Fascinating "Fichus"

Some time ago I had occasion to refer to *fichus* as an accepted outdoor accessory for the summer months. Already the prediction is verified, those just recently returned from Paris bringing reports, as well as many realised presentments, of *fichus* verily replete with fascinations. In some instances, a shapeliness is added by drawing the folds into the waist, beneath a large buckle rosette or triple arrangement of buttons; while in others the most perfect freedom prevails. Long stole ends are a frequent feature, and these are sometimes crossed in front, and knotted at the back, Romney fashion. Ravelled-out ruches are a never-failing decorative resource, an alternative being provided in a close *coquille* arrangement of lace or self-coloured hand embroideries on the *fichu* itself.

The diversities are positively bewildering, alike in form and decoration, and it was, therefore, a task fraught with some distraction to make selection of our pictured design; this, a confection of pale blue taffeta, has the fulness held over the shoulders in a series of stitched pleats, a treatment that serves to set the edge out in a singularly effective fashion. Arranged to accompany a fête gown of pale blue *marquisette*, the skirt ornamented with a wide panel of *filet* lace, and the corsage a mass of mingled laces, the finish afforded by this *fichu* is of a particular *cachet*, the modish *chapeau* of natural panama repeating the note of colour in a dyed Paradise feather.

Readers in the Colonies

If readers in the Colonies or abroad have any difficulty in obtaining The Bystander, we would remind them that if their subscription is paid direct to this office, their copy will be posted to them punctually every week. The rate for a year's subscription, including postage, is £1 16*s.* 10*d.*, for six months 18*s.* 5*d.*, and for three months 9*s.* 3*d.*

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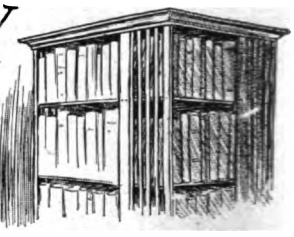

Books to Order This Week

"Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia." By J. Loraine Petre. (John Lane.)
"The Last of the Mammoths." By Raymond Turenne. (Chatto: 2s. 6d.)
"The Glen o' Weeping." By Marjorie Bowen. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)

Lord Roberts Invades the Library

Lord Roberts, with his cry of "*Aux Armes, Citoyens!*" is ubiquitous. Not only can one scarcely pick up a paper without finding that he has been pointing somewhere, by word of mouth, the moral of military efficiency, but there is now a considerable danger of his invasion of the library. That a history of the "war of the future" should be lacking in a recommendation by "Bobs" has become as inconceivable as that a religious pot-boiler should lack one from a Bishop. His lordship now threatens to put his approving seal also on the history of the war of the past. Here is Mr. J. Loraine Petre's history of *Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia* (Lane), normally a nice cosy book for one's armchair. A few prefatory words by "Bobs," and lo! it becomes red-hot propaganda. Prussia, in 1806, was unprepared, self-satisfied, defended by a professional Army and a poorly organised Militia. Shilly-shallying whether to join Napoleon against Austria and Russia, or Austria and Russia against Napoleon, she fell between the two fires, and was annihilated at Jena. For Prussia of 1806, according to "Bobs," we are to read England of a century later; and the trend of the preface is practically to warn us that we are as unprepared as Prussia, that as Prussia fell to Napoleon, so may we, unless we are very careful, fall to Germany. The book itself, read with Lord Roberts's warning ringing in one's ears, assumes a significance it would otherwise lack to the reader. "Lucid in style and admirable in arrangement, it gives," says the noble preface-writer, "a more complete and concise account of this epoch-making struggle than has yet appeared in the English language."

That German Invasion!

In this connection, by the way, quite the approved *mode* for clever young journalists in their first novels is the flesh-creeping forecast of that awful German invasion of the near future. Mr. A. J. Dawson's *The Message* (E. Grant Richards: 6s.) is written with too strong a political bias against a "Government of Economy, anti-Imperialism, and disarmament," to be actually convincing. Like most journalists of his school (hails he not from the *Evening Standard*?), he refuses even to consider that there may be a method in the supposed economical madness of the department controlled by Admiral Fisher. Further, there is some lack of originality in laying the scene of the German invasion in East Anglia. Really, I think Mr. Dawson and his fellow-alarmists pay scant tribute to the astuteness of the Germans in supposing they would invade us at a point which is, notoriously, under closer and more constant watch than any other.

Our Probable Defence Against the Enemy

Has it never occurred to writers of Invasion stories that, if the Germans *were* to catch the Navy napping, and effect a surprise landing on our shores, the obvious defensive method of the present Government would be, not guns, but banquets; not shells, but speeches? Is the lesson of General Botha entirely without its suggestiveness? Surely the picture that could be drawn of the Retreat from London of the German Army of 1910—heavy-eyed, round-bodied, weak-kneed, dull, drowsy, dyspeptic—could surpass in tragic appeal anything that might be said of Napoleon's little trouble at Moscow!

Mr. Kipling Himself a "Son of Martha"

Martha and Mary were excellent souls, and the place they occupy in Scripture is grudged them by nobody. Whether, however, the world is specially grateful to Mr. Kipling

THE WATCH ON THE WINE!

The Coming German Invasion: How the Government will, in all probability, meet and defeat the enemy (By Norman Morrow)

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The Bystander, May 15, 1907

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H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN

Mother of the heir to the Throne, the Prince of the Asturias, who was born at Madrid on Friday, the 10th inst., to the intense delight of the Spanish people

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No. 180.—Vol. XIV.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"The Resurrection of His Grace." By Campbell Rae-Brown. (Greening: 6d.)
"The Loafer." By Gurner Gillman." (Greening: 6s.)
"The Watches of the Night." By George R. Sims. (Greening: 6d.)
"The Country Life." By T. W. H. Crosland. (Greening: 6d.)
"Mrs. Beeton's All About Cookery." (Ward, Lock: 2s. 6d. net.)
"Ellen Terry." By Christopher St. John. (John Lane: 2s. 6d. net.)
"In My Lady's Garden." By Katrina Trask. (John Lane: 3s. 6d. net.)
"And the Moor Gave up its Dead." By Eric Harrison. (Greening: 6s.)
"The Son of Helvetia." By Aline Wakley. (Greening: 6s.)
"Antoine Watteau." By Claude Phillips. (Seeley: 2s. net.)
"Raphael in Rome." By Mrs. Henry Ady. (Seeley: 2s. net.)

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday May 15, 1907

It didn't rain sometime last Monday week—or was it Tuesday?

* * *

Mr. Asquith's critics have hardly yet recovered from their annoyance at finding out that those Colonial valuations were f.o.b. at the ports of dispatch, and not f.i.b. at the Imperial Conference.

* * *

According to the *Morning Post*, Prince Fushimi is not the Prince Higashi Fushimi who visited England thirty years ago. It is for clearing up points like this that the *Post* is invaluable. So many people might have been tempted to go up to the Prince and slap him on the back, with the words, "Higgy, me boy, I haven't seen you for thirty years!"—only to be disappointed by his want of recognition.

* * *

By the way, it is not the case that Prince Fushimi, on being given an explanation of the working of the Chantrey Bequest, during his recent visit to the Royal Academy, uttered the Japanese words, "Hokee pokee."

* * *

Lord Newton's proposal that some of the Lords should be "qualified" to sit in the Upper House has been summarily rejected by those concerned, and we hope we shall now hear no more of this incendiary scheme.

* * *

"Noticing a blackbird making efforts to escape through a window in his church at South Witham, the rector was astonished to find the bird had laid an egg in a nest near the lectern." Yet it is hard to think what else the blackbird could have laid.

* * *

The Chemists' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall has, we understand, been a great success, and a good many visitors have come away from it saying that, with so many attractive medicines to choose from, they cannot understand why other people make such a fuss about being ill.

* * *

Many of the exhibits are said to have been most artistically set out, "especially those that lent themselves to fanciful treatment." Would this include senna? We can recollect being fanciful about it, as children.

* * *

The trial, just begun, of three men for the murder of Governor Steunenberg, two years ago, has caused a good deal of indignation among the inhabitants of Idaho, the Western State where the murder took place. As they say, it's so long ago, anyway, that the poor fellows can't be expected to remember what did actually happen.

* * *

It is expected that if the three are convicted, the labouring men of Idaho will vote for the Democratic ticket at the next election. What a pity we cannot show any of this political keenness in our country. Are we too apathetic?

* * *

We are happy to be able to state that the recommendations made some time back by the Commission appointed to inquire into the Chantrey Fund have caused the Trustees nothing like the anxiety that might have been anticipated.

* * *

A gentleman, who signs himself "Dum Spiro Spero," but is evidently afraid of a German invasion, has written to one of the evening papers to say that a network of German reservists now covers the South and East coasts of this country, while a German has also secured an inn at the cross-roads between our military camps of Aldershot and Borden. This is a nice state of affairs!

* * *

We do not quite understand what "Dum Spiro" anticipates from it. But to us the plot is quite obvious. As soon as war is declared, the British Army will march to defend our coasts (the Navy having been eluded or destroyed). On its way it will pass the inn. The German innkeeper will come out, and, pretending to be a friend, will serve our soldiers with drugged beer. As they lie in a state of coma, the German Army will land and march on London, the network of reservists facilitating the march by commandeering—in the disguise of policemen with stop-watches—all motor-cars that may be out for the

ETHEL: "How terrible it must be for a great singer to know she has lost her voice"
EDNA: "It's more terrible when she doesn't know it!"
(By Chas. Barton)

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day. It is an insidious plot, but to be forewarned is to be forearmed. People like "Dum Spiro" deserve a monument.

* * *

A suggestion has been mooted that Americans anxious to hear the nightingale should drive out the few miles from London, to where these birds sing, in taxi-cabs. It is in this sort of a way that our visitors' valuable time is wasted. Why do not some of our big hotels keep a taxi-nightingale?

* * *

"Nervous people will be glad to know," says a contemporary, commenting on the new Tube from Islington to Euston, "that a slate foot-path is laid between the rails, so that if a train breaks down the passengers can walk to the nearest station without risk of an electric shock." Good pedestrians should try the line.

* * *

Extra nervous people, who would not even care to risk the possibility of their train breaking down, will be interested to learn that quite a bracing walk can be taken on the pavement overhead.

* * *

Miss Wanda Radford, the ten-year-old Australian, whose recitations have met with such success in Berlin and London, is to retire from public life for a while in order that she may be educated. Many quite elderly reciters might learn a lesson from this child.

* * *

Motto for a West Ham Guardian:—"My word is as good as my Bond."

* * *

A Japanese journalist has been complaining of the poverty of the English language. As a result, he says, it is often difficult to find out, when meeting a lady with a gentleman, whether she is his wife, sister, or sweetheart. Perhaps he has not yet had the misfortune of being locked in a railway carriage with a couple on their honeymoon.

* * *

It is a matter of *nuances*, no doubt, not always easy to explain. But should Mr. Sugimura visit Hampstead Heath on Whit Monday, and chance upon a lady wearing a gentleman's hat, and *vice versâ*, the probability is that the gentleman will not be the lady's brother. An inquiry would, in any case, lead to Mr. Sugimura obtaining satisfaction.

* * *

We are excited to learn, from the Birrelution Bill, that the Irish Lord-Lieutenant of the future may be of any religion whatsoever. The prospect of a Buddhist or a Shintoist in authority at Dublin Castle (if the old place will continue to bear this brutal mediæval name) promises the liveliest possibilities.

* * *

"Our boats are in a crippled condition, and there is danger in turning them." In view of this candid criticism by a member of the L.C.C., it is a little difficult to understand why the Thames steamers are to be run for another sixteen weeks. Can it be done in the interests of a cinematograph company, who could secure an interesting show by photographing:—

(1) Launch of the fleet (captains in life-belts, weeping wives, etc.).

(2) A passenger sighted on one of the piers. He turns out to be the President of the Local Government Board. He hails steamer, and, in spite of representations from private secretary, policemen, etc., moves on board with folded arms.

(3) The fleet moves on—amid cheers. An attempt to turn is followed by instant disaster. Vessel containing passenger is seen to be sinking. Captains swim ashore in life belts. Mr. Burns refuses to leave vessel.

(4) Progressives come to riverside and implore Mr. Burns to save valuable life, etc. Stern refusal.

(5) Reformers intimate that, retrenchment and reform being their motto, they cannot afford insurance money on Mr. Burns' life. Will he swim ashore? "No truckling with Moderates" is the answer.

(6) Steamer sinks. All hope lost, when suddenly Mr. Burns is seen to be supported by frock-coat which he has taken to wearing instead of reefer. L.G.B. officials wade in with rope made of red tape, and compel Mr. Burns to come ashore.

(7) River blocked for some time. Then flows on as before. No noticeable increase in Tube traffic returns.

* * *

Sir Francis Gould has proposed a law making it justifiable homicide to kill a man taking snapshots. Is he not a little severe on his brother caricaturists?

* * *

The Embarrassments of Being Overboard

"When a man falls overboard at sea, it is the practice to hurl at him any object within reach that may be of assistance to keep him afloat. Sometimes these are so numerous and varied that the shock of being surrounded by them unnerves the victim even more than the sense of his peril from drowning."—*Nautical Correspondent*

(By Lieut. E. G. O. Beuttler)

To a Fair Londoner

(*After reading Sir F. Treves's recent speech upon the curious effect of fog on the lungs*)

Chloe may flaunt her golden curls,
Her country cheeks, where roses bunch,
Her violet eyes, the set of pearls
With which she puts away her lunch.

But thou—if Frederick Treves speaks true—
Long odds, e'en so, can'st freely give her;
For, oh, thy lungs are "thunder-blue"—
Heaven knows what hue thy liver!

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Not On the Line

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: SOME OF THE UNFRAMED PICTURES

BY DUDLEY HARDY

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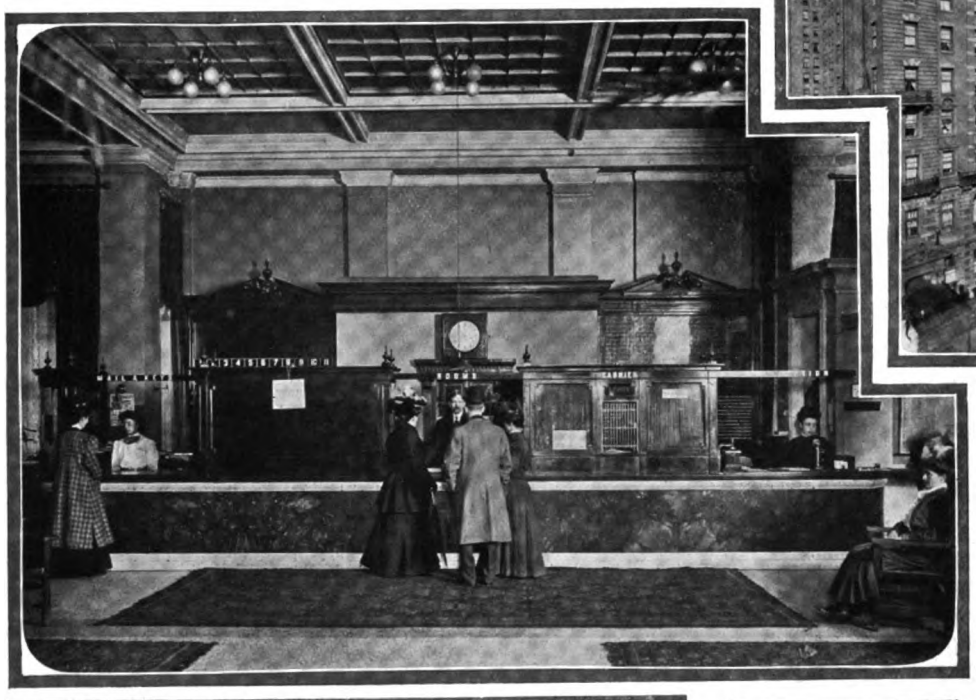
Woman-Worship in New York

THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" HOTEL FOR WOMEN ONLY

(" *Where only the fair may fare*")



The Entrance Hall and Office

A Chaperon in Twelve Storeys: The exterior of the "Martha Washington"

The Drawing-room

The Library and Smoking Lounge

THE American's inherent worship of woman has long been hurled at the head of the recalcitrant Englishman as an example of what should be. The latest manifestation of this attractive form of Paganism is the provision of an "hotel for women only," wherein only the fair may fare. Apart, however, from the questionable wisdom of the policy of separating the sexes, of which this, like the Woman's Club, is an offshoot, in America there is a real justification for the "Martha Washington." The indignities which are suffered by women travelling alone, owing to the suspicious and puritanical persecutors of license-holders, has made some form of self-defence necessary. In the "Martha Washington" the distressful sex will find freedom from molestation.

Photos Byrne

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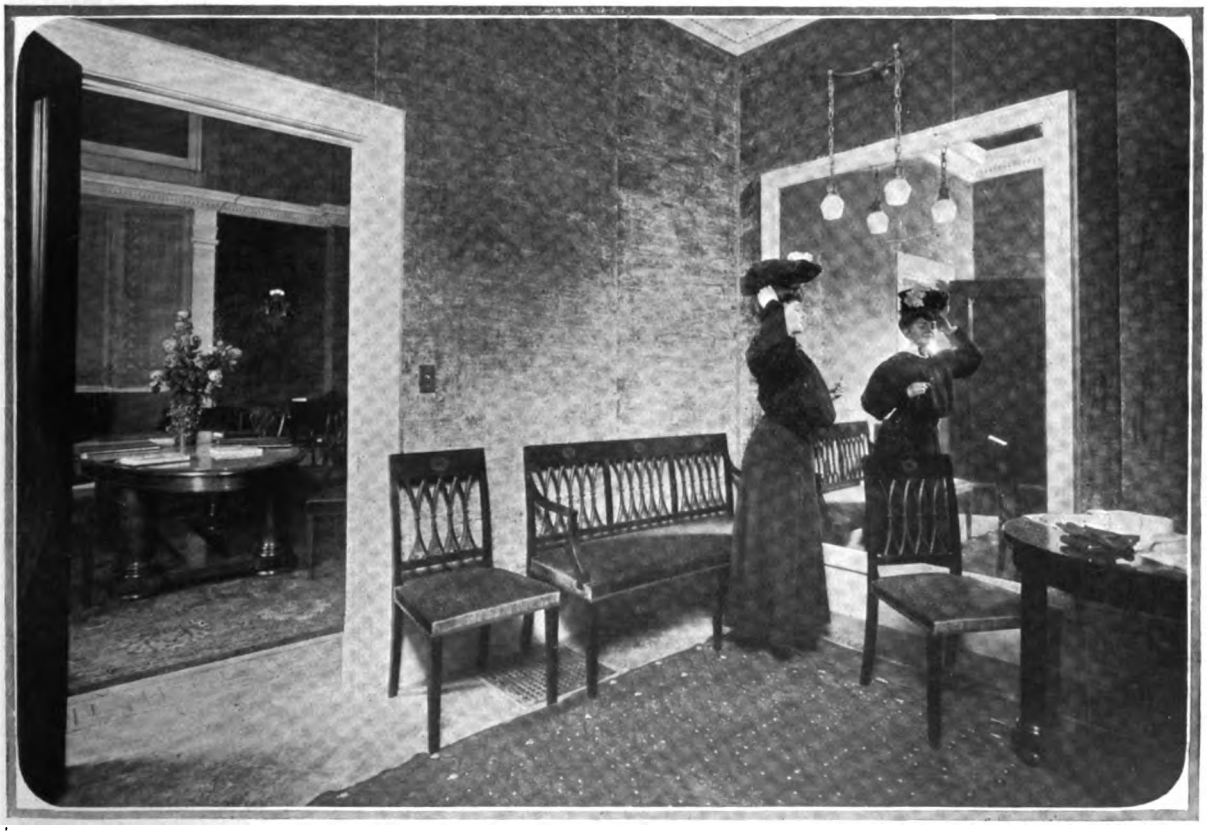
Banking—for Women Only

"For Ladies Only": The cashier's department and writing-room in the Night and Day Bank, New York



Photos *Byron*

The Boudoir in the Night and Day Bank

The authorities who recently started the Night and Day Bank in New York have added another innovation to their venture in the shape of a special department, in which the mere male—as customer—must not set his foot. This includes a special cashier's department for ladies, a writing and reading-room, and, of course, a well-equipped boudoir. The Bank, situated as it is in Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, is in the midst of the Bohemian and fashionable quarter of New York, close to the Waldorf and the principal clubs, hotels, and millionaires' residences

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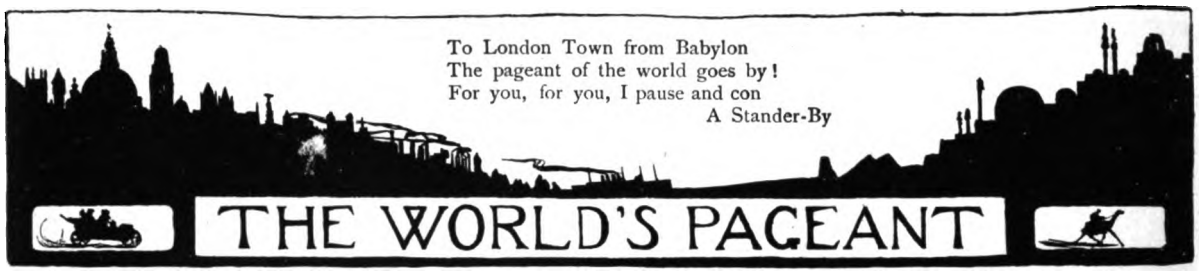

The Week's Adventures

"It is a good many years," said Lord Lytton once, "since I felt hungry; but, thank goodness, I am still greedy." It is to be hoped that these sentiments coincide with those of the Colonials, for it must be many a long day since they felt the pangs of hunger. Hot quails, green peas, strawberries, and unlimited quantities of "the boy," must be to them to-day as roast beef, potatoes, and Bass to the ordinary man who has not had the good fortune to be born a Colonial Premier. The banquet at Buckingham Palace, when the King, who is now at Newmarket, met for the first time his loyal servants from Greater Britain, was the culminating point of Colonial feastings and honours. The *chef* at Buckingham Palace has a royal appreciation of his calling. He rises to it even when a mere Court is the occasion, but in the tickling of Greater Britain's appetites, I am told, he surpassed himself.

Photo] **Lord Leconfield** [*Dickinsons*

His entertainment of the Colonial Premiers at his Town house last week was attended by hundreds of guests, mostly of the Tariff Reform bent of mind. He is a bachelor of thirty-five, wealthy, a sportsman, M.F.H., and ex-Boer campaigner

* * *

Lord Leconfield as Host

Since then, whether in the interests of recuperation, or whether because of the Government's "snub," our Colonial guests have had a comparatively quiet time. Lord Leconfield has shared with Lord Strathcona the honour of being their chief private hosts, though they have also been entertained at Oxford by the Liberal and Colonial Club. Lord Leconfield is, next to Mr. Churchill, the youngest host to have the honour of entertaining the veteran visitors. He celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday only last month. There must have been a certain piquancy in

Photo *Kevis*

Petworth: Lord Leconfield's seat near Chichester

One of the most beautifully situated seats in the kingdom, the estate of which is reputed to be particularly wealthy. It has some fine paintings and carvings. The deer park is fourteen miles round. Petworth also possesses that unique and valuable sporting adjunct, a covered tennis court

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To the "Hibernia"—With Ireland's Love

Presented to H.M.S. "Hibernia" by the Marchioness of Ormonde

A fine set of silver ornaments for mess tables (part of the gift of the Irish to the battleship) made, last week, by the wife of the Vice-Admiral of Leinster, in the Concert-hall of the Irish International Exhibition

his meeting with General Botha, for in the war in South Africa, and in the chase after the General, Lord Leconfield received his baptism of fire, and was severely wounded. He is a bachelor, a man of great wealth, a first-rate sportsman, an excellent six-days-a-week hunting M.F.H., and a popular landlord. He is also a keen Tariff Reformer.

* * *

Petworth House

At Petworth, in Sussex, Lord Leconfield owns one of the most beautiful seats in the Kingdom. This estate, with that in Ireland, brings in something like £90,000 a year to the fortunate owner. Petworth is not far from Chichester. It is famed for its pictures, nearly seven hundred in number, including Turners, Reynolds, Holbeins, and Van Dycks, and for its china, embroideries, and Grinling Gibbons carvings. The deer park, fourteen miles round, covers some of the finest scenery in the county. Not far from the house is built, in the outward form of a Swiss *châlet*, one of the few covered tennis courts in the Kingdom. There is one at Hawthorn Hill, just outside Maidenhead, and there is one, I remember, at Oxford, where the dons indulge their tastes, but in the South of England, at any rate, I can recall few others. For many centuries Petworth was the Southern home of the Percys. It left their hands when Lady Elizabeth Percy married Charles, Duke of Somerset in 1682. Her younger daughter, Lady Elizabeth Smithson, inherited Petworth. When she married Sir William Wyndham, the estates passed to the holders of the Leconfield title. Lord Rosebery is Lord Leconfield's maternal uncle.

Photo *Speaight*

The Marchioness of Ormonde

Wife of the Leinster Vice-Admiral, who originated the presentation to H.M.S. *Hibernia*, and carried it through with the assistance of the Vice-Admirals' wives of the other Irish provinces

* * *

The Lords and Their Reform

The Lords, of late, have been constantly in hot water, alike in their corporate and in their individual capacity. Oddly enough, the Liberal peers have been most involved in the latter respect. First, Lord Carrington and his tenantry came up for public discussion, and then Lord Portsmouth. Lord Portsmouth has been having slight disagreements with a tenant on the subject of those most complicated of things, the Ground Game Acts. A tenant having been turned out of his house on Lord Portsmouth's vast Hampshire estates, a Labour Member, Mr. Ward, and also Mr. Hugh Cecil Lea, have been ventilating the question in the House of Commons. They

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The Man Who Placed the Ban

enjoyed themselves thoroughly, needless to say! The wicked lord, the crushed tenant, the right to preserve, the right to live! But life was crushed out of the discussion by the reply of the Prime Minister to the effect that the mere suggestion of depriving him (Lord Portsmouth) of his post as Under-Secretary for War as a kind of punishment for his alleged bad treatment of his tenants was, of course, as impossible as it was absurd.

* * *

Next—Lord Althorp

Lord Althorp was the next noble Liberal lord to come under the social ban. His refusal to renew the license for *The Mikado*, and his order that selections from the opera should be omitted from the programmes of military bands when Prince Fushimi or any of his staff were present, raised a storm of protestation and execration. Naturally, those who knew most about it said the least. The rest shrieked—in print and otherwise. The most ignorant were the most bitter in their whole-hearted abuse of the Lord Chamberlain, and seemed to think he was doing it "because he knows it teases." Forgetting, if they ever knew, that the Mikado, in the eyes of his subjects, is a character sacred far above our highest Western ideas of sanctity, they asserted that the action of the Lord Chamberlain, even though it was backed up by Sir Edward Grey, was a piece of fussy and unnecessary interference. Personally, my sympathies, much though I love *The Mikado*, are with the Lord Chamberlain, and I happen to know that his action was not taken on his own initiative. A very high personage indeed intimated his wishes on the subject. Prevention is better than cure. Prince Fushimi safely out of the country, doubtless Mr. Gilbert will be requested to alter the opera so as to remove all cause for offence. This, certainly, might have been done before, in place of withdrawing the license. But it was not; and though the omission is unfortunate, it is not entirely ineradicable.

Photo *Thomson*

A Much-Maligned Personage

The Lord Chamberlain (Viscount Althorp), who is nominally responsible for the ban placed on *The Mikado*. As all the world is now aware, his lordship (formerly the Hon. Robert Spencer) is "*not* an agricultural labourer," despite the impression to the contrary given by his dress, speech, and general bearing

* * *

A Model for Debased Musical Comedy

That its presentation would really seriously offend the Japanese people is, of course, absurd. It might, however — and I think it would — strike them as exceedingly bad taste if it was performed during the visit of one of the Imperial House. Doubtless, the Lord Chamberlain realises this, and, with a high sense of national hospitality, wishes to guard against any such possibility. I cannot think that he intends for evermore to withold his license. If he does, then the very best specimen we have of English humorous opera will be lost to us. The debased musical comedy of the day will have one model the less to fall back upon, and English people—as the price we pay for the Japanese alliance—will lose one of the most charming, as it is the most mythical and most wildly fantastic, of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

* * *

Lords in Ireland

By the way, before leaving the subject of the Lords, I am glad to see finally dismissed the silly rumour that the Earl of Aberdeen contemplated resigning his position as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in order to devote himself to interests more commercial. Doubtless, like many another before him, including Mr. Bryce, he has found the ubiquitous Sir Antony MacDonnell a hard nut to crack. Nothing ever happens in Ireland nowadays but that the trouble is traced to "a difference with Sir Antony." Mr. Birrell himself, has, it is known, already crossed swords with the gentleman. It is scarcely to be expected, therefore, that the Lord-Lieutenant would be able to steer clear of the shoals, especially in view of the fact that Sir Antony MacDonnell was sent to Ireland to institute Indian methods of "devolution" while Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Birrell alike are the servants of a Party pledged to Nationalist Home Rule.

* * *

Ireland Again

The distressful country, as I have before remarked, has an astonishing facility for keeping itself well in the public eye. When not politically, it is by sporting methods; last week it was the Industrial Exhibition, this it is the Home Rule Bill. Our picture is of a very popular Irish peeress, the Marchioness of Ormonde, and of the gifts presented by her from the Irish people to H.M.S. *Hibernia*. Lady Ormonde, who, whenever she is in Ireland, entertains in true Irish style at Kilkenny Castle, was Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor, the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Westminster. She was acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful women of her day—she is still very handsome; but

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Where Mutiny is Hatched

A Mutiny Memory
The Baillie Gate, Lucknow (from the East), which was torn by mutineers' guns during the siege, fifty years ago

From Stereographs Copyright *Underwood and Underwood, London and New York*

The Chief "Bazar" of Lahore, the Centre of the Punjab Sedition

All over the East, the "Bazar," or native thoroughfare, is the scene of the sowing of sedition, no matter against whom directed. Rumours of the wildest kind percolate from mouth to mouth, attributing motives of the absurdest description to the hated white, which, at intervals, cause such risings as that which recently threatened the Punjab, but which has, it seems, been effectively squashed by the firmness of the Home Government in arresting the ringleaders

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Society at the Chester Races

one must look at her daughter, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, to realise the beauty her mother once possessed, for she has inherited it all.

* * *

Race Meetings

The second Spring Meeting at Newmarket is invariably gayer and more popular than the first. The King, as is the case this year, is generally at the Jockey Club. At Moulton Paddocks and at Palace House, Sir Ernest Cassel and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild entertain large parties and almost always dine with the King, and the smart racing set never fails, rain or shine, to put in an appearance.

* * *

Society at Chester

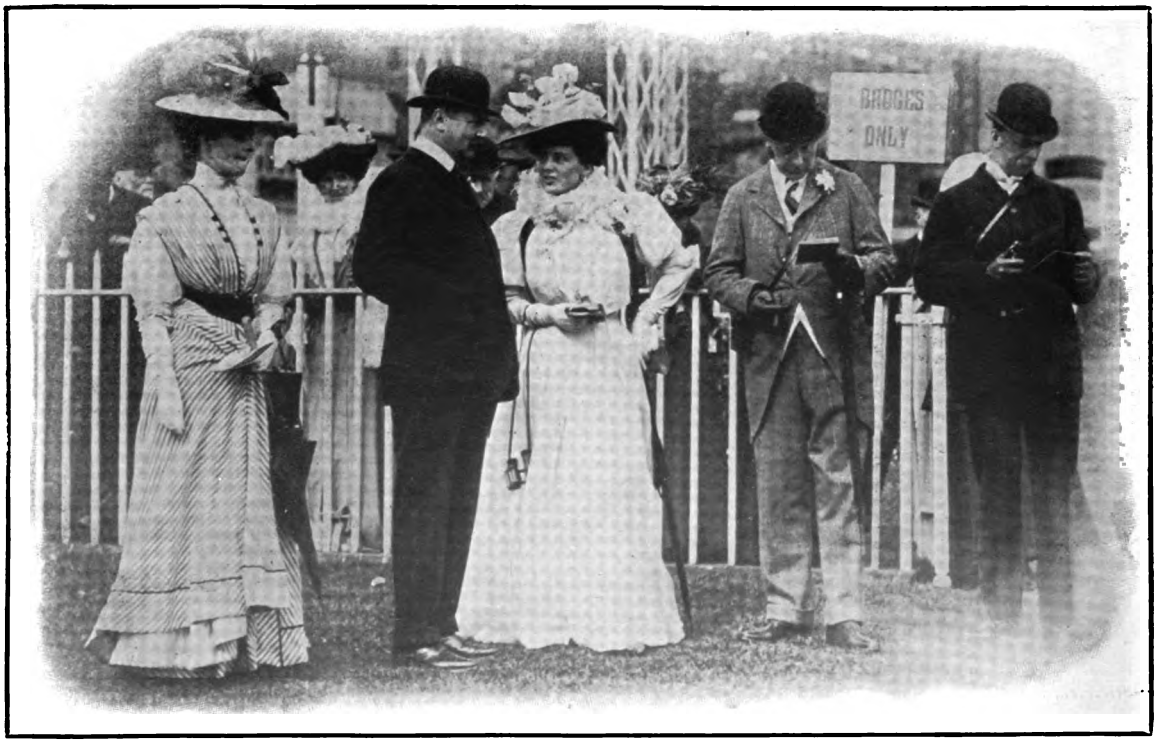
Racing at Chester on the first day of last week's meeting was carried on under difficulties, for rain fell incessantly. On Thursday, however, delightful weather conditions prevailed. Many house-parties were held in the neighbourhood, the largest, as usual, being that at Eaton Hall, where, on the previous week, the "Duke's daffodils" had brought hundreds of visitors to inspect them, and where for the races the keenest of the keen racing set were assembled. On Wednesday, heavy race-coats over tailor-mades were almost the only—certainly the most comfortable—wear; but on Thursday the Spring-like weather brought out all the Spring frocks. The tall Duchess of Westminster appeared both days in black, as did also Lady Sefton and the beautiful Lady Pole-Carew, a picturesque figure in a long, clinging French gown. Lady Helmsley, who very seldom misses a race meeting, was lunching with Mrs. Stock, the party including Lord Kenyon and Lady Galway. Lady Mar and Kellie, Lady Essex, and Lady Airlie were all in white. Amongst the men present were Colonel Grenfell, Rear-Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton and Mr. George Lambton, Lord Lonsdale, more robust looking than ever, Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Stanley, and Lord Cholmondeley.

The Duchess of Westminster

* * *

Colonial Ladies at the Theatre

I went to the Comedy Theatre the other night and saw *The Truth*. Near me, in a box, were Miss Botha and her aunt. Miss Botha looked very nice in a Paris ("Baker Street," explained a lady at my elbow) frock, her hair dressed very high, disclosing a beautiful neck and shoulders. Her complexion indeed is her strong part, and must make quite a beauty of her in South Africa. The ladies, frankly, enjoyed



Lady Essex Lord Stanley Lady Mar and Kellie Lord Lonsdale

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE IN THE CHESTER ENCLOSURE

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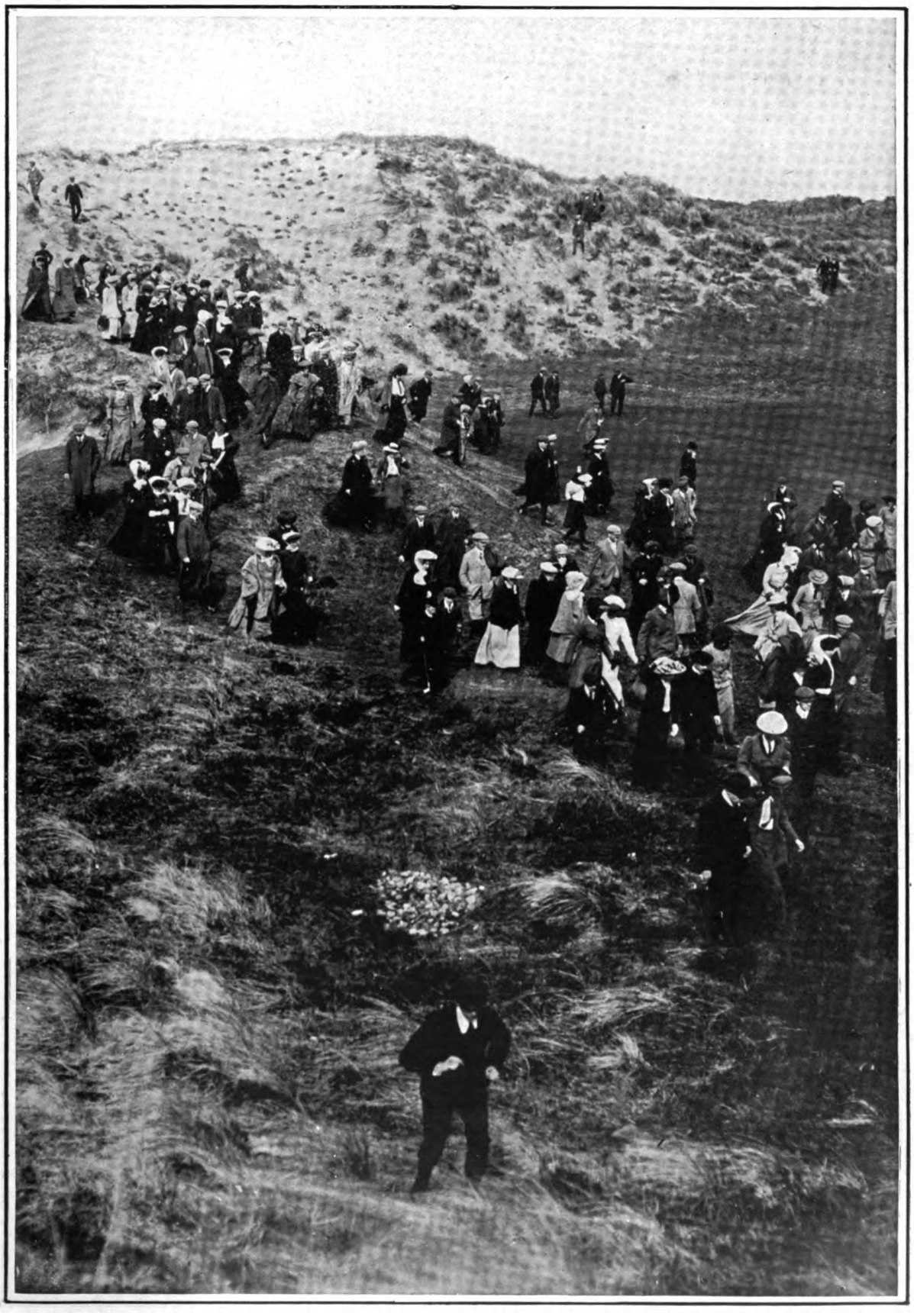
Ireland's Love of Scotland's Game

CROWD FOLLOWING THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYERS AT NEWCASTLE, CO. DOWN



The fifteenth Ladies' Golf Championship was played last week at Newcastle, Co. Down, resulting in a win for Miss May Hezlet, who defeated her sister, Miss F. Hezlet, by 2 to 1. The attendance numbered about a thousand, the spectators pursuing the players over the emerald downs with great enthusiasm

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Well-known Racer's Newmarket Cottage

The Stables at Bedford Cottage, Newmarket

themselves hugely, and they *ate chocolates all the time!* Then they went on to the Savoy, *with "clouds" or "fascinators" on their heads!* The italics are not mine. They are those in the voices of the women who caught them at it—at "clouds" and "chocolates," I mean. In Pretoria, it is very evident, life is as life in Peckham: early dinners, late suppers, high frocks, and fascinators are the order of a Boer day.

* * *

The King's Favourite

The Colonial ladies, not having been favoured with a sight of Queen Alexandra, I am told, admire immensely Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll. They think her extraordinarily youthful for her age — for the Colonial woman ages early — and so, indeed, she is. At Marlborough House the other night, smothered in diamonds she looked no more her years, which number nearly sixty, than the Queen looks hers. She has kept her figure wonderfully, and still inclines to the ideal of the 'seventies—long tight sleeves and a small waist encircled by a plain band. The Princess has been known to vote husbands "a bore," but she has no such charge to bring against brothers. The King, especially when he was Prince of Wales, would constantly go to tea with her at Kensington Palace, where the studio, from which so much good work is turned out, is one of the loveliest rooms in all London. Muffins form the staple dish at tea-parties in Kensington Palace. The King, like his mother before him, has a special weakness for muffins

Major Beatty

A well-known Turf personality, who acts as trainer to Lord Howard de Walden. He has ridden several winners

A Famous Racing Residence: Bedford Cottage, Newmarket

Formerly the property of Colonel McCalmont, it is now owned by Lord Howard de Walden as the residence of his Newmarket trainer, Major Beatty, who, however, is, it is rumoured, about to let it to Mrs. Rochfort Maguire—a keen racing enthusiast, daughter of Viscount Peel

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The Mayors that Dance in the Streets, Treloar

HAVE A GOOD DEAL TO DO WITH THE CASE—AT HELSTON

When Mayor Cheers Mayor: London's Chief Magistrate leads the cheering on behalf of his Helston companion in chains

Photos Sir William Treloar *Illustrations Furea*

The Lord Mayor in the act of dancing the "Furry Dance" through Helston's crowded streets

During his six months of office, the public have got so used to the activities of Sir William Treloar, the Lord Mayor of London, that they w not even incredulous when they heard he had danced through the streets of his native town, Helston, Cornwall. This strange proceeding t place in connection with a quaint Cornish custom called the "Furry Dance," which probably has its origin in a fête in welcome of Spring. A receiving the freedom of the town, Sir William rid himself of his cumbrous, but picturesque, mayoral robes, and, with Mrs. H. M. Roger partner, merrily "tripped the light fantastic" through the town, clad in top-hat and frock-coat

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Three Men of the Moment

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Conrad Dressler

Whose bust of the Queen of Spain has been restored to the Academy by the King's request, though previously rejected

"By Command"

The Royal Academy, it seems, is Royal to good purpose. By command of the King, the bust of the Queen of Spain, by Mr. Conrad Dressler, is exhibited at the Royal Academy, having been previously rejected on its merits by the Council. For the King's word at Burlington House is law.

* * *

The Sculptor

Mr. Conrad Dressler, though Franco-German by descent, is himself an Englishman. In the approved story-book manner, his family, with one accord, when his future was in question, opposed the idea that he should endeavour to earn a living by Art. Again, in the story-book manner, therefore, he came to London and entered a merchant's office. But, also in accordance with precedent, the life artistic called to him too persistently to be denied. He became a pupil of M. Lanteri, Dallou's successor in the task of reviving the art of sculpture in England, and, from that day to this, has had a career as successful as can be expected in a country where sculpture takes a secondary place in Art. Ruskin, Swinburne, William Morris, Stanley, Farrer, Lord Halsbury, Lord Roberts, and Sir John Mowbray are some of the distinguished men who have sat to him. He executed two of the panels which decorate St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and at Oxford is represented by his statue of Dean Liddell. Mr. Dressler is, I believe, unique among English artists in that he casts his own bronzes. He is also a practical potter, and founded the Della Robbia Potteries.

* * *

Lord Deramore's Engagement

The engagement is announced of Lord Deramore to Miss Blanche Saltmarshe, the pretty young daughter of Colonel Saltmarshe, of Danesbury House, near York. Lord Deramore has been a widower for six years, and his only child, the Hon. Moira Faith de Yarburgh-Bateson, is now nine years old. He is a country gentleman rather than a man about town, and though he is a member of the Carlton and the Bachelors, he is seldom to be met in London. Like his future wife, he belongs to Yorkshire, though he also has property in Ireland and a place near Belfast.

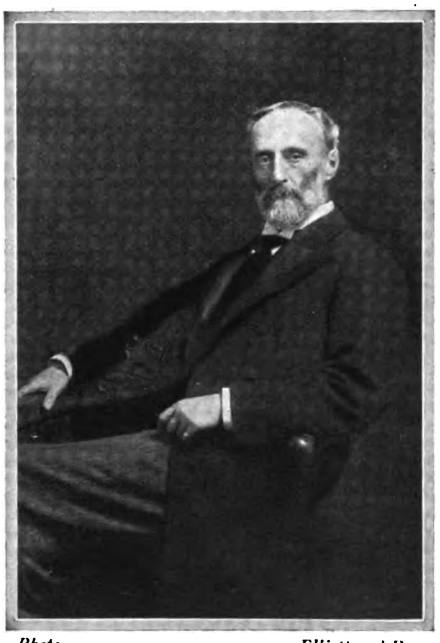

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Halifax

The maker of an amusing speech to the House of Laymen anent the absurdity of the House of Commons being entrusted with ecclesiastical reforms

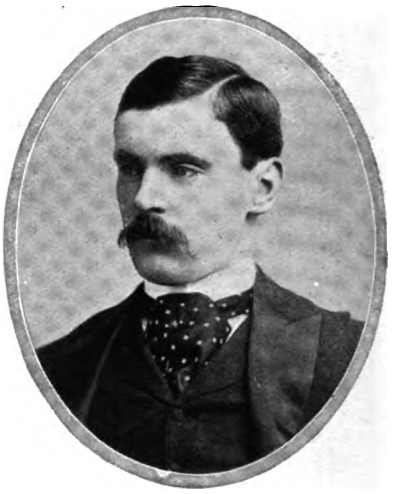

Photo *Dickinsons*

Lord Deramore

Engaged to Miss Blanche Saltmarshe, daughter of Colonel Saltmarshe, of Danesbury House, near York

* * *

Spain's Heir

I am delighted to hear, just at the time of going to press, of the birth of an heir to the Spanish Throne. The question of the Spanish succession has been for so long a vexed one, that the birth of the little Prince of the Asturias is doubly welcome, for it renders secure the succession on another European Throne. If there have been in some quarters misgivings with regard to Queen Victoria's popularity with her subjects, the rejoicings which took place last week leave no doubt of the nation's love and esteem for their young Queen.

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The Latest Theatrical Romance

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Shiel Barry

Now playing in *Clancarty* at the Lyric Theatre

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Dorothy Minto, whose marriage to Mr. Shiel Barry has just been announced

Before theatrical circles had got over their surprise at hearing of Miss Ellen Terry's marriage to Mr. James Carew, they were again startled by the announcement of the wedding of Miss Dorothy Minto and Mr. Shiel Barry. It is to be hoped Miss Minto will not retire from the stage, for though she only made her *début* in *The Wild Duck* at the Court Theatre a year or two back, her acting at once brought her to the front as one of the most promising actresses of the rising generation. She is now playing in *Prunella* and the *Return of the Prodigal* at the Court

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CONTINENTAL CHAT

A Second All Fools' Day

Labour Day has come and gone, and Paris and Rome, if they were ever aware of its existence, have now promptly forgotten it. True, after the events of last year, little was expected here, and, save for the reckless action of a Russian Anarchist, all would have passed in the greatest calm. According to M. de Léoni, the 1st of May might almost be called a second All Fools' Day. How is it possible to suppose that a revolution could take place when the exact date and full particulars are known to all and sundry? The revolution scare has done little else than to force Paris to bring 100,000 soldiers into action; and, on account of this, the Labour Federation considers itself a force in the land. In reality, they should consider themselves, for this self-same reason, an impotence. Next year, let us hope the *revolutionaires* will be able to devise some more original scheme of action; their efforts, so far, are beneath consideration.

In Rome, too, every precaution was taken to prevent Socialistic meetings, and the presence of Maxim Gorki, who is recuperating at Capri, naturally made the authorities more on the alert than ever. Anything resembling a demonstration was strictly forbidden, and the city was full of armed soldiers, who were ready to be called into action at any moment. At Milan, May 1 has entirely lost its political character; it is nothing more nor less than a Bank Holiday, in which journalists and printers are the first to take part.

* * *

The King of the Anarchists in Paris

The man of the moment in Paris is Citizen Bousquet—at least, so he himself imagines. He it is whom the Paris Press honours with the title of "King of the Anarchists." To his eloquence we were indebted for the pleasure of beholding, as we sipped our *apéritifs* in our favourite cafés, the best that France can supply in the way of cuirassiers. All day long these poor individuals rode up and down, their rifles attached to their saddles—to be used only in case of emergency. Bousquet hails from the "Midi"; and he has every characteristic of the man of the South, from a dusky skin to that disagreeable accent which jars so terribly on the nerves of the

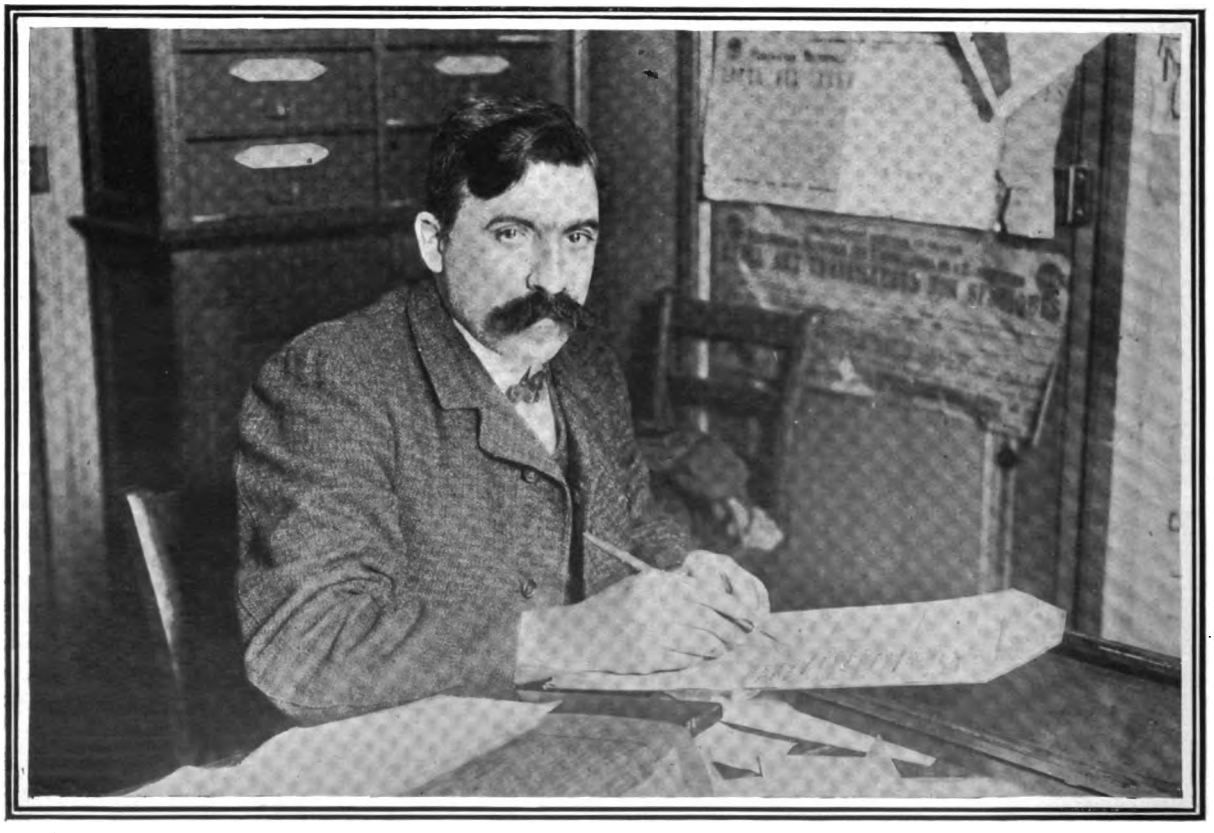

Photo *Topical Agency*

"The King of the Anarchists": M. Bousquet, who has recently been arrested in Paris

"The King of the Anarchists"—or "Citizen Bousquet," as he prefers to be called—is now receiving a short holiday at the expense of the French Government, in connection with the May Day disturbances. Although his utterances and appearance may inspire some with uneasiness, his bark is said to be far worse than his bite

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A Princess of Romance

THE SULTAN'S NIECE WHO HAS MARRIED A RUSSIAN PRINCE

Photo *Moreau*

The Portrait of Princess Cheref Ouroussoff, painted by M. Patricot, now being exhibited at the Paris Salon

Princess Ouroussoff, a niece of the Sultan of Turkey, is the daughter of a powerful Turkish Pasha. The Sultan's nephew fell in love with her and married her; but, on hearing of this, the Porte immediately ordered a divorce, as no member of the Sultan's family may marry anyone but a slave. The Princess, however, was allowed to go to Egypt, whence she, unobserved, made her way to Paris. Here she met, and married, Prince Ouroussoff, a well-known figure in Russian and Diplomatic circles

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polished Parisian. To command esteem, Bousquet deems it necessary to inspire terror, and although his terrible moustache and voice, and bristling hair, might be the death of a nervous old lady, his colleagues consider his bark far worse than his bite. All the Paris bakers have the greatest respect for him, and they have all his sympathy, considering it was in this capacity that he began his career and qualified for his present position. His favourite topics of conversation are his triumphal *entrée* here (I have forgotten how many years ago) and his prison experiences. With all the loquacity which characterises the *Méridional*, he delights to recall every detail connected with these two happy incidents. He will tell you exactly in what garb he appeared, and that wooden clogs adorned his feet. Of prison life there is, in fact, little he cannot tell you. To hear him speak one would imagine him a gaol-bird, born and bred, whereas his incarcerations are little more than short holidays at the expense of the State—unjustly lenient punishments for placing his respectable name in huge letters on an anti-military bill. By this time, probably, Citizen Bousquet has once more regained his liberty.

* * *

Explorer and Diplomat

Society at Rome has most cordially welcomed, this week, a member of one of its oldest families—Don Livio Caetani, third son of the Prince di Teano. For some time past this young Italian has been exploring in East Africa, and Rome is impatiently waiting to hear all the details of his interesting and curious discoveries. Don Livio is well known in England, for, of course, he is half English, his mother being a daughter of Colonel E. B. Wilbraham and his grandmother, the Hon. Harriet Ellis, daughter of Lord Howard de Walden. Unfortunately, Rome will not have the pleasure of his society long, for he has shortly to take up his duties as First Secretary at the Italian Embassy at St. Petersburg.

* * *

Echoes of the Montagnini Case

Mgr. Montagnini's correspondence still affords a great deal of copy for Paris papers. By the way, I hear the author is enjoying the respect of all in Roman society and the approval of his chiefs, Cardinal Merry del Val and Mgr. Loranzelli, the ex-Nuncio, who is patiently waiting for his nomination as Cardinal. It is a well-known fact that, when in Paris, the ex-Nuncio lived up to his convictions that a Papal Ambassador here should pay for nothing, and Mgr. Montagnini followed his example. He was not above accepting a fine billiard table and lamp from a candidate for a bishopric! Mgr. Loranzelli, too, who ardently desired a Limoges dinner service, sent his secretary to buy it, taking pains to tell him that the bill should be sent to the bishop of that town! That handsome service, by the way, has followed its master to Rome. Whilst in Paris, Montagnini's besetting sin was French pastry, a fact which was well known to many of his Catholic lady acquaintances, and which was helping, no doubt, to spoil the shape of his oval face.

* * *

King Edward's Lightning Look at the Salons

During the King's last visit to Paris, he was favoured with anything but his own proverbial weather. The rain came down in torrents every time he left his hotel, and when, according to his custom, he visited the *Salons*, he had the building almost to himself. Again this year, M. Detaille was called upon to do the honours of the Societies of French Artists, in which the work of foreigners takes so prominent a place. Considering there are forty-three rooms of oil paintings alone in one Society, and scarcely fewer in the other, and that His Majesty's visit was very short, his impressions must have been somewhat superficial.

Copyright *Gustave Jacquet*

"La Joueuse de Vielle"

M. Jacquet's picture, in this year's *Salon*, of a Breton girl playing the national musical instrument, which resembles both a guitar and a hurdy-gurdy, has attracted a good deal of attention

* * *

Some Salon Pictures

M. Léon Bonnat's portrait of Paderewski is excellent. In spite of what the critics may say, his portrait of President Fallières is good, and a striking likeness. But, of course, opinions on this subject are divided. Most people evidently expected to see a portrait of Adonis when President Fallières posed as the model! Bonnat's favourite pupil—Patricot—has found a very fascinating subject in Princess Cheref Ouroussoff, niece of the Sultan.

The painter has done justice to himself, his model, and his master. Princess Cheref Ouroussoff is a niece of the Sultan by marriage, and daughter of a powerful Turkish Pasha. The Sultan's nephew, contrary to the laws of the country, saw her, fell in love with her, and married her. But when H.I.M. heard of the marriage, he immediately ordered a divorce, for on no account can a member of the Sultan's family marry anyone but a slave. As a compensation for the loss of her husband, the Princess was allowed to go to Egypt, and whilst there, she slipped away, unobserved, to Paris, where she met, and married, Prince Ouroussoff—a name well known in Russian and Diplomatic circles.

M. Jacquet has painted a picture of a Breton beauty, playing an instrument which accompanies all the national dances of that province, and which resembles both a guitar and a hurdy-gurdy.

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE
"Mr. George"

Mr. Louis N. Parker makes an ideal collaborator. He can furnish charming comedy relief to stern, rugged drama. Do you want a love scene written so as to affect an audience to the point of emotion, just midway between smiles and tears, then Mr. Parker is the man to write it. Mr. Parker has the perfect touch in his treatment of the tender passion upon the stage. In the new play there is a scene between Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Miss Billie Burke which is among the most daintily written of its *genre*. But when Mr. Parker writes a play by himself, his sentiment runs away with him. There is no scene in *Mr. George* which has even the most remote pretensions to being a strong scene.

All is as idyllic as a pastoral. The loves of the characters in Mr. Parker's play are as the loves of Dresden shepherds for Dresden shepherdesses. This atmosphere of artifice is not to be breathed by real human beings. So we accept without demur a winsome girl as senior partner in a firm of merchant adventurers; and find it in no way surprising that the two partners should indulge in dalliance when a war, which threatens the very existence of their firm, broods over the town of Boston. True, there is an uncouth and overbearing suitor to the hand of the fair "Senior Partner." But he is as unreal, so far as his potentiality for evil-doing lies, as the rest of them. At no time does he threaten to tear the delicate pattern which the playwright has woven. He is never allowed to become a serious factor, capable of affecting the happy destiny wh ch the author has worked out for his leading man and his leading lady. Equally negligible are the two sisters, who would force their brother, the junior partner, into marriage with a lady who fancies him no more than he fancies her. In this charming and agreeable fashion the play progresses, giving but scant opportunities for Miss Billie Burke to be other than charming, and Mr. Hawtrey to be other than agreeable.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

"Mr. and Mrs. Ellen Terry"

Otherwise Mr. and Mrs. James Carew, whose marriage was only made public last week. Mr. Carew (in the centre of the group) has been Miss Terry's "leading man" during her American tour

Mr. O. B. Clarence gives us a finished portrait of a lovable old man; while Messrs. Harben, Troode, and Norrie sketch for us three junior clerks exactly suited to the *personnel* of this most unbusiness-like firm of Merchant Adventurers of Boston and London.

The play is preceded by *Jemmy*, a little piece in which the sentiment of Mr. Parker is not so happily expressed. Curtain-raisers are of little account these days, but the management of the Vaudeville might well have put on a first piece which afforded stronger contrast to the *pièce de resistance* of the evening. There is too much Parker in the bill.

WALDORF THEATRE
"Romeo and Juliet"

It is unpleasant to harp upon a subject, but as the Sothern-Marlowe season progresses, one the more regrets the choice of *The Sunken Bell* for the opening play. Six weeks is so short a period in which to remove an unfavourable impression. However, with each successive production our American visitors seem to make new friends. Their production of *Romeo and Juliet* is one to be grateful for. It was well staged, and admirably played by every member in the cast. It was followed intently—I had almost written breathlessly—by a large audience, which seemed fully to realise the care, thought, and artistic feeling which characterised both mounting and playing.

It may have been the excellence of Miss Marlowe's performance, but never have I been so struck by the superiority of Juliet over Romeo as an acting rôle. This is in no way intended as a disparagement of Mr. Sothern's performance, which was instinct with the primary qualities—picturesqueness and sincerity. In love, a wise Frenchman remarked that one is the lover and the other is the loved. While it cannot be strictly said that Juliet is the lover and Romeo the loved, yet to Juliet the poet gives more striking opportunities (from the point of view of drama) of expressing her love. She wrests the interest from Romeo almost as successfully as the bride from the bridegroom at a modern wedding. In their scenes together Juliet is the dominant personality,

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while in their scenes apart Juliet is the more richly gifted. Her scenes with the Nurse and the potion scene far outvalue Romeo's scenes with the friar. Romeo is given one of his finest outbursts of feeling when he learns from the friar of the decree of banishment pronounced against him. Here Mr. Sothern rose to great heights. So, too, Miss Marlowe was most successful in the latter end of the play, where the drama calls for an actress of matured powers and experience. As for the Mercutio of Mr. Lewis, it is not too much to call it, from my point of view, a revelation. Critics, with an experience dating earlier than mine, may have seen as fine a performance. I never have. This new Mercutio is soldier, wit, and scholar. So lovable is his personality, that his death becomes an affecting and moving episode in the play.

Mrs. Brooke made an admirable Nurse, so admirable that I am emboldened to tell this little story of an alteration in the text against her, secure in the knowledge that the laugh will be with her and not against her.

ROMEO: "Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee——"

NURSE: "Good heart! and i'faith I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman."

The last sentence quite slipped Mrs. Brooke's memory, but she was equal to the occasion, and expressed the sense at least of the text by promptly adding, "*I'm sure she will be delighted!*"

THE MEMORIAL THEATRE

At Stratford-on-Avon, if you ask about the work of Mr. F. R. Benson in fostering the spirit of the Festival, they reply, succinctly, "Mr. Benson *is* the Festival." It is certainly true that, but for Mr. Benson, the Festival would never have attained its present proportions. This year, the energetic actor-manager provided a number of "star" attractions to supplement the good work of his own company. Mr. Bourchier, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Evelyn Millard, and Mr. Otho Stuart have been among the many celebrities appearing during Festival time at the Memorial Theatre. During a recent visit, I had the pleasure of witnessing the Bensonians in *The Country Girl* and *Twelfth Night*. Garrick's version of Wycherley's play is flat stuff. Consequently, the company worked extra hard to supply some of the fun and spirits of the original. Mrs. Benson, in particular, erred on the side of exuberance. There is a way of suggesting high animal spirits without being boisterous. Mrs. Benson was seen to much better advantage as Viola in *Twelfth Night*; while the Malvolio of Mr. Benson is among the cleverest performances in his very extensive repertory. Of the younger members of the company, Mr. Murray Carrington shows the greatest promise. As natural advantages, he has a fine presence and a pleasing voice, while his training has been turned to excellent account by giving him that precious attribute of an actor—repose. E. C. S.

Woodcutting Wonderful at the Hippodrome

Some extraordinary feats are being accomplished here by Messrs. H. H. Jackson and Peter McLaren, the Champion Axemen and single and double-handed Sawmen of Australia. They chop or saw through huge logs of the blue gum tree wood, measuring 76 inches in circumference, in times varying from 40 to 70 seconds. One hundred tons of this wood have been specially imported from the Australian bush. One log, 63 inches round, was sawn in half in 25 seconds. The remainder of the programme is particularly strong at present. Speedy, said to be the greatest high diver in the world, is proving an enormous attraction. His performance is truly sensational. De Gracia's elephants form an amusing turn, while other items include Payen, the Martinecks, Li and Lon, midget vocalists, Alfred Agoust, and the Comical Stein Erreto Family. That gorgeous spectacle "The Typhoon," is still in the bill. R. M

Photo *White*

A Scene from the new American play, "Strongheart," at the Aldwych Theatre

In this play, a new American "star," Mr. Robert Edeson, was introduced last week to London. In the scene above, which illustrates the wonders of American football "kit," the hero is charged with treachery

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STRATFORD-ON-AVON IN FESTIVAL TIME

Photo Illustrations Bureau *Merry-makers in the High Street*

To Stratford-on-Avon in a speedy, smooth-running Great Central train—to Stratford-on-Avon in the throes of a Festival—I travelled, braced to undergo all manner of "turns" in a most comprehensive programme. At the little railway station I learned that I had arrived precisely at the wrong time. It was most unfortunate, but Stratford was enjoying a breathing-space. The theatre people, of course, were hard at it, and I might stumble upon a stray concert; but the floral processions, Morris dances, hockey matches, races—really, my arrival during the interval was most unfortunate. I concealed my joy. Impressions of the joys of set "functions" are better obtained second-hand. The town was in gala dress, its flags, festoons of flowers, banners, shields, and streamers making up a "scheme" of decoration which came very freshly and tastefully to one accustomed to London efforts in this direction. And so to "The Falcon"—the name commemorating a drinking bout which had fatal results for a certain celebrity. The hostess is Miss Anne Page, and when she appears, the cry of the love-lorn Slender rises to the mind: "Sweet Anne Page!"

The Tapestry Studio

Strolling abroad, I happened upon a sign-post to Shottery. The temporary cessation of festivities pleased me. How I succeeded in not visiting Anne Hathaway's cottage will long remain a delightful memory. The path to Shottery takes one by market gardens and meadows. Within a stone's-throw of the dwelling where Shakespeare's wife, it is more than whispered, did not dwell, I passed a row of cottages, timbered, gabled, and thatched—a common sight in Stratford and the neighbourhood. But at the open door of one of the cottages sat a pinafored maiden, spinning. Pausing to take in this delightful picture, I involuntarily exclaimed aloud, "Why, she's blind!" A gentle voice from behind the sweet-briar hedge replied, "Yes, she's blind; would you like to come in and see some of her work?" I had happened upon the Tapestry Studio, and was soon listening to curious lore about an almost forgotten art, which fell from the lips of Miss Clive Bayley, who told me of strange adventures in India, Finland, and Lapland. The little blind girl looked up from her spinning wheel and smiled as I went out by the cottage gate. And I was thinking of that smile as I passed Anne Hathaway's cottage.

A Record Festival

This is the greatest Festival that has ever been in Stratford. You have only to be in the town five minutes to learn this fact. If effects are not sufficient, and you hanker after causes, every different man you meet will plunge your head beneath the sea of speculation. One will tell you that the names of Arthur Bourchier, Violet Vanbrugh, Lewis Waller, Evelyn Millard, Otho Stuart, upon the announcement sheets of the Memorial Theatre, have drawn these record crowds and audiences. Another will point to the elaborate programme of functions, and ask how intending holiday-makers could resist them; while a wise old citizen whose acquaintance I made, asserted that the Festival is

Photo *Tyler*

Shakespeare's House: View from the back

Shakespeare's house is more often photographed from the street side, but this view shows the trim and prim English garden, which, planted with old-fashioned flowers, is the delight of visitors, and especially Americans

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Photo] **Miss Marie Corelli's House at Stratford** [*Tyler*

'Mason Croft" is a square-built Tudor house (of which the gables were cut away from the front in Queen Anne's time) giving on the High Street. It is overgrown with creepers. The severity of the front is further relieved by carved oak, porch and window-boxes—the latter at this season a blaze of daffodils

growing in dimensions every year by reason of that best of all forms of advertisement—the hearty recommendations of Mr. and Mrs. Jones and their family, dropped in the wide circle of their acquaintances. "The Festival of 1907 is a bigger affair than the Festival, 1906," he declared, "because it occurs just a year later."

Miss Corelli and Restoration

And Miss Marie Corelli? No article on Stratford-on-Avon would be complete without reference to such a figure in the world, and, by consequence, in Stratford. Miss Corelli may be said to be possessed of a burning zeal for reverent restoration. Whenever Time writes too plainly upon the Tudor cottages dotted about Stratford, Miss Corelli is at hand to efface the handiwork of the Destroyer. Without stirring the ashes of recent controversy, I may say that misunderstandings about restoration have been at the seat of the trouble. So much rubbish has been written upon the matter that a few facts should be welcomed.

In the first place, at a cost of £200, Miss Corelli restored a beautiful Tudor house at the corner of the street opposite the Town Hall. This house does not belong to her, and she has no interest in it whatsoever, beyond the artistic interest of one who is anxious that the townspeople should benefit by its beauty as a distinct ornament to their principal street.

Secondly, Miss Corelli paid up the old standing debt of £300 upon Trinity Church, where Shakespeare is buried.

Thirdly, Miss Corelli has superintended the restoration of the famous "Harvard House," the maternal home of John Harvard, founder of the American College. Moreover, but for Miss Corelli's exertions, Harvard House would never have been acquired for America. Her intervention in the matter was instigated by fear lest Harvard House should be numbered among the many quaint Stratford houses (in Henley Street for example) which have been maltreated, instead of "restored" by additions of light modern oak.

Lastly, Miss Corelli spent a thousand pounds in attempting to secure, for the purpose of proper restoration, the two delightful old cottages in Henley Street where tickets are purchased for Shakespeare's birthplace. In this purpose, for reasons of a controversial nature which need not be touched upon, she has not been successful, but Harvard House stands as a monument to her care and zeal in the matter of reverent restoration. To conclude this topic I will tell a charming story, never before printed, which shows up in the proper light Miss Corelli's attitude upon the subject of restorations. Tapestry Studio, already referred to, was in a terrible state of dilapidation when Miss Clive Bayley took it over for her school. Miss Bayley frankly confesses that to restore it with old brickwork was beyond her means. Miss Corelli, always interested in restorations, pays a visit to Tapestry Studio.

"I am afraid you will scold me," says Miss Bayley, upon the appearance of her visitor, "but I wanted to do it up properly, ever so much." Miss Corelli's face lit up with smiles.

"That's quite enough for me," she said, "if you *wanted* to, you are forgiven!"

(*Notes on the performances at the Memorial Theatre will be found in "The Playhouses."*) E. C. S.

The Tapestry Studio at Shottery

Where Miss Clive Bayley conducts a school—numbering several blind scholars—in the arts of spinning and weaving

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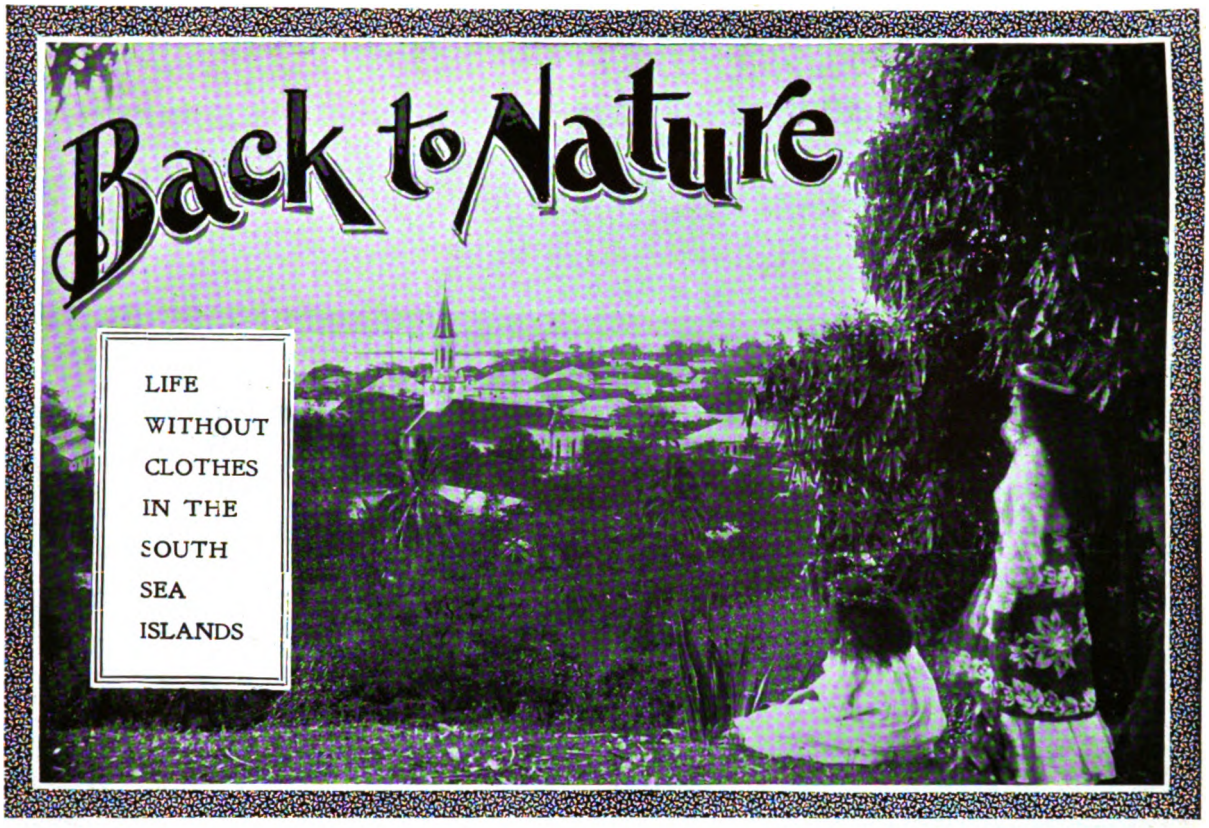

Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, the chief of the Society Isles. (Typical native girls on the right)

Photos

Mr. Darling, in walking costume, proceeding on a visit to the town to sell some of his garden produce

Underwood

Mr. Darling, in lounge attire, at home, reading "The Bystander"

MR. DARLING, THE "NATURE MAN," AT HOME IN TAHITI

Robert Louis Stevenson is not the only man to have found, in the South Seas, an ideal haven of rest. Tahiti, the beautiful island which is the chief among the Society Islands (itself the scene of a Stevensonian visit), is the home of Mr. Darling, the "Nature Man." Mr. Darling has for years believed in the sartorial methods of primeval man. An American, he tried first to put his ideas into practice in San Francisco. Disappointed, however, he took passage to Tahiti, where he found sympathy from the natives for his ideas—they themselves being clad but little more heavily than himself. Lands were granted him by the French Governor, and Mr. Darling soon built a cabin, and laid out a plantation with cocoanut and banana trees near the town of Papeete, 1,200 feet above sea level. There he lived, adopting as his costume that of the early Eden period (before the Fall of Man), thus saving tailors' bills, enjoying simple food, freedom from laws, etc., and generally leading a life of stuff such as dreams are made of. Mr. Darling is only thirty-two, and has, therefore, plenty of time to put his theories into practice, and test their efficacy as a solution of the problem of the ideal life

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In the Garden of the Pacific

Amusements in Tahiti: A Upaupa, or native dance

The natives of Tahiti are a handsome Polynesian race, very light-hearted and graceful, but entirely free from morals and trustworthiness

Photos *Underwood*

In a Tahitian Jungle

Tahiti, the scene of the above photograph, is 455 square miles in area, and is the principal among the Society Islands. It is somewhat hot, but healthy, beautifully wooded in the interior, and coral-reefed round the coast. It is a French possession, and has enjoyed some notoriety as one of the places visited by R. L. Stevenson in his search in the South Seas for an Eldorado

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The Eve of a South Sea Eden

Photo *Underwood*

A Typical Tahitian Native Girl

The difficulties of Mr. Darling (the Nature Man of our previous photographs) in finding a wife in his Tahitian home resemble, in their interminable perplexity, those of Vanderdecken—fidelity not being so strong a point with the little ladies of the Society Isles as is beauty

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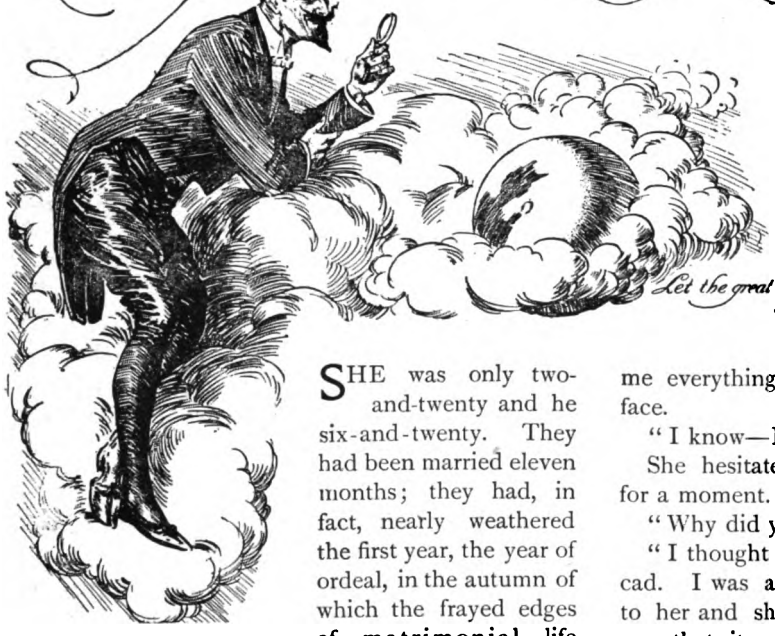
No 75 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



Ibsen Intervening

By

F. E. GREEN

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

SHE was only two-and-twenty and he six-and-twenty. They had been married eleven months; they had, in fact, nearly weathered the first year, the year of ordeal, in the autumn of which the frayed edges of matrimonial life appear and are perceived by most young couples. It was in the eleventh month, it must be remembered, that the incident occurred. They were young and very "modern." They read Ibsen with great earnestness; they attended the plays at the Court Theatre with all the regularity of good Shavians, and they went to meetings where "advanced" subjects were fully discussed.

The walls of their Hampstead flat, which were, of course, distempered olive green, were hung with reproductions of Burne-Jones and Watts, of Millet and Clausen and Whistler. "The Man with the Hoe" was there, too, possibly to remind Robert Raymond that he, as an architect, might claim some kind of kinship with those who worked with their hands.

Bob had been away two days on business. It was the first time he and his wife had been parted since their marriage. During his absence, a letter arrived for Robert addressed in a feminine handwriting. Clarice, who had been told by him to open all letters whilst he was away, opened and read it. The colour left her face as she did so, and, bursting into tears, she sobbed, with her aching head resting on the table. Alone, that fearful night, she thought it all out. She must leave Robert; of that she had made up her mind.

When Bob came rushing up the stairs to their flat next day, and burst into the dining-room, bag in hand, he was confronted by a beautiful but pale and red-eyed wife.

"Why, what's the matter, darling?" he exclaimed, as he rushed to embrace her.

"Don't touch me!" she said, quietly, retreating behind the table. "Read that," and she handed him the letter.

His face fell as he caught sight of the handwriting. He read the letter, all the light of a strong young life leaving his face as he did so. He looked up at his wife with a sad pair of eyes.

"You said before we married that you had told me everything," she said, looking him boldly in the face.

"I know—I lied! I did not tell you of this one!"

She hesitated. His virile masculinity baffled her for a moment.

"Why did you not?"

"I thought this was all over. I felt I had been a cad. I was afraid of losing you. I had made love to her and she to me, but I told her when I met you that it was all a mistake, and I could not—I could not go on with it. I have heard nothing of her since until this letter arrived."

"Why did you not tell her you were married?"

"I did not think it necessary. I supposed she would hear of it."

"I must leave you, Robert," she said, quietly, but with much dignity. How he hated to hear her give him his Christian name in full.

"Oh! I say, Clarice," he exclaimed, "you are taking it too seriously. I am no whit different from what I have been since we married, unless it is that I am a better man. I've committed no crime."

"It is not I; it is my sex you have wronged!"

He looked at her woefully. "I have never thought of it from that point of view," he said.

"I must leave you, Robert. Now, at once. You must write to this girl and tell her all that has happened. It is possible you may find that you still love her," she said, slowly, with a tremor in her voice.

"What rot, Clarice," began Bob. Clarice rebuked him with a proud frown as she moved towards the door.

"Good-bye, Robert," she said, without looking round.

"Look here, Clarice!" exclaimed Bob, with a ray of intellectual hope in his face. "Supposing I had married this girl and then met you. Wouldn't you say I ought to leave her as I love you so much more? Now here am I, absolutely married to you, whom I adore, after I had told her I could not possibly live with her. Why, Clarice, she would bore my head off."

"There speaks the egoist! Bore you! What about *her* feelings in the matter? What about having lied to me? What about my loyalty to my sex?"

"I wish I hadn't said that about being bored," said Bob, sinking into a chair, despondently. "I thought I had out-Ibsened you when I was fool enough to give you a chance to out-Meredith me. Look here, Clarice, this is all very silly. Yours are literary objections, not human ones."

(Continued on page 350)

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A Newcomer at the Gaiety

Photo] [*Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Gladys Cooper

A charming young actress who is now playing the part of Eva in *The Girls of Gottenberg*, which was produced at the Gaiety last week. Miss Cooper is a keen golfer, and is, generally, a lover of outdoor life

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(Continued from page 348)

He had made her angry now. "You charge me with insincerity, with affecting a pose! I think that the sooner we part the better. Good-bye!"

She walked out of the room, shutting the door after her.

. . . . .

Such commonplace inanities as food and shelter are very often obstacles beside the question of children to young married women bent on separating and living their "own" life. However, Clarice Raymond had £80 a year of her own, and was childless. She felt that she must get away from her present atmosphere. Now, a curious coincidence happened. She and Robert, one evening shortly before their rupture, had dwelt lovingly over their honeymoon, which had been spent in Switzerland, and both of them had said how pleasant it would be to spend the winter in the little Alpine village of Adel-Boden, where good skating was to be had. To get away from London and all the places where she was likely to meet her husband, she decided to go immediately to Adel-Boden.

She wanted to live somewhere where Nature in her grandest manifestations should make her feel the littleness of her own sorrows. It never occurred to her that Bob might go there too. He had also been ruminating over their affectionate talk of their honeymoon, and as business was slack, and he wanted to escape for a time from answering all questions about his wife, he decided that a fortnight's skating at Adel-Boden would help him to recover his wonted equilibrium after the shock he had sustained from his wife leaving him.

The beautiful young "widow," Mrs. Raymond, had been installed at Adel-Boden nearly a week before the arrival of Bob. The hotel was full, and she had to sleep at the Châlet higher up on the hill, though she took her meals at the hotel. Clarice, on her arrival, was dressed in black, and someone had whispered that she was a widow. She had never either denied or affirmed this statement, and so she, with her dark, long lashes over her sad eyes, with her finely marked eyebrows, and her beautiful tresses of dark brown hair, with her ivory skin, and her red lips of an exquisitely shaped mouth, was spoken of as the beautiful young widow.

A healthy young American, reputed to be very rich, who was travelling with his sister, was reported to be dancing attendance on Clarice, as were also an English traveller and a German officer.

Wintering in an Alpine village, where communication with the nearest railway station, such as Frutigen, was by a slow-going diligence, visitors are apt to live in closer communion than in their own native village or town

When Raymond arrived, he found that the hotel could not provide him with a bedroom, so that he had to sleep at the Châlet.

He found that there was also a lady sleeping there besides "Fraulein," who was in charge. "Rather a nuisance," he muttered to himself. "Have to be her escort, I suppose, to and fro—some fat German *frau*, no doubt!"

Raymond did not skate that afternoon, but spent the time in exploring the immediate neighbourhood and watching the skaters. The young American, who had been whirling round with a lady dressed in black, whose form seemed somewhat familiar to Raymond, came up and spoke to him in a friendly way. The lady in black was now at the other end of the long stretch of ice, skating with a very tall man. Robert went for a long walk along the beaten foot-tract, sighing mightily as he glanced in the direction of the lady in black.

He returned to the Châlet in time to dress for dinner. As he was coming out of his own room, getting into his great-coat, a figure in furs passed his window. His heart gave a bound. The subtle perfume, the fragrant odour emanating from a person beloved by him, seemed to have passed by his open window!

He walked down to the hotel in a melancholy dream, and was so slow in his movements that, by the time he got to the dining-room, the visitors were all seated at dinner. He walked to the first empty chair, which happened to be next to that of the young American.

He had his hand on the back of his chair, when his eyes lighted on his wife sitting right in front of him. There she sat in all her radiant beauty. Her hair was parted in the middle in the becoming way she usually wore it, and its heavy wavy folds found refuge at last in an irrational knot of heavy coils which hung low at the nape of her neck. Black lace rested upon her exquisite shoulders like caressing leaves.

At the sight of him the colour mounted her cheek, but beyond a flutter of her eyelids there was no recognition of him on her part. Robert picked up the menu. As he pretended to study it, whilst some soup was placed before him, he noticed that the tall Englishman sitting next to Clarice was entertaining her with the evident intention of seizing and holding her attention by stories of Stevenson and John Addington Symonds at Davos. He said he had met them there as a boy. "Stevenson," he was saying, "used to play games with me."

On Robert's left, an English girl of an aggressive, athletic type was murmuring something to him; he apologised for not hearing, and she repeated her remark about having had "a clinking good time."

The American ventured to make a remark across the table to Clarice, when he turned to Robert.

"Our new arrival here is a fellow-countryman of yours, come from your city, or shall I say little world. "Mrs. Raymond," he said, presenting Robert to Clarice, "I have not the honour of knowing your name, sir."

"My name happens to be the same as Mrs. Raymond's."

"Now that is curious—very," remarked the American.

"Have you been here long?" said Clarice, looking down at her plate.

"I came this afternoon," replied Robert curtly.

"I saw Stevenson afterwards at Samoa," continued the tall traveller, trying to re-engage Mrs. Raymond in conversation. She had hitherto shown a keen interest in Robert Louis Stevenson, but her interest now flagged.

"Are you fond of dancing?" asked the athletic young lady on Robert's right.

(Continued on page 352)

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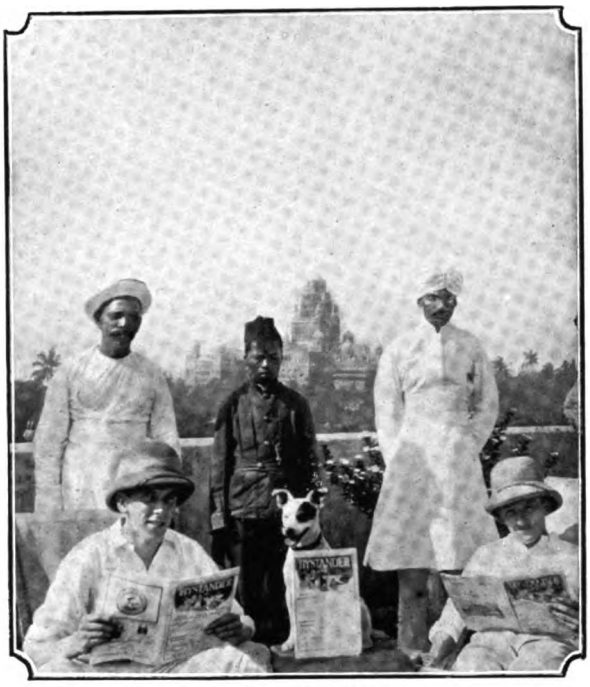
Can Dogs Read?

A FEW PHOTOGRAPHS AS INCONTESTABLE EVIDENCE

How to Spend a Pleasant Hour

Our canine friend, just as the human reader, finds that a few back numbers of THE BYSTANDER afford an excellent afternoon's entertainment. *Sent by* MISS CONSTANCE FEW, *Denbigh House, Shalford, Guildford*

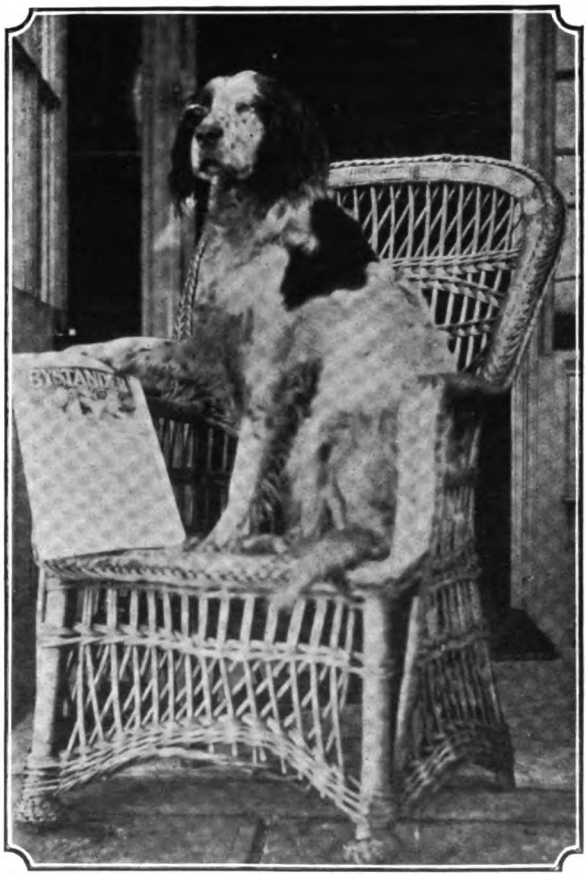


"That's a Good Joke"

The centre "reader" is evidently highly tickled at one of our jokes, but we have not been informed which it is. This photograph was taken on the roof of a Bombay house and in the distance can be seen the magnificent building of the chief railway station in that city. *Sent by* MR. J. E. ASPINWALL, *Bombay Club, Bombay*

A Disciple of Omar Khayyam

". . . A cup of wine, and thou (THE BYSTANDER)
Beside me in the wilderness. . . ."
Sent by MR. A. E. CASSELTON, *43, Earlham Grove, Forest Gate*



"What's the New Number Like?"

Patrician of aspect, this English setter takes his pleasures seriously, and evidently intends to look through his BYSTANDER in a critical mood. *Sent by* MISS VIOLET H. TEMPLER, *The Hall, Eaglescliffe, Durham*

ST. BRIDE FOUNDATION
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(Continued from page 350)

"No, I hate it," answered Bob sulkily, and the athletic young lady mentally made a note that this young man was an impossible person.

A quiet ripple of a smile hung roguishly in the corners of Clarice's lips, while Bob was looking round for some salt. Clarice knowing his fondness for it, anticipated his desire, and quietly passed it to him. He thanked her. Her intimate knowledge of his likes and prejudices at table established an unspoken *camaraderie*.

"By the way," said the big Englishman, in a low tone, to Clarice, "you have promised me a dance to-night."

The American and Bob both heard his half playful, half-serious appeal.

"And me, too," said the American, laughingly to Clarice.

"I think," said Clarice, looking at the American's sister, who sat next to her brother, "that we had better arrange our dances so that everyone has a partner. We mustn't promise too many, must we?"

The German officer, who was sitting too far off to join in the conversation, now bore a more amiable expression on his countenance.

"Shall we form a committee, and call it 'The Relief Committee for Languishing Wallflowers'?" said the lady American, with much precision. A sally of laughter greeted this gravely expressed suggestion.

Bob did not join in the general merriment. When stewed prunes were given him, Clarice, who had most of the good things assiduously handed to her, passed him the cream in the most matter-of-fact way. She knew his weakness for cream. He took it with a murmured, "Oh, thanks, Cl—er." He pulled himself up.

"I think Mr. Raymond should be induced to dance," said Clarice, with a wicked gleam in her eyes. They all looked at Bob.

"Perhaps, if you were to ask him," said the American, laughingly, "he might consent."

"Please, Mr. Raymond," said Clarice, with an affectionate look into Bob's face, "would you honour me with a dance?"

"Oh, the minx!" muttered a clergyman's elderly sister to herself.

Bob dropped his eyes, turned red, and blurted out, "Very well, I will!"

Loud laughter greeted this grudging consent.

"He wants kicking," muttered the big Englishman to himself.

Bob now was infected with general laughter, and began to laugh uproariously himself. He caught his wife's eyes, and they laughed together with a free comradeship.

"If you only knew, Mrs. Raymond," said Bob, "how I detest dancing, you would pardon me for my boorish reply."

Before they rose from dinner, the American murmured into Bob's ear, "Beautiful, isn't she? Widow, I believe."

"Indeed!" remarked Raymond.

As they rose from dinner Bob took the opportunity of speaking to his wife. He stepped up to her as she was walking along the hall to the drawing-room.

"Clarice," he murmured in her ear, "don't think I followed you here. I hadn't the ghost of an idea you were here."

She looked on the ground. "Thank you, Robert, for not giving me away. It would have looked so foolish."

"Please, Clarice," said Robert, as he left her side, "I know you can't help being pretty, but must you be a widow?"

She looked away. "I don't know who started that report," she answered demurely. "I didn't." She was smiling to herself.

Two hours later the American lady and Raymond were seated by the blazing log-fire in the large hall. They had both an intimate knowledge of German literature and music, and were now discussing with much interest Wagner's operas, when Robert was aware that Clarice was hovering near without seeing her. The American lady looked annoyed.

"Oh! here come some people," she said to Robert, "we shall have to close our discussion, I suppose, and listen to the inanities of the drawing-room."

Clarice noticed the look of annoyance, and overheard some of the words. With heightened colour she moved away.

"Captivating?" remarked the American lady, following Raymond's eyes, and catching sight of her brother.

"I think she is perfectly charming and perfectly good," said Bob, with warmth.

"Dear me!" returned his companion. "The pretty widow has another champion in you, Mr. Raymond."

A few minutes after Bob heard his wife's voice saying: "Yes, I'm tired, I'm going up to the Châlet now."

She was wrapped in her furs, ready to venture out into the cold air.

"Allow me to escort you," said the American.

She looked round at Bob, but he did not move.

"I think," she said, "there is a gentleman staying there, so Fraulein told me."

"I am staying there," said Bob jumping up; "may I escort you?"

"Oh! thank you very much. It will save you coming out into the cold, Mr. Bernicker."

When Mr. and Mrs. Raymond were outside alone in the clustering shadow of the pines, their silence was broken by Clarice saying:

"Bobbie, may I take your arm?"

"Darling, have you come back to me?"

"Please forgive me, Bobbie, I have been so silly. What made you come here?"

"That talk about our honeymoon."

"And that was why I came here," she said, in a low, tender voice.

"We are going home together now, Clarice?"

"Yes. Don't the little red blinds look cosy, too? What about to-morrow, Bob? We can't keep it up."

"We must take flight to-morrow to Frutigen, and send for our luggage; and then let us have a week's skating at Kandersteg. We haven't had a spin together yet, Clarice."

"Oh! yes we have; think of dinner!"

"My naughty, beautiful widow!"

"My handsome boy, who finds the intellectual conversation of American ladies so much more strenuous than my inanities."

"May I talk inanities to-night?"

"As long as you like!"

. . . . .

The next morning, on the steps of the hotel, about ten o'clock, three men (all looking very sulky), and a lady (looking very perplexed), were discussing the beautful widow and the man of the same name who had carried her away that morning before anyone had had breakfast.

"Fraulein said they were married," remarked the Englishman, laughing in spite of himself.

"I thought so," said the American lady, with precision, "by the experienced fashion in which she passed him the cream at dinner."

F. E. Green.

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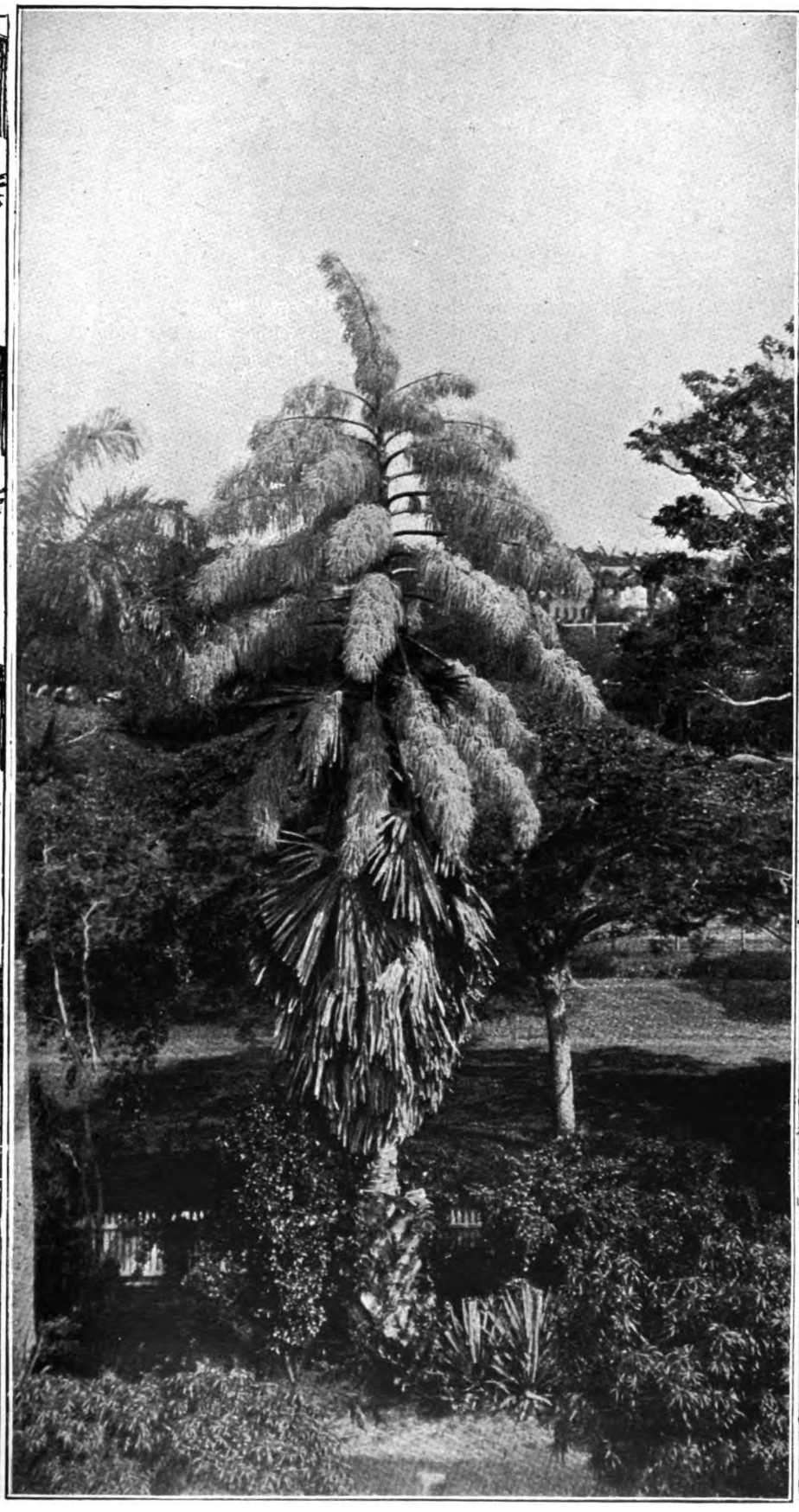
A Horticultural Phenomenon



A beautiful talipot palm in flower, at Georgetown, British Guiana

This is only the second occasion on which this palm has been known to flower in British Guiana, for though there are many specimens growing in the Colony, the talipot is a native of Ceylon and the Malabar Coast. After flowering, which never takes place till after it is thirty years old, the tree has accomplished its life's work, and its magnificent giant leaves, which the Cingalese carry before persons of rank, slowly but surely die, and the proud, upright trunk has nothing more to do but to wither and decay

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Games and Pastimes

GARDENING

A Beautiful Climber

Among the many plants which may be propagated by cuttings in Spring is the passion-flower, one of the most beautiful climbers we have. There are over a hundred different varieties, mostly requiring stove or greenhouse treatment; but one, Passiflora cœrulea, if grown on a warm wall, is fairly hardy in the Southern counties, though it is a native of Brazil. Unlike the daffodil though the passion-flower is, it has one feature in common with that plant, for the fringe which adds greatly to the attractiveness of its flowers is really a finely divided corona. The young shoots should be used as cuttings, and if they are taken off with a slight "heel"—that is, with a scrap of the older wood attached to the base—they will root with more certainty. They should be placed in the greenhouse, kept moist, and shaded and covered with a bell-jar. Although the cuttings of some plants do not require to be covered, many do, especially those with hard-wooded stems, the reason being that the admission of fresh air stimulates the leaves to the performance of their ordinary functions, and thus causes evaporation from their surface; and, as there are no roots to keep up the supply of sap, they must eventually collapse.

Some Tasks for Spring

At this season the interest of the garden deepens every day. If some of the early flowering bulbs are over, the tulips and hyacinths are still with us, and multitudes of other plants are either now flowering or else preparing to flower. The scene changes so rapidly, almost every morning presenting some new feature, that if we would remember what needs altering, we must make frequent use of a note-book. From this time onward, for many months, the hoe becomes the most useful tool. It destroys weeds, disturbs insects, aerates the soil, and, by loosening the surface, checks evaporation, and so saves much trouble in watering. The rapidity with which weeds grow, if left undisturbed, is astonishing, and very often disheartening. They leave cultivated plants far behind, the seeds seeming to germinate almost as soon as they reach the ground. It is the rapidity with which they germinate, grow, and seed that gives them their chance—a trait which they have developed as the result of their having been worried with the hoe generation after generation. If they took more time, most of them would long ago have been cleared out of every well-ordered garden. Insects possess one advantage over them in being able to move about. Aphides are already on the young tips of the roses, and unless they are syringed off—with an infusion of quassia chips or tobacco, with a little soft soap added to make it adhere—there will soon be thousands where now there are only two or three. Many of the earliest buds, too, will be found injured by grubs. These should be picked off and burned. Slugs are the most trying creatures in the garden. Though indiscriminate feeders, taking what they can get, they prefer the delicate shoots of such plants as young delphiniums and tender seedlings generally. Soot, if dry, and ashes will keep them away, the former by adhering to their slimy bodies, the latter by its rough surface; but the best way to protect seedlings is to surround them with a narrow strip of perforated zinc, an impassable *chevaux-de-frise* to slugs.

H. C. Davidson.

A Wall Well-draped with Climbers

One of the most beautiful climbers we have is the passion-flower, and though most of its hundred odd varieties require greenhouse treatment, the Passiflora cœrulea may easily be grown on a warm wall in the Southern counties

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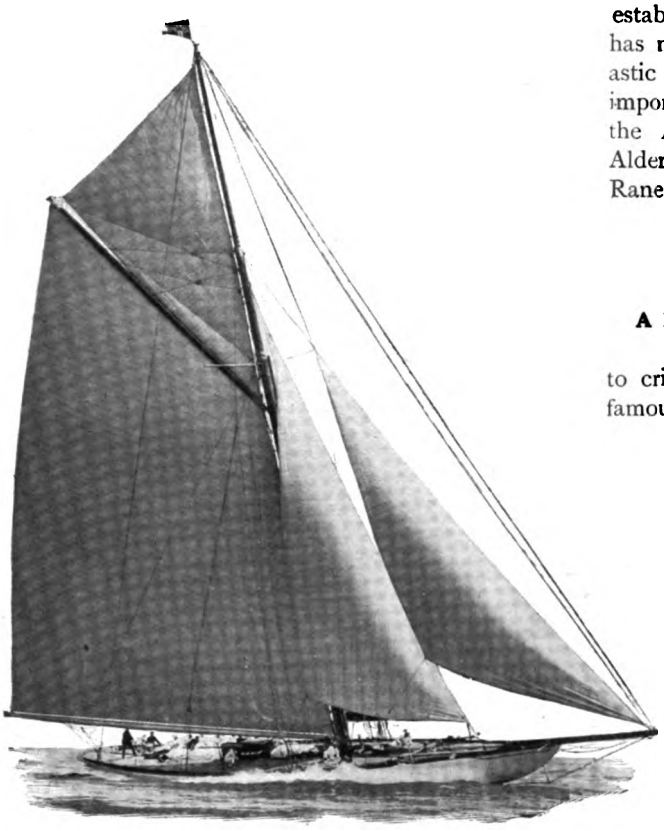


"White Heather II." doing a trial spin

POLO NOTES.

An Inauspicious Opening

Polo is a pastime which is particularly dependent upon the weather, for when once the grounds get sodden with the rain, they take a considerable time to become fit for play again. A long spell of drought is also bad, particularly in the provinces, but in London this practically never stops play, for artificial watering facilities are available. So far, the continued wet weather has been singularly unfavourable for polo, and one cudgels one's brains in vain to recall a year in which not a ball has been struck during the first ten days of what is already an all too short polo season. Compared with the exceptionally brilliant summer of last year, the outlook is especially annoying for players, and it is sincerely to be hoped that what bids fair in all other respects to be a very good season will not be spoilt by bad weather.

The Inter-Regimental

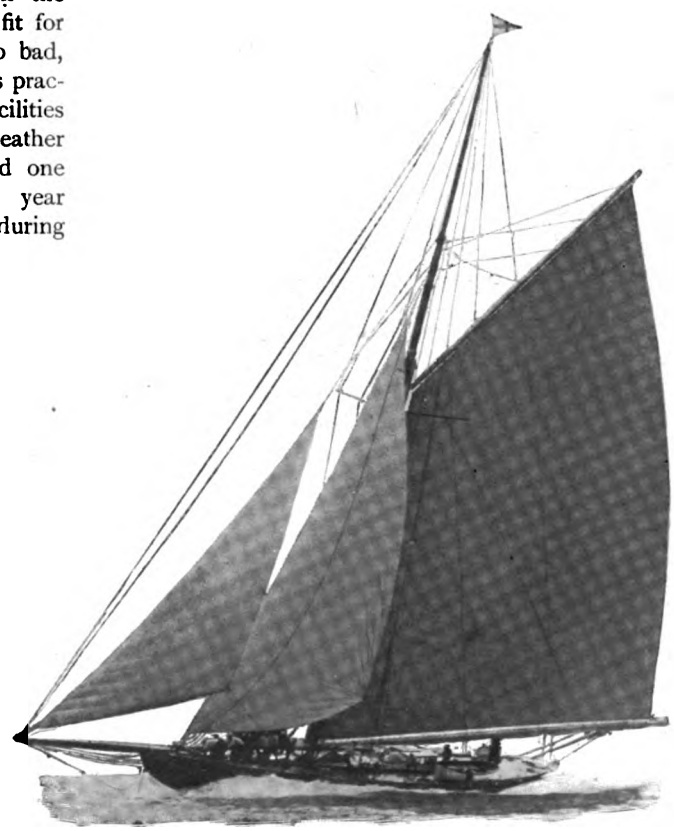
Major W. A. Tilney, the new honorary secretary of the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament Committee, issues a reminder that entries for that popular competition close on Monday next, May 20. Entries, with a list of ponies, and an entrance fee of £5 per team, should be addressed to Major Tilney, at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, S.W. By the way, Major Tilney's predecessor, Major Stanley Barry, 10th Hussars, who was appointed honorary secretary of the new committee when it was established in 1903, and held office for four years has now retired from the Army. Always an enthusiastic player, he was a few years ago manager of the important Aldershot Polo Club, and in 1904 was in the Aldershot staff team that won the inaugural Aldershot Cup one-day military tournament at Ranelagh.

L. V. L. S.

YACHTING

A Fleet in Being

I am not sure whether three vessels can properly be said to form a fleet, but I am tempted to crib my heading to these notes from Kipling's famous monograph on the British Navy, because of the undoubted fact that the yacht-racing season of 1907 is going to be one of exceptional interest. The new International rating rule will be on its trial, and, in Great Britain at any rate, the requisite material for that trial is forthcoming. I have already indicated in these pages that the object of the rule is to foster a type of boat which is not merely a racing machine, but a sea-going ship, capable of being used as a cruiser—or, in fact, as a yacht in the true sense of the term—and I have told how that *Nyria* was built last year for Mr. Robert Young, in anticipation of the passing of the rule, and raced by him with such eminently satisfactory results that Sir James Pender and Mr. Myles Kennedy were moved to follow his example, and to build a couple of new cutters, in place of *Kariad* and *White Heather*, to race against him.



Photos "Brynhild II." off Cowes *Kirk*

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These two boats—*White Heather II.*, built by Fife on the Clyde for Mr. Kennedy, and *Brynhild II.*, built by Nicholson at Gosport for Sir James Pender—are now actually in commission; and they, with *Nyria*, form the fleet in being of which so much is expected, for they will carry on board the hopes and aspirations, not only of their owners, but of all true yachtsmen, that, whichever of them may prove to be the best, they will collectively herald the dawn of a new era in the history of yacht-racing—an era which, unless I am much mistaken, will prove that a basis of common sense and reality is essential to the success of yachting, if not of every kind of sport.

Racer and Cruiser Combined

The new boats' construction and cabin accommodation are as near perfection as can be, and, with their moderate draught, ample beam, and high freeboard, they will make excellent cruisers. On the other hand, there is nothing cruiser-like in their appearance. They carry tall masts of solid Oregon pine, hollow spars, and an immense spread of canvas *Brynhild* has very low bulwarks, and *White Heather* practically no bulwarks at all, and they have that unmistakable look which is possessed by all vessels built for speed. In other words, as they stand at present they are racers first and cruisers afterwards, but capable of being converted into out-and-out cruisers by a couple of alterations—the reduction of the sail plan (which would also enable a reduction to be made in the number of hands), and the addition of a raised bulwark, if the owner preferred it, though there are many that aver that even on a cruiser the old high bulwarks which used to be considered so safe are something of a snare and a delusion, and that for real seaworthiness a foot of freeboard is worth a yard of bulwark.

"The Bystander" Umpiring Prize

The "Mass" racket which this paper is again presenting at lawn-tennis tournaments as a prize for that usually thankless task of umpiring

Lawn Tennis: "Peter" Prevails

In view of the victory gained by Peter Latham, at Brighton last week, over C. ("Punch") Fairs, by which he recovered the Tennis Championship, from which Fairs ousted him in 1905, it may be interesting to recapitulate in brief the history of Latham's doings therein. In 1890 the American, Pettitt, beat the then holder, the late Charles Saunders, at Lord Iveagh's court in Dublin, but subsequently resigned the Championship, which was promptly reassumed by Saunders. Latham, not long after, challenged Saunders, and by beating him, at Brighton, gained the title for the first time. He next stalled off a determined effort by Pettitt to regain the title, mainly by means of the overhand railroad service, to the development of which he had given unremitting attention. For some time after, "Peter" was left in undisputed possession of his laurels, but in 1904 "Punch" Fairs came forward with a challenge, and the match proved a very tough affair. "Peter" was the winner, but only after "Punch" had been within a stroke of six sets all. Next year "Punch" challenged again; the match, half of which was played at Queen's and half at Prince's, had to be postponed once owing to Latham's being ill, and when it finally came off he was very far from fit. Fairs beat him, and then, a little more than a year ago, he beat Ferdinand Garcia, the French champion, by seven sets to four. Last week, at Brighton, however, "Peter" was himself again.

COLONIAL PUZZLE PICTURE

The prize of ONE GUINEA, offered in our last issue, has been awarded to MR. P. LINDSAY, Newlands, Canterbury, whose post-card contained the first correct answer to be received by the Editor on Saturday morning last. The solution is "Christchurch, New Zealand"; the band playing is the Besses o' the Barn. Consolation Prizes of Half a Guinea each have been sent to Mr. F. A. A. Hudson, Railway Bookstal, Huddersfield, and to Mr. R. Niel Guthrie, M.B., Glasgow Royal Infirmary, whose correct post-cards were the next in order to be read.

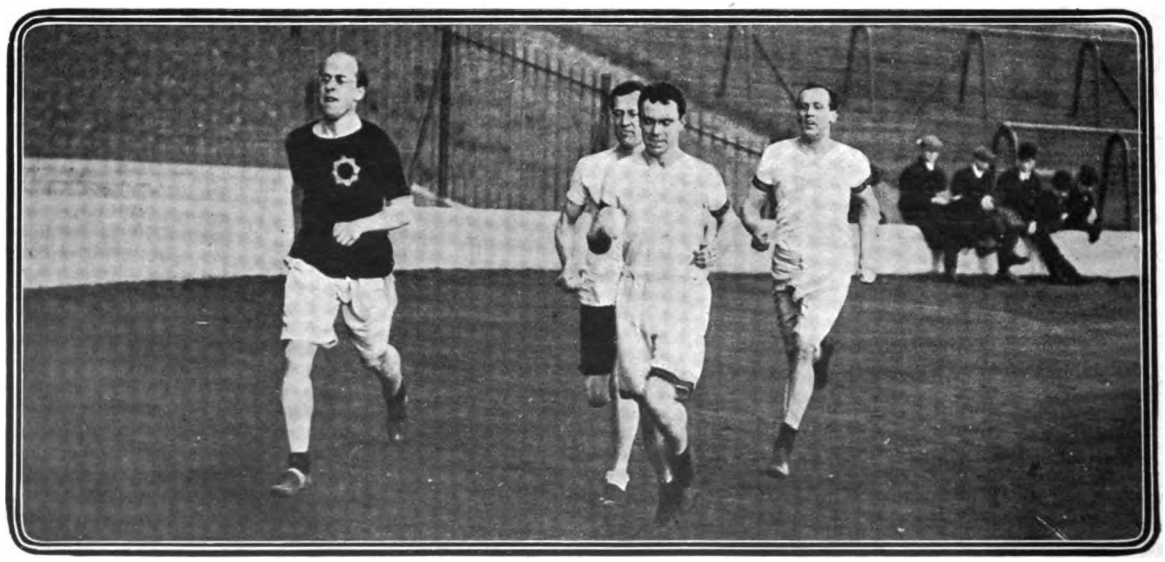

Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

Pedestrianism Extraordinary

Last Thursday, at Stamford Bridge, F. B. Thompson, the seven-mile walking champion (leading in centre), accomplished the novel feat of walking seven miles and running ten miles within two hours. He did the seven-mile walk in 56 min. 26 sec., and the ten-mile run in 1 hr. 0 min. 36 sec.; total time, 1 hr. 57 min. 2 sec., so that he had 2 min. 58 sec. to spare

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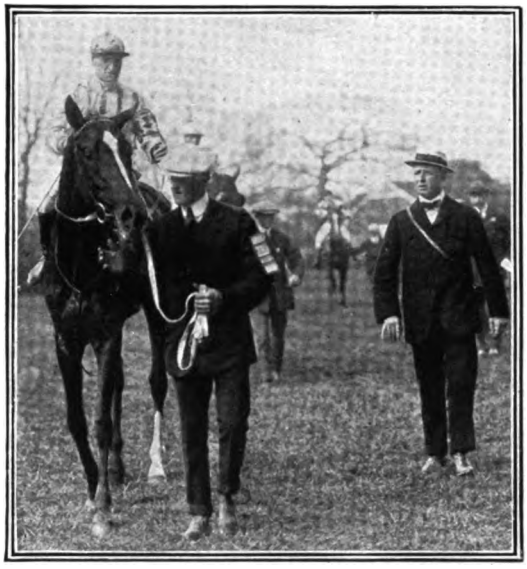
RACING NOTIONS

HOW POLAR STAR WON. By "CARBINE."

The Jubilee at Kempton

Ever since Bendigo gave the race a magnificent send-off twenty years ago, Kempton Park has witnessed some stirring scenes on the occasion of its Jubilee Handicap. It is easily one of the best and most popular races of the year, the class of the competitors generally being much superior to that seen in the average handicap. What is more, the sterling performances of Bendigo, Minting, Orvieto, Victor Wild, and Ypsilanti have done much to add to the fame of the race. The public has come to look every year for something big, something out of the common, in connection with the Jubilee, and who can say that they were disappointed on Saturday? The presence of Velocity and Polar Star was alone sufficient to lift the race out of the ruck. Would the horse who simply pulverised his field in the City and Suburban prove equal to carrying his enormous weight to victory? Would the unbeaten Polar Star maintain his stainless record? Or would he show that we had sadly over-rated him? Would the "dangerous" Mr. Farquharson do the trick with Dalkeith or Scarpia? And what of Gingal and the Villikins colt, both well fancied by their stables and backed for win and place? Those were some of the questions which agitated the crowd at Kempton.



The Winner of the Jubilee

Colonel Hall Walker's Polar Star (as prophesied by "Carbine" last week), which won the Jubilee at Kempton on Saturday, the Lady Villikins colt being second

Polar Star's Great Triumph

Right to the end Polar Star was a hot favourite, and Velocity the only other one backed with real confidence. There was no delay at the start, which from the stands did not look a particularly good one. The crowd was hushed in tense excitement as the horses galloped down the long stretch to the turn. The favourite was observed to be in a good place; Velocity was likewise "there." At the bend Polar Star was actually in front, and looked like coming right through. Could he keep it up? Apparently not, for half-way down the straight Higgs was flourishing his whip, and the colt swerved a bit. The issue hung in the balance, and nobody could tell what might happen. Velocity, Dalkeith, and the Lady Villikins colt were all going great guns, and their names were shouted in turn. But Polar Star wasn't done with. With superb gameness he fought on. There is nothing wrong with his heart. He gallantly resisted the Lady Villikins colt's challenge, and won by half a length. I thought Velocity was going to be third, but presumably the weight told at the end, and he was just kept out of a place by Dalkeith. There cannot now be the slightest question about Polar Star's extraordinary merit. A thousand pities he is not in the Derby.

Should We Bar French Horses?

Querido's Chester Cup success is still being talked about. He is a much better horse than the handicapper imagined him to be; but if Turbine had been able to run, or had Bridge of Canny been free of his heavy penalty, would the Frenchman have won so easily? I think not. Anyhow, I do not agree with the whining complaints which have been sent up because the French have recently won a few good races in this country. True, there are not many French races open to English horses, but we don't often compete in them when we have the chance. In England we pride ourselves upon being the premier racing country. We throw our races open to the wide world. We like to get the foreign entries, for they add to the prestige of our Turf. Why grumble, then, when the foreigners have a turn? It is bad taste, and to talk of "barring" French horses from our handicaps is rank poor sportsmanship.

Newmarket and Gatwick

At headquarters the chief event this week is the Newmarket Stakes, which sometimes throws a new light upon the Derby, but will not do so this year. The best of those entered are probably Olympian, Acclaim, and **Linacre**, and my selection is the last-named. The Abingdon Plate on Thursday should be won by **Rocketter**, or in his absence by Bon Marché. Polar Star would, of course, take the Payne Stakes if sent, but that seems unlikely after his Jubilee exertions, and **St. Petersburg** may score. For Gatwick my selections are the **Lady Villikins** colt in the Alexandra Handicap, and **The Page** in the Prince's Handicap.

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Criminal Appeals

The Criminal Appeal Bill does great credit to its designer, whoever he may be. Every convicted person is to have an absolute right of appeal on questions of law, and may also appeal on questions of fact, or against an excessive sentence, if he can satisfy the Court that there is a *primâ facie* case for inquiry. The danger of frivolous and technical appeals is avoided by two admirable provisions—first, that if it appears that the prisoner ought not to have been convicted of the offence charged against him, but is clearly guilty of some other offence, he can be sentenced for his real crime without a fresh trial; and, secondly, that the Court may, under certain circumstances, increase the sentence. But there will be nothing in the nature of a new trial. All the evidence will be in writing; and if any fresh witnesses are called, their testimony will be given before an examiner, and the deposition read to the Court.

Photo *Thomson*

Sir John Lawson Walton, K.C., M.P.

Who, as Attorney-General and senior law officer of the Crown, has charge of the Criminal Appeal Bill

Official Shorthand Writers

Another excellent reform introduced by the Bill is that, in future, an official shorthand note will be taken of the proceedings at all criminal trials at Assizes and Quarter Sessions, a practice which has been universal in America for many years past. At present, the judge has to write all the evidence down in longhand, which not only imposes a great deal of unnecessary manual labour upon him, and often prevents him from giving the best of his mind to the case, but also wastes time. Most judges, as the result of long practice, are quick writers, but some of the best, like Mr. Justice Gainsford Bruce, are very slow. The new system will also be a great help to counsel.

More Judges Wanted

When the Bill passes, the necessity for additional judges will be more urgent than ever. Even if the number of appeals turns out to be not much greater than it is at present, it must not be forgotten that the Home Secretary is to have the right to refer every petition for reprieve or remission of sentence to the Court; and there can be no doubt that he will avail himself freely of this privilege. No one outside the Home Office knows how many petitions are received every year, but there is certainly one in almost every conviction for murder, and in a great many other cases as well.

Amateur Judges

When we get some new judges, as I suppose we shall some day, I hope the Lord Chancellor will see fit to appoint some member of the Old Bailey Bar, for, of the present Bench, only one, the Lord Chief Justice, had any extensive experience of criminal work at the Bar—and he only officially, as Attorney-General. Such men as Mr. Gill and Sir Charles Mathews would be invaluable in the Court of Criminal Appeal. It is a curious feature of our present judicial system that cases where only the defendant's pocket is in jeopardy are adjudicated upon by a professional, while, if his life or liberty is at stake, he is tried before an amateur.

Juries and Motor 'Buses

The proprietors of motor omnibuses, in lamenting their inability to earn dividends, have assigned as reasons the arbitrary action of the police and the competition of rate-aided trams; but I am rather surprised that none of them seem to have mentioned the enormous damages which juries often award against them. It is not easy to see why such large sums should be given, because if a man is hurt or killed by a motor omnibus, he or his family are no worse off than if the same injuries had been inflicted by a horse-drawn vehicle. The other day, a motor omnibus injured the driver of a horse omnibus so severely that he will not be able to work for at least a year, and possibly may never entirely recover. He claimed £750, deserved £500, and got an award for £1,200. The jury who gave this remarkable verdict have probably done more harm than good to the plaintiff by their misplaced generosity, for his damages are practically certain to be reduced by the Court of Appeal, and he runs a great risk of having to pay a considerable sum out of them in costs.

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TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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—which can be played by hand or with music-rolls—is the only piano which can be correctly called the "complete piano."

ALTHOUGH the Pianola provides a perfect technique, and is absolutely submissive to the musical taste of the performer, yet this provision of key-striking ability is not in itself sufficient to the requirements of the real lover of music. Something that will provide an authoritative guide to the interpretation of an unfamiliar composition is indispensable. The Metrostyle, which can only be used in conjunction with the Pianola and the Pianola Piano, accomplishes this essential need, and thus places the Pianola Piano in an unassailable position of musical efficiency.

The Metrostyle is not in the least degree arbitrary, but can be called to one's aid in the interpretation of a bar, a passage, or the whole of a composition. The Metrostyle would not have been possible if the great authorities had withheld their co-operation, but, recognising the absolute subjection of the Pianola to personal feeling, such masters as Grieg, Rosenthal, Paderewski, etc., etc., have indicated their interpretations, and these can at any instant be reproduced or referred to by anyone who owns a Pianola Piano.

The piano part of the Pianola Piano—the Steck Piano—is one of the few first-class pianos of the world, and one that would be singled out from any collection as an instrument of peculiar beauty of tone, and easy responsiveness of action. The player part—the Pianola—is the standard by which all other piano-players are compared. It includes the Metrostyle, which is a more complete guide to interpretation than the composer's own score, since it gives the actual interpretation of great musicians.

Thus the Pianola Piano can fully justify its claim to completeness, and in musical efficiency cannot be approached by any other Piano.

We shall be glad to give demonstrations to all interested, and a full description is given in our Catalogue **B.** Write for it.

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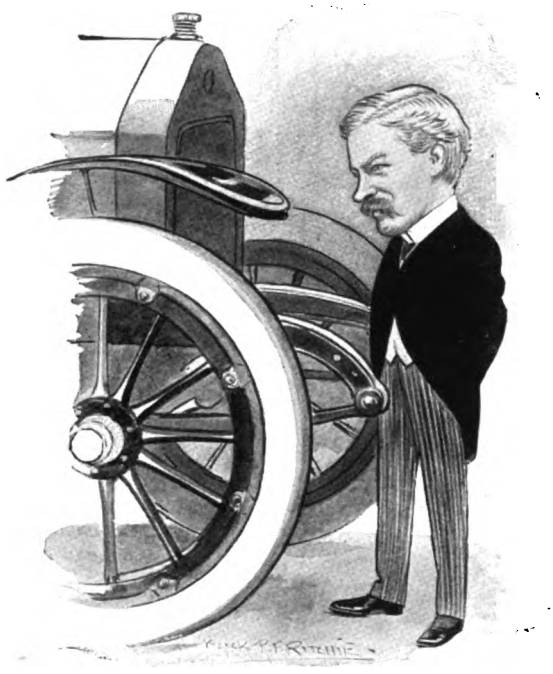
Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Car-icature—No. XXVI.: Mr. J. D. Siddeley

An engineer by profession, Mr. Siddeley bought a small car in 1899, and, a year later, joined the Royal Automobile Club, on several of the executive committees of which body he has served since 1903. About that time our subject associated himself with the Wolseley Company—an offshoot of the great firm of Vickers, Son and Maxim—and devoted himself to the study of the internal-combustion engine. As a designer of motor-cars and engines, Mr. Siddeley has to-day few equals, and the fame achieved by the Siddeley-Wolseley cars in open competitions at home and abroad is too well known to demand particular emphasis here. Personally, Mr. Siddeley is one of the most genial of men, and he is a universal favourite among the hundreds of men employed by his firm. Although he has never taken an active part in International Competitions, Mr. Siddeley is a familiar figure at most of our home meetings, and his opinions on automobile topics are always welcomed and received with the most respectful attention by his brother motorists.

D. M.



Car-icature—No. XXVI.: Mr. J. D. Siddeley
An engineer by profession, Mr. Siddeley associated himself with the Wolseley Company about six years ago, and the fame of the Siddeley-Wolseley car is now universal. A familiar figure at most home meetings, his opinion is always welcomed by his brother motorists
(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

The 40 h.-p. Siddeley Performance

With Mr. J. D. Siddeley as the subject of this week's Car-icature, an opportune moment has arrived to congratulate the firm on the splendid result of their long-distance run. The car, a 40 h.-p. four-cylinder Siddeley, 1907 model, finished its non-stop run of 10,003 miles last Wednesday. It was under the observation of R.A.C. officials, and had covered 7,089 miles, when there was a roadside stop owing to a hidden flaw in the change-speed lever that no possible test could have discovered. This is a world's record reliability run—7,089 miles—absolute non-stop, mechanical or otherwise, and the 10,000-mile trial was accomplished without the engines being stopped. Reliability runs are apt to bore the public, who fail to see what the advantages are. In this case, the distance covered is equal to two years' normal use of a car, and I, writing just after having examined the engine, can honestly say that everything is in such a perfect state that to-morrow the car could undertake another trial of 10,000 miles without any further preparation. The chassis was taken from stock and the tyres were filled with Elastes. In congratulating Mr. Siddeley on this wonderful achievement, I must not also forget to congratulate him on having received a fresh order from Her Majesty the Queen for a six-cylinder Siddeley landaulette. The Royal family knows a good deal about cars, so the compliment to the Siddeley Company is a real one. By-the-by, everyone interested in motors should make a point of visiting the Siddeley garage at Niagara — the most beautifully fitted-up garage in London—where, on mentioning the name of The Bystander to my friend, Mr. Charles Fernandez, the garage manager, a warm welcome will await any visitor. Half an hour spent in that busy hive of industry will prove instructive and interesting.

* * *

Heavy Motor Traffic in Kensington

Legal proceedings have been initiated by the Kensington Borough Council which may lead to the most important litigation that has taken place since the Motor Car Acts came into force. The Borough Council have obtained the fiat of the Attorney-General to apply for an injunction to restrain the owners of certain motor vehicles from using, on any high way in the borough, any locomotive engine or other vehicle "of such construction, or in such manner as, by noise or vibration, to cause a public nuisance." If the firm in question do not defend this case, and the injunction is given against them in default, it will constitute a very serious precedent, and from inquiries that have been made it is evidently the intention to proceed in turn against all users of motor vehicles in order that borough authorities may obtain the power to prevent any class of commercial motor using their streets.

Learn to understand a Motor before you buy one, then you are not in the hands of Chauffeurs or Dealers. Special private lessons for Ladies or Gentlemen.—HANOVER MOTOR INSTITUTE, 6E, George Street, Hanover Square, W.

MOTOR-CAR DRIVING AND MECHANISM for Ladies or Gentlemen given at an inclusive fee at the Victoria Street Garage and Showrooms, 94, Victoria Street, Westminster, various types of Cars being used for this purpose. Motor-cars for Hire.

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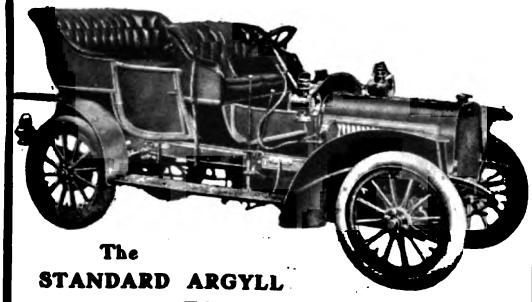

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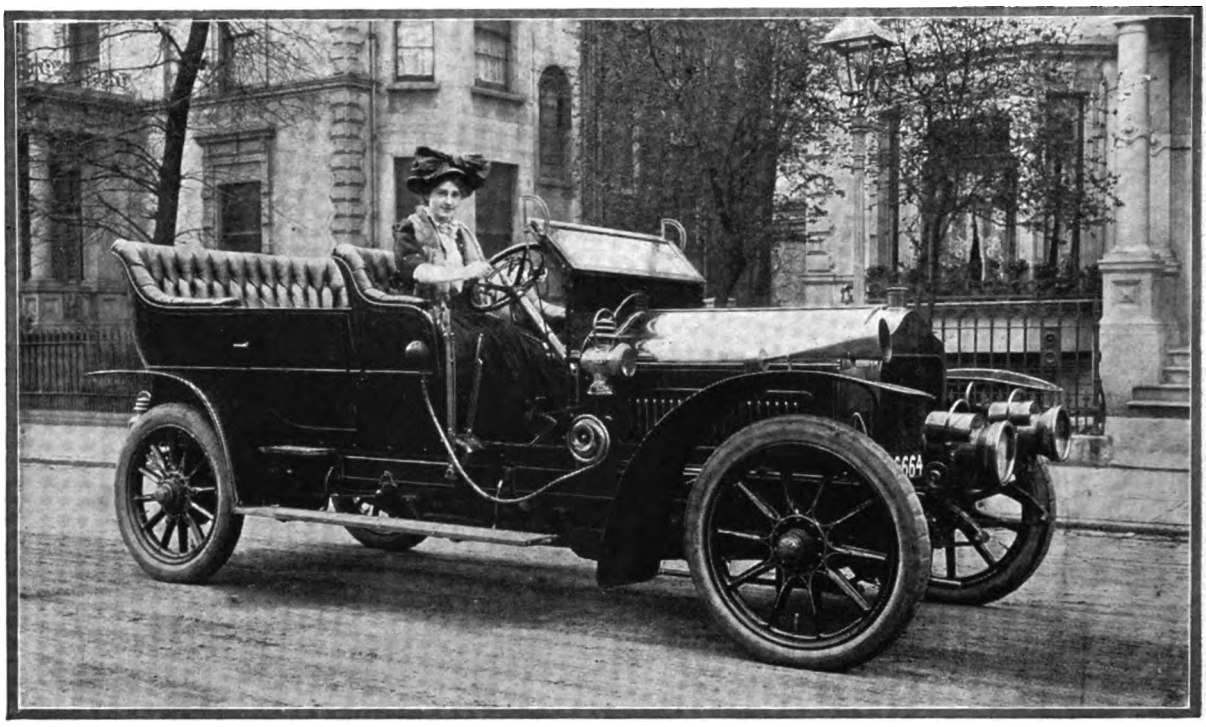

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Phyllis Dare in her Six-cylinder Minerva Car

Lorries in Residential Districts

The heavy commercial vehicles, such as locomotive engines and lorries, that make our streets a very pandemonium, are undoubtedly a nuisance to the remainder of the community. Kensington is essentially a high-class residential neighbourhood, and my sympathies are decidedly on the side of the inhabitants who are annoyed at the noise which the average lorry makes. Unless manufacturers can turn out lorries that are comparatively noiseless, people have a right to object. Property in all the leading residential quarters of London is inclined to deteriorate, and the commercial vehicle, in the shape of a lorry, is largely responsible for it. People who own horses also have a grievance, for many a well-trained horse cannot be expected to face the noisy, lumbering vehicles that grate and jar at every part of their mechanism as they wend their weary way along the roads which were not intended for them. As one of the many whose nerves are constantly being strained by the excruciating noise of the commercial lorry, I hope the Kensington Borough Council may be successful.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

It is evident that Prince Fushimi is not visiting this country only as the bearer of a Royal message to our King, but is also seeking information and enlightenment in our great industrial centres. At the end of this week Prince Fushimi and his entire suite are visiting the great shipbuilding yards on the Clyde. During his stay in the North he and his suite will be the guests of the Marquis of Montrose at Buchanan Castle. We have just learnt that our guests from the Far East are also much interested in the motor industry, and have expressed a special desire to visit the great motor works of the "Argyll" Company, at Alexandria, by Glasgow, and the Prince will do so on the 20th inst. No better selection could possibly have been made, as these works are complete with every modern improvement and mechanical device. It is a great compliment to the "Argyll" car that its fame has reached to the Royal Houses of the Far East.

* * *

LONDON TO MONTE CARLO RECORD BEATEN AGAIN.—A 45 h.-p. four-cylinder Mercédès Standard Touring Car, driven by Mr. A. G. Brown, accompanied by Messrs. Bell, Wilson, and Roland Browne, has just beaten the London to Monte Carlo record by 4¼ hours. The total time was 29 hours 20 minutes. The car was timed by Mr. Stenson Cooke, on its departure from the Motor Club, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, at 8.25 a.m., on Wednesday morning last. Messrs. Ducros Mercédès have just received a wire from Mr. Roland Browne, the Press representative, stating that the car, which was fitted with Dunlop tyres, arrived at Monte Carlo at 1.45 p.m. next day, Thursday.

* * *

English automobilists who intend to travel in France this season will be interested to learn that the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, Ltd., have installed in their new building, which has recently been opened in Paris, Avenue Malakoff 146, a touring office. This new department is well equipped, and every motorist calling there can obtain from experienced officials all reliable information on any question with regard to motoring, roads, hotels, garages, etc. The Continental Tyre and Rubber Company invites any English motorist to call at this bureau, where they will be pleased to give any information or make any useful suggestions.

* * *

The Patent "Helicoid" Lock-Nut

We give an illustration of the patent "Helicoid" Lock-nut manufactured by Messrs. Bayliss, Jones and Bayliss, of the Victoria Works, Wolverhampton. Most motorists at one time or another experience difficulties through ill-fitting lock-nuts, and the virtues of the "Helicoid" are that the nut is not only of immense power, but owing to the design (made by coiling on a mandril) the nut is impossible to force. Owners would do well to make their chauffeurs try these nuts.

14 H.-P. MINERVA, side entrance, Cape hood, glass shield, £200; 12-16 H.-P. LEADER four-cylinder car, bargain at £125; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W. (Cars run by the year.)

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Model 1907, Greatly Improved Pattern.

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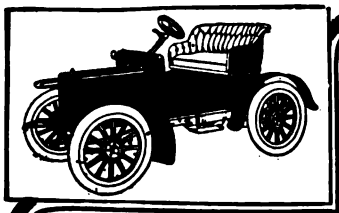

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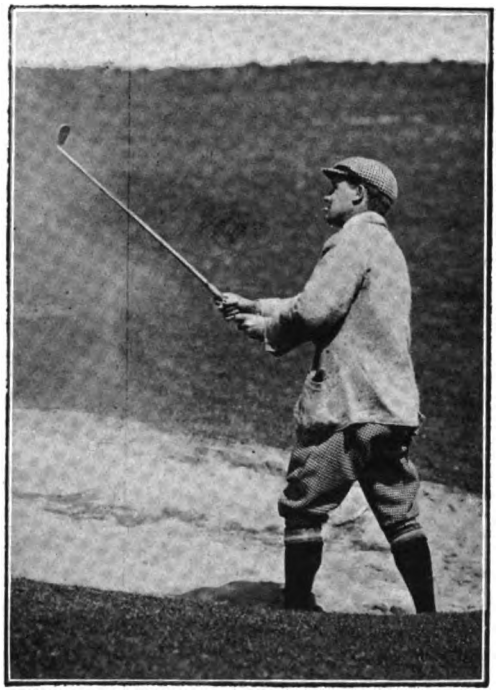
Golf Notes and Notions

"My Golfing Reminiscences." By Harold H. Hilton
(*Messrs. Nisbet and Co., Berners Street*)

I have just read with much interest an unpretentious little volume, which contains more sound and practical maxims for the golfer than many a larger and more imposing-looking book. Mr. Hilton is known the wide world over for his many and varied feats at his favourite game. The winner of countless medals and cups, Mr. Hilton has been, throughout his career, one of the great glories of the Royal Liverpool Club, and shares with that other great son of Hoylake, Mr. John Ball, jun., the pride of place among amateurs by virtue of the record performance for an amateur of having won both Championships.

An Interesting Record

It shows how fast, in these modern times, we are making golfing history, that a player still on the sunny side of forty should be writing his reminiscences. But time goes quickly, even for the great among golfers; and it comes with something of a shock when one realises that Mr. Hilton won the Open Championship for the first time so long ago as fifteen years. Much water has flowed under the bridges since then, and the game, to some extent, has been revolutionised by the invention of the rubber-cored ball. Mr. Hilton's best days were towards the end of the gutta *régime*, the zenith of his career being reached in 1901, when he won his second Amateur Championship at St. Andrews. But it is early days to talk of his career as though it were finished, and it is to be hoped that he may once more recover that brilliant form which placed and kept him in the front rank so long. Still, it is a curious fact that his temporary falling off has coincided with the advent of the livelier ball, and, possibly, some may see in this fact some support for the theory of great golfers like Harry Vardon, that the new ball has discounted scientific golf, for if ever there was a master of the science of golf in all its aspects and intricacies, it was Mr. Hilton in his palmy days. All golfers will read his book with keen interest, for, as I have already said, Mr. Hilton's pages are full of valuable information, and provide much food for serious reflection on the part of match and score players.



Mr. Harold H. Hilton
The Amateur Champion in 1900, and Open Champion in 1892, 1897, and 1901. He has just published an interesting volume of reminiscences

Pleasing Candour

Mr. Hilton writes of himself with delightful candour, praising where he thinks himself deserving, and unsparingly holding himself up to execration when he considers that his bad play merits condemnation. This is a rare characteristic among Anglo-Saxons, and when it is exercised in Mr. Hilton's manner, the reader is bound to get such a sight of the inner *ego* of a writer as can rarely be possible. As a general rule, it is very difficult to get a great player to descant upon his brilliant feats. He will, probably, be eloquent on the subject of his faults and mistakes, but exasperatingly silent about his virtues. Mr. Hilton has, happily, steered clear of this danger, and we have, therefore, in his pages, a faithful record of the inner workings of the mind of a great player during some of his most arduous matches and performances. Here is, in my eyes, the great value of the book for the young player, who, by a perusal of its pages, will imbibe much sound and wise advice on what to do and what to avoid in playing in important tournaments. For instance, Mr. Hilton begins his thirteenth chapter with the golden words, "Never stop trying," and clinches their lesson with some moving experiences of his own, while he backs up this maxim with another, no less valuable, inculcating the supreme virtue of controlling the temper.

The Championships

Besides useful hints such as these, which are scattered throughout the book, the reader will get most interesting accounts of most of the great Championships of the last twenty years. An index would increase the value of the book, while great help would be given to the reader in following the order of events if the date of the year were placed at the head of the pages. A slight mistake occurs on page 16. The first tournament for the Amateur Championship at Hoylake in 1885 was won by Mr. A. F. Macfie, and not by Mr. Horace Hutchinson, as stated by Mr. Hilton. This tournament, too, does not rank as an official Championship, which dates only from 1886.

"Lessons on Golf." By W. H. Webb

I can cordially recommend this little shilling primer of golf, published by the *World of Golf* management, and written by Webb, the Frinton-on-Sea professional. It is clearly and concisely written, and contains nothing but sound advice, put in such a manner as to be easily understood by the beginner.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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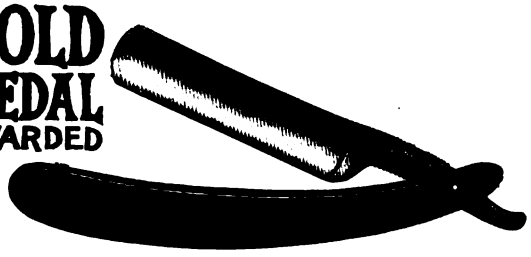

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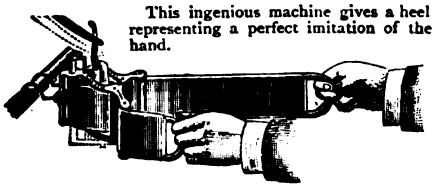

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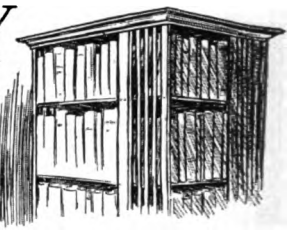

Books to Order This Week

"London Lovers." By Mrs. Baillie-Saunders. (T. Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"The Glen o' Weeping." By Marjorie Bowen. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
"Secrets of the Vatican." By Douglas Sladen. (Hurst and Blackett: 21s.)

Help for Opera-Goers

The Wagner season in London being now in full flight, Mr. Filson Young has the merit of being timely and topical with *The Wagner Stories* (E. Grant Richards: 5s.). Many people, under no possible circumstances frequenters of the Wagner opera, are, nevertheless, anxious to know, for conversational purposes, the drift of the much-discussed tetralogy—whose *Ring* it was, and how come by; also the actual facts about what happened to Tannhäuser, and why Lohengrin left home. Such will find Mr. Young's paraphrasing of the Wagnerian legends useful and attractive. The author confesses that the book has been "written chiefly to please himself; in publishing it, I offer it merely as a humble opera companion that has, at least, two merits—it will not talk through the acts, and it will get its place for nothing." As to the first of these explanations, I doubt not that Mr. Young has found his task as pleasurable as it must have been easy, seeing how very accessible is the necessary data; as to the latter, speaking from personal taste, I dislike literature of any kind at operatic performances, and dislike those that like it. For one thing, not being of the feline tribe, I cannot see in the dark; for another, if I could not gather from the music, the scenery, and the acting what was the drift of an opera, I would rather a thousand times remain in ignorance, than carry a book about a place where I have gone to be entertained. If, however, it is the literary student who is being catered for, I imagine he could find in the *Nibelungenlied* and the *Morte Darthur* pretty well what he wanted to know as to the legends treated—even as the immortal Richard found from such sources what *he* wanted to know about them.

Mrs. Baillie-Saunders

The brilliant novelist, who makes a notable success with her second novel, "London Lovers" (Unwin; 6s.). Mrs. Saunders is the wife of the vicar of Marylebone, and made her *début* as a novelist in 1905 with "Saints in Society," Mr. Fisher Unwin's prize novel

Mr. Crosland on Teetotalism

Mr. T. W. H. Crosland is not so very amusing in *The Beautiful Teetotaler* (Century Press), because of the distressing soundness of his hypothesis. One agrees far too violently with all the abusive things he says about the sour-faced temperance monomaniacs who are, at present, threatening a thirsty world with licensing legislation, to be moved to mirth by them. The very foundation of Mr. Crosland's success is a bed-rock of absurdity; blast it, and there is no real Crosland left. There is no absurdity whatever in what he says on the subject of drink, save the glimmer of one which I faintly detect in the chapter entitled "The National Liberal Club." Here, Mr. Crosland trots out the obvious argument against the Nonconformist propagandists of thirstiness by citing the enormity of the drink-bill of their high temple in London. He shows us that the Club's takings, from Liberal consumption—very liberal—in 1905, amounted to £33,183, and gave a clear profit to the Club of £390. On the strength of this, he demands to know on what ground the Liberal Party dare to interfere with the drink-temples of the poorer classes.

Æsthetes and the Public-House

Of course, there is a great difference between club and public-house tippling, which I wonder has escaped the astute mind of Mr. Crosland. The objection of the intelligent man to the public-house is an æsthetic one. It is not the amount of liquor that is drunk there that is repulsive, but the manner in which it is drunk. The public-house makes drinking dreary. It secretes the drinker, shuts him out from the air and the sunshine and the sight of man. Its decorations, its odour, its language, its company, its entire absence of ease and elegance, pervert drinking—one of the oldest, most poetic, and most dignified of human activities—into a habit almost puritanical in its drabness and dreariness. There is nothing more smug, more self-satisfied, in the Puritan world than the smack of the lips with which your "drop o' Scotch cold" man indulges himself in the public-house. Club drinking is open and unabashed; it is taken amid graceful surroundings, and accompanied by conversation, and the person who takes too much is a nuisance, not to the community, but only to his fellow-clubmen, who can retaliate.

The New Jew in Fiction

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mere money-grubbing. In his "Israel Rank," the author, Mr. Horniman, gave us a Jew with a delicate criminal instinct, who killed people for motives of the higher snobbishness. In *London Lovers* (Fisher Unwin: 6*s*.) the second and very brilliant novel of Mrs. Baillie-Saunders, we are presented an even finer type, a Jew redeemed, converted by love into, first, a philanthropist, later into an actual Christian. A Jew in love is not necessarily a novelty: the race has mating instincts as strongly as any other, as a rule, perhaps far more happily consummated than are those of the Gentiles. A Jew in such a love as is Lucason, Mrs. Saunders's hero, is, however, a new psychological type. Lucason sees at the opera a face—that of the pretty daughter of a poor peerage, Winnie Waring. Convincing himself that so Shakespearean a type must be "kind as she is fair," he grafts on to Winnie virtues which, alas! are far from her real characteristics — Winnie being a worldling among worldlings, a flirt of the flirts, a gambler, and a cynic. Visiting Winnie's ancestral halls, the owner of which is a delicate, ethereal high-Churchman, Lucason is, one day, induced by his divinity to attend service. Believing absurdly that the only barrier, to her mind, between him and her is his religion, he secretly enters the Church, and later, when proposing to her, confesses his conversion. Then, down with his hopes! Why did Winnie take him to church? To convert him? Saints forefend, no! Because she had a bet that she would take him—a Jew—there, with the man to whom she was, at the time, secretly engaged and compromised! Despite this hideous disillusionment, Lucason's love continues, only Winnie, the ex-divinity, becomes Winnie, the weak, the wicked, the worldly.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

The Late "Ian Maclaren" in his Study

The Rev. John Watson, the popular novelist, whose death has caused general regret. He was fifty-six years of age

Some New Characters

There are many delightful side-issues; in fact, there is rather a surfeit of them. Entertaining the book is, however, to the last point, and we are introduced to some delightful characters. For instance, Lady Sarah, Winnie's mother, a lady who "always saw life in cartoons. Everything of her imagination assumed at least the proportions of Linley Sambourne on the fate of Europe." How well we know this person—and it is not always a woman. Lucason's vulgar sister, Lillah, who, that she may be thought smart, cultivates a perpetual sneer; Paget Cheyne, the little grey gossiping man, who sets about town selected scandals about Winnie. But, perhaps, the strongest character of all is Constance, the reigning Lady Hardwinter, who, to her relations, was "as an incarnated spring cleaning"; "large and red and noisy, and had the appearance of snorting, whether she strictly did so or not"; "tacitly understood to be a beauty"; "who lived in tweeds"; "bound to take her vast snorting place in the world just as a great red motor pushes aside all lesser and more graceful traffic." Constance is immense. She is the most terrific person of recent fiction, and I am inclined to suggest that *London Lovers* is the strongest and smartest Society novel that has been given to us for a long time.

"Secrets of the Vatican"

Those who might expect the sensational from Mr. Douglas Sladen's book, *The Secrets of the Vatican* (Hurst and Blackett: 21*s*.), will, perhaps, be disappointed to find only the valuable. Mr. Sladen is informative, he is exhaustive. In this finely produced volume he gives us a magnificent glance behind the mystic walls of the Vatican, lets us know the realities about its countless treasures, and also the facts as to the life of its lonely inmate. Though not himself a Catholic, I believe members of that fraternity concede that Mr. Sladen's work is not only accurate in all its details—save for an occasional slip here and there—but also that it treats of the great subject in a spirit of rare insight and sympathy. The volume is certainly one to be possessed by all students of religious lore. Its illustrations alone are a delight.

Two New Novels

No reasonable man would expect that Miss Marjorie Bowen would follow up "The Viper of Milan" with a second book equally striking. Were she to duplicate that notable success, I should sigh, and fear that the future of such a phenomenon must have something awesome in store. I am relieved, really, to be able to state that *The Glen o' Weeping* (Alston Rivers: 6*s*.) is by no means comparable to "The Viper of Milan." It is, however, a readable, exciting, and brightly told romance, taking as its centre situation the massacre of Glencoe. Miss Bowen writes with a preconceived theory of the famous tragedy—a "military execution" performed on rebels outside the law—believing that Lord Stair, on whom history places the infamy of the massacre, was the victim of a plot. *Her Honour* is the title of a clever and interesting novel by Mr. Robert Machray. A motor accident brings to his deathbed a millionaire cement manufacturer. In his dying delirium he confesses to have obtained the secret on which he made his fortune by the murder of his partner. The effect on his heirs of this terrible disclosure is the theme of the story, which has as its heroine, a pretty and attractive trained nurse, and as its villain, the mercenary son of the deceased man.

VIVIAN CARTER.

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

There was never a moment in the annals of dress when the apparently possible was more difficult of attainment. And, perhaps, no one more thoroughly expounds this conclusion than Miss Marie Tempest in *The Truth*. Her assumption of the kimono in all its native simplicity of form is clever in the extreme; but, then, of course, not every woman has Miss Tempest's marvellous carriage. That erect little figure could almost impart smartness to a nun's loose robe. But these particular dresses verily epitomise the kimono craze, and the emphasis on *crêpe-de-chine* is also unmistakable.

Design: Ney Sœurs *Photo: Manuel*

A Graceful Visiting Toilette

Silk, Linen, and Piqué

For the first, the French appellation, *toile*, perchance, conveys a more correct idea of the improved quality of this fabric than our own familiar linen. Silk *toile* is almost worthy to be ranked with far more aspiring stuff, and, as a matter of fact, it is treated as though it were quite valuable, quantities of fine braiding being lavished on it in decorative relief. We shall certainly see numbers of these elaborately treated linens at race meetings, fêtes, etc., and they bid fair to rank on a level with the most exalted companions. One, in an old-world buff shade, was arranged with a high-waisted skirt, braided almost to the depth of the knee, with the narrowest width in a close, square, conventional design, and was completed by a buff chiffon slip; while, for the street, there was donned a very correct kimono sacque, the square cape sleeves massed with the braiding-embroidery. The hat, too, was so good: a *cloche* of black chip, carrying an amazing mount of soft *coqs* feathers dyed to the buff tone, over all of which was flung an umbrella veil of buff net, merely bound round the edge with a narrow hem of silk.

The *ombrelle* veil, by the way, is not a square, but an oblong, and is worn, according to a great authority, with the lower edge of the front caught beneath the chin, and pinned at the back. It is almost beyond hope that these veils can last for long, and they are genuinely elegant, since anyone with a scintillation of resource can acquire a width of net, and finish the edge with a narrow hem of silk. Of course, there is a question of wearing the affair with just the right amount of confidence, and it is, if I may so say, this lack of confidence that will prove the one saving grace of the adjunct.

With regard to *piqués*, only the very finest French qualities are accepted, and these are mostly carried into the realms of the exclusive by touches of black. Shallow-pleated skirts have gained the preference, and in one instance I remarked the accompaniment of a bolero opening on long cravat ends of almond-green silk. And there is, moreover, a feeling in favour of zephyr, or cotton of that ilk, which are being fashioned into the prettiest little folded pinafore models, and exact the necessary completion of a lingerie underslip. The promise bulks large that the so-called simple washing-frock is assured of its moment this season.

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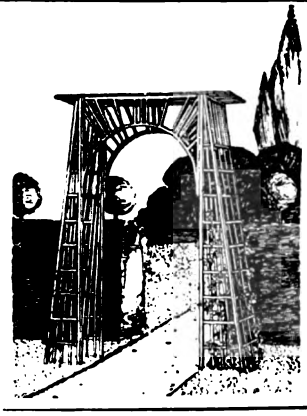

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are printed or woven to represent Paisley and Cashmere shawl patterns. Built under the auspices of Paquin, these create gowns of clever, distinctive appearance. Stripes are still in favour here, and the embroideries are more extravagant and beautiful than ever. On evening confections, embroideries, indeed, prove the chief *pièce de resistance*, some of the most striking effects being wrought through the medium of gold and silver; whereas on coats and wraps silk stitcheries are preferred, reproducing Oriental designs in delicate parti colourings.

And, under the existing *régime* of things, a Paquin gown practically exacts a Paquin *chapeau*. In millinery, as elsewhere, the house is a law unto itself, so instead of the one monotonous *cloche* style, there are innumerable other fancies of refreshingly varying character. Flowers of perfect realism share equal favour with feathers, as do small hats with large, for if there is one thing more than another abhorred of the great Paquin, it is monotony. A further insistence of theirs, and one most justified, is as to corsets, the cut being entirely governed by the styles inaugurated under the Paquin rule. But, under all circumstances, it is a good corset of figure-giving qualities, and fully upholds the reputation of this great *couturière*.

Mode: Marescot Sœurs *Photo: Manuel*

An Attractive Model, worn at the Approved Millinery Angle

Taffeta Tailor-Mades

Everyone who comes from Paris has the same story to tell of promenade toilettes. These are all tailor-made, with skirt sufficiently short to show "the little feet steal in and out." And with these are worn chip hats, the severity of the drooping brim modified by a certain slight angle, their sole decoration being great flying loops of black taffeta ribbon. A deep biscuit and black, even width, stripe cloth, that has just arrived from the French capital, is arranged with quite an appreciable basque, one covering the hip-line, the waist defined well above the recognised limit, with a fancy black *soutache motif*. The fronts, semi-fitting, fall a little open, and finish at the throat with a narrow applied collar of pale biscuit cloth, very lightly braided in black, turn-back cuffs to the three-quarter length sleeves repeating that touch. As for the skirt, no words can describe the manner in which the stripes are swirled round the figure. The appearance is just as though a wide double width had been dropped on the hips, and allowed to fall in perfectly natural folds, the front seam broken by a narrow dovetailed panel of the cloth.

If ever the *maître tailleur des dames* had his moment, it is now. The Parisian tailor, *bien entendu*, among other materials, has culled taffeta to the cause, the which arranges adorable little suits, frequently accompanied, for the inevitable automobile, by long, loose coat wraps. The inevitableness of the motor-car is largely responsible for much that would be otherwise undeterminable in the modistic world.

An Approved Millinery Angle

With the millinery of the moment, as I am frequently pointing out poise, is everything. Only a few weeks ago mention was made of the uses of the osprey employed in a sweeping position beneath the brim, the model pictured showing a black chip wreathed with tiny shaded roses and bearing mingled black ostrich and osprey plumes. This particular model is a creation of Marescot Sœurs.

A Visiting Toilette

The Ney Sœurs are responsible for the graceful visiting toilette shown, a confection of grey and white *pekiné* marquisette, mounted over cinnamon, and trimmed bands of tiny dovetailed tucks, outlined at either edge by a narrow hem of taffeta. A massed arrangement of tucks again plays an important rôle in the building of the corsage, which opens on *chemisette* and sleeves of tucked spot-net and lace.

Violets

As I write, my room is filled with the delightful fragrance of violets, and yet none of these charming flowers are visible. The perfume is entirely due to the presence of a tiny phial of Courvoisier's "Otto of Violets," which the proprietors have sent me as a sample. All readers who visited last weeks' Chemists' Exhibition must have taken the opportunity of possessing themselves of one of these dainty little bottles of perfume, but those who could not do so can obtain one on application at any good chemist's. "Otto of Violets" has a charm all its own, and, entirely owing to its merits, is rapidly becoming the favourite and fashionable scent.

The New Ballet at the Empire

Charming in every way is the new Empire ballet, *Sir Roger de Coverley*. There is nothing wanting to delight the eye—pretty scenery, beautiful dresses, and superb dancing. The story is easy to follow, and is leavened with just the right amount of comic element. Mlle. Genée is at her very best, and Mr. P. Sundberg comes in for a large share of the applause. Two or three part songs are introduced into the new ballet. They seem somewhat out of keeping, and might very well be dispensed with. Le Pages and The Perizoffs are two exceedingly clever new turns at the Empire.

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The Bystander, May 22, 1907

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No. 181.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 22, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo] **Queen Alexandra and her Suite in the Island of Capri** [*MM. Cerio and Serena*

Her Majesty landed from H.M.S. *Sentinel*, much to the delight of the islanders, whose reception of her was most enthusiastic. The photograph shows the Queen accompanied by Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox and Captain Colin Keppel, while just behind are walking Princess Victoria and the Duchess d'Aosta

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No. 181.—Vol. XIV. Wednesday, May 22, 1907

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday May 22, 1907

It is certainly a brilliant season. What with the Imperial Conference, the influx of distinguished foreigners, and the arrival (by telegram) of the Spanish heir, London has never worn a more cheerful aspect. Many a little Fushimi Botha Smith and Alfonso Whitmonday Jones will be able to tell his grandchildren what a year 1907 was.

* * *

Even the weather seems to be coming up to scratch. Meteorologists, a cautious race, who began by prophesying a cold, wet summer, are now advancing the view that June, July, August, and September may be hot and dry. Straw-hat makers are buoyant, and the riverside fraternity are said to be thinking of charging for boats by the dollar instead of by the shilling. They believe it will simplify matters for so many of their clients.

* * *

It is a kindly thought, in view of the American invasion this year, which is declared to be quite unprecedented. Of course, all Americans are not in the same difficulty—as regards money—as is Mr. Schwab, ex-President of the Steel Trust. He cannot rid himself of the burden entailed by his millions, and live the simple life that he hankers after. Mr. Carnegie seems to have made such a corner in charities that there isn't a chance for any other millionaire. It is a hard case—Mr. Schwab's—but, as a Semitic immigrant was heard to observe the other day, some people would not mind "schwabbing."

* * *

Three dogs trained in Red Cross ambulance work were recently imported from Germany for the Sultan of Turkey, and now Armenians are fearing that, in order to show off the admirable way in which they bring aid to the wounded, the Sultan will give orders for a massacre to take place.

* * *

Will women really do as shop-walkers? The *Mail* says that they are fast replacing men in this capacity, and that "a woman establishes more friendly and confidential relations with the customers than is possible in the case of a man." There is a good deal in this view. A masculine shop-walker is all very well for pointing out where the hat department is, but he would only look worried if you began to tell him that your husband was in the habit of beating you.

* * *

At the same time, it must be remembered that women are not always more sympathetic than men. Even the *Mail* would hesitate to describe the relations which exist between post-office customers and the young ladies who sell them stamps as friendly and confidential.

* * *

The Grappling Iron Nuisance
The sort of thing pedestrians may expect in the very near future
(By Leo Cheney)

The Russian revolutionaries are rather annoyed that their secret conferences should have been reported at such length in the papers. While anxious to acknowledge the sympathy with which they have been treated in this country, they cannot help feeling that their secrets would have remained more secret if they had not been quite so fully published in the English Press.

* * *

At the same time, they admit that the advantages of the Russian censorship are becoming much more apparent to them than they ever believed possible. For, as the censor blacks out all obnoxious matter in foreign papers before admitting them to circulation, it is quite possible that their utterances will not, after all, come to the ears of the police.

* * *

Glass hair is the latest triumph of Art over Nature. You can have a glass wig, or a glass *toupée*, or even glass whiskers, if you want them, stained to the colour you fancy, and curled or waved to suit any taste. Very soon we shall, no doubt, have the story of the little girl, who, being sent down in advance to entertain her mother's guests, announces, "Please, mother will come soon, but she's dropped her hair, and broke it."

* * *

The German Navy League has decided that the Kaiser must be given a whole squadron of *Dreadnoughts*, as, to use their own words, "this will be the surest guarantee of peace." Germans, who do not

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To Ireland for Whitsuntid:

(By Frederic Whiting)

belong to the Navy League, somewhat ruefully admit the truth of this statement. As they say, after paying for a squadron of *Dreadnoughts*, even Germany will not be rich enough to go to war.

* * *

By the way, we thoroughly approve of the suggestion made by a Teutophobe, that, before tipping German waiters, Englishmen should insist upon the fellows promising not to spend the money on rifles.

* * *

The demand of the Women's Social and Political Union for the small sum of £20,000 from the public is a modest one, and when the public remembers how much may be done with it, we are sure the sum will be forthcoming. With considerably less funds in hand the W.S.P.U. secured the arrest of ninety-six Suffragettes, or—in terms of sentences served in prison—191 weeks, equivalent, in board-residence, to quite the same number of pounds. The additional money should augment these figures in a most satisfactory manner.

* * *

From Day to Day

(*The Diary of a Prince*)

10TH.—Born at 12.30. Cannot say I thought much of this event myself, but people seemed to find it interesting. Heard Doctor say "Boy"; shortly after fell asleep. I hear there were bells rung, cannon fired, etc. Curious.

My father was so delighted that he went and shot pigeons.

11TH.—Was taken to see my subjects on silver salver. Got good view, but salver uncomfortable. Better really for carrying letters, or coffee-cups. Subjects delighted. Query: Did they all go and shoot pigeons?

12TH.—Registered and named. Names are: Alfonso Pio Cristino Eduardo Francisco Guillermo Carlos Enrique Eugenio Fernando Antonio Venancio. Did not really want so many, but could not convey wishes to Registrar. Wept slightly. Query: Shall I have to remember them all? Great bother.

Several murderers reprieved on my account. My personal wishes not consulted, however. Slept.

13TH.—Slept again. A good many people called to inquire after me. Very good of them.

14TH.—Hear that Pope is to be my sponsor, in accordance with immemorial tradition. Long word—"immemorial." But "Pope" short. Do not mind in any case. Slept a good deal.

15TH.—Baptised. Same names as before. Shall probably answer to the name of Alfonso—when I begin answering. Query: Will Alfonso be shortened? Not to Alf, I hope, even in England.

Later.—Received Orders of the Golden Fleece and of Carlos III., together with Grand Cross of Isabel the Catholic. Papa presented them. Very kind of him, but should have preferred to sleep.

Still later.—Slept.

16TH.—Professor Gutierrez and Dr. Glendinning very satisfied with my progress. Seems to take very little to satisfy doctors. Sleeping does it, and a good appetite. Gutierrez been made Marquis, and very delighted. Suppose he will go and shoot pigeons?

17TH.—Going strong. Been sleeping a good deal. Put on 1½ oz. Am very delighted with world in general myself. Rum place, but pleasant. Hope to shoot pigeons myself some day, but must go to sleep now.

* * *

The Government, at the last meeting of the Conference, agreed to one of the Premiers' proposals for the good of the Empire. The cause of the carelessness has not yet leaked out.

Miss d'Auvergne Upcher's Concert

Few young singers justify their appearance under Royal patronage better than did Miss d'Auvergne Upcher at her first concert at the Æolian Hall the other Saturday. Possessed of a true contralto voice of full and round quality, Miss Upcher has evidently spared no work in training it—indeed, it is to be hoped that those responsible for her musical education will guard against the error of over-training, which has been known permanently to ruin promising voices before now. There have of late been few singers who, under the trying conditions of a first appearance, would have given equally artistic renderings of Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba" and Haydn's fascinating "Spirit Song." Time and experience alone give the artist that insight which is essential to the full expression of such gifts of temperament as she is fortunate enough to possess. Miss Upcher evidently possesses individuality; the knowledge of how to employ it to the best effect is certain to come in due course.

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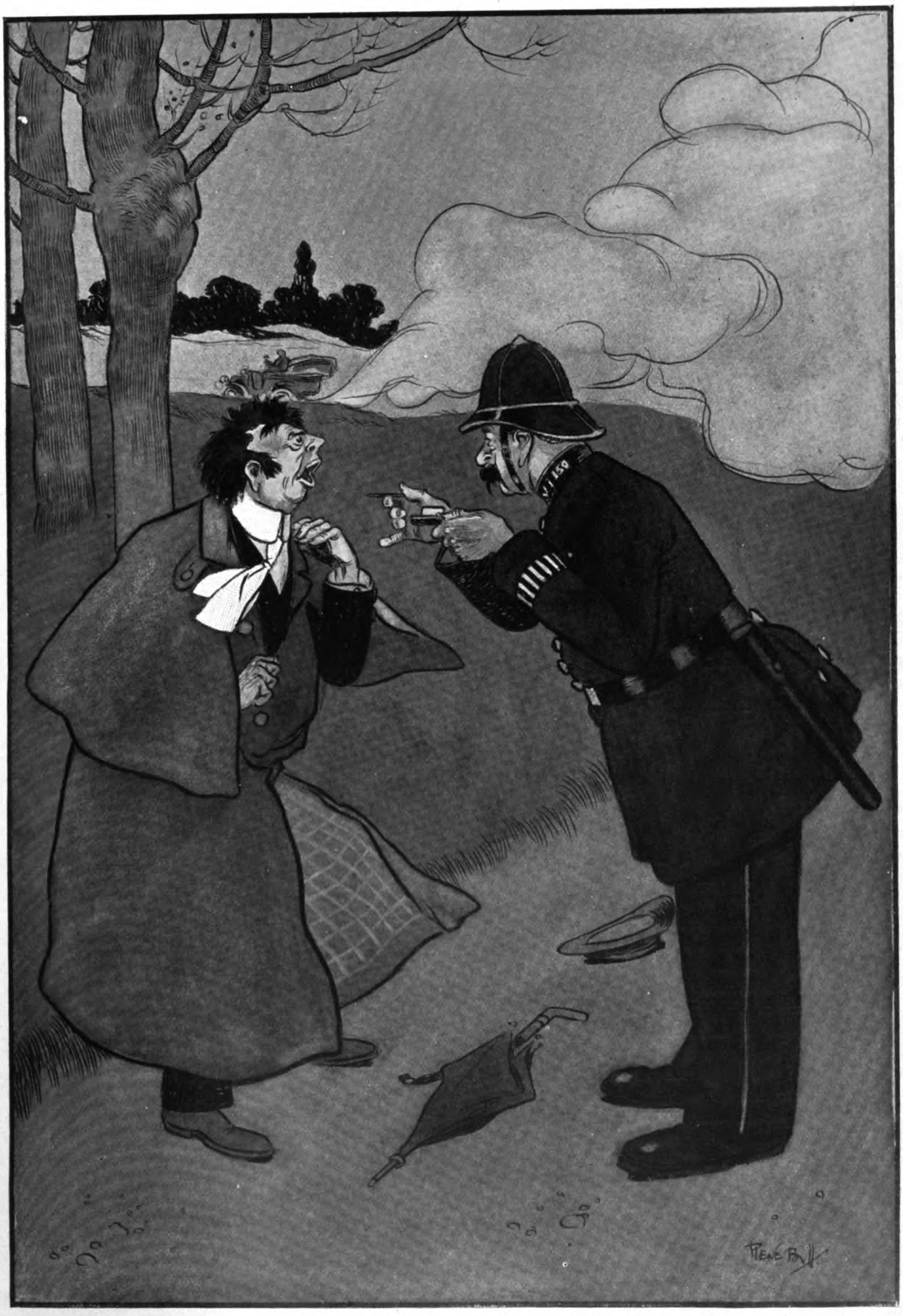
The End of His Tether



CONSTABLE: "Did yer notice what was the number of the car?"
TERRIFIED TEUTON: "*Nein!* He pass too kvick."
CONSTABLE: "Would yer swear to the driver again?"
T. T.: "*Himmel!* But I know no more vords."

BY RENE BULL

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RACING NOTIONS

"A GLANCE AT THE DERBY." By "CARBINE."

Slieve Gallion a Hot Favourite

Little save the Derby and its prospects will be talked of in racing circles during the ensuing fortnight. At the moment of writing Slieve Gallion is a stronger favourite than ever, and he looks like holding his position to the end. Immediately after the Jubilee at Kempton Park he tightened in price, but that was not because Polar Star's success had the slightest bearing upon Slieve Gallion's chances in the Derby, but rather because the two colts had been heavily backed in "doubles," and the prudent bookmaker has, of course, to cover himself somehow. These lines were penned on the 15th inst., so whether Orby came satisfactorily out of his public trial in Ireland to which he was to be submitted on Whit Monday, or whether anything of importance concerning Galvani has turned up, are matters of which I am totally ignorant. I fully expect to see one or two changes during the ensuing fortnight which will cause Slieve Gallion to expand a little in price.

Some Likely Outsiders

Your average holiday-making visitor to Epsom races does not like hot favourites. He won't lay odds, nor is even money in a big field good enough for him. Thus he is sure to try to find something to beat Slieve Gallion on June 5. And those who want to back an outsider will have plenty of scope. Woolwinder is bound to have a following. He is a charming colt, and that little which he has been called upon to do in public this season has been accomplished in splendid style. Here, then, is a good specimen for those looking out for 20 to 1 chances. Another is St. Petersburg, a fine, slashing, cut-and-come-again sort of colt, who may possibly repeat the surprises of Sir Hugo and Jeddah. Further, there is Ouadi Halfa. The French colt made many admirers by the workmanlike manner in which he won the Two Thousand at Longchamps, and if M. Blanc sends him across the Channel, he is sure to carry no end of French money, for are not our Gallic friends floating on the flood-tide of success in English racing just now? But it is by no means certain that M. Blanc intends to send the colt to Epsom, so don't back him until he reaches these shores

Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

The Only Lady Trainer

Miss May Woodland, with Mr. Hodgson, for whom she will train in France. On the left is Mr. Payne, the well-known steeplechase rider

Concerning Orby

Readers will know that I am partial to Orby, and, unless anything occurs to persuade me to the contrary during the next fortnight, I shall certainly select him for a place. I knew how good the colt was expected to be last year, but he was disappointing in public then. I saw him again at the Liverpool Meeting, and was charmed with him. He is a beauty, and won his race in a canter. No Irish-trained horse, so far as my memory serves me, has ever won the Derby, and that may tell against Mr. Croker's colt; but it would be rash to go against him solely on that account, and my advice to those who are working out the Derby prospects is not to disregard Orby.

Bezonian and Others

After Olympian's sorry display last week we must say good-bye to his chance of winning the Derby for the peer whose name the race bears. The Duke of Devonshire's Acclaim, who beat Linacre just on the post after a desperate finish for the Newmarket Stakes is not entered for the Derby, but his Grace of Chatsworth has a candidate in Hillsprite. Neither him nor Linacre do I fancy, and I am not a great believer in Bezonian, though some of the shrewd ones think that Lord Rosebery's colt will reverse the Two Thousand running with Slieve Gallion, believing that the Epsom gradients and turns will suit him better. We shall see.

The Manchester Cup

Meanwhile, the Manchester Cup on Friday next calls for attention. Bibiani is likely to be well backed after her prominent running at Chester, and perhaps Larino may make up for his two costly failures this season. But my choice is **Spate,** who won easily over this course last November, and ran very well for the distance in the Chester Cup. Best of the remainder I like Killeagh. In the absence of Orby, the Red Rose Stakes on Thursday should be won by **All Black,** and on Saturday **Billy Boy** may take the Devonshire Plate.

The Manchester Cup, 1907

Twenty-four inches high, of solid gold, manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd.

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Racing Statesman's Political Triumph

Mr. Henry Chaplin and the Turf

Wimbledon is as sporting a neighbourhood as there is to be found around London, and it is eminently appropriate, therefore, that the constituency should have returned by a mighty majority that notable sportsman, Mr. Henry Chaplin. In these days, when the faddist and spoil-sport are rampant in the land, when from one day to another we cannot tell whether racing, hunting, and other branches of sport will not be seriously interfered with by meddlesome politicians with Socialistic tendencies, it is excellent to have a man like Mr. Chaplin in the Lower House. There are few things about racing that he does not know, and the Turf will find in him a worthy champion whenever its welfare is assailed.

Photo "*Graphic*" *Photo Agency*

Mr. Chaplin again M.P.

Leaving Queen's Hall, Wimbledon, after the declaration of the poll

Hermit's Memorable Derby

Mr. Chaplin's election has been well timed by the good folk of Wimbledon, for it is just forty years ago since he won the Derby with Hermit. Never were more romantic circumstances attached to a classic race. How Mr. Chaplin's intended bride was married instead to the late Marquis of Hastings, how that reckless "plunger" laid phenomenal sums against Hermit, and how Mr Chaplin was able to win a fortune over the race after his horse had broken a blood-vessel—all these would seem to be incidents culled from highly coloured fiction rather than from real life. The Marquis of Hastings lost £103,000 over that memorable Derby; but "I didn't show it, did I?" he said, half proudly, half defiantly. Those were stirring times in the history of the Turf, and we rejoice that Mr. Chaplin, as brave a fighter as ever, is still here to remind us of them. The M.P. for Wimbledon is one of the oldest members of the Jockey Club, having been elected as far back as 1864, in which year His Majesty the King also joined.

Politically Speaking

That Mr. Chaplin's victory is a triumph for Tariff Reform is of course, insisted upon. Whatever was the exact cause in which Mr. Bertrand Russell enlisted his 3,299 votes — Suffrage or Free Trade — there is no earthly doubt that the 10,263 people who voted for Mr. Chaplin knew that, in doing so, they were voting for Protection.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Chaplin's Victory at Wimbledon: Cheering the Unsuccessful Candidate, the Hon. Bertrand Russell (on the extreme right)

Wimbledon is a constituency which takes a great interest in sport of all kinds, so that the victory of the fine all-round sportsman, Mr. Chaplin, is an exceedingly popular one. It is, by the way, just forty years since Wimbledon's new M.P. won his memorable Derby with Hermit

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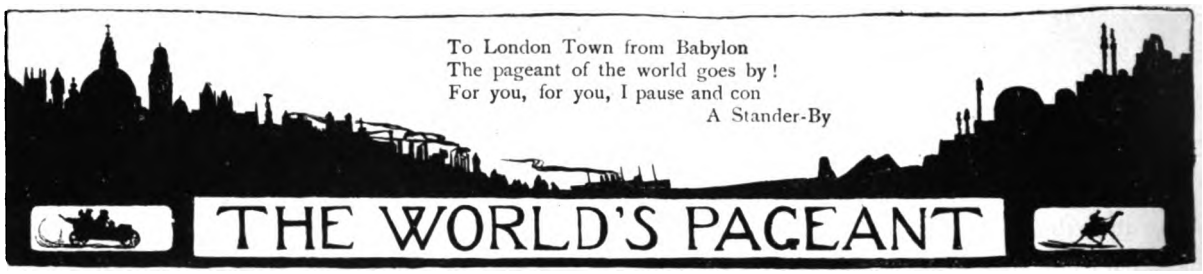

The King and Queen

Whitsuntide, it had been arranged, was to have been spent by the King and Queen at Windsor, where the Prince and Princess of Wales (at Frogmore) have been in residence. Queen Alexandra, however, again delayed her return to England. The King, therefore, having returned to Town from Newmarket late on Thursday, remained in London in order to be present at the Military Tournament on Friday, and left again on Saturday to motor down to Reigate Priory, where he spent the week-end with Captain and Mrs. Ronald Greville. The Queen left Corfu, on her return home, last Wednesday. The first June Court has been fixed for the 6th, and a day or so later the King and Queen of Denmark arrive in England. Fortunately, no Court functions have previously necessitated the Queen's presence. Hence her ability to indulge for so long her well-known passion for globe-trotting.

* * *

Rumoured Royal Betrothals

For quite a long time now the quidnuncs who prophecy Royal engagements have neglected to assign a bride either to Prince Arthur of Connaught or to the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, two *partis* whose matrimonial affairs tarry. The news, however, that the Duchess of Cumberland, the Queen's sister, is to visit England in the late summer, has given rise to the not altogether unlikely surmise that there are probabilities of a Connaught-Cumberland alliance being arranged. The Cumberlands exchange visits constantly with Princess Gustavus of Sweden, and a meeting took place between Prince Arthur and the Princess Olga of Cumberland in the early Spring, when the Prince was visiting his sister. The young Duke of Cumberland is extremely delicate. The chances, therefore, that a match will be arranged between him and Princess Patricia are more remote.

* * *

A Morganatic Affair

As for the Grand Duke Michael, it is hopeless work trying to induce him to take unto himself a Royal bride. He is, writes an exceptionally well-informed correspondent from St. Petersburg, "quite irretrievably" in love with the daughter of a Russian noble, who has for some years been in waiting on the Grand Duchess Olga, sister of the Tsar. His mother, the Dowager-Empress, is vastly distressed on her son's account, and her visit to England was chiefly connected with her son and his matrimonial prospects. The Grand Duke is one of those apparently simple, easy-going men who are the most difficult to move once they do set their hearts on anything. He is very shy, and of very simple habits, and it is well known that nothing would please him better than to be allowed to contract a morganatic marriage.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

The Duke of Grafton

Who celebrates his eighty-sixth birthday next month

* * *

A Crimean Veteran

The aged Duke of Grafton, who will shortly be celebrating his eighty-sixth birthday, is still, but for his almost total blindness, very active and robust. He served in the Crimea, and was one of those who mounted the heights at the battle of Alma, being one of the few to survive. His Duchess, one of the Balfours of Whittinghame, died half a century ago, and he has never re-married. Of late years, the Duke has had much ill-luck in the way of fires. His Suffolk seat, Euston Hall, from which his eldest son takes his title, has only lately been completely restored after a conflagration which reduced it almost to ashes. Only a short time ago, Wakefield Lodge, his house on the borders of Wychwood Forest, caught fire, and it was only with enormous effort that that, too, was not burned to the ground. Lord Euston, the Duke's heir, is himself not far off sixty. He, too, is a widower.

* * *

Legislators at Play

Our snapshot on page 386 of Mr. Reginald McKenna and of his brother, Mr. Ernest McKenna, at play will interest those who know the Education Minister only as a somewhat severe exponent of Front Bench Radicalism. Mr. McKenna is as good a swimmer as he is an oarsman, and that is saying a good deal, for he stroked bow in the Cambridge University Eight of 1887, won the Grand and Stewards' Cups at Henley, and is even now constantly to be met on the river at Datchet keeping himself in training. He is a disciple, by the way, of that other keen ex-oarsman, Sir Charles Dilke, whose house is at Shepperton.

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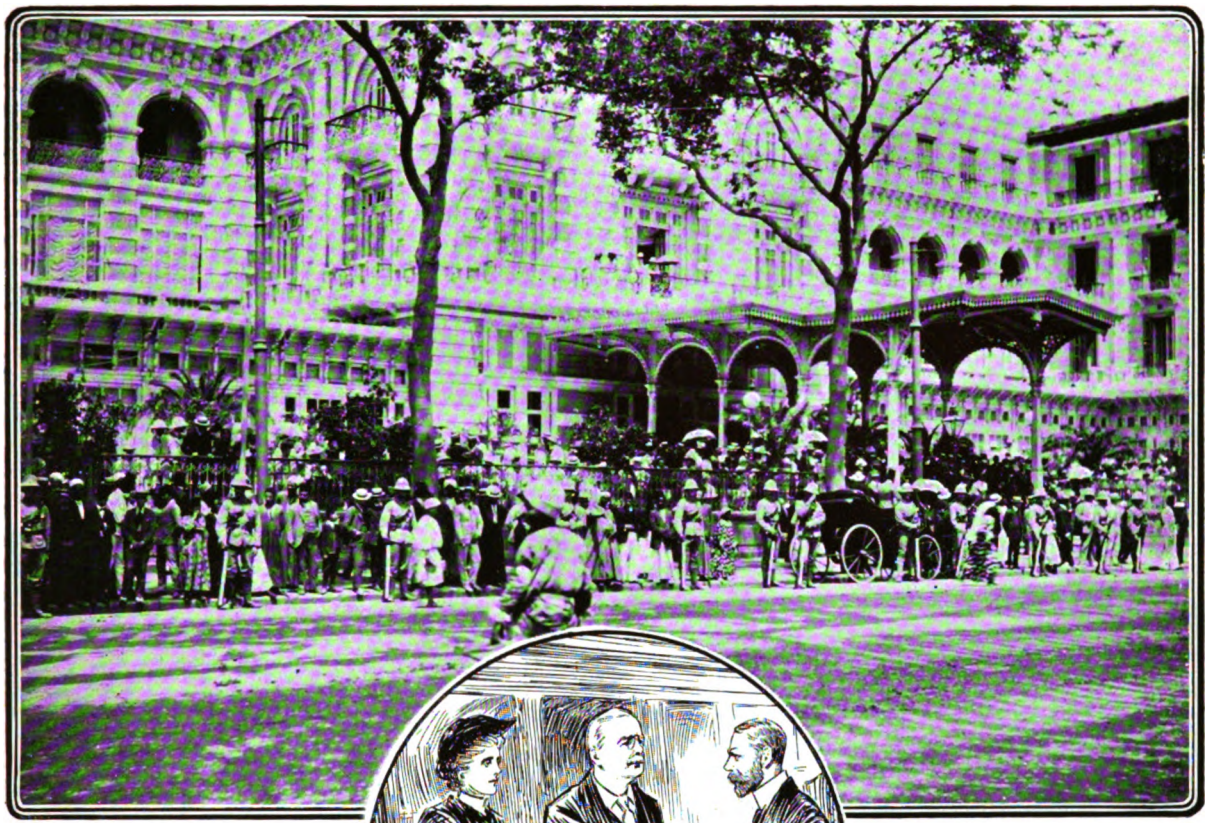
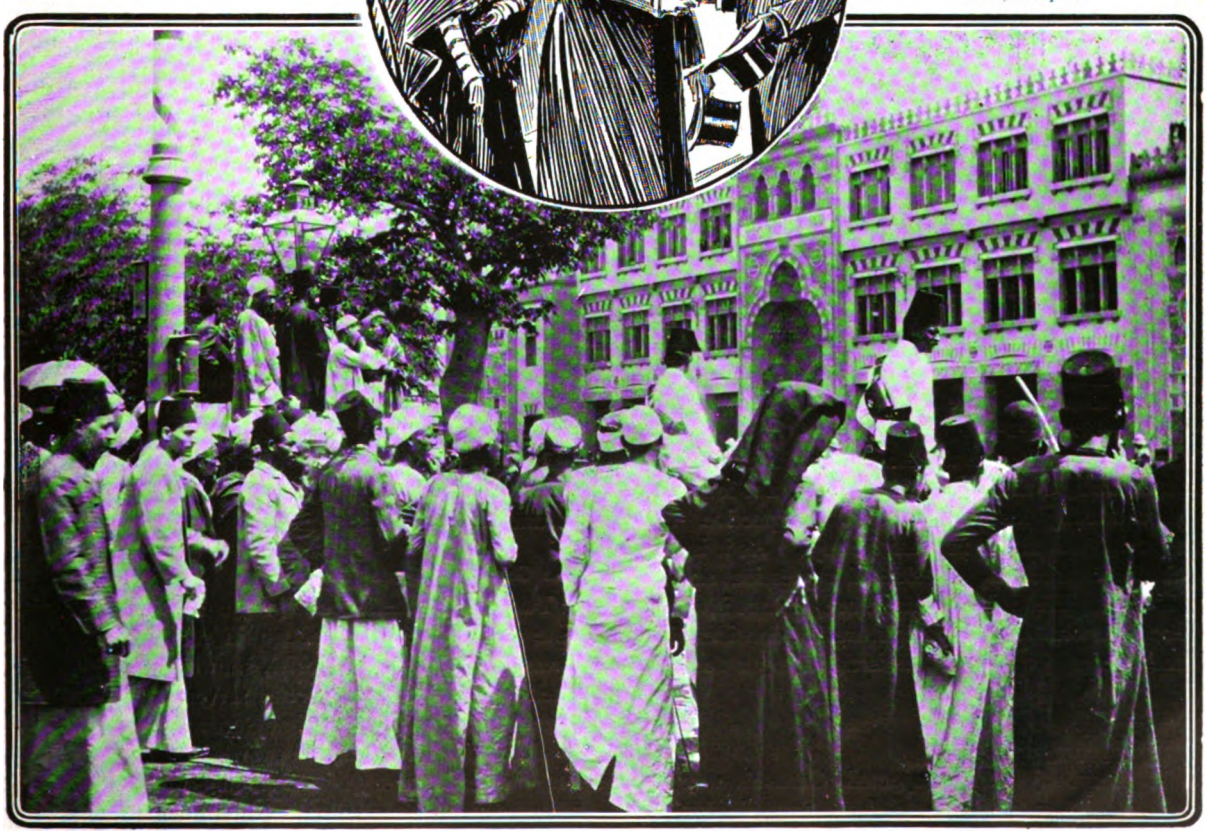
Farewell! A Long Farewell!

LORD CROMER LEAVES THE LAND WHICH CALLS HIM ITS FIRST REFORMER



Lord Cromer Leaving Cairo
The terrace of the Continental Hotel crowded with visitors to see Lord Cromer

Lord and Lady Cromer welcomed by the Prince of Wales at Victoria
Reproduced by kind permission of the "Daily Graphic"



Photos *F. Wade*

Natives congregate near Cairo Station to witness the departure of Lord Cromer

"Egypt," writes Mohammed Bey Wahid in a Cairo paper, "bids farewell to-day, with profound regret, to its first reformer, the first founder of justice and permanent prosperity, the first ruler who combined mercy with justice since the days of Omar and Saladin. . . . Grateful Egyptians wish him health and happiness, and thank him from all their hearts for what he has done for Egypt."

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Stern Measures for India

As a barrister, Mr. McKenna was making a large income. When the call to politics came, he forsook all to follow it. He spends many holidays at Etretât, where our snapshot was taken. He is unmarried.

* * *

Irony and India

Ironic situations in the House of Commons are common enough to be ignored. They are served up hot every day in the Parliamentary frying-pan. But, sometimes, one more ironic than the rest strikes the attention. Mr. Morley, of all people, for instance, approving of "severe" methods in the suppression of unrest in India, surely constitutes a record in ironics. Ireland for the Irish, Egypt for the Egyptians, but India—no, not yet India for the Indians. "I, for one," said Mr. Morley, "am determined not to strip the Government of India of any weapon which the law places in our hands for the suppression of these diso ders."

* * *

The Anglo-Indian View

Even as it is, it is just as well, it seems, for the fate of the Bengali agitator that the India Office is not made up of Anglo-Indians. From a letter just received from Calcutta, I extract the following:—

> It isn t any good just deporting these seditious devils. There is only one remedy for sedition in India—it is the cannon's mouth. Put half a hundred of them in front of it, and there would be no more unrest in India. There would have been no Mutiny had this same cannon's mouth had more of a say fifty years ago.

That may be taken as the Anglo-Indian feeling in the matter, and, if the Anglo-Indian had not long since unaccountably lost all sense of perspective, there might be something in what he says. As it is, however, he can see only one side of a question, and that is his own. His opinions, therefore, cannot invariably be acted upon. But they might well be considered and remembered, for, after all, he is the man on the spot.

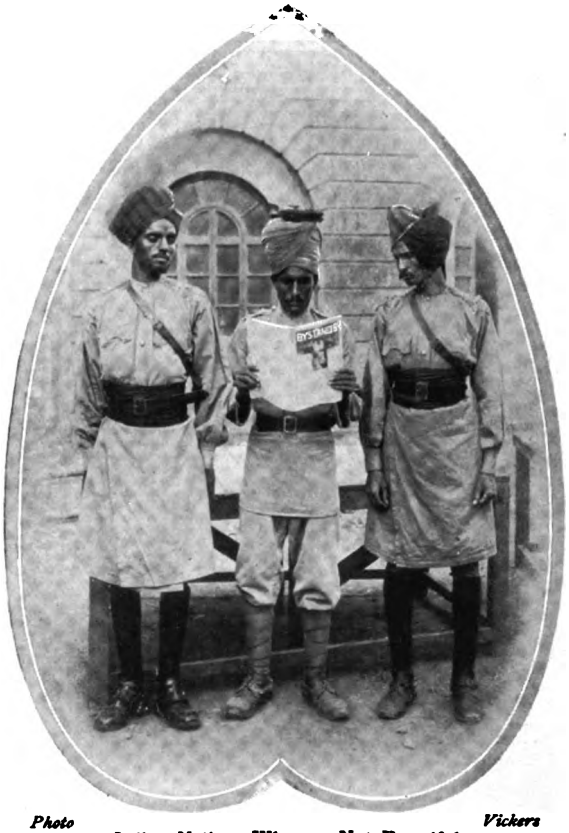

Photo *Vickers*

Indian Natives Who are Not Unrestful

The two tall figures on either side are "Sowars" of the 34th Poona Horse, who came from Amangabad for the Amir's visit. They were very anxious to be photographed. The central figure is a sepoy of the 113th Bombay Infantry, and the photograph was taken at the Town Hall, Bombay

* * *

Caruso's Reception

As everybody gladly expected, Caruso's reception on Wednesday night in *Bohème* proved that the British public's appreciation of a masterly artist will withstand any amount of Comstockery. The reception had nothing dramatic about it, for, of course, Rodolfo, the tenor's rôle, is already on the stage at the rise of the curtain. However, when he finished his first great duet with Mimi (Mme. Donalda) the house came down, and long and deep were the cries of "Caruso! Caruso!" Melba was not present on the occasion, being "indisposed." The public's sympathy for that lady's exceeding delicacy of—er—health will almost equal its sympathy for itself in the constant disappointments which it has to suffer on her account. Personally, I never care whether or not Melba sings in *Bohème*. Though she declares it to be a favourite part, the rôle of Mimi is anything but a glittering one, either musically or sartorially. The sweet music allotted to the Musetta (her Valse Song in Act II. being the opera's *pièce de resistance*), and the undeniable importance of the tenor part, serve to rob the *prima donna* of her expected glory.

* * *

Opera Manners

By the way, students of Smart-Set manners should bear in mind that it is now voted hopelessly dowdy, on entering the Opera House, to hold open the swing-doors on behalf of anybody who may be behind one. After your own entry, the door should, if possible, be let fly into the face of the lady behind you with a good smart bang. On no account apologise should you by any chance smash her nose, drive in her teeth, or fracture her skull. Your doing so would infallibly stamp you as suburban, while should you be guilty of actually holding open the door for anybody, you *may* be politely put out as an undesirable by the vigilant janitory staff.

* * *

The German Shipping Menace

Two of this week's photographs have matters maritime as their keynote, though in somewhat different forms. The picture opposite, showing a scene in the interior of Krupp's vast works, serves to give an idea of the reality of the work that Germany has set herself so determinedly to carry forward—the building of a fleet powerful enough to challenge world-power with whomsoever may claim it—which, being interpreted, means chiefly England. The other illustration is of a somewhat more pacific nature—that of the interior of the vast new floating White Star palace *Adriatic*, the

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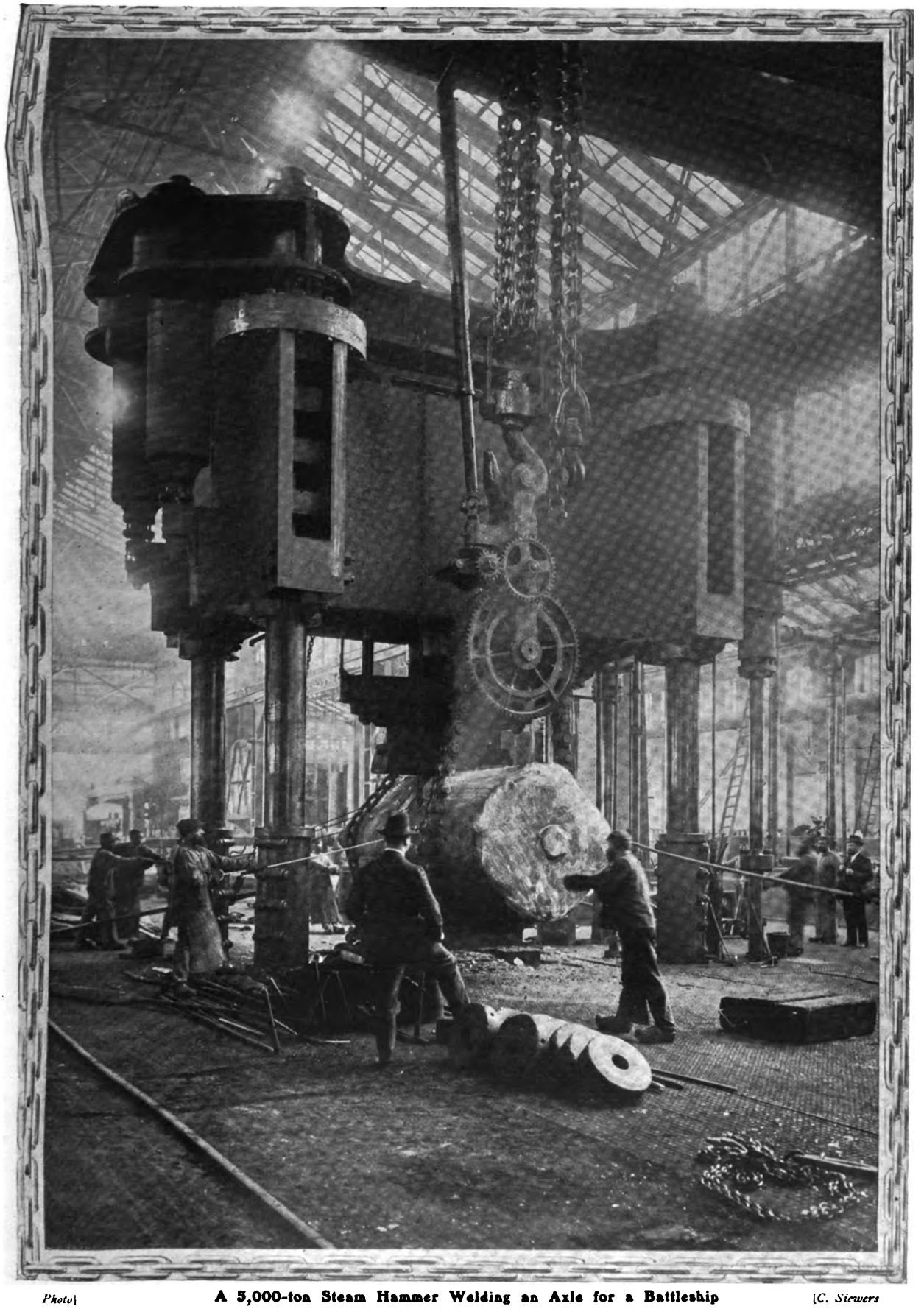
German Naval Menace in the Making

KRUPP'S—WHERE THE KAISER'S BATTLESHIPS ARE RAPIDLY BEING BUILT



Photo] **A 5,000-ton Steam Hammer Welding an Axle for a Battleship** [*C. Siewers*

The Kaiser's recent re-avowal of his determination to challenge the sea-power of Britain, at no matter what cost to the German taxpayer, has served again to arouse anxiety in this country. Above is one of the yards at Krupp's vast Essen works—Germany's greatest emporium for purchasing her weapons of war. It gives a realistic idea of the magnitude of the work on which our great rival is now engaged, and of her undoubted capacity to undertake it

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Her Hysterical Highness

largest British twin-screw steamer afloat, which sailed from Liverpool the week before last, and is now about to make her return voyage from New York. Over this, again, hangs the shadow of German menace, for it is to vie with the leviathans of the Hamburg lines that our native shipowners have put forth such vast efforts. Whatever may be the case at the Admiralty, however, the result in this case seems to justify high hopes of our retaining all the glory of our Atlantic commerce.

* * *

"Faust" at Mass

For some weeks to come, if report be true, the King of Saxony will again be annoyed, and the Saxon people again disgusted, with the ever-fruitful subject of the King's divorced wife, the Countess Montignoso. A certain Frau Kremer, sent by the Saxon Court to the Countess to remove her little daughter, the Princess Monica Pia, seems to have acted the spy and *confidante* to good purpose. All she learned while staying with the Countess in Italy she has compiled in book form, and this volume, giving the most intimate details of the life and character of the misguided lady who was once Crown Princess, and should now be Queen of, Saxony, is shortly to be published in Dresden. Frau Kremer describes the Countess Montignoso as hysterical and whimsical, and as confident that, could she only meet the King alone, she "would win him back." The little Princess is described as an incorrigible child, who has to be "tickled to sleep," and who has "a strange passion for the smell of benzine." Altogether, it is a *chronique scandaleuse*, of the usual unwholesome type, and about as reliable, I imagine, as such things usually are. One incident if true is of interest as proving that the Countess Montignoso's religious instincts, at any rate, whatever her maternal instincts may be, are not overpoweringly strong. On her bedroom-table Frau Kremer tells of seeing a Bible which, upon investigation, proved to be a copy of Goethe's *Faust*. The Countess confessed that she had sewn *Faust* in her Bible cover in order to avoid *ennui* at Mass (personally I should infinitely prefer the Bible). The Countess, it will be remembered, has in her hands one great "pull" over her late husband. Were she to make public declaration of what she has often officially declared, *i.e.* that she was married to Prince Frederic Augustus of Saxony against her will, the King could re-marry, for the Vatican would declare that, coercion having been used, this was no true marriage. This, however, she very naturally refuses to do, as it would do away once for all with her hopes of a reconciliation.

Photo *Mayer*

Countess Montignoso

(Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony), on whose private life, it has been announced, a book is shortly to be published. In it she is described as being "hysterical, whimsical, without any fixity of purpose, and actuated wholly by the impulses of the moment"

* * *

Kempton Anticipates Ascot

It is, perhaps, a little late in the day to discuss even the social side of the Kempton Park Meeting, but the following details received from a lady correspondent are so illuminating that I venture to insert them :—

"The King arrived unexpectedly on the first day, looking very well and most cheerful. His Majesty, as usual, set the fashion of wearing coloured hats, but his neat blue tie, while it served to throw up the wonderful blue of his eyes, had no resemblance to the bright orange-and-green ties worn by many of the men present. Men's devotion to fashion, by the way, was never more exemplified than it was at Kempton. Bright etceteras were *de rigueur*, and I wonder some of the socks did not make the horses shy, so vivid were their hues. Lord Carnarvon was one of the many men in brown, a drab bowler hat, a brown tweed suit with a large green check, a blue bow-tie, a very prominent pink handkerchief, and black boots with light-brown tops completing a costume, at any rate, distinctive; while another well-known sporting man wore a huge red rose, surrounded with maidenhair, in his brown suit—doubtless as a symbol of some sort! Lord Cholmondeley, as usual, chewed that imaginary toothpick of his with great ardour.

* * *

Frocks, Frills, and Hats

"Some of the hats were truly wonderful! Mrs. Hwfa Williams had a large owl perched pecking on her hair; a lady near her had evidently collected all the discarded white feathers from her husband's 'cocked' hat for her own use; Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry) struck a note of distinction by appearing in unrelieved black and a *small* hat; Lady Clonmell, *née* Miss Rachel Verridge, actress, was in hyacinth-blue; and another ex-actress, Miss Edna May, wore an amusing hat, bright green in shade and of the flower-pot variety in shape; round it she had draped a yellow scarf, reminding one irresistibly of the decently draped flower-pots one formerly met in Suburbia; Lady Brinckman wore a long, tight, white coat; and the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel looked well in a black and white striped gown, her hat of upstanding yellow wings. As usual, however, the smart racing set was very quietly dressed. At

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Kempton Anticipates Ascot

SOCIETY FAVOURS THE "JUBILEE" WITH SMART FROCKS

Photos *Phillips*

(1) Mrs. Cranston, Lady Brinckman (2) Lady Wolverton, The Hon. George Lambton

(3) Lord Farquhar, Sir E. Vincent, The Hon. John Ward, Mr. Blake, The Hon. Mrs. G. Keppel

(4) The Countess of Clonmell (5) Lord Marcus Beresford

The Kempton "Jubilee" Meeting, on Saturday week, was quite an anticipation of Ascot, the glorious sunshine and the warm weather inducing Society at large to turn up in unusually large numbers, arrayed in unusually becoming costumes, the prevailing styles of which may be learned by a glance at those worn by the well-known Society women in the above photographs

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The Snapshot Impertinent

Kempton, the company is mixed. Even the *demi-mondaine* has a look in, though she didn't seem to be having a particularly good time at this Meeting—one, in fact, being overheard yawningly to wish herself 'back at Monte.'"

* * *

The American Invasion

Of the American invasion of London I have heard and seen so much that I betook myself on Sunday to the river, there, I promised myself, to forget it. We lunched in Henley, at Phyllis Court Club (more delightful than ever, by the way), and after a prolonged hour on the beautiful lawns, over the coffee and liqueurs, started down stream. The launch glided like a bird. The sun shone. The sky was blue. The banks a feathery green fairyland. My thoughts soared to realms in which even the best Americans have no part. I closed my eyes for a moment. The words "New York" brought me crashing back to earth. We were at Bourne End (I must have dozed!) and my host was pointing out a riverside mansion—the latest American acquisition. It stood on the Bucks bank, simply bursting with improvements, additions, and American money. Mr. G. A. Kessler is the millionaire to whom it now belongs. I remember him. He rented *Formosa* (for a mere pittance of a hundred guineas a week) from Sir George Young last year, thereby restoring to that irascible gentleman the equanimity he so sadly lost over the ladies' bathing-place at Odney Pool. Mr. Kessler has already spent £30,000 on his new toy. Electric lights are to sparkle not only all over the house, but in every flower and tree in the garden. And he has named his house "New York Lodge."

A Cabinet Minister Bathing!

The Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna, M.P. (President of the Board of Education), about to take a plunge. Mr. McKenna (on the left) is a keen lover of the open air, though a Radical of the Radicals

(*Snapshotted at Etretât*)

Photo] **A Bridegroom's Penance** [*Topical Agency*

The wedding of Sir Capel Wolseley and Miss Beatrice Knollys at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on the 9th inst. The bride and bridegroom leaving after the reception to attend the tea given by them to the cripple children

* * *

More America

Lower down the river, below Cookham Lock, America is again well to the fore. Mr. Waldorf Astor, jun., now owns both sides of the stream, having also bought land from Sir George Young. The land is of but slight industrial value, of course. But what of that? Money must be spent somehow. This young man, too, is making bids for popularity. Doubtless he has Parliamentary ambitions. Unfortunately, it is very absurd, of course, but down there they are just a little strait-laced. They object, for instance, to divorcées, and already young Mrs. Astor has been deprived of the inestimable pleasure of opening some boys' club or the like, simply on these obsolete grounds. I disembarked at Boulter's only to meet a man just come from Florence. He told me that the Villa Palmieri, so often lent to Queen Victoria by the Dowager Lady Crawford, and of literary fame as the scene of Boccaccio's "Decameron," had been sold to an American—a Mr. Ellsworth, of New York! Verily, it is an American invasion.

* * *

A Ducal Retreat

At the Villa Palmieri, by the way, the Duchess of Rutland has been spending the Spring and leading the simple life, the gardener cooking her Grace's meals. Her daughters have been backwards and forwards between there and Arlington Street. Rather Italian in appearance, indeed, was Lady Marjorie Manners at the Academy Private View. Romantically attired in purple velvet, a tiny cap and a long feather adorning her small head, she looked in all truth the soulful daughter of one who is, indeed, a Soul; and seeing her thus, I was irresistibly reminded of a little incident of her ladyship's babyhood. A god-daughter of Queen Victoria, she was once sent to visit her Majesty. She arrived clothed, of course, in the green and yellow, the smocked frock, and generally limp garments which the Souls had chosen as their children's only wear. The Queen was shocked. Where was the starched white frock, the strapped shoes, the curled top-knot, the tie-ups, in which it behoved every self-respecting little Victorian maiden

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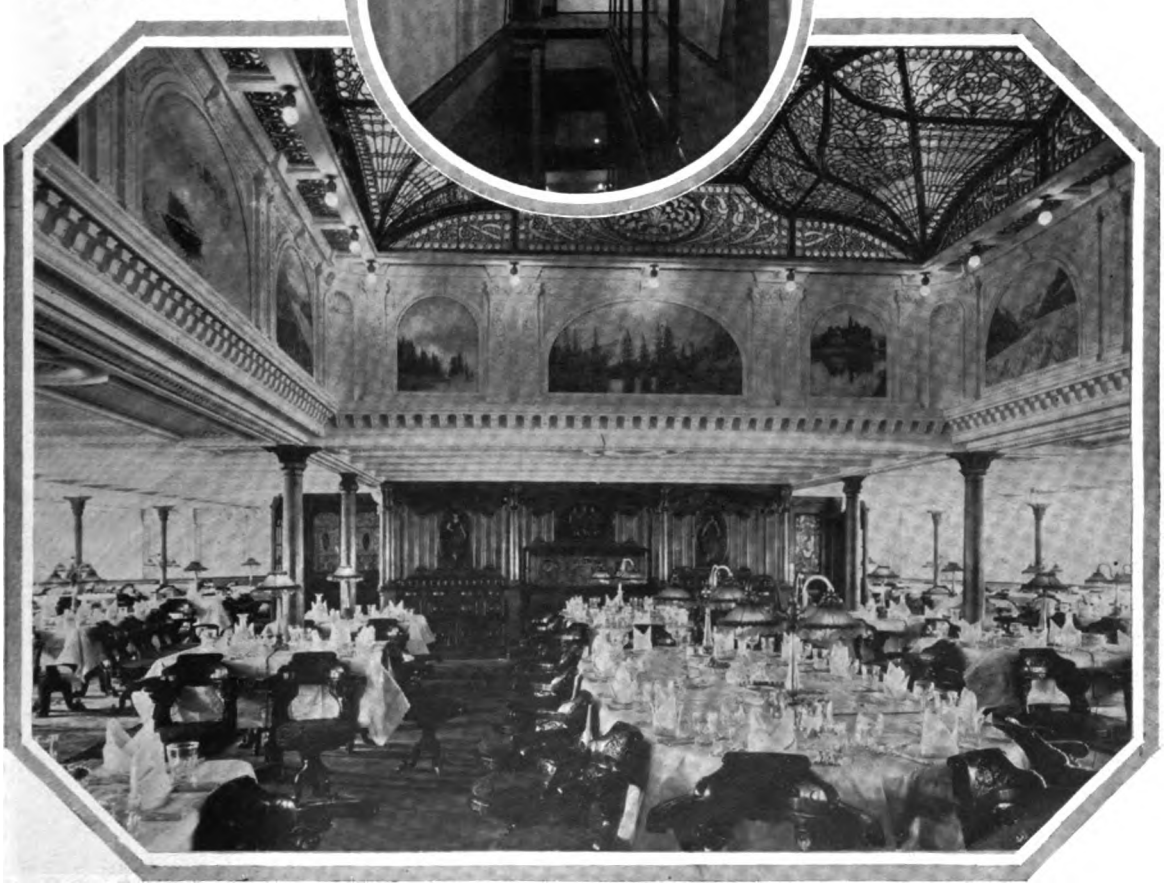
The Liner Luxurious

THE FLOATING PALACE, "ADRIATIC," ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE

The Reading and Writing Room

A Plunge Bath Afloat



Photos *Bull, Austin*

The Dining Saloon

England evidently does not intend to be left behind by Germany in her construction of great liners, the latest addition to the ocean greyhounds sailing under the English flag being the White Star Liner *Adriatic*, the largest British twin-screw vessel afloat (25,000 tons), which sailed from Liverpool, on her maiden voyage, on May 8. As our photographs show, this floating palace is replete with every modern luxury, and, in fact, most of her passengers are likely to be even more comfortable, and surrounded by more luxury while on the ocean, than is their good fortune on shore

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"A Very Superior Chancellor"

to appear at Court? Not, apparently, in the nursery wardrobes of the children of the artistic Lady Granby. Her Majesty signified her disapproval. And next time Lady Marjorie came to Court it was in befitting costume—top-knot and all!

* * *

The New Chancellor

Ceremony, pageantry, ancient rite, the clank of steel, or the sheen of silken hoods, all these seem somehow to belong by right to, and to cling to any office enjoyed for the nonce by, Lord Curzon. As Viceroy of India, his state exceeded by many a long chalk any regal state known to the modern. As Chancellor of Oxford University, he was installed into that high office with the fullest, the most ancient, and most ceremonious ritual.

* * *

The Right Man

That apart, however, it is difficult to call to mind, at the present time, any public man as well fitted as Lord Curzon for the post of Chancellor of Oxford University. Already he has set ancient tradition at defiance, and has begged for funds. A university of which Lord Curzon is head is not to be allowed to become the archæological institution that was threatened. Politics and the problems of education are the two great interests of his life. Politics being apparently shelved for the time—is it not rumoured that the ex-Viceroy "cut dead" Mr. Arthur Balfour on the occasion of their first meeting after Lord Curzon's return from India?—education now has first place in his lordship's affections. He combines with a great love for his *Alma Mater* a vivid appreciation of the requirements of a modern world, a world which has raced onwards while Oxford has stood still. In his hands, therefore, the future of Oxford may be most safely left; and, meantime, millionaires, forward, please!

Photo *Gillman*

Lord Curzon's installation as Chancellor of Oxfo d University

From the Viceroyalty of India, Lord Curzon has stepped to the scarcely less superior dignity of Chancellor of Oxford University, in which capacity he has issued a most impressive appeal for funds. His installation at Oxford was attended with due pomp and pageantry as befits him who was once known to the world as "George Nathaniel Curzon, a most Superior Purzon"

* * *

In Aid of Lady Margaret Hall

I am asked to announce that, in aid of the Library Building Fund of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, a concert is to be held, at 3.15 on May 30, at Stafford House (by kind permission of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland). Lord Milner and Mr. Asquith are amongst those interested, and many prominent artists have promised their services.

Photo *Haines*

A Picture of the Year: Mr. Frank Craig's "Joan of Arc"

Of this year's exhibits at the Royal Academy, one of the most striking is the spirited picture of "Joan of Arc," by Mr. Frank Craig. It will be remembered that his last year's Academy picture, "The Heretic," was bought by the Chantrey Trustees

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

WALDORF THEATRE

"When Knighthood Was in Flower"

This play is stupefying. It is a nightmare. If an imaginative man supped heavily off Lobster *à la Neuberg* and took Gilbert à Beckett's "Comic History of England" to read in bed, he might dream a wilder story than *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. He might. On the other hand, there is the likelihood that the dreamer would miss the fine ecstasy engendered by the vision of Mary Tudor raging round her apartments like a termagant, chasing tailors out of the window, and pelting her brother, Henry VIII., and the lords and ladies of his Court, with bolsters and—her corsets!

But a truce to the baffling task of painting the horrors of this wild Tudor farce. After recovering from the first shock occasioned by it, one is filled with sadness by the thought that the play should be included in the repertory of Mr. Edward Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe, whose productions of *Hamlet*, of *Romeo and Juliet*, and of *Jeanne d'Arc* were characterised by such care, such thought, and such artistry.

ALDWYCH THEATRE

"Strongheart"

The stage has, at different times, been presented, by its enemies and by its friends, in a host of different guises. It has been decried (in earlier times) as a sure road to the devil: it has been introduced as a factor in increasing the gaiety of nations; while ofttimes the stage has been ranged on a platform with the Church as a great educator and elevator of public morals. There is one function of the stage which has been somewhat overlooked. It is the medium through which strange peoples and strange customs can be brought to the notice of those who have not had the good fortune to be numbered among the travellers. For want of a better word, these plays, which transport the playgoer to a different *milieu* from any to which he is accustomed, may be termed plays of atmosphere. An Englishman who had enjoyed the benefits of a course at a German University would be hard put to it to tell a story (in three hours) which would leave anything like the impression which is left upon an audience by "Old Heidelberg"; or, again, he might be in the best form, and take the hearth-rug in a congenial circle of friends without drawing for them even a shadowy outline of the bold form of Mr. Stubbins. Association with a number of Anglo-Americans would never leave us (as *Strongheart* does) with such a clear understanding of the main points, and such a distinct general idea of the finer points, of American college

Photo *Byron*

Miss Ethel Barrymore, the well-known American actress, at home

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football. Hence *Strongheart* takes place among the "plays of atmosphere"—the plays which have a distinct interest (for non-travellers) outside the legitimate interest they may exert by their presentations of human tragedies and comedies. It is hardly too much to say that a feeble play written around the manners and customs of the Eskimos, provided it gave a fair picture of these dwellers in the North, could not entirely fail to hold our attention.

But *Strongheart* is far more than a picture-drama of American football and of an American racial problem. It is a play written with humour and with strength. True the comedy and sporting elements are somewhat too strong for the main theme—the love of the Indian "Strongheart" for the American girl, Dorothy Nelson. Still, there is sufficient of the racial difficulty (it is hardly a problem) to give a romantic tone to the play.

Concerning the Players

The author, Mr. William C. de Mille, is prodigal in supplying good acting rôles. The "star" of the production, Mr. Robert Edeson, is supported by a strong cast, the masculine members of which are given splendid opportunities. The lion's share of the comedy falls to Mr. Frank J. McIntyre. His genial Billy Saunders rampages through the play in the cheeriest manner. This stout member of the Columbia football team is greatly in evidence, yet we never see too much of him. The play would be a dull affair without him. The author has artfully made his principal comedian an important factor in the working out of the plot, with the result that Billy, unlike the "funny man" pure and simple, never becomes tiresome.

Mr. Edmund Breese is another most valuable member of the cast. He doubles two excellent rôles. First, he is the Head Coach, and the scene in which he alternately cajoles and bullyrags his hard-working team to the winning standard is a "bit" which, from the acting point of view, far outweighs many a rôle four times the length. Next we see Mr. Breese as the Indian, Black Eagle, sent to summon the new chief, Strongheart, to his people. A less clever interpretation of this rôle would let down the interest of the play at the end, when it needs most to be upheld. While upon the subject of the ending (the Indian does *not* marry the girl), I must chronicle a horrid rumour, to the effect that the author has a "happy ending" up his sleeve, and intends to play it for the benefit, supposedly, of a romantic playgoing public. If this be not a canard, there can be but one retaliation on the part of the playgoing public. A representative body of playgoers must invite the playwright to a banquet, and solemnly drink to the toast of his unhealth. Mr. Edeson's Strongheart is a notable piece of work. He never loses for a moment his grip upon the salient physical and mental characteristics of the rôle. The actor is not only the Indian in appearance, but the Indian in being—sincere, reserved, dignified—a man who takes part, in so far as he is able, in the sports and life of the college, but is ever at heart the alien. E. C. S.

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Mabel Duncan (Mrs. Bryce)

The respondent in the "Gaiety Girl" divorce case which has been occupying the attention of Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane and a special jury

Light Opera at the Shaftesbury

It would give me the greatest pleasure to be able to record a Shaftesbury success, but, in its present state, *Lady Tatters*, described as a light romantic opera in three acts, does not leave one with much hope for its future. To begin with, the plot is so complicated as to be almost beyond disentanglement, and it is rendered the more unintelligible by the incoherent enunciation of at least one of the principal characters. There is always an indescribable something that goes to make or mar a piece, and this something appears to be adverse to *Lady Tatters*. Even when we have succeeded in grasping the gist of the story, the play frequently hangs fire, seemingly through no fault either of the author or the actors. It is just as though the fates had agreed to put a ban upon the piece. But it is early yet to despair. The music of Mr. Walter Slaughter is delightful; and when the piece has undergone a few alterations, when prolific Mr. Walter Passmore has added fresh jokes, and when some of the general feeling of oppression has passed away, *Lady Tatters* may prove quite a good thing. Mr. Walter Passmore, as Seth Lewys, the strolling actor, is the life of the piece, and his song, "The Fiddler and his Dog," is one of the most enjoyable numbers of the evening. Miss Marie George is the only lady member of the company who has a part in any way suited to her talents, and she is quite charming as Poll Merrie. Miss Louie Pounds is anything but happily placed as Isabel Scaby (the villainess of the story). She is an artist worthy of a far different part. Miss Claudia Lasell's Tatters is not over-brilliant or successful, and it is of her enunciation that I have chiefly to complain. Mr. Ivor Foster sings well, so does Mr. Courtice Pounds, and Messrs. Sidney Brough, Herbert Sparling, Johnny Danvers, and Powis Pinder, all do their very best with their respective rôles. The piece is excellently mounted, and a good orchestra is under the direction of the composer. R. M.

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SCENES FROM

"Strongheart" at the Aldwych

DRAWN BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

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£250,000 How to Spend it in One Year

(SEE "BREWSTER'S MILLIONS" AT THE HICKS THEATRE)

"You are your uncle's sole heir"

Mr. Edward Sass (*The Lawyer*) Mr. Gerald du Maurier (*Brewster*)

Brewster learns of the astounding conditions of his uncle's will. He is to inherit two millions on the condition that within one year he has spent, to the last farthing, the £250,000 left him by his grandfather. This strange will is prompted by the hatred borne by the uncle for the grandfather on account of the latter's cruel neglect of Brewster's mother. Brewster, though startled at first, readily decides to comply with the conditions

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Brewster's office "de luxe"

Brewster enlists the help of his boon companions in the spending of the money. He gives them posts as secretaries at extravagant salaries, and instals them in his office *de luxe*, where the very telephone apparatus is finished off in ivory and gold. Note the other evidences of wealth in the illustration—the cabinets, pictures, the three commissionaires and the footman, who help Brewster off with his astrakhan coat

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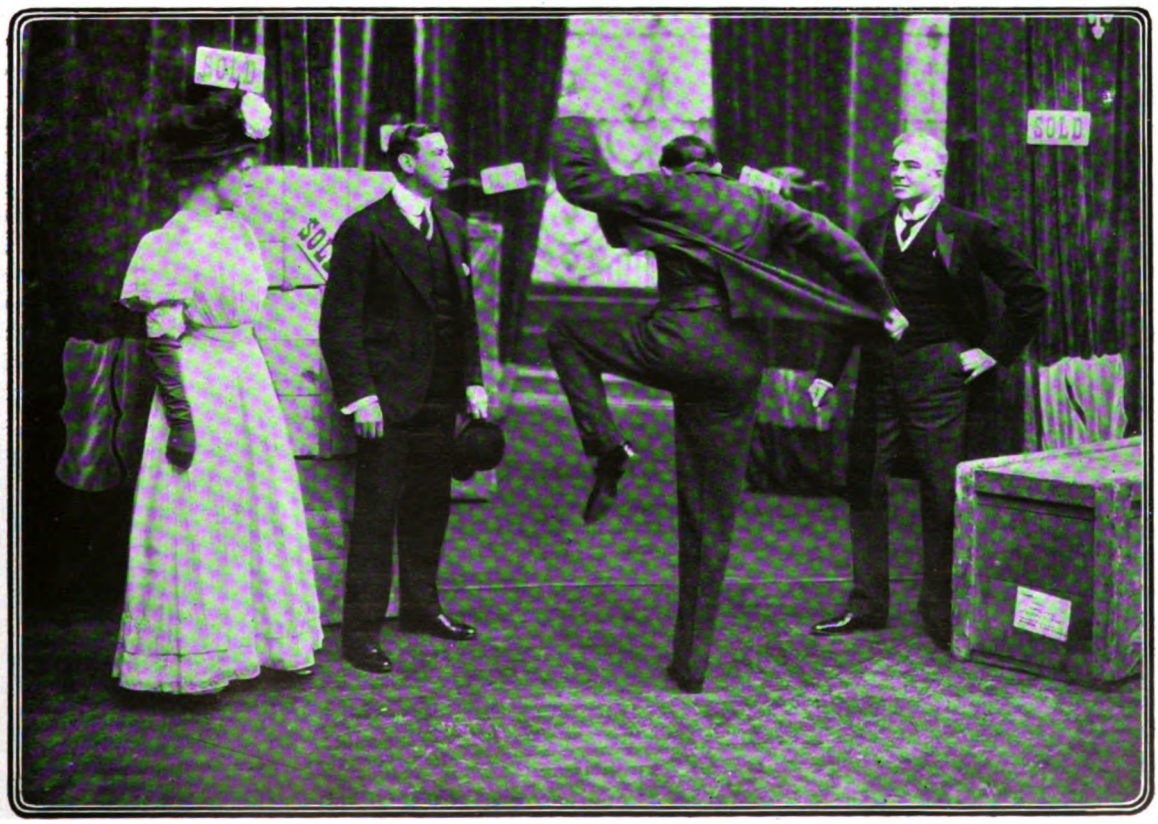
"Brewster's Millions" at the Hicks Theatre

"The cheque for Miss Clayton's house, sir"

Miss Beatrice Agnew (*Peggy*) Mr. Gerald du Maurier (*Brewster*)

In the expenditure of his wealth, Brewster gets into trouble with Peggy, the young lady upon whom he has set his affections. In the most innocent manner in the world, he lavishes jewels, carriages, and a house upon a Miss Trixie Clayton, of the musical comedy stage. Unfortunately for Brewster, the office-boy brings in the cheque for him to sign when Peggy is in the office



Photos *Dover Street Studios*

"Swearingen Jones is here"

All comes well in the end. Brewster, confronted with a little matter of £10,000 to spend in two minutes, hastily turns it over to the lawyer as his fee. When the year has expired, on the strike of the clock, Swearingen Jones, the trustee for his uncle's fortune, is announced, and Brewster is able to tell him that he has carried out the conditions of the will to the letter

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The Future King of Spain

A few weeks ago, when the soothsayers of Madrid announced that, if the sun were shining, Spain would have a Prince, the wits of Paris laughed! But the prophecy has been fulfilled. Again, we have a proof, so frequent in history, that it is rather dangerous to ignore the talents of Cassandra. A nobleman who has just returned from Madrid tells me he has had the honour of beholding the Royal babe lying on the salver. It resembles most other babies at that age, he informs me, but that during the trying ordeal it behaved remarkably well. Now, after long watching and waiting, the people of Spain have got their reward. The ceremonies and fêtes which accompany the baptism of the Royal Prince, and which have been so graphically described by the Press, having once taken place, let us hope that the Queen, who has been so much in the public eye of late, will be allowed to retire for a while into private life with her tiny son. After the King of England, Alfonso XIII. is the most popular monarch who has ever visited Paris. His open-hearted and generous manner charmed all with whom he came in contact, and France is still a little ashamed of the fact that he nearly lost his life in her capital. According to an ancient custom, it is the Spanish Ambassador in Paris who has the honour of informing the other Spanish Embassies throughout the world of the happy event. At the Embassy in the Boulevard de Courcelles, the house was brilliantly illuminated throughout the night, and fêtes were given corresponding with those at Madrid.

H.I.H. The Princess Marie Bonaparte

The richest Royal heiress in Europe. Autograph private photograph taken on the Grand Staircase of the Bonaparte Hotel in the Avenue d'Iéna, Paris

* * *

Princess Marie Bonaparte

I am informed, on very good authority, that Princess Marie Bonaparte is to visit Athens with her father, Prince Roland Bonaparte. The latter, it will be remembered, was lately elected a member of the French Academy of Sciences in the place of M. Raphaël Bischoffsheim. When the King of Greece was last in Paris, he dined with Prince Roland in his magnificent house in the Avenue d'Iéna, Princess Marie being hostess. Knowing the King's admiration for flowers, she decorated the table herself (with chrysanthemums and autumn foliage principally), and the Royal guest so admired the young lady's taste that he invited her there and then to come to Athens and see his flowers. Prince Roland, although he is constantly invited, cannot afford the time to take much interest in Society. He has the best private library in the world, consisting of 100,000 volumes.

* * *

"The Little Trianon of the Holy See"

I wonder if, by this time, some American millionaire has come forward with the sum necessary to prevent the square garden of the Vatican falling into ruins. Already, in several places, the wall has crumbled, and, in order to build it up again, £400 or more must be spent—"more," says the Holy Father, "than the Vatican is able to afford at present." Thus, unless the money is shortly forthcoming, one of the historic beauties of ancient Rome will disappear from sight. The Vatican garden is one of the most fascinating parts of Rome, and one of those rare corners which is not inundated with tourists. Most art lovers, however, generally try at some time to see it, and their various Ambassadors are only too willing to obtain for them the necessary permissions. Yet to wander in these gardens is like wandering amongst ruins: the fountains and cascades are silent, and the flower-beds are not without their share of weeds. To make them what they should be, it would require not only genius, but thousands of pounds, and these the Pope withholds! Like one of his predecessors, Paul IV., who considered money spent on art like substance wasted, the present Pope forbids any expense except for the spiritual welfare of Rome. Naturally, he has been rather severely criticised by those persons who consider the palaces at Rome, like the Louvre and Versailles at Paris, the property of all and sundry. Another delicious spot in the Vatican

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gardens, which will fall into ruins unless very timely restoration is forthcoming, is the Casino del Papa, to which Leo XIII. walked every day of his life. Both the archæology and architecture of the charming little pavilion are extremely inaccurate, but this is part of its attraction. The day that it was built, its death-warrant was signed. It is often called, and rightly, "The Little Trianon of the Holy See."

* * *

Hysteria and Discords

Anyone who considers himself anything in Paris has seen *Salomé*; and every paper which counts for anything at all has criticised it—favourably, in most cases. The presentation of this masterpiece—hysteria depicted in discords, I may add in parenthesis—is considered one of the social events of the season. The Countess Greffulhe, whose name appears on all the programmes, really deserves the title, "Protectrice des Arts de la Ville de Paris." Although only forty, Richard Strauss has the honour of being the most notorious composer in Germany—fortunately for his *Salomé*, for the public would never have accepted those awful discords had not the drama been backed by the name of the composer. Like Rodin in sculpture, Strauss is seeing how far the public will be taken in. By the way, I hear that Rodin, having more work than he can possibly manage, has farmed it out. When one of his deputies asked him how to treat a certain subject, he replied, "As you like; all that I do is excellent." Parts of *Salomé* are excellent, but they are few and far between. Practising music of this description must, a nerve specialist tells me, in time, drive the instrumentalist mad. The famous scene where Salomé embraces the severed head of St. John the Baptist is degrading to a degree. England and America were right to refuse to allow its representation.

By far the most interesting part of the performance is Herr Strauss himself. His deep forehead is striking, though one would never take him for a Tyrolean, and he is extremely shy. He conducts with energy when Strauss is the composer, and his exertions during *Salomé* have now confined him to bed.

* * *

The Theatre Vanderbilt

Most Parisians are of opinion that there are enough theatres in Paris, but apparently there are not. A theatre is shortly to be built in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, in the most expensive part. But what does that matter, when it is to be financed by a band of wealthy Americans, with Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt at their head? Their plans at present are kept very quiet. Nothing is known beyond the fact that "it is to be different from any other theatre, and to surpass any other theatre in magnificence." Many of the members of the Vanderbilt family came to Europe, like Mr. Stead, on a mission of peace; and, now that a truce has been brought about between the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, we may conclude their efforts have not been in vain. They have managed to get a good deal of pleasure out of their visit; they have attended important functions at Paris and on the Riviera, while one of their family had the extreme honour of "being paid a great deal of attention" by the Kaiser at the recent Berlin Court Ball. Who is to be the happy possessor of the dollars that will be given with Miss Cornelius Vanderbilt?

The Statue of Joan of Arc, with floral adornments

ORLEANS EN FÊTE IN HONOUR OF JOAN OF ARC

Photos *Trampus*

Civil and Military Officials Parading the Town in Robes

For the first time, the fêtes on the anniversary of the deliverance of Orleans from the British by Joan of Arc have been celebrated only by the laity, unaided by the Church, the Archbishop having refused to co-operate. The refusal only resulted in the celebration by the townspeople being a great deal more gorgeous and enthusiastic

* * *

Royalties in the Law Courts

Royal lawsuits seem to be the order of the day, for the law is no respecter of persons! The other day it was announced that the Sanz brothers were to bring an action against the King of Spain to recover the money which had been placed for them in the Bank of Spain and which is no longer forthcoming. Later came the news that Nicholas II. had been respectfully summoned to appear before the magistrate at Nice! This august personage, although possibly he had forgotten the fact, is the possessor of some ground at Nice, which his grandfather bought for £24,000, and on which was erected a mausoleum to the memory of the Tsarevitch Alexandrovitch, who died in 1865. It appears that the trees planted on this land have grown to such an extent that their branches have extended over into the neighbouring properties, thereby causing damage and inconvenience. When requested to have the trees cut, the Imperial proprietor took not the slightest notice. On being summoned to appear before the Court, Nicholas Romanoff again lent a deaf ear, and, in consequence, the case has become serious. A committee has had to be appointed to represent his Imperial Majesty. The whole machinery of the law was evoked to ascertain whether it was advisable, or necessary

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that the branches in question should be cut at all; and, finally, when the committee has taken its decision, another lawsuit will begin, and the branches may or may not be cut. Evidently the Russian officials are not as pre-occupied as one might expect, considering the internal crisis taking place in their own country, for they have leisure to betake themselves to Nice over such a trivial matter, which might have been decided by letter in less than five minutes.

* * *

The Case of an Ex-Empress

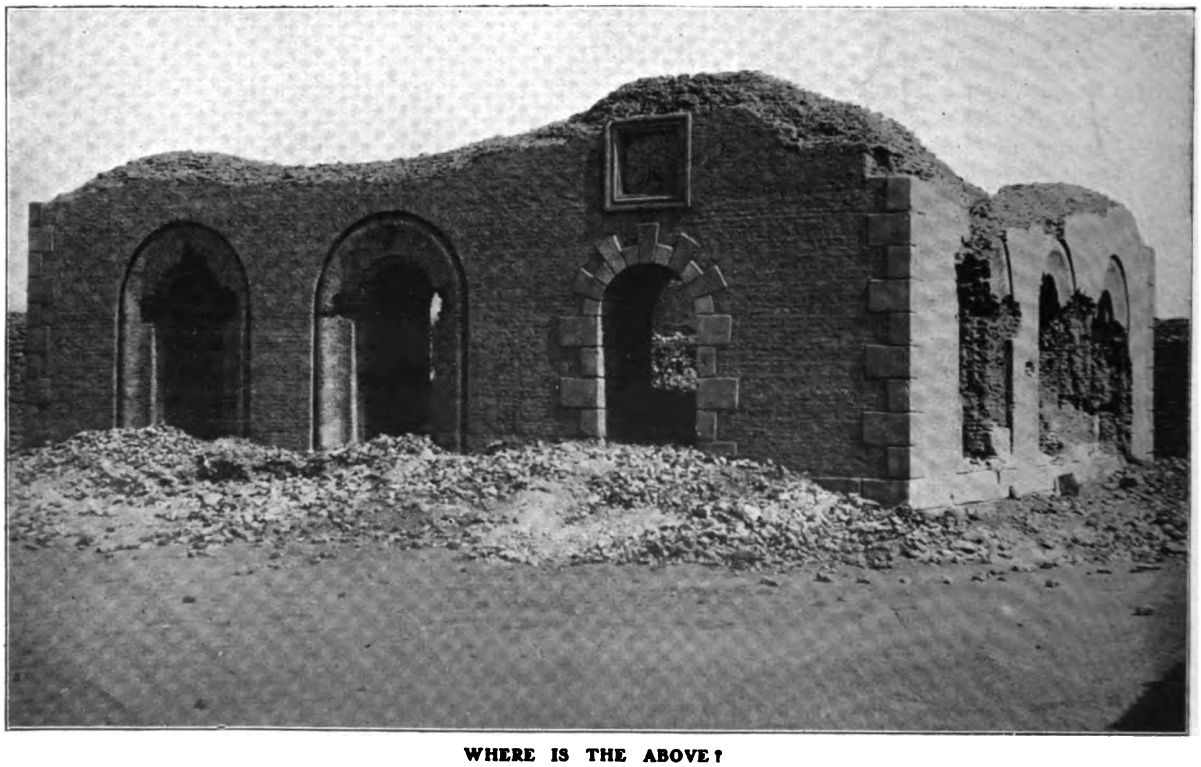
The case of the Empress Eugénie is more serious. Personally, she seems to treat the matter with her usual indifference, in spite of the fact that what touches her purse touches her most nearly. It appears that, just before the war of 1870, Napoleon III. borrowed £192,000 from a rich shipowner, Pierre Thierry, who died mysteriously shortly afterwards. According to his heir, a common farmer, who is bringing the action against the Empress, the papers proving this loan are extant. He has spent years in accumulating the necessary evidence, and it is said that his objective is the Villa Cyrnos, where the aged Empress had hoped to spend the last years of her life. The question seems to turn upon whether the sum in question was a loan or a gift—if, indeed, any such sum ever changed hands. Apparently, no interest has ever been paid, even by Napoleon himself, who was prodigality personified, which seems to prove that the money was not a loan. The plaintiff's family is by no means in sympathy with him in the matter. They consider it a waste of time and money prosecuting a claim against a person of such wealth and influence as the Empress, and if it is Thierry's idea to claim the villa as compensation, it is unlikely that his desire will be gratified. I feel convinced that the Empress would rather part with her hoarded wealth, or borrow more, than allow her treasured villa—the consolation of her exile—to pass into other hands.

* * *

The Elopement of an Archduchess

The Continent has been not a little surprised by the recent disappearance and discovery of one of the Austrian Archduchesses. The name is not to be revealed, but I am told it is, probably, the Archduchess Augustine, so unhappy has she been with her husband. The Emperor of Austria has tried to keep the affair as quiet as possible. There is no getting away, however, from the fact that the Archduchess has been staying for some weeks with a handsome Austrian, who signed the hotel register as Ferdinand de Saciyni, but who turned out to be nothing more than an adventurer. When at last the Archduchess was persuaded to return to Vienna, the lady's luggage had to be left to pay the bill. I heard some Austrians discussing this the other evening in a café, and few seemed to blame the Royal lady for running away. Life at the Austrian Court is boring to a degree; there was a great deal of truth in the late Empress Elizabeth's continual lamentation, "Etiquette, etiquette, always etiquette!" Why is it, I wonder, that playwrights have to go to ancient Greece for subjects of tragedy when the House of Hapsburg can boast of little else: grim, dreadful tragedy, family tragedy, and political tragedy?

ANOTHER PRIZE COMPETITION FOR GLOBE-TROTTERS



WHERE IS THE ABOVE?

The success of our recent Colonial Puzzle Competition, in arousing the interest of readers, has moved us once again to test their travel knowledge. The above is one of the most famous of the world's ruins. WHAT IS ITS NAME, AND WHERE SITUATED? As before, we offer for the first post-card giving the correct answer to be opened by the Editor on Saturday morning, the 25th inst., a prize of *ONE GUINEA*. Post-cards to be marked "Puzzle Picture," c/o of Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC SIDELIGHTS ON THE FISCAL QUESTION

THE SECRET OF CHEAP BREAD

From Stereograph Copyright *Underwood, London and New York*

Yankee Harvesters at Work Cutting the Corn which Feeds John Bull so Cheaply

This machine, at work on a Western farm, does 100 acres a day, which means 1,500 to 2,500 sacks. The harvester not only cuts the corn, it threshes it and packs it as it goes along. The only thing it doesn't do is to ship it over to Britain. Canada does the same sort of thing as the above on her Western farms, and some people think she might be encouraged to do a little more by John Bull. But that would violate the sacred principle of Free Trade, so Canada waits

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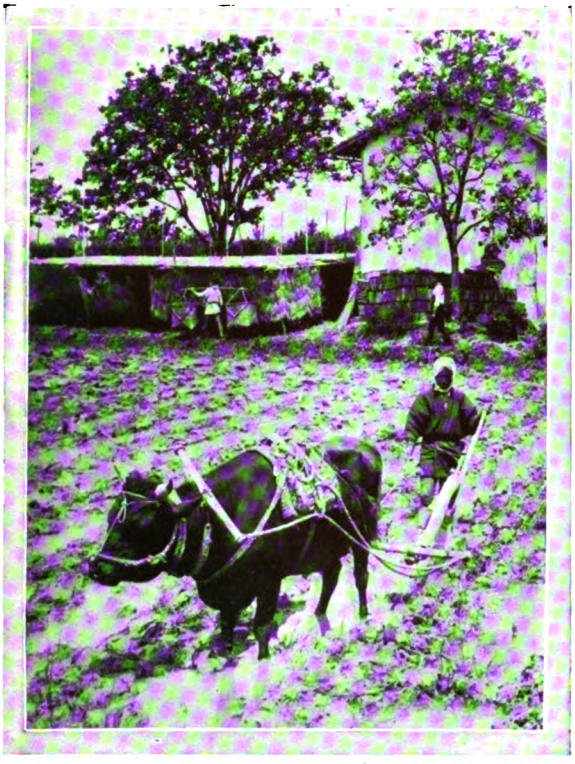
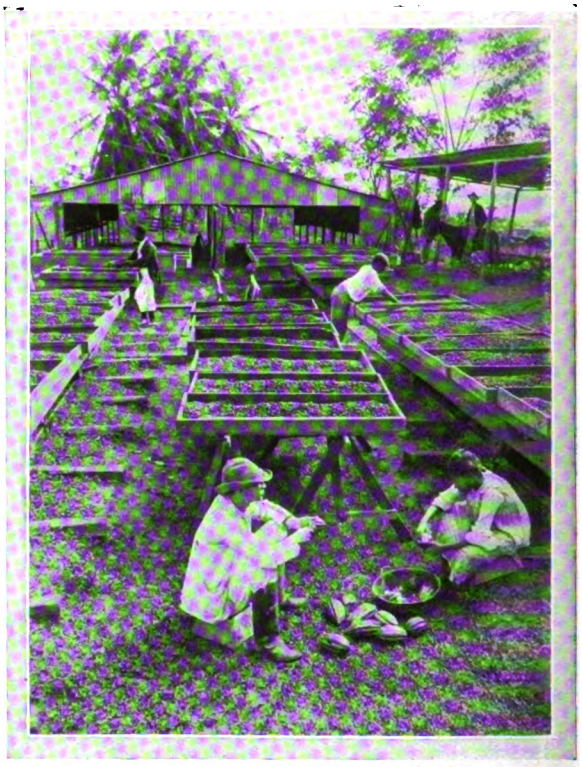
The Little Things We Live On

AND SOME OF THE COUNTRIES WHENCE THEY COME



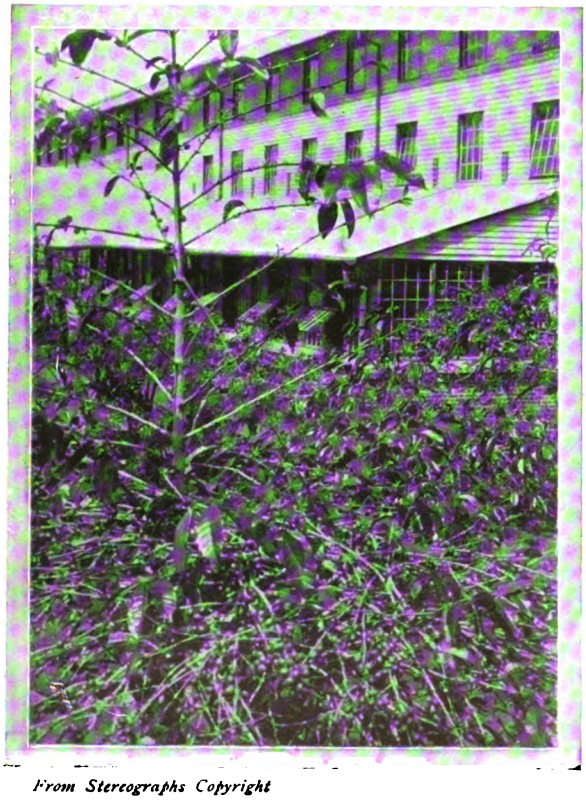
Rice (Japan)

Ploughing for a crop of it over one of Japan's flooded fields, near Kyoto. The peasant has harnessed his bull, and is stirring up the muddy surface, opening the soil to the sun and air. The ground is kept flooded until the harvest, when it is allowed to dry



Cocoa (Costa Rica)

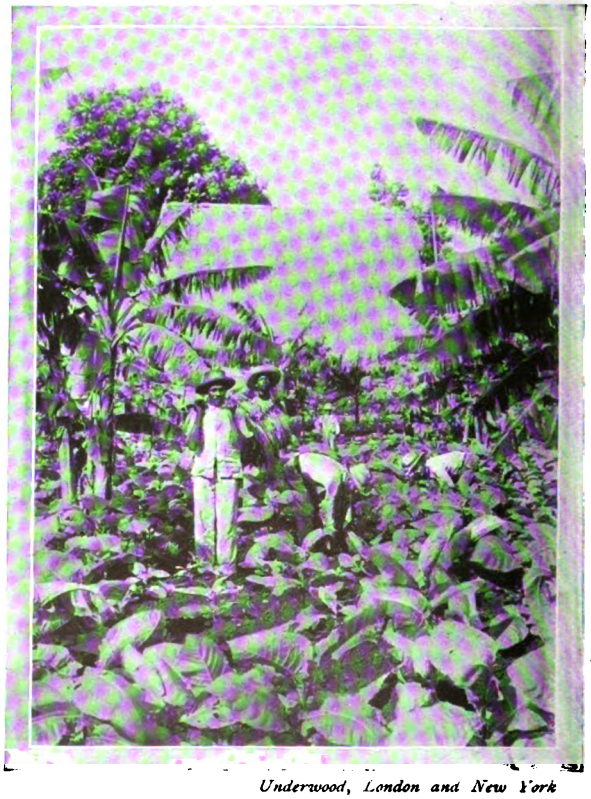
Opening the pods, and drying the cocoa beans, on a plantation near Port Simon, Costa Rica



From Stereographs Copyright

Coffee (Ceylon)

Trees laden with berries on a Cingalese coffee plantation



Underwood, London and New York

Tobacco (Cuba)

Tobacco plants in Cuba, from which comes the fragrant Havana cigar. Cuba alone produces sixty million pounds of excellent tobacco annually. Here is a splendid field for the competition of our Colonies, against the good time coming when Preference shall be theirs!

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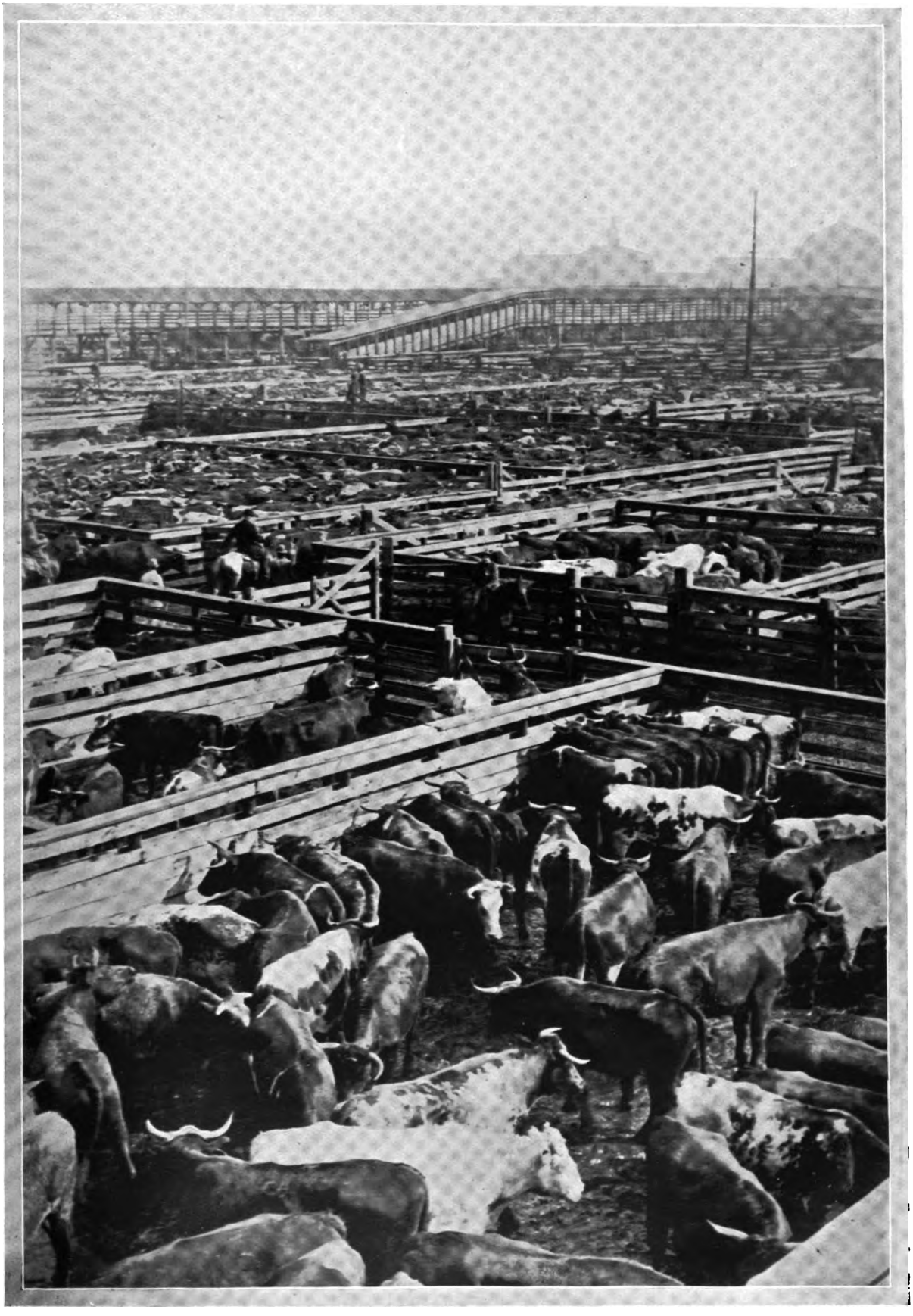
Also, the Stranger's Meat We Eat

AND THE SORT OF PLACE WHENCE IT COMES



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The Scene in a Chicago Stockyard

These yards cover 574 acres of ground; 320 acres out of the number are divided up into pens like these. The rest of the space is taken up by railroad tracks, waterworks, and buildings. The whole establishment keeps 1,800 regular employés busy

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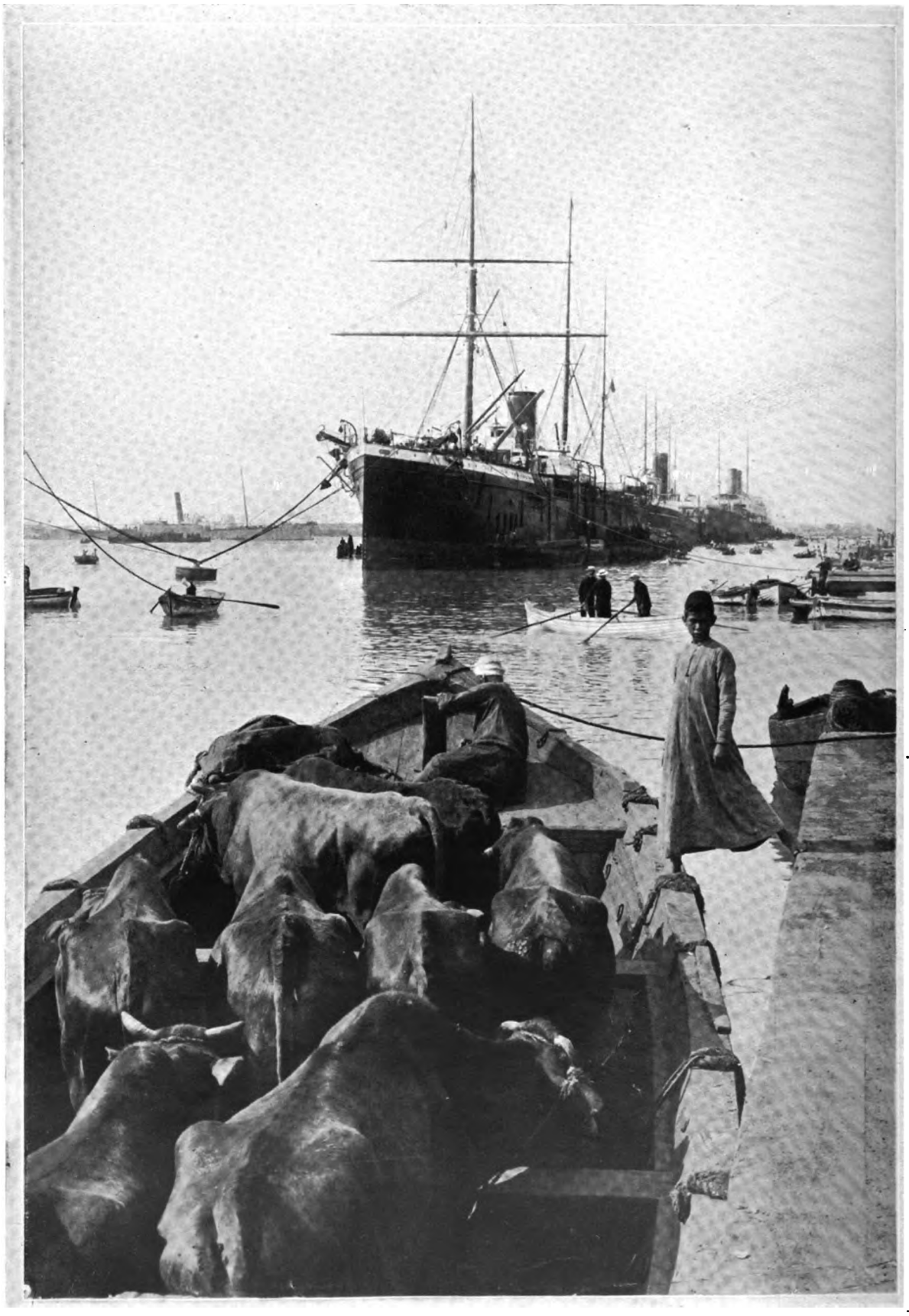
Colonial Cattle En Voyage

AUSTRALIAN CARGO BOATS PASSING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL



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The Busy Scene at the Mouth of the Canal

It has been suggested that one of the methods by wh'ch an advantage m'ght accrue to Australian trade with the Mother Country is the lowering of the Suez Canal dues on Australian cargo. But His Majesty's Government has "dissented" from this, as from all other proposals of a kind to stimulate Colonial trade

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OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORY—No. 76

COLLINSON'S ADVICE

By CLIVE HOLLAND

Author of "My Japanese Wife," "A Japanese Romance," etc.

ALONG the Boulevard the sun was shining brightly, and with an April clearness, casting diapered shadows of the branches of the trees, now bedecked with tender green leaves, on to the side-walks, for Spring had once more come to cast its glamour and beauty over outstretched and expectant Paris.

The large front room of the shady Cabaret des Quat'-z-Arts was almost deserted. A few artists and their models, or *artistes* from the little theatres and the cafes of the neighbourhood, sat outside under the striped sunblind, chatting and sipping their cafés or *apéritifs*. Inside there were but two people, if one excluded Gustave, the fat *garçon*, who knew so much and said so little. And these two were talking earnestly.

Both were artists, well-known *habitués* of the Quat'-z-Arts, and dwellers upon the Butte. Ray Collinson, the elder, had passed through Julian's, in the Rue Fontaine, and was now a more or less prosperous painter of pictures, which had some of the delicacy of Claude Lorraine, and a little of the strength of the more modern school. Giles Trengard, the younger, had reached that happy state when several of the Art publications hailed him as already "arrived." *The Studio* had selected several of his pictures for reproduction in the pages devoted to Paris "Studio Talk"; and one or two Art critics, attached to the Boulevard Press, had troubled to climb as far as the Rue Ravignan to see his *Salon* pictures.

"You have finished 'Danae,' then?" inquired Collinson, puffing at one of his own clumsily made cigarettes, which were commonly known to his friends as "carrots."

"Very nearly," was the reply.

"And afterwards?" queried Collinson, with a glance at his companion.

"*Que sabe?*" was the answer. And Trengard laughed a little uncomfortably.

There was silence between them for a few moments, during which a keen observer would have noticed that Collinson regarded his friend narrowly and curiously.

Outside, the usual noises of the Boulevard sounded insistently. The laughter of the women on the so-called *terrasse*, and the "Heup! heup!" of *cochers* as they urged their horses to greater speed.

At last Collinson spoke, leaning across the table-top, and looking his companion straight in the eyes.

"And afterwards?"

Trengard made no reply, but a slight flush of colour swept into his cheeks, which had been rendered almost colourless from the hard and strenuous work of the last few weeks.

"You must break with the girl," continued Collinson, as his companion made no reply. "You are getting a jolly sight too fond of her, or she is of you—which is worse, if anything—and you've got to do something great—really great, I mean—and not get inextricably entangled with a woman like Inez Delforce."

Trengard said nothing, but fixed his eyes upon the picture opposite—a bold and striking sketch of a girl in rose-coloured draperies—and moved his feet under the little table uncomfortably.

Collinson went on deliberately, "Look here, Trengard, you know what a future you've got; you know the ball rests at your feet, and how almost anything is within your reach. I've been thinking a lot about you lately, and I've seen too many go under who were gifted as you are, and I don't intend to see you go that way, if I can help it."

"Thanks," said Trengard, interrupting the speaker with an expression of annoyance. "But you're mistaken about the girl, *mon vieux*. Oh, yes," he continued hurriedly, as his friend made as though to interrupt. "I like *la belle* Inez well enough; she's one of the best models I ever picked up; and she's amusing, and"—he paused—"a clever little woman all round."

"It's these clever little women all round," said Collinson sharply, "that are so confoundedly dangerous. The fools—well, anyone can cut adrift from them; but," and the speaker put his hand upon his companion's shoulder earnestly, "mind, Trengard, you've got to break with her."

Giles Trengard laughed and got up. Even to himself he was unwilling to admit that he knew what his friend said was true. He had puzzled only the night before over the whole question, and—until Inez Delforce came into the studio, looking beautiful, fresh, and adorable—he had believed in his own heart that what was known amongst his artist companions euphemistically as "a rupture," would be possible. He forgot that youth often forges fetters that only age can break.

Now, again, in the presence of his friend Collinson, to break with the pretty girl who had proved just the woman he required for his ambitious picture for the *Salon*, seemed once more easy of accomplishment.

"I must be off back to the studio," he said, extending his hand, which Collinson took with the firm pressure of comradeship. "I have but a few more hours' work upon 'Danae.' Look in and see me to-morrow, and"—laughing as he turned to go—"then you can tell me, *mon vieux*, whether the 'machine' is as bad as I fear."

Collinson promised he would, and Trengard went out into the sunshine and turned along the Boulevard, climbing slowly up the Rue Germain Pilon, pondering as he went over Collinson's words and the task which lay before him. As he left the hum of the Boulevard behind and went along the Rue Ravignan and then turned down the almost rural little lane which led to his studio, he rejoiced in the exquisite warmth of the sunshine and the feeling of Spring that was in the air.

Just as he turned into the gate of the little garden, which lay in front of the ivy-covered house in which he lived, he saw, as he had expected, the flutter of a light dress at the corner near the entrance.

"Ah, *mon ami*," exclaimed a woman's voice, in a half-petulant, half-bantering tone, "you are late. It is always we poor women who wait. Is it not so?" And Inez Delforce slipped her arm familiarly through his as he searched for the key.

"The fresh air will have done you no harm," said Trengard, smiling, and gazing at her olive-tinted cheeks, into which a deep wave of colour had come when she heard him approach.

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ST. BRIDE FOUNDATION

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"But you will not finish the 'machine' to-day," said the woman, "if we do not hasten."

"No?" replied Trengard, as though thinking of something else, as they entered the house and went along the little passage leading to the studio.

As he unlocked the door, he tried to imagine what the woman at his side would say when he told her that the affair must come to an end. During the last few weeks he had sometimes seemed to realise that, when his "Danae" was finished, he would be wise to take his courage in both hands and break with his beautiful model—half-French, half-Spanish—whom he had by great good fortune picked up one day in one of the smaller cafés of the Boulevard de Rochechouart. And, as his picture had grown beneath his brush, he had experienced a reawakening of ambition—a recrudescence of the desire to attain the highest position in his art which made a further dalliance with Inez Delforce, even to him, appear dangerous.

Inez Delforce, as Trengard reached to take the key, which was on the top of the door, wondered at his silence and what he was thinking about.

In a few moments, as soon as Trengard had pulled aside the blind and got the light right, she was ready and threw herself upon the improvised couch. When once the man had got his colour-box open and his palette in his hand, he banished from his mind the subject which had troubled him on his way up the Butte.

As for the woman, she lay on the improvised couch and ruminated darkly, and watched each expression as it flitted across the face of the man she loved.

During the last week or more, an intuition had possessed her that Trengard intended to break with her, and that the last touches he put to the exquisitely painted figure of Danae would mean the end.

The end of what?

For the man, the end of a passing passion kindled at first by admiration for the beautiful, and afterwards kept burning beyond the usual span of such passions by charm and cleverness on the woman's part. But for her, the end of everything. The tearing out of the great page of her life, the loss of what had become to her essential, the love of a man above the ruck of those who had hitherto come into view upon her social horizon.

Trengard painted on without speaking. He seldom talked when strenuously at work, so that the circumstance of his silence did not disturb her equanimity.

The soft and fading light of the April afternoon fell through the north window and lit the studio with an almost pearly radiance, casting *nacré* tints upon the skin of the recumbent woman, which, with its slightly golden hue of the South, looked like satin. She stirred a little restlessly once or twice, and each time she did so Trengard glanced at her inquiringly. But he said nothing, and went on painting.

As she watched him giving the final, almost scornful, curve to the lips of the figure, she almost cried out at the feeling of obsession which possessed her. More than a month before, when she had heard from a friend who sat for Collinson that the latter had been urging Trengard to abandon her, she had begun to hate this painted replica of herself with an almost inconceivable hatred. And she had begun to tell herself that the artist loved the picture more tenderly than the real woman of flesh and blood from which he had painted it.

At last, when the light had so far faded that it was difficult for Trengard to see his model clearly, and the lurking shadows, as it were, began to creep out of the corners of the studio, he spoke.

"I can do no more to it," he said, stepping back from the canvas and endeavouring, by shading his eyes, to see whether the mouth on which he had been working were perfectly in drawing. "If I do any more I shall only spoil the thing."

Inez raised herself on her elbow with a sigh of relief, and stretched her limbs from their somewhat cramped position. Her heart was beating so violently that she could almost imagine that its motion was visible to Trengard.

During the long pose she had made up her mind what she would do. She was really a clever woman, as Trengard had told Collinson only a couple of hours or so before, and she had soon learned that "the tyranny of woman's tears" had but a stiffening, and not a softening, effect upon Trengard's resolution.

"But it is not finished," she said. "There is still the left foot to be worked up, and the shoulder next the light is flat."

Trengard seated himself on a backless stool and lit a Dutch cigar. He always smoked if he had an unpleasant duty to perform or was troubled.

"There's not much more to do, *ma belle*," he said slowly. Adding, "I shall not touch it again till a few days before sending it in, and"—he paused a moment before continuing, and the woman sat bolt upright upon the edge of the couch and caught her breath—"and I have decided to go away for a week or so."

He paused to note the effect of his words.

Inez Delforce gave a little catching gasp in her throat, and the colour faded out of her cheeks. Trengard could only see her dimly, but to him her eyes seemed to shine with dilated pupils out of a shadowy, almost grey-white face.

"And me?" she asked, huskily.

For a moment or two Trengard did not reply, and Inez made as though about to speak again.

Through the man's mind was passing in review all that he had decided to say as he climbed up the Butte after leaving Collinson. In the sunshine and the elation which came with it the matter appeared easy of solution. In the gloom and chill of the shadowed studio his nicely arranged phrases and arguments seemed altogether different and difficult of expression.

At last, staring across the sea of shadows which seemed to separate them, he said slowly and hesitatingly, "It's just this way, *ma belle*, now that the 'machine' is finished, I must take a rest, must go away for a time."

"And why should not I go, or stay here?" exclaimed the woman, breaking in. "I who have seen your picture grow, I who have become a part of it. Why should I be turned off, thrown away as though I were a piece of rag upon which you have wiped your brushes? What have I done," she went on passionately, rising up and coming towards him, "that you should seek to turn me off like this?"

In the heart of the man there grew a fear lest this passionate woman, who pleaded with her eyes in the half-gloom as well as with her lips, should after all conquer; should after all succeed in remaining a part of his life.

But Collinson's words, and a memory of another who had laid ambition, and even his genius, upon the shrine of a passing infatuation, came to mind, and braced him against the woman's appeal.

"You cannot understand," he went on slowly, keeping his eyes away from her as she stood like some phantom goddess a pace or two from him. "But it is better, *ma belle*, that we should see no more of each other for the present," he continued,

(Continued on page 404)

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A Merry Widow

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Lily Elsie, playing a leading part in the forthcoming production, "The Merry Widow," at Daly's

Since she played the part of the Princess in *The Chinese Honeymoon*, during almost its entire run at the Strand Theatre, Miss Elsie has been most successful in all the rôles entrusted to her. After playing in *Lady Madcap* and *The Little Michus*, she created the part of Lally in *The New Aladdin* at the Gaiety

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(Continued from page 402)

temporising as many a man in a like situation would have done. Then one of her own gibes, which she had flung at him when first he met her, months ago, came into his mind, and he threw it at her again flippantly to hide his disquietude. "You told me long ago," he said, "that love spoils the artist if it makes the man. And so, if I am to succeed, we must part."

"When I said that," replied the woman slowly, a stab of pain striking her heart, "I did not know. Now I love you, and you cannot mean to part with me thus. Surely you cannot mean it. You cannot mean it!" she cried.

But in the man's face, which she could just see by peering forward across the back of a chair upon which she leaned for support, there was nothing save inevitable determination to be read.

Inez Delforce was a clever woman. She had long ago discovered that Trengard could be led but not driven. She saw now that he was wearied with his work, was anxious to close the interview. That he would not just then be influenced either by pity, remorse, or her appeal. So she turned away with a slight shrug of her shoulders, and a burning flame of mingled chagrin and indignation in her heart.

A few minutes later a tiny gleam crept out shyly into the gloom of the studio. Inez had struck a match to light a candle so that she might see to do her *coiffure* and put on her hat.

Trengard started; he did not turn, however, in her direction, but sat silently smoking, and wondering vaguely why he had been spared the furious outburst that he had anticipated and dreaded.

At length Inez was ready to depart. She had lit a candle, and by its flickering light, which threw a dance of shadows on floor and walls, Trengard could see that great tears stood in her eyes, and that some had coursed their way down her cheeks.

"I am ready," she said, somewhat suddenly; "are you not going to speak to me?"

Trengard got up.

One night, away down at one of the Boulevard cafés, she had looked as she did now after they had quarrelled. And Aristide Brunel, the poet, had ejaculated, "*Mon Dieu!* But that girl is magnificent." And he had written a poem about her, and called it "A Vision of Hecate." Trengard recognised that to-night she was also magnificent as he advanced towards her with his hand outstretched almost shamefacedly.

Inez leaned forward and kissed him. "It is but *au revoir*," she said, "for when you are gone I shall come to the door outside, and remember that you used to be here. And that—we were—I was happy."

Trengard winced.

"I have forgotten something," he said suddenly, turning to the old Louis XVI. bureau in which she knew he kept his money.

Inez clutched his arm. "No, no," she exclaimed, "not that. Not to-night."

Then she leaned forward once more, and kissed him again. And then, with a flash of assumed gaiety, she hurried to the door, and out along the dark passage into the twilight of oncoming night.

Trengard sat down to think.

So this was the end of it all. And he had taken Collinson's advice after all.

* * * * *

Next day, as he scrutinised the "Danae," he detected, as he always did, little defects of workmanship which offended his fastidious taste. He took up his palette and painted all day. Somehow the studio seemed vastly vacant, and once or twice he turned instinctively to the couch on which Inez was accustomed to stretch herself in languorous pose.

For the first time for several weeks he failed to saunter down to the Cabaret des Quat'-z-Arts for an *apéritif*, and M. Trombert, as well as Collinson, remarked upon his absence. The latter feared that Inez had triumphed, and that his friend's failure to appear as usual for a chat and a smoke was attributable to his reluctance to admit his weakness.

All the while, Trengard was working away at his picture in the hope of finishing it in time to allow him to pack up a valise for his departure on the morrow. He had decided to run down to Barbizon, and put in a week sketching in the open air, or merely lazing, as the mood might take him.

As the afternoon grew late, and the light began to fail, he put the last touches to the shoulder which Inez, with unerring judgment, had told him was "flat." Then he cleared up, lighted a lamp, and set to work to put a few things together.

As he was stooping in the corner of the studio near the little door which led into his small bedroom, searching amidst a pile of canvases for a small portmanteau, he thought he heard footsteps coming up the path to the outer door.

He listened. No doubt it was Collinson come to see why he had not turned up as usual earlier in the afternoon. So he went on with his search.

Just as he had succeeded in extracting the portmanteau from beneath the pile, he heard steps come along the passage.

There was a rap on the door: he did not notice that it was not like Collinson's usual summons to open, and he called out "*Entrez!*"

The handle turned, and someone tried to open the door several times unsuccessfully. Then Trengard remembered that it was locked.

"Wait a minute," he called out, and then, putting down the portmanteau, he crossed the studio, and unlocked the door.

In the darkness stood not Collinson, but Inez.

When he saw her, Trengard wondered why it had never occurred to him that Collinson would have rattled the door much more vigorously, and would, on finding it fastened, have summoned him to open with a jest.

Inez pushed her way in.

"You have not done with me yet," she exclaimed, as Trengard stepped aside to let her pass.

The man noticed in a moment that her tone was very different from that of the night before.

"So I see," he replied, somewhat lamely.

Had he not been startled at her coming, and had the studio been better lighted, he would have noticed that on her beautiful face there was a dangerous look of determination.

Then Inez's Southern blood, and the anger which had almost stifled her as she climbed up the Rue des Saules, surged through her veins, and facing Trengard, she poured out a torrent of mingled threats and appeals.

"I refuse to be abandoned. You cannot, surely, intend to cast off a woman who has become devoted to you. Remember, that I will not allow you to go. I love you, and I will not give you up."

The whole gamut of the emotions swept her passionately.

Trengard said nothing, but stood gazing at her almost with contempt. A "scene" was to him detestable, and it invariably stirred his somewhat easy-going nature to revolt.

The woman who leaned against the doorway pouring out this torrent of mingled attack and

(Continued on page 406)

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"Aira Force, That Torrent Hoarse"

The Most Beautiful Waterfall in the Lake District

Aira Force, on the shores of Ullswater, immortalised by Wordsworth in his poem, "The Somnambulist," has, happily, been acquired for the nation, and so is safe from the desecrating touch of such as delight to exploit, or otherwise interfere, with, the natural charm and grandeur of such beauty-spots. From the pathway at the head of the fall is to be obtained one of the grandest views in the Lake District overlooking Ullswater

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(Continued from page 404)

entreaty, if she had ever realised the fact, had forgotten it in her passion.

"What have you got to say?" she cried out fiercely. "You are a coward to stand there listening to me without a word. Stand aside. If you abandon me it is farewell to the picture you love better than me. Stand aside, I say, you wretch!"

Her wrath had mastered every other emotion. The vulgarity of her up-bringing asserted itself not only in her words, but in the high-pitched, coarse accent in her voice.

"Stand aside!"

Trengard shuddered with disgust. This was the woman from whom Collinson had sought to save him.

"Listen to me," exclaimed Trengard, without moving. "Listen to me, I say!"

Inez turned her eyes, now blazing with passion, upon him, and waited.

"I told you everything was at an end last night," continued Trengard. "I was sorry for you then, but now, *Mon Dieu*, I can only feel glad for myself. You see," he swept his hand towards the open portmanteau on the floor in the corner, and the small pile of things on the chair beside it, "I am going away. I don't know when I shall return. Our affair is finished."

"So!" exclaimed Inez, stepping forward. "But I have not finished."

Trengard put out his hand as though to stop her, and for a moment the woman stood as though irresolute. Then she spoke again.

"You think to become too famous for it to be possible for me to be anything save a model, a toy, a thing to be got rid of with a few words. But I will never help you to gain renown, nor shall the picture for which I have posed day after day without complaint."

Some inkling of her purpose must have come to Trengard, for he caught hold of her as she again attempted to pass him.

"Let me by!" cried the woman, hoarsely.

"No, no," he replied. "Not till I know what you have in your hand behind your back."

"Let me by!" cried the woman again.

"No, *Mon Dieu*, no," said Trengard, fiercely.

Inez Delforce drew back a pace. Then there came a glint of something, which, to the startled eyes of the man who saw it, gleamed like a flash of lightning ere it was buried in his breast.

Trengard fell with a sound which was half a groan, half a sigh.

The woman who had struck him knelt at his side, sobered by the sight of the white face staring up into hers from the floor.

Then, with a strange insistence, his words "Our affair is finished" seemed to ring in her ears.

With a shudder, and with her head averted, she pulled the dagger out of the wound. As she felt the saw of its edge against the cloth, she gave a little scream of fright. Then, without another glance at the prostrate figure, she stepped across to the easel on which the large canvas stood, for her work of revenge was not yet done.

In the silence of the studio came the sharp ziz-ziz-ziz of slit canvas, and the "Danae" hung a mass of ribbon-like, trailing tatters from its stretcher.

Then the inevitable revulsion seized her. With the last stroke of the knife, every spark of passionate revenge seemed to die out of her breast.

The dagger was one she had taken a day or two before from off the shelf, where it lay forgotten with odds and ends of *bric-à-brac*, and now she threw it away, as though it burned her, into a corner, where it fell with a ring of steel on the parquet floor.

Then she rushed across the studio, and threw herself on her knees beside Trengard.

She covered his face with kisses, and sought to staunch with her handkerchief the flow of blood which was already darkly staining his clothing.

Then, as he neither moved nor spoke, nor answered her passionate appeal to him to look at her, but only stared up at her with eyes over which a film seemed already to have gathered, she suddenly realised her own danger.

The primal, untutored instinct of self-preservation seized her, and set her limbs quaking.

She must flee from that horrible thing which she had been caressing but a few moments before. Flee ere someone discovered what she had done. There was no time to lose.

She sprang up. Into her mind came a dim recollection of what criminals sometimes did to escape detection, to throw the police agents off the scent. She had read somewhere that they often took valuables to make it appear that the motive was robbery, when it was really something else.

She turned to the bureau, where she knew Trengard kept his ready money. It was unlocked. She pushed up the lid with trembling fingers. In a half-open drawer she saw the dull glint of gold. She turned her head away instinctively towards the dead as though to assure herself that he was not watching her. Then, with a half-stifled cry, she took a handful of coins out, and thrusting them into her pocket, let them fall heavily through her fingers.

Then she fled, never casting another glance at the inert, staring thing that had ten minutes before been alive and speaking with her.

She only stopped to close the door, turn the key in the lock and take it out, and then she sped along the passage and out into the cool fresh air of the night as though pursued by the man she had slain.

"Whither, whither shall I go?" kept beating in her brain, as she ran along the little lane, out into the Rue Ravignan, and then down the hill towards the Rue des Saules, sinister and tortuous in the gloom.

When she reached her lodging in a tiny byway off the Rue Caulaincourt, she climbed the dirty stairs, and locked herself in her room. Then she poured out some water and washed her hands over and over again by the light of a solitary candle, though there was no stain of her crime upon them. Then she sat on her bed to think. Ideas would not come, only the one thought that "The affair is finished." It was finished, but not as the man had thought. Then she laughed hysterically, until her neighbour, a poor, broken-down, literary hack, who was hammering out some ribald verses for *La Gaudriole*, knocked irately on the wall and shouted at her to be silent.

Then she realised that she must flee. She hastily thrust some necessaries into a small, canvas-covered valise, and crept away down the stairs. She remembered to leave her week's rent on the dressing-table. It would prevent the landlord troubling himself to make inquiries regarding her disappearance.

How she made her way to the Gare St. Lazare she knew not. But just as Paris was becoming one blaze of light, the night train for the West of France steamed out of the station, and in the corner of an otherwise unoccupied compartment cowered a white-faced, terror-stricken woman, who started at every sound, and strove to hide her hands in the folds of the dress she wore.

In the silent studio up on the Butte, Trengard lay stiff and still, waiting till Collinson should come whistling along the passage to see if the affair were finished.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

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By Ways Remote and Hidden

"BYSTANDER" READERS IN LONELY RETREATS

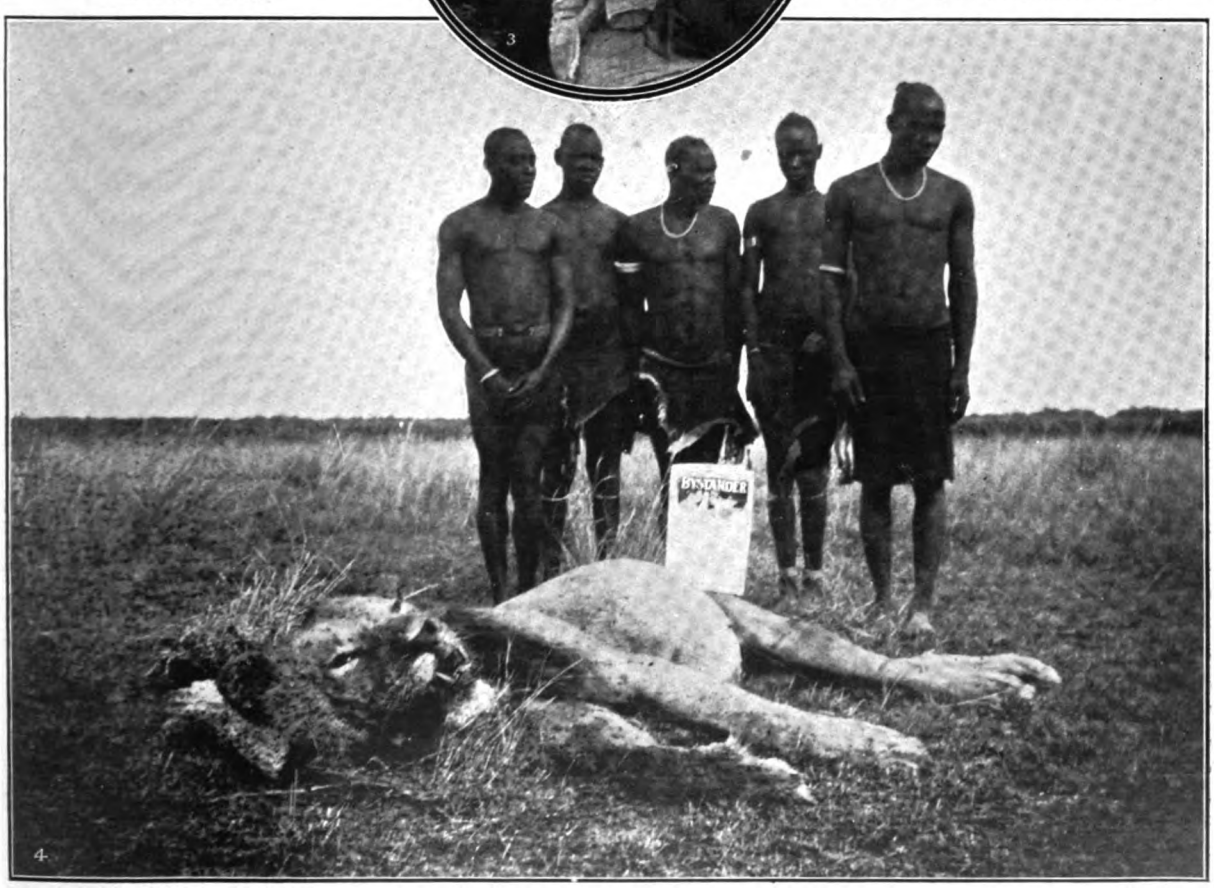
(**10s. 6d.** *is paid for each photograph published of readers in out-of-the-way spots*)

(1) Campaigning in Baluchistan

The sender, CAPT. C. A. ROSSMALECOCQ, Quetta, Baluchistan, writes: "The photo is of a group of British officers operating against the Marri Tribe. It was taken at Kahan, to which spot no troops have been since a British force was annihilated there seventy years ago"

(2) The Planter's Leisure Hour

A Ceylon tea planter with his two chief delights—his dog and his BYSTANDER. "I hope," says the sender, MR. A. E. WALFORD, of Mount Vernar, Kotagala, Ceylon, "that this photo, taken on an off-day, will not give people at home the idea that planting is too easy a life. It is *not*"



(3) A Double Début: On a Coral Island

MR. A. S. BRASK, Chief Engineer, Royal Siamese Mail s.s. *Ardang*, writes: "I took this photograph on the Coral Island of Pulau-Kapas, off the coast of Tringaun, Malay States. This is probably the first time the isle has been visited by a European lady, and certainly it was the BYSTANDER's first appearance there"

(4) In Equatorial Africa

MR. F. SPIRE, Acting Sub-Commissioner, Nile Province, Uganda, writes: "I am sending you a photo of a healthy young male lion, who, at 5.30 p.m., while presumably on his way to water, passed within sixty paces of my camp on the bank of the Equatorial Nile. A '303 bullet dropped the beast in his tracks"

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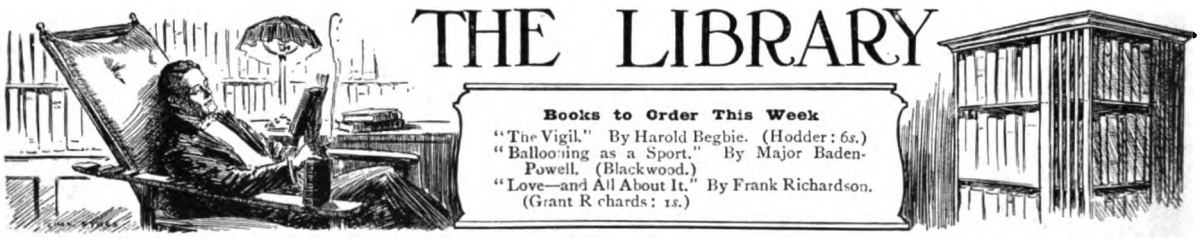

"The Vigil"

I was not one of the admirers of Mr. Harold Begbie's novel, "The Priest," published early in the year—disliking its prejudiced imputations against the Roman Church—and, therefore, it is with exceptional pleasure that I am able to testify admiration of its successor, *The Vigil* (Hodder: 6*s*.). Here, Mr. Begbie has a strong religious "purpose," but one entirely free from sectarian prejudice. His hero, Richard Rodwell, is the average type of High Church cleric, cultured, high alike in mind and in moral purpose. The trend of the story is to show how, though animated with the loftiest sense of religious duty, a good man may yet fail in an emergency to carry the message of Salvation to the heart of the sinner. Rodwell has done splendid work in his Cornish mining town of Bartown; has introduced new religious life, where before, all was the blackness of vice; has gained the ear of the scoffers, won to his side the waverers, and rid himself of the Pharisaical nuisances. Suddenly, he is summoned to the bedside of a dying drunkard, and invited to say the few words which shall bring God to the sinner's heart. He repeats the usual formulæ, offers the usual sacrament—without, however, being able to effect the conversion the dying man seeks for himself. Finally, he admits failure, and makes way for a Dissenter, who does what the Churchman fails to do. There is no indictment of the Church as an Institution. The reflection is rather on the type of mind which is common to all orthodox faiths—which believes rather in the machinery than in the motive-power of religion, which worships the Church itself rather than the personality of its Founder. Rodwell himself, however, a reasoning and introspective man, sees wherein lies his weakness, and when, later on, the town is overwhelmed by a frightful catastrophe in the destruction by an explosion of its only factory, he comes out in a newer light, as the veritable Saviour of a whole community. Incidental to the narrative is the character of Beatrice Haly, the heiress beloved of Rodwell, but to whom, owing to his celibate vows, he cannot propose marriage. Beatrice takes up residence in the same town as the parson's "district visitor." A powerful and fascinating character in the offing is that of the Squire, Horder, a fine specimen of the aristocratic rapscallion, high-living, high-drinking, a man of the open air, of wild feats in the field. Horder's "past" furnishes material for a mildly melodramatic inner plot, and sustains the attention of the reader, who is not so much interested in the ethical points involved in the story. The other village types are quaint and humorous, and, on the whole, *The Vigil* combines the qualities of the "novel with a purpose" with dramatic and personal interest, in so strong a fashion as to mark Mr. Begbie out for a distinctive place in the fiction of the day.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Harold Begbie

The well-known journalist and author. His new novel, "The Vigil," is a great advance on his previous book, "The Priest," being notably stronger and of broader texture

Ballooning as a Sport

Exactly wherein lies the *sport* of ballooning has always been rather an obscure point with the average man. Regarding the balloon as but an antiquated method of aeronautics, doomed to be superseded by the flying machine or the aeroplane, the balloonist is supposed by him to rank with the tight-rope performer or the acrobat—an adjunct of the freak entertainment world. Major Baden-Powell's little book, *Ballooning as a Sport* (Blackwood), gives a few valuable notions in clearance of the subject. The Major tells us wherein lies the fascination of ballooning, describes the delightful sensations of cloud-cruising at the wind's mercy. As has been often said before, but without much impressing the public, the danger is not in going *up* in a balloon, but in coming down in one. Major Baden-Powell emphasises the entire safety of the actual stay in the air, and the practical impossibility of accident, reminds us of the numerous occasions when the actual bursting of the balloon in mid-air has merely converted the affair into a parachute and landed its navigators earthward in complete safety. The actual sport, or pleasure, of "balloonacy" is not, as some suppose, in incurring risks to life. The best balloonist is he who stays longest in the clouds, and descends with the least possible danger or even discomfort. So far from the element of danger being courted by balloonists, one might almost dub theirs a sport for sybarites. The only danger-seekers among balloonists are the science cranks who scour dizzy heights for phenomena. Major Baden-Powell's book contains, at the end, some invaluable figures of interest to the would-be amateur balloonist, as to the cost of the fascinating hobby.

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Henry VIII. on Love

Mr. E. Grant Richards has issued, in an attractive form, *The Love Letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn.* The letters are those written after Anne had been banished from Court, Henry imploring his mistress, in impassioned terms, to return to him. The issue is limited to 200 volumes.

Also Mr. Frank Richardson

Under the same cover, I received *Love—and All About It*, by Frank Richardson What Mr. Richardson's emotions will be on the fact becoming thus publicly known that *his* views on love have issued forth in the company of the views, on the same subject, of an individual so notoriously addicted to certain facial fittings of a hirsute nature as Henry, I do not quite like to think. Be that as it may, reading Mr. Richardson's random utterances, I could not but think, as I passed, how very much better they would read if he wrote them, not in the jerky, pseudo-American style, but in the picturesque orthography which did so well for the amorous, if whiskered, Henry. Take any old paragraph, and see if it is not so—for instance, this one, which I translate from p. 64:

> Ye prudente minne who marryes ye riche Womynne, and wantes to make her happie, will compelle her to settle her entyre Yncome on hymme. . . . He wantes to make her happie, and he knowes there will be no joye for her in smellynge hymme smoke "Pyckwyckes," or in his suing on his knees for paltrie halfe-crownes. . . . A ryche womynne is hurte in her proper pryde to finde she has married a poore lyare. The abilitie to lie successfullie is one of the moste necessarie of the domestick virtues.

I trust Mr. Richardson will avail himself without delay of the hint. For the sands are running out. Every day brings us nearer to the shrivelling-up of the last whisker on the last old-man face. Soon there shall be no face-fungi in all the land. Then—then, where the wit of Richardson's revilement? Again, soon every aspirant wit will disport himself in short, Litany-like sentences, interlarded with pseudo-Americanisms, and tired editors will look about them for the new thing. Mr. Richardson is young, as humorists go. To remain a *flaneur* is his obvious destiny, for, from end to end of his published work, I detect not one word of serious purpose such as might, one day, get him on to the *Daily News*, into Parliament, or any of the other refuges of retired humorists. Therefore, I propose that this bright and bracing writer should, ere time turns the inverted eyebrow on his upper lip grey and furry, find a new style—and there are points in that of old-man Henry.

Photo *Stephanie Maud*

Major Baden-Powell

(Brother of the famous General). His book, "Ballooning as a Sport," is published by Messrs. Blackwood

Thackeray as Editor

Of recent reprints, an attractive issue is that of Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers* (by Messrs. Macmillan), written for the *Cornhill* during those two brief, but brilliant, years in which "W. M. T." was its guiding star. One regrets that the leisurely, nonchalant style of essay, of which these are, doubtless, the finest latter-day examples, has almost entirely passed away. Perhaps the most interesting of the series are the papers in which Thackeray tells of his editorial troubles while at the *Cornhill*—notably in that entitled "Thorns in the Cushion." Here, if I may change metaphors, one sees, to the full, how uneasy lies the head of the literary celebrity when it is called on to wear the journalist's crown. Afflicted, as your really great writer needs must be, with a heart proportionate in size to his talents, Thackeray found the tugs at its strings altogether too tight for more than brief endurance. Ordinary mediocre editors do not suffer the curse which Thackeray suffered of being pestered privately by would-be authors, by being dunned, as individuals, for alms. John Smith, the able but obscure editor of the average paper, has a short and sharp method of dealing with nuisances of this kind. He has no fear of personal revenges, for how many know him in his private life? The editor, however, who bears a great name, dare not deal out such sharp justice, even did his heart sanction such a course, and suffering must needs be his lot.

Frivolosophy

Reflections of a Frivolous Philosopher is the attractive title of a little book by Mr. Carl le Foin (publishers, Forster, Groom and Co.). Mr. le Foin gives us here some paradoxes, resembling in a measure those of the smart youth rather than of the man of the maturer years to which he, somewhere, confesses. The vice of consistency, the value of illusions, the fallacy of tact are some of his little nostrums. Knowing that they represent the definite convictions of a man who has lived most of his life, these will be digested by a reader with the care and respect which would scarcely be extended to the same sentiments coming from callow youth.

Merry Month Poetry

This being the "merry month" (according to the calendar), two welcome little volumes of poetry are *The Pocket Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air* and *Poems of Nature*, the former published by Mr. Grant Richards, and illustrated with the notation of some of the most alluring of English folk songs, the latter by Routledge. It is surprising to be thus reminded of what a very large proportion of our national poetry *is* about the Open Air, even though one comes down the ages from Chaucer to Browning, William Morris, Henley, and John Davidson.

VIVIAN CARTER.

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Golf Notes and Notions

Some Spring Meetings and the Amateur Championship

We are now fast approaching the great amateur event of the year. The next number of THE BYSTANDER will find us in the thick of the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews. It is, therefore, a convenient moment to consider the results of some of the Spring Meetings of the great clubs, North and South, so as to get some indication of the present form of the likely competitors. The Hoylake Meeting has shown us that the cracks of the Liverpool Club are going strong, for the outstanding scores of the two days were all returned by Messrs. Hilton, Graham, J. Ball, and C. E. Dick. These four are the players on whom Liverpool men have relied in the past, and they are likely once more to give a good account of themselves. I particularly welcome Mr. Hilton's fine scores of 78 and 79 as proving that that great player is recovering his old form. It has to be remembered, however, that the Hoylake players do not like St. Andrews links, and that only one of their number, Mr. Hilton, has ever won the Amateur Championship there. Perhaps Mr. Graham, if he can find during next week that wonderful form which he showed us during last year's Open Championship, will gratify the hopes of his admirers by at length carrying off an honour which his extraordinary powers and gifts in the game ought to have secured for him several years ago. Whether Mr. Hutchings is going to try his luck this year I do not know. He has been playing at Pau during the winter, and possibly his love of St. Andrews will lure him back into the ranks.

The Lady Golf Champion: Miss May Hezlet
Who beat her sister, Miss F. Hezlet, in the Ladies' Golf Championship, at Newcastle, County Down, by 2 up and 1 to play. Miss Hezlet also won the Championship in 1899 and 1902

The Sunningdale Meeting

Seeing that last year the young Sunningdale Club electrified us all by providing three of the four medal winners at Hoylake, the Spring Meeting of that rising club has to be watched. A young player in whom I take an avuncular interest, Mr. G. C. Campbell, came out very strongly by returning the fine winning score of 76 on the second day. He was hunted home very closely by the Hon. O. Scott with a 77.

Mr. Lingen returned an 81, but I find no trace of Mr. Smirke, nor of Mr. Colt, who was, no doubt, too busy with his duties as secretary to be able to play. All these whom I have named will, no doubt, prove tough morsels for their antagonists, though, of course, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Scott belong by rights to the Royal and Ancient and the Royal North Devon Clubs respectively.

St. Andrews

Mr. Campbell proved the consistency of his present form by winning the Spring Medal of the premier club after a tie with Mr. James Younger, jun., both returning the sound score of 82. I have great hopes, therefore, that Mr. Campbell will show up well next week. St. Andrews is his native heath in the matter of golf, and he ought to know every inch of it. He has a fine free style, and hits the ball very hard, getting a tremendous length for one of such a short stature as his. There were a considerable number of notable absentees from St. Andrews during the Spring Meeting. Messrs. Laidlay, J. B. Pease, Norman Hunter, Edward Blackwell, and R. Maxwell were all away, and it is not, therefore, possible to get a line as to their immediate form. Both Mr. Laidlay and Mr. Maxwell have, however, recently shown, at North Berwick and Muirfield, that their play is as good as ever, while Messrs. Horace Hutchinson, Mure Fergusson, and C. K. Hutchison were well to the fore at Sandwich, as readers of my articles describing the Easter Meeting of the St. George's Club will remember.

A Possible Winner

A popular winner would be Mr. Edward Blackwell. Now that, like James Braid, he has become a good putter, his formidable length from the tee and through the green ought to make him practically irresistible. St. Andrews, of course, suits him as no other course does, while the added length of the holes is all in his favour. I expect that the "auld grey toun" will pin her faith on him, and there would be a veritable orgy of rejoicing if he should manage to win. An International flavour will be imparted to the meeting by the presence of the American Amateur Champion, Mr. E. M. Byers, who impressed us all so favourably three years ago at Sandwich. Will history repeat itself? The omens point that way, as Mr. Travis had won the American Amateur event in the year preceding his triumph at Sandwich. If Mr. Byers should repeat the record, I am sure that all our men will be among the first to congratulate him.

The Ladies' Open Championship

This is the third time that Miss May Hezlet has secured the Ladies' Open Championship, so that she now takes rank with Lady Margaret Scott, who achieved Championship honours during the first three years of the institution of the event. The final this year was fought out to a very close finish by the sisters Hezlet, Miss May beating her younger sister, Miss Florence, by the small margin of 2 and 1. My most cordial congratulations go to Miss May Hezlet, who has proved once more that the Irish lady golfers can look after their affairs only too well.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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Our Golfing Legislators

SOME SNAPSHOTS AT THE LORDS *v.* COMMONS MATCH AT RYE

Sir K. Muir Mackenzie (House of Lords) Driving

Mr. Balfour Driving at the Second Tee

Mr. R. K. Causton, the Paymaster-General, Driving from the First Tee

Lord Ribblesdale Driving

Lord Ridley Driving to the Eighth Green

The Seventeenth Annual Parliamentary Handicap between golfing members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons took place last week on the fine course of the Rye Golf Club. One hundred and sixteen members entered for this competition, although twenty-three scratched at the last moment

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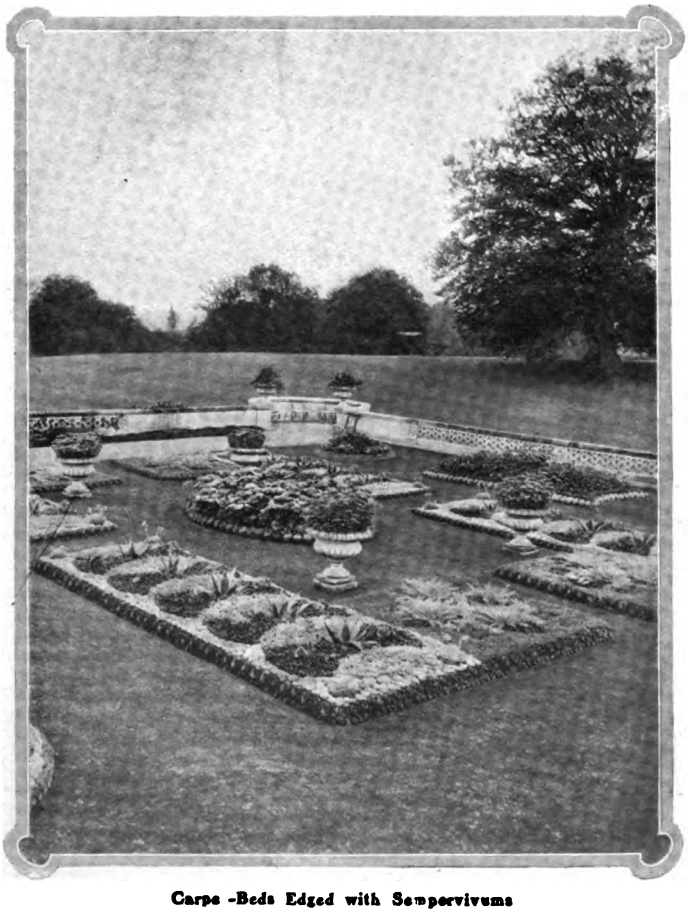
Bulbs After Flowering

As soon as bulbs planted in beds near the lawn begin to look shabby, gardeners are in a hurry to get rid of them. Of course, if they are not to be used again, there is no objection to moving them at once; but, if they are, they must be allowed to complete their growth. For, as may be seen by dissecting a bulb in summer and examining it under the microscope, next year's flowers are formed in embryo this year; and if, by premature disturbance or any other cause, their formation is prevented before growth is completed, nothing that can afterwards be done will make the bulbs bear flowers next Spring. They must be permitted to remain where they are until the leaves begin to wither; and if they are actually growing in the grass, the leaves must not be cut off until they turn brown. If this produces an untidy effect, it cannot be helped. It will only be for a few weeks. There is no need to wait until the leaves are completely withered. When they have lost the greater part of their original green, the bulbs may, if desired, be carefully lifted, by means of the trowel, with some soil adhering to them, and laid in a corner to finish ripening. The process of withering is a very interesting one. The chlorophyl, to which the green colour is due, is not wasted; it, together with other valuable materials in the leaves, gradually descends to the stem or bulb, and is there stored up for future use. This fact adds to the importance of letting the growth run its normal course.

Spring Bedding

As soon as the ground is cleared of bulbs, preparations for Spring bedding may begin, though it is yet too early to put out any very delicate plants. Still, digging and manuring should be done at once, and all arrangements made so that when the time comes there may be no hitch. For carpet-beds, one of the neatest and most effective edgings consists of sempervivums, a race of succulent plants which are also admirably adapted for the rockery. In their thick, fleshy leaves they store up water when they can get it, and in this way they are enabled to endure without injury long periods of drought. There are many different species, some hardy, like the common house-leek, which is often seen on the roofs of old cottages; others tender, like Sempervivum tabulæfrome, a species from Madeira, which is frequently used in summer bedding. For the same purpose, S. calcareum, an Alpine species, is also excellent, though, as the name indicates, it grows best in a chalky soil. The rosettes of green leaves are tipped with reddish-brown. The cobweb house-leeks are an interesting group, the tips of the leaves being connected by silky threads like a spider's web. S. arachnoideum is the commonest of them, but there is a variety, Laggeri, which is very much finer. The majority of the house-leeks will grow almost anywhere, but they prefer a dry and sandy soil. They increase rapidly by means of offsets. They may also be propagated without much difficulty by seed.

H. C. Davidson.



Carpet-Beds Edged with Sempervivums

One of the neatest and most effective edgings for carpet-beds consists of sempervivums, a race of succulent plants also admirably adapted for the rockery. Their thick leaves store up water, and they are thereby enabled to endure long periods of drought

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"Our Sons"

A new edition of a little book of great interest to parents, *Our Sons: Their Start in Life*, has just been issued by the *Guardian* Office (price 2*s.* 6*d.*). It consists of articles reprinted from *The Guardian*, and besides giving useful information with regard to the public schools, the universities, and the professions, two interesting chapters deal with surveying and farming, two spheres which are too often left out of reckoning by parents.

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Games and Pastimes

THE WIESBADEN LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT. By A. F. WILDING

Lawn Tennis at Wiesbaden

The Wiesbaden Tournament was concluded last week in brilliant weather. Socially, it was an enormous success, being aided by the German Emperor's presence, and by the beautiful sunshine enjoyed every day. Each afternoon the courts were crowded, and presented a very beautiful sight. The nine courts are situated in the midst of a wood, and a grass terrace, on which the spectators sit, gradually slopes down to the level of the courts. It is regrettable that, from a playing point of view, the standard fell short of last year's. Froitzheim, the German champion, who defeated Ball-Greene at Homburg last year, and several other of the leading German players, were unable to be present. Everyone was very pleased to witness the excellent form displayed by G. M. Simond. Owing to a slight indisposition here last year, he did not show a glimpse of his true form. However, he has amply atoned for this failure by carrying off no fewer than three first prizes. A. F. Wilding won the two Open Singles, and, in conjunction with Simond, the Doubles. Frau Neresheimer won the Ladies' Championship by defeating Miss Salusbury in the final. She also won the Mixed Doubles with Mr. Simond. The courts at Wiesbaden are among the finest on the Continent, and are kept in the very best condition by Herr Meyer, who combines the arduous duties of Platze master and professional player with great success. Although they do not require so much attention as grass, these sand courts need a great deal of preparation. To insure a perfect surface, raking, watering, and rolling are necessary three times during a hard day's play. In Germany this work is always done by an army of ball boys, who go through their day's toil both cheerfully and well. During the last three years the Germans and Austrians, in particular, have made rapid strides in tennis. The time when English players carried a spare trunk abroad with them is over. From an English point of view, it is getting serious. The Germans are improving the general standard of their game from year to year, but what are we doing in England? Standing still, or, as many old wiseacres will tell you, going back? Again, the Continental experts are developing a nice, free, forcing game, a style with no limits to its possibilities. They are gradually cultivating a cool head, so necessary an adjunct in lawn tennis, and yet, until recently, so seldom found in our brothers across the Channel. The time is not very far distant when Germany will be able to hold her own in a team-match on sand courts against any country in the world. All the best German players are under twenty-four years of age, and the brothers Kreuzer are under twenty. This fact will tell in years to come.

A. F. WILDING.

The Tournament Season Begins

The distinction of holding the first open tournament of the season on grass reverts this year to Surbiton, where the Surrey Championship Meeting commenced on Monday last,

Photo *A. F. Wilding*

The Wiesbaden Lawn Tennis Tournament: A group of onlookers at a corner of one of the courts

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and is now in full swing. When the Reading Tournament was first instituted, three or four years ago, it was placed in front of Surbiton, and kept that position until last year. But it was felt that the second week in May was rather early for a tournament, not only because of the vagaries of the weather, but also because players had barely had time to get into practice, and accordingly Reading has this year been shifted right on into July, and Surbiton becomes the curtain-raiser. The list of lady competitors (as is generally the case at Surbiton) is quite an imposing one, including as it does Mrs. Chambers, the lady champion of England (*née* Miss Douglass), Miss Wilson, Miss Lowther, Miss Morton, Miss Boothby, Miss Greene, Miss Pinckney, Miss Tulloch, Miss M. Coles, Mrs. Sterry, and Miss Hughes D'Aeth.

The Venue of the 'Varsity Match

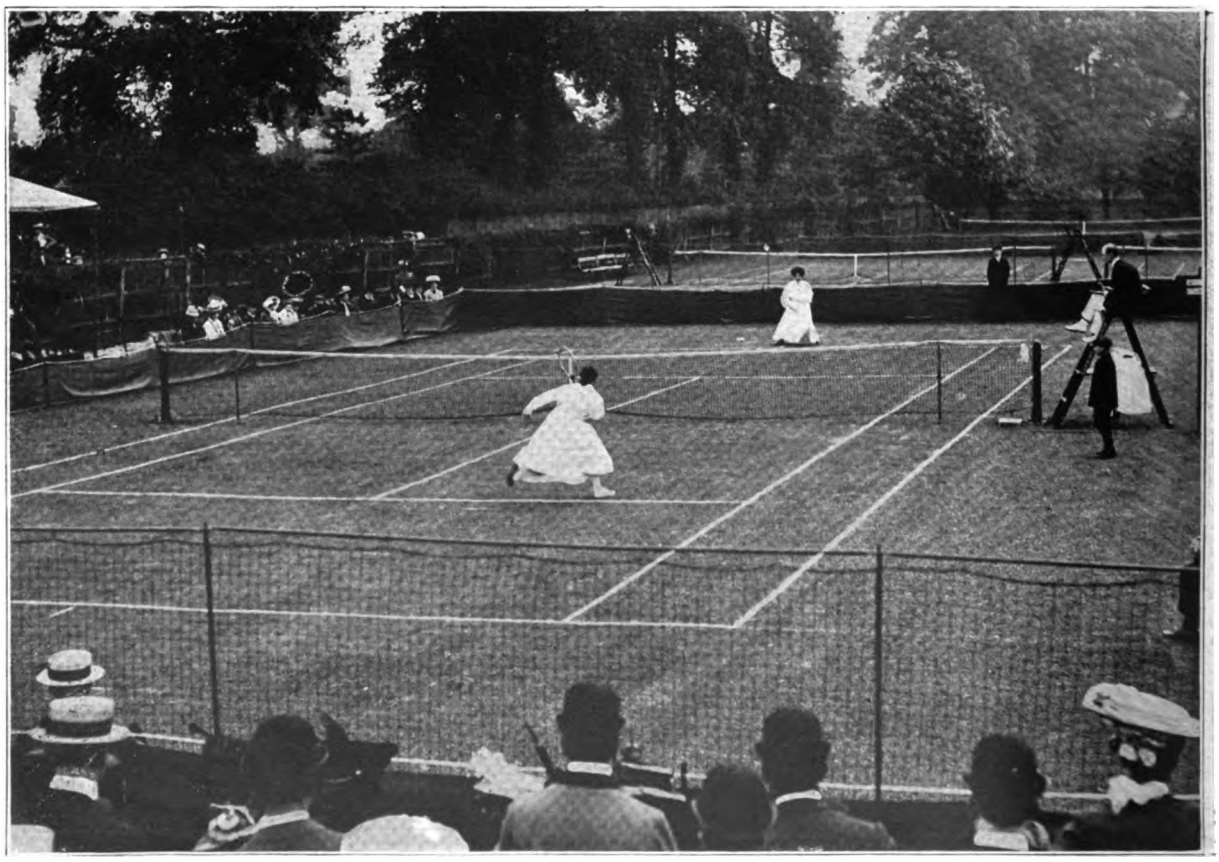
I was very glad to hear, in the course of recent visits to Oxford and Cambridge, that the new arrangement made last year, under which the 'Varsity match is to be played on the two 'Varsities' grounds in alternate years, is not likely to become permanent. When the arrangement was announced, I did not like the idea of it at all, because, in my view, all 'Varsity matches ought to take place on neutral grounds; and I am glad to find that the present Oxford president, for one, is quite of my way of thinking. The match was played at Oxford last year, and, therefore, naturally enough, Cambridge are entitled to any benefit that may be likely to accrue to them from being "at home" this year. But next year, when each will have had one turn, I hope that the old neutral-ground plan will be revived.

Playing to Empty Benches

All the same, there was a reason, and a pretty good one, for abandoning the old plan. It was that the match was so badly supported by the public. For years and years, not only at Queen's, where it has been most often held, but at one or two other places to which it has been temporarily transferred, the games were watched by a mere handful of spectators, consisting mainly of the sisters, cousins, and aunts of the combatants, and this lack of public interest was not without its influence on the players; for there is something very depressing in the thought that you are doing your level best for a side in which it is no small honour to be included, and yet that hardly a soul cares about coming to see you do it. Accordingly, the plan of playing alternately at Oxford and Cambridge was tried, with the object of getting a gate, and livening things up generally, and I am bound to say that, so far as that object goes, it is working well. This, however, is not sufficient to shake my conviction that, as a matter of principle, the 'Varsity match ought to be played on a neutral ground.

The Importance of 'Varsity Tennis

When you come to think of it, it is really very odd that people, or at any rate Londoners, take so little interest in 'Varsity lawn tennis, for from the 'Varsities has come a large percentage of the game's greatest players. Take, as a solitary instance, the Dohertys. How many people can say with me that they saw both "R.F." and "H.L." play his first match for Cambridge against Oxford? And yet they were beautiful players, even in those early days, and anybody with half an



Th. Surbiton Lawn Tennis Ground, where the first open tournament of the grass season is in progress this week

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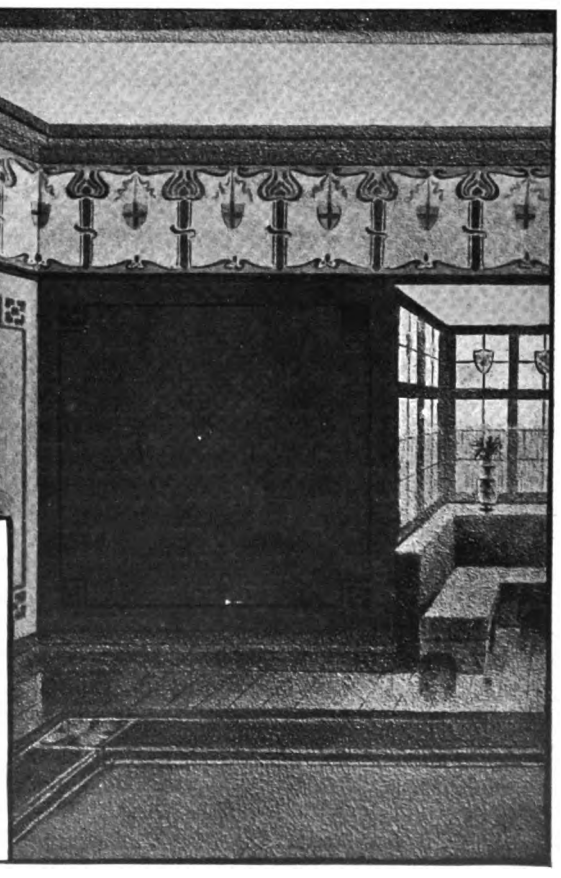

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eye could see that they would go far. But the public never discovered them until they came to the front at Wimbledon. Then, again, who is the player who has made the greatest strides during the last two or three years? Undoubtedly Wilding, a Cantab. Where are all the most promising players at the present time to be found? Some are at Oxford and Cambridge, and nearly all the rest have only recently "come down" from one or other University. When people once begin to realise that many a 'Varsity match has an important bearing upon future events they will pay more heed to what Oxford and Cambridge men are doing—and they will find plenty to interest them.

The Old Blunder Again

I always insist so rigidly in THE BYSTANDER upon lawn tennis being called by its proper name, and not "tennis," that last week some zealous but misguided person, thinking that he was making a necessary correction which I had overlooked, altered the heading "Tennis," which I had correctly written over some notes on the tennis championship, to "Lawn Tennis"—thereby perpetrating a time-honoured howler which I must ask my readers, with many apologies, to excuse.

Motors Maritime

Although only a month old, the Sussex Motor-Boat Club already numbers upwards of one hundred members; and if, as seems probable, it is able to secure from the Corporation of Brighton the proposed site for its new club-house—on the sea-front, where the Aquarium now stands, or, rather, lies buried—there is no reason why, in time, it should not develop into one of the most popular yachting centres on the South Coast. The inaugural luncheon of the club was held at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, on the 11th; and, as the afternoon was delightfully fine, the opening cruise which followed was thoroughly enjoyed, particularly by the club's guests. In fact, everything went by too quickly, except the speeches, which were too long and mostly dull. The luncheon had to be cut short in order to make way for them, and yet they dragged on long after the time appointed for getting afloat. Of course, there were some things which had to be said, and the speech of the chairman, Sir Theodore Angier, was really interesting, because there is nothing worth knowing about motor-boating that he doesn't know. And when he told his hearers that they were among the pioneers of a movement which, in his opinion, would in time completely revolutionise marine propulsion, he struck a note of enthusiasm which was eagerly caught up. But there were several other speakers who prosed quite needlessly, mainly about the amenities and attractions of Brighton, to which most people are fully alive, and my relief was great when I at length found myself listening instead to the purring of a well-behaved engine on Mr. W. J. Flack's *Wema*. After a pleasant run of about an hour's duration, we went ashore again, and were entertained at tea by Mr. Harry Preston at the Royal York, and—as Mr. Pepys hath it—so home. While I am on the subject of the sea, I may mention that *Flandria*, the new Sonderklasse yacht built for H.R.H. Prince Albert of Belgium, bids fair to make quite a name for her designer, M. Grisan, the hon. secretary of the Royal Belgium Y.C. She has already won the Brabo Cup at Antwerp, and the expected meeting between her and the King of Spain's boat will prove an interesting event. H.S.S.

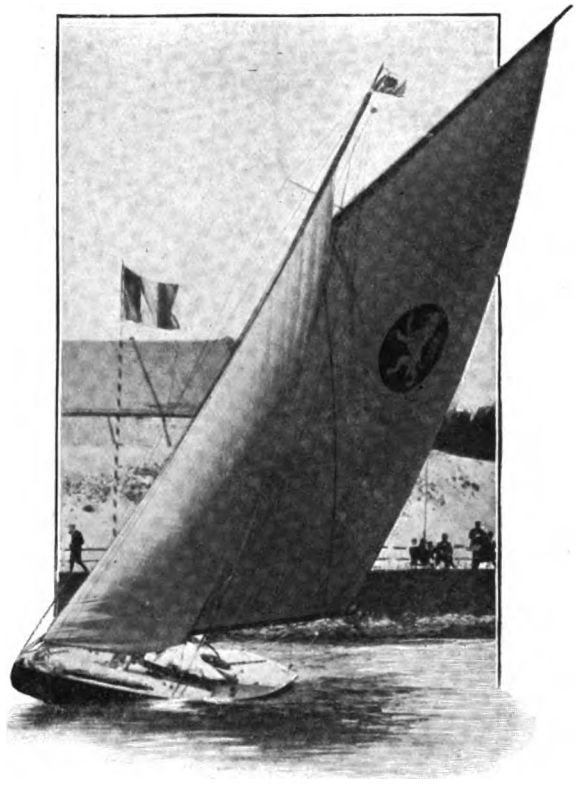

Photo *Topical Agency*

"Flandria," the new yacht built for H.R.H. Prince Albert of Belgium

With this boat, which was designed by M. Grisan, the hon. secretary of the Royal Belgium Yacht Club, he recently won the Brabo Cup at Antwerp

POLO

A Successful Yorkshire Club

Mr. W. C. Harrild, the honorary secretary of the Catterick Bridge Polo, Croquet, and Tennis Club, has kindly sent me some interesting particulars about his club, which is one of the most successful and best managed in the North of England. The Duke of Leeds is the president of the club, which was established some ten years ago, and has in all about 180 polo, croquet, and tennis-playing members. Polo began at Catterick about the middle of April, and the season proper started at the beginning of this month with a handicap tournament. The annual tournament, open to teams from any club affiliated to the County Polo Association, is fixed for the week ending July 27. There are two capital boarded grounds, one full-sized, on the banks of the River Swale, about a quarter of a mile from Catterick Bridge Station on the North Eastern Railway, with a pavilion and pony-shed on each ground. Sir James Dale, who runs the Moonlighters team, is on the Catterick committee; and another member of that body is Mr. Herbert Straker, who also used to play regularly in London a few years ago. Mr. Harrild, the energetic honorary secretary of the club, was, in the early 'nineties, in Mr. Buckmaster's Cambridge University team. L. V. L. S.

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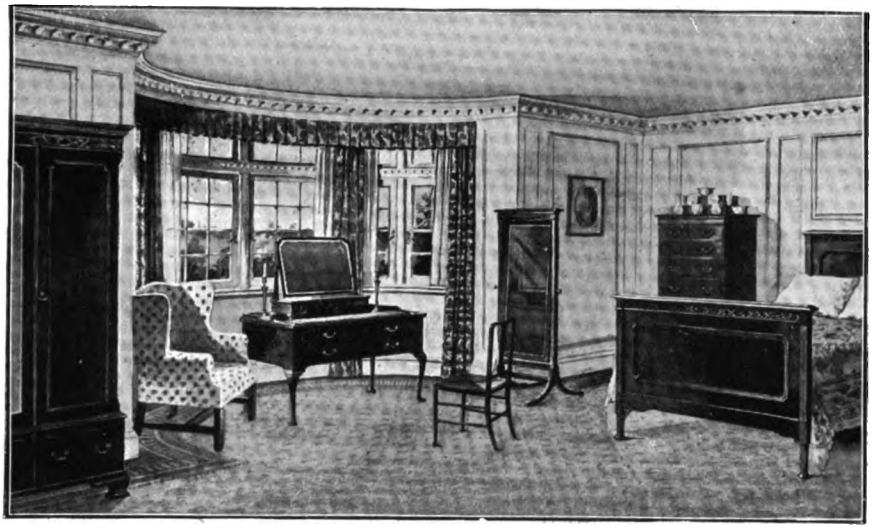

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These are questions which you must ask yourself, and all of which must be answered satisfactorily before you purchase your car for this season.

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To all these questions the "VINOT" CAR gives a complete and satisfactory reply. We can positively assure you that the question of "VINOT" reliability is absolutely assured by past records. The successes of "VINOT" cars in all Reliability Trials are too numerous to detail, but should you be interested in this question we shall be happy to send you our "VINOT" booklet, which will tell you of the "VINOT" VICTORIES.

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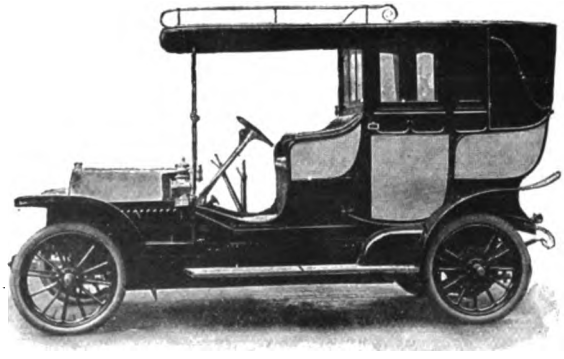

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By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Car-icature—No. XXVII.: His Excellency the Marquis de Soveral

Like his august friend, His Majesty King Edward, the Marquis de Soveral, the subject of our Car-icature this week, is a keen and enthusiastic automobilist. His Excellency has been a prominent figure in Society in this country since 1897, when he came to St. James's as Portuguese Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. So far back as 1885, however, M. de Soveral was known in diplomatic and Court circles in this country, when he held the position of First Secretary at the Portuguese Embassy. As a statesman, M. de Soveral has enjoyed a distinguished career, having represented his country in Vienna, Berlin, and Madrid, while from 1895 to 1897 he was Secretary of State for the Foreign Affairs of Portugal. As a practical motorist, M. de Soveral is well aware of the adaptability of the horseless vehicle for all purposes of commercial and military transport, and he has done much to cultivate business relations between this country and his own, especially in commercial engines and marine motors. Portugal offers a promising field for the enterprise of British motor manufacturers, and so long as M. de Soveral continues to represent that country among us we may be assured of a continuance of the amicable relations which now obtain between the two nations. D. M.

Car-icature—No. XXVII.: His Excellency the Marquis de Soveral

The Portuguese Minister, who is a personal friend of the King, besides being a distinguished statesman, is a keen and enthusiastic automobilist. He has done much to cultivate business relations between this country and his own

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

Motors and Brighton

The Fiat Company opened their beautiful new premises in the King's Road, Brighton, last Tuesday, and for the inauguration no less than fourteen Fiat cars conveyed their guests to the Royal York Hotel, where the Fiat directors gave an excellent lunch in honour of the occasion. Sir John Blaker, on behalf of the borough, said that Brighton welcomed motorists, and that everything was being done to encourage them by studying their comfort and convenience. Only a few weeks ago I alluded to this very subject in these notes, for there is no doubt that a pleasure resort like Brighton gains a good deal more by cultivating motorists than by persecuting them. I always feel a great deal of sympathy for Brighton, a charming place, whose prosperity has suffered so largely through its misfortune in being served by a railway corporation which entirely fails to study the requirements of its population. The motor is, however, in a growing degree, helping to solve the problem, and, at all events, causes a good deal of money to be spent in "London-by-the-Sea." On the return journey in the Fiat trip, a stop was made at Crawley, where tea was taken at the "George." Our photograph depicts the assembly of Fiat cars outside that famous hostelry.

* * *

The Gyroscope Truck

Probably the model of the railroad truck which Mr. Brennan, of torpedo fame, exhibited last week before the Royal Society, will prove to be the forerunner of an entirely revolutionary principle in traction mechanics. The truck, which runs on a single rail (entirely different from the earlier principle of the monorail), was perfectly steady owing to the properties of gyroscopic action. I understand that experiments are to be made in building motor-cars on the same principle—that is, with the frame built over two wheels, as with the bicycle—and, if they prove successful, the price of cars in the near future will be considerably reduced.

* * *

The Hooded-Van Danger

The other afternoon a large hooded van charged into me, and a collision was only avoided by the merest chance. The van was driven by an individual who was carefully screened from the public gaze. That is to say, he sat far back,

H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W., close to Victoria Station. Sole Concessionaires for Nagant-Hobson and Decauville Cars, Jenatzy Tyres, and Pognon Plugs. Garage always open.

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May 11th, 1907.
HUDDERSFIELD A.C. HILL CLIMB.

30 h.p. DAIMLER made FASTEST TIME, beating 60 h.p. six-cylinder ——— car.

May 11th, 1907.
NOTTS A.C. MOTOR MEET.

1st Event.—WILSON CHALLENGE CUP won by a DAIMLER. A 60 h.p. six-cylinder Touring Car could only make ⅘ sec. better time than a 30 h.p. DAIMLER. A 40 h.p. six-cylinder of the same make was beaten by 5¼ sec. by the same 30 h.p. DAIMLER.

2nd Event.—SCRATCH EVENT. DAIMLER'S STANDARD TOURING CARS made 2nd, 3rd, and 4th fastest times, being only beaten by 80 h.p. six-cylinder 6½ in. bore Touring (?) Car, which, however, could only make 1⅘ sec. better time than the DAIMLER Standard Touring Car.

3rd Event.—MILE HANDICAP. DAIMLER made fastest time.

— THE —
Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.
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The Fiat Motor Run to Brighton

Fourteen Fiat cars, outside the George Hotel, Crawley, *en route* to Brighton

while the roof of the van sheltered him from the elements. To be sure, right above his line of vision was, on each side of the vehicle, a very small pane of glass. There is an L.C.C. regulation which enacts that the driver of a hooded van shall have in front, and on each side, an uninterrupted view of the traffic. Apparently, the vehicle in question passes muster in this respect, the "windows" at the sides certainly permitting an uninterrupted view, if the driver leaves his horse to manage for itself and glues his nose to the glass. Meantime, the hooded van claims many victims. At Burnley quite recently, two little boys were run over and killed by a cart with an obstruction fixed on it which prevented the driver from seeing at the side. The Motor Union informs me that only four towns besides London as yet have any by-law on this subject—viz., Liverpool, Wolverhampton, Bristol, and Cardiff. A Traffic Board would deal with the matter very soon.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Miscellanea

This last week-end an enormous meet of the Motor Union took place at Lincoln, at the invitation of the Lincoln Automobile Club—an exceedingly progressive institution. The visitors were welcomed officially by the Mayor.

Over the Whitsuntide holidays the Automobile Association scouts specially patrolled the Great North Road for the Lincoln meeting, and also the route between London and Bexhill for the meeting under the auspices of the Crystal Palace Club.

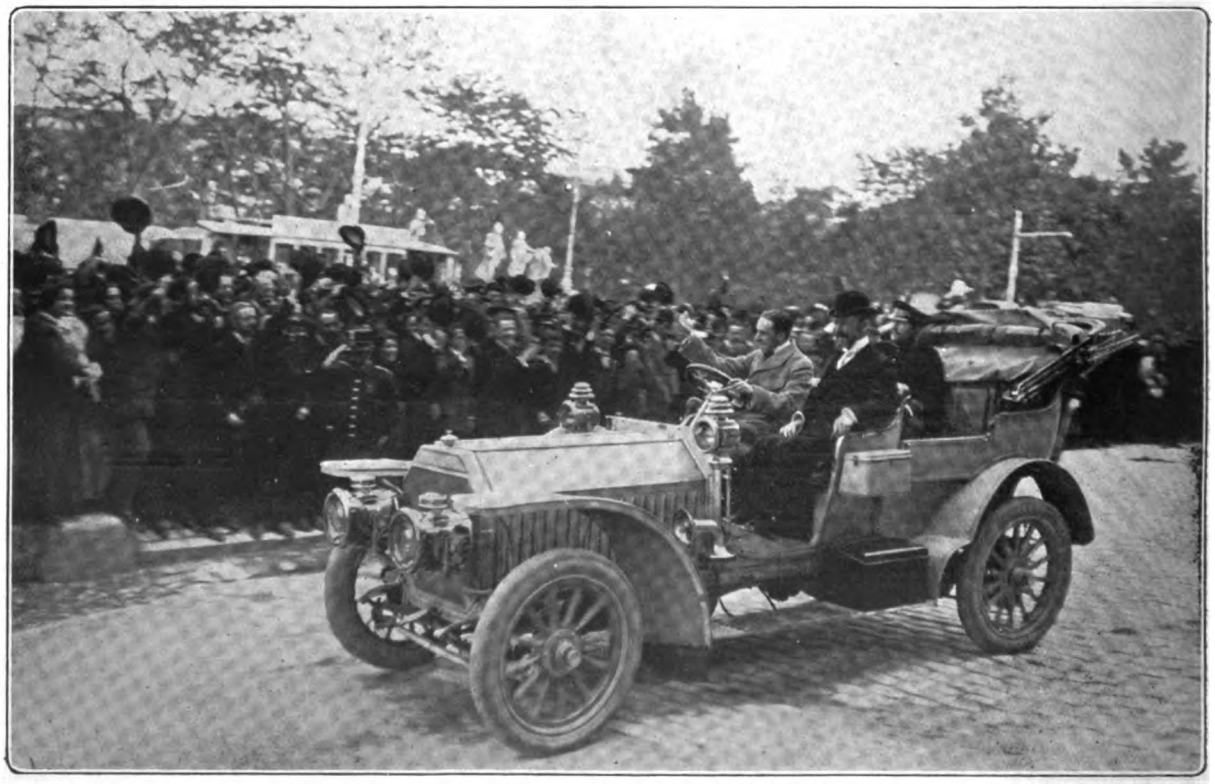
Mr. A. J. Balfour and Lord Roberts have recently ordered six-cylinder Napiers. Lord Roberts has quite a stud of motors now, including two Daimlers

Apropos of Daimler cars, it is interesting to note that His Majesty the King made use of Daimler cars daily while on his Continental trip. Seeing the large number of excellent makes on the Continent, His Majesty's preference is significant.

We shall publish a special account, with special photographs, of the Isle of Man Tourist Trophy races, which commence on May 29.

Learn to understand a Motor before you buy one, then you are not in the hands of Chauffeurs or Dealers. Special private lessons for Ladies or Gentlemen.—HANOVER MOTOR INSTITUTE, 6E, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

6 H.-P. ROVER, side boards and hood, 100 guineas; 12-16 H.-P. LEADER four-cylinder car, bargain at £125; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W. (Cars run by the year.)



The First Appearance of the King of Spain in Public after the Birth of the Crown Prince

The King, on his first appearance, was loudly cheered by large crowds. He is here seen on his Panhard car going to a pigeon-shooting match at the Casa de Campo

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Letters from Celebrities.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET ON NERVOUSNESS.

"INDUSTRIAL FARM COLONY,
"DUXHURST,
"*April*, 1907.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Your letter is one of many which I constantly receive begging me to tell of something which can help to restore tired nerves and over-worn strength, and you ask me to do so because I come into contact with so many who, for these very reasons, fail in the race of life, having sought the wrong remedy for such loss of nerve-power.

"The description which you give me of your difficulty scarcely varies from that of which I am so often told. Work has become a drudgery, and life a heavy thing. You tell me that you go to bed feeling tired, and that you wake in the morning almost equally tired, that your food is distasteful to you, and that little things which used to sit lightly upon you have become heavy burdens; that even pleasure is toil. I know you have worked hard through many years, and have had much mental strain. This may, in a measure, account for your weakness, which is not brought about by any condition of actual disease, but which seems to arise from an even greater trouble—namely, that your nerve-force is seriously overspent.

"It is important to understand that, in these days of worry and over-excitement, the over-work, mental and physical, to which most of us are subject, calls forth an undue expenditure of strength, and that, to recuperate the vigour we have lost, we must consider what sort of food or remedy we require.

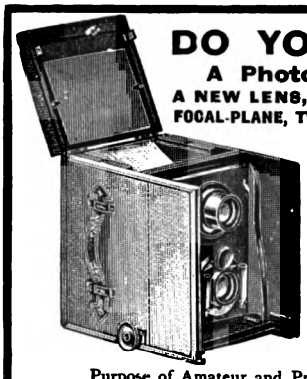
"Of course, the whole question of proper nourishment requires much thought and experience. Many forms of food and many restoratives are recommended; but, having had to do with a great many people who have impaired their digestive organs, and whose nerve-power has been seriously undermined, I do not think that I have come across anything which I believe a more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen. I do not know if you have tried it; but it seems to me, under the conditions such as you have described, an ideal preparation, because it provides a valuable tonic-food in the most suitable form. It consists, I believe, in the nourishing element of pure cows' milk, incorporated with which is a special nerve-tonic containing phosphorus. It has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, and gives tone to exhausted tissues, to a surprising extent. The feeblest system and the poorest digestive organs are able to assimilate it, when they can really touch little else. I am strongly of opinion that you cannot do better than begin a course of Sanatogen if you wish to regain your strength.

"Sanatogen, undoubtedly, restores sleep and invigorates the nerves, and it braces the patient to health, for I have noticed that with the restoration of the digestive organs the mind becomes more quickly active, and work, both mental and physical, becomes more easy, and the freshness and keenness which such people have lost, apparently altogether, return gradually, and bring with them an enjoyment of life, and a feeling of hopefulness, not hitherto experienced.

"When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the invigorated nerves are braced to a more healthy tone, and the whole human machinery is made fit for exercise and work, and for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner. . . . . .

Isabell Somerset"

The above is an abstract from a letter addressed by Lady Henry Somerset to an intimate friend. In view of the public interest associated with the subject, the recipient has obtained her ladyship's gracious permission to make the contents widely known. Additional information on the same subject may be obtained from the Sanatogen Company, 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, in packets, at 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., 5s., and 9s. 6d.



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Of all cars exhibited, about
47 per cent. were fitted with "CONTINENTALS."
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Send all your Tyres for Repairs to our Works at WILLESDEN: HYTHE ROAD, N.W.

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

To gather a general survey of the *modes* of the season, there is no better place than the first fine Sunday in the Park. One sees there all classes, not to mention the masses, and only by careful comparison is it possible to sift the wheat from the chaff—the latter represented by the vogues too easily acquired by the populace. And this, as I predicted, has very surely fallen to the lot of the detachable kimono *bretelles*. A last year's skirt, a hastily acquired slip, and the obliging *bretelles*, and there you stand in summer attire that has everything to commend it, save exclusiveness. But, after all, an attractive appearance carries immense weight; and I am in the mood to believe that our girls—colloquially, I believe, it should be *the* girls, should it not?—are going to have big opportunities of scoring this summer.

A Design for a Simple Washing Frock

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

The Simple Washing Frock

Fortunately for my peace of mind, it is not required of me to extol the merit of any one particular establishment where the individually inspired, the really tasteful and well-made washing frock can be obtained. As a matter of fact, I could, without a moment's hesitation, reel off half a dozen or more who are specialising in this particular, and making, moreover, a good thing of the game. It is a long-felt want at last really ably supplied, and it will, if I mistake not, lessen, in some degree at least, the claim on greater elegancies—zephyrs, mercerised cottons, and the old-world gingham, the latter in effective check designs. Also, through a private source, I have been put into possession of the fine wearing abilities of a fabric hitherto solely devoted to the services of casement blinds. That this is a linen, or perhaps more probably cotton, goes without saying. It is, moreover, although light, peculiarly fine of texture, does not crush, and washes as the proverbial rag. Thus my informant, and I have no reason to doubt the report, nor yet the cost at something under a shilling a yard, although the width runs a full thirty-one inches. Another ten shillings or thereabouts expended on embroidery or lace of sorts, and the feeblest arithmetician will arrive at the exceedingly moderate cost represented by the whole—always provided, of course, it is made at home, or by the small working dressmaker, both sources I am rather disposed to have "ma doots aboot." Of course, there are capables in either fraternity, but, viewing the subject from a general standpoint, the generous offers made by and accepted by clever *modistes* in this regard decidedly tempts one to leave the more doubtful procedures alone.

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PHAT PHEET

DON'T PINCH BABY'S TOES

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Our original design epitomises delightfully the whole of the above text, in a lilac and white striped cotton, the pretty folded corsage dividing back and front—the V, as goes without saying, much shorter at the back—over a chemisette of piece Valenciennes lace, the lower half ornamented in front with super-posed frills of Valenciennes edging.

For the skirt, graduated cross-way folds are requisitioned, and my prophetic vision completes the whole by one of the *cloche* panamas, draped with chestnut tulle over lilac pink *mousseline* satin ribbon. The belt completing the costume should be of white suéde, with buckle of the same.

Coloured Footgear

The rapidly encroaching advances of coloured footgear cannot for a moment be ignored. The determination that this shall be, is very marked, and enhanced, both in the matter of excellence and prices, by those who have from the first pioneered the notion. As an accompaniment to the coloured summer frock, washing or otherwise, the belief is crystallising seriously that the *souliers en suite* are an imperative need. And be it also speedily known, only the quietest, most unaggressive shapes are accounted *bon ton*. For coloured shoes, the big flap and brobdingnagian buckles are the last details recognised by the elect. Then, too, a large predilection reigns in favour of delicately coloured cloth tops, fitted to a patent leather golosh. These, although by no means new, have acquired a character under the present prevailing atmosphere of approval they have never before possessed.

An Effective Corsage and Coiffure for the Opera
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Reverting to shoes, quite extraordinary colours, such as raspberry red, burgundies, royal blue, and leaf green are accepted with the greatest aplomb, and, keeping well in step with their *confrères*, the hosiers are in a position to meet practically all demands.

White Flower Foliage

Quite six months ago the Parisian world advanced the decorative claims of white flowers and foliage, which were met over here by the usual attitude of disdain, and a disposition to regard it merely as a freakish French fancy. However, it has arrived—such things always do—and the mount of flowers and foliage, natural in every respect, save that they are *tout blanche*, is one of the best accepted tenets of the moment. There are, furthermore, obtainable, blanched cereals, such as oats, wheat, and also grasses, the latter especially feathery and effective in appearance, and peculiarly sympathetic to the adornment of lace and lingerie hats

And apropos of the latter, I have seen some individual designs destined for river wear fashioned of Paisley *mousseline* very delicately coloured, and following the lines of a Romney shape; others, equally irresistible, revealing a mass of lace frills, piled lightly the one over the other, with crowds of soft-falling satin ribbon at the one side.

The Doom of the White Glove

That this should have arrived with the summer is just one of those glaring inconsistencies beloved of *La Mode*, that no one, man or woman, can fathom. But the fact remains that the white glove is fast disappearing into the realms of the populace, just double the price being asked in the Paris shops for beige and pale grey suéde to the white variety, which has been frankly lowered to clear.

And the whole truth of the matter is, the vogue has been worried to death, and the eye grown tired to weariness of the great expanse of white clothed arms, necessitated by the curtailed sleeve. So far, however, the change in gloves evinces no indications other than to resolve into faint neutral tints. Biscuit with *neige* points are foremost among the selected fancies, and are infinitely becoming to the hand, while according equally with white or coloured toilettes. Obviously, *La Mode* is determined to work clear of any groove into which we have fallen both in respect of hand and foot-gear.

Dress at the Opera

For a moment I was tempted to fall into derisive criticism over the hybrid toilettes that collected at Covent Garden during the cycle. For the problem has yet to be solved how the average woman, who does not live within the radius of a mile or so, and is not, moreover, possessed of an automobile, is to dress at five o'clock in the afternoon, dine out, and return for the completion of the great masterpieces, presenting always an appearance consistent with the moment. All this requires deep thought. Meanwhile, for normal performances, the Opera bodice, forming the subject of the second sketch, comprises a drapery of maize Liberty satin, over an under-bodice of chiffon, the sleeves upheld by a chaplet wreath of silver leaves, a similar wreath being worn as a finish to the classically arranged *coiffure*.

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The Bystander, May 29, 1907

Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 182.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 29, 1907 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. Walter Passmore indulges in a little mild flirtation (in "Lady Tatters" at the Shaftesbury Theatre)

The efforts of Mr. Walter Passmore, one of our most popular comedians, to find a dog to bark the chorus of the song, "The Fiddler and his Dog," which he, as Seth Lewys, the strolling player, sings in *Lady Tatters*, greatly agitated the public last week, and their relief was intense when they heard that he had at last been successful in his quest. Our photograph shows him in the second act, with Isabel Scraby (Miss Louie Pounds) and Poll Merrie (Miss Marie George), Lady Tatters' maid

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No. 182.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"Reflections of a Frivolous Philosopher." By Carl le Foin. (Forster, Groom: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Passing of Night." By J. Fooargye Bradley. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"For the Week End." By "Handasyde." (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"Margery Manesty." By Oswald Wildridge. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"The Souvenir Guide to London." By H. E. Bywater. (Souvenir, Ltd: 1*s.*)

"The House of the Wolf." By Stanley Weyman. (Longmans: 2*s.* net.)

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday May 29, 1907

"Americans flat" was a headline in an evening paper the other day. We had not observed it ourselves. In fact, most of those whom we saw in London last week were looking round.

* * *

Lajpatrai Rai, the Punjab agitator, is reported to have remarked, prior to his deportation, that India is not going to be "cowed down." Britain, upon the other hand, intends to see that India is not what Smith minor once described as "calved up."

* * *

Having been given to understand that Mr. Frank Richardson's latest masterpiece possesses a strong whisker interest, the editor of a contemporary handed it for review to Mr. Clarkson. A similar attempt at specialism was once made by the gentleman who directed the fortunes of a provincial organ. Having received from a publisher a copy of a work on Marco Polo, he promptly sent it on to his sporting reporter, with a request that he would do half a column on it.

* * *

It is curious what effect the weather has upon news. During the dull November days of last week, for example, there was none at all. The solitary spark of foreign intelligence was contributed by the Turkish Brigands, Limited, who carried off a Dutch Baron. They ought to be able to declare very good dividends shortly.

* * *

One wonders who is the mathematician of the band, and how he solves the problems of the comparative value of their victims. For Miss Stone, an American missionary, £25,000 was asked. If an American missionary is worth £25,000, how much for a Dutch Baron—with both ears?

* * *

Even the *Daily Mail* was hard up for news last week, and its special correspondents were reduced to sending in agricultural reports. "Mangolds backward, sun badly needed," was the modest summary from most parts. Luckily, a tom-tit built its nest in a pump in Lincolnshire, in spite of the pump being in constant use. This is, perhaps, the only instance of little tom-tits taking cold baths at quite such an early age.

* * *

By the way, agricultural reports could surely be made more interesting. What of this sort of thing?

HEREFORD. — Lambs sniffling, farmers grumpy. Should calves have pocket-handkerchiefs?

COLCHESTER.—Giant gooseberries backward. Frost affecting giant marrows. Spotted fever attacks giant turnips.

LINCOLN. — Sun badly needed. Hens discovered laying eggs in saucepans on fire. Epidemic of ducks with four legs.

TOOTING.—Great mortality among cuckoo-clocks. Late frosts affecting vocal chords of sparrows.

RUISLIP. — Special correspondent frozen to death while inspecting barley crop. Barley not grown in this district.

"Muvver says you're to come 'ome at once, dad"
"What for, sonny?"
"Dunno. She didn't say. Only she'd been gettin' together all the kitchen china, and asked if I knew where the poker was"

(By J. Hammer)

* * *

False eyelashes are stated by Mr. Nestle, the patentee, to be all the rage, and hundreds of ladies regularly call on him to have their eyelashes renewed. It must be a pathetic scene—his office. "I find it impossible now to go motoring without them" is the *obiter dictum* of one of his fair clients; and we quite agree that it is warmer to have them on a drive. But we do hope Mr. Nestle will fix them up well. Such a bother to stop on a nice, straight bit of road, because one's companion has just exclaimed, for the tenth time: "So sorry to trouble you again—but would you mind—my lashes have just blown off?"

* * *

It is reported that a four-wheeled automobile will shortly be put on the market, at the price of a motor-bicycle. The seating accommodation will, of course, be limited. But the motorist of moderate means is so keen that, provided he can lie under the car with a spanner, that is all really that is needed.

* * *

The general criticism of the horses of American millionaires to be shown at Olympia seems to correspond with that made of their owners: "A bit thin in the leg, but plenty of metal."

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RACING NOTIONS. By "CARBINE."

DERBY PROSPECTS: WILL "BOSS" CROKER WIN?

Orby at Epsom

Johnny Reiff, the American lad, who did so well in this country a few seasons back, and who came from France to ride Querido to victory in the Chester Cup, will be on Orby in the Derby, and this Irish outsider has come to Epsom to finish his training. It is natural that an American jockey should be chosen for a horse belonging to the former ruler of Tammany Hall. Mr. Croker is by no means confident that his colt will beat the favourite, but he believes him sure to be placed. I think he would have been well advised to run Orby in the Red Rose Stakes at Manchester, for he would surely have beaten Jubilee and Cornfield, and something definite about his real merits would have been ascertained. As it is, nothing in Mr. Croker's stable is capable of extending the three-year-old, and he treated the opposition at Baldoyle like so many hacks.

If "Boss" Croker Wins at Epsom!

It would surely be a strange turn of Fortune's Wheel if "Boss" Croker should win the Derby. How would the Jockey Club take it, after withholding their sanction a few years ago for his horses to be trained at Newmarket? It is no secret that Mr. Croker is not on the best of terms with the ruling powers of the Turf, and he is one of the last men they would wish to see win the greatest race of the season. But nothing of that sort can, of course, stop Orby if the colt is only good enough, and I am one of those who think that the handsome son of Orme will play a prominent part in the race. Since his passage-at-arms with the Jockey Club, Mr. Croker has mainly confined his attention to racing in Ireland, and his horses have been extremely successful at the Curragh, Baldoyle, and the other meetings. But, sporting and enjoyable as those gatherings often are, you cannot compare the racing there with that which we see at the best of the English meetings. A success for Mr. Croker in the Derby would be unique in many respects, and would make an interesting page in Turf history. Will it come to pass? Stranger things *have* occurred in racing.

The Galvani Mystery

A certain amount of mystery hangs about Galvani. Diametrically opposite statements have been made about him. It has been said that he is not giving satisfaction to his trainer, and this view was supported when he was knocked out to 8 to 1 in the betting one day last week. One hears, again, that the colt never was better in his life, and it is significant that he did not remain for long at "eights." Which of the two stories are we to believe? My own information is to the effect that Major Loder and his trainer are well satisfied with the progress that the colt has made, and I fully expect to see Galvani at a smaller price on the day of the race than that at which he is now quoted.

A Forecast of the Result

As for the favourite, there can be no question as to Beckhampton's confidence. They believe they have a really good thing in Slieve Gallion, and instead of his price expanding, the colt has remained at slight odds-on during the past week, all offers at "evens" being quickly snapped up. I fancy Darling is still a little dubious regarding Galvani, but he does not fear anything else in the race. My final selection for the Derby will be made next week, but for the sake of those readers who would like a forecast in advance, I may say that I believe **Slieve Gallion** will win, and that GALVANI and ORBY will fill the places behind him. I shall in all probability take Witch Elm for the Oaks, with Maya as likely to run into a place.

Epsom's Coronation Cup

Spate and Killeagh, although both well fancied and well supported, ran disappointingly in the Manchester Cup on Friday. Nothing in the race had a chance with Beppo, an extremely game little horse, who, on this form, ought to be formidable in the best long-distance races of the season. Mr. "Jimmy" Rothschild loves to have a tilt at the Ring, and he landed a very good stake over Beppo at Manchester. The colt is engaged for the Coronation Cup at Epsom on the Thursday of next week, and this race may possibly rival the Derby and the Oaks in interest; for, in addition to the Manchester Cup winner, such grand performers as Velocity, Polymelus, Polar Star, Troutbeck, Keystone II., The White Knight, Spearmint, Hammurabi, Llangibby, Bilton Park, and Slavetrader, are all entered. What a race it will be, even if only six of this dozen are started. Polar Star, I expect, will be favourite, and though Velocity will meet him on 8 lb. better terms than at Kempton, I shall stick to Mr. Hall Walker's champion until he is beaten.

Selections

During the present week the racing is not of very great importance, but there are meetings North and South. At Salisbury on Thursday I think **Cuffs** will win the City Bowl, and **Llangwm** seems sure to take the Salisbury Stakes, while **Golden Measure** is my selection for the Salisbury Cup. At Hurst Park on Saturday **Auber** should take the Holiday Plate, and **Cadwal** in the Palace Handicap may score at last. On Tuesday next, the opening day of the Epsom Meeting, Lord Rosebery may show us a high-class two-year-old in the Woodcote Stakes, but it is safest to go for horses we know, and I think the issue will rest between **Pom** and St. Elf, with a preference for the first named.

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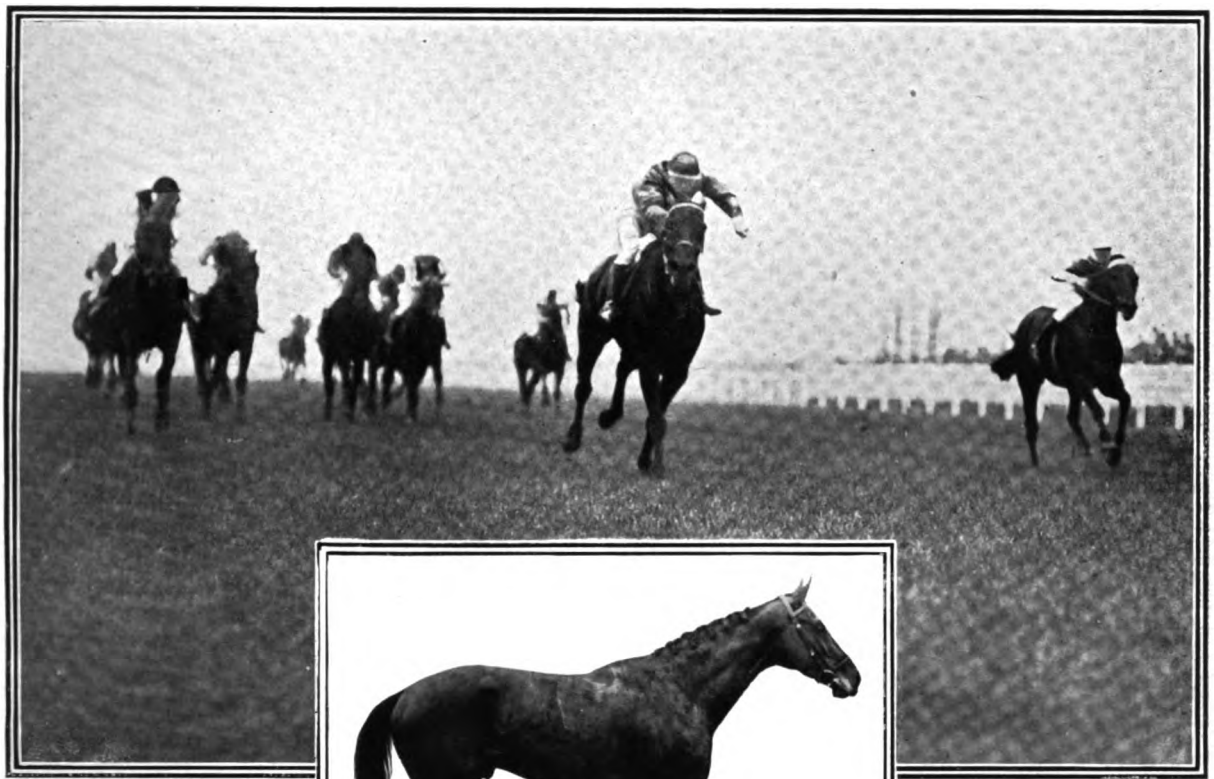
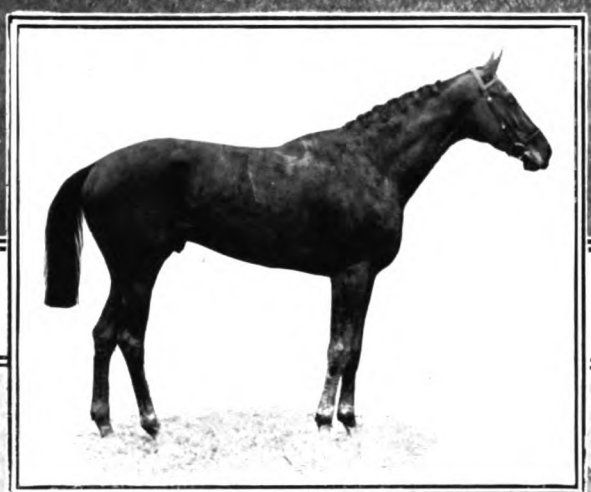
The Manchester Cup

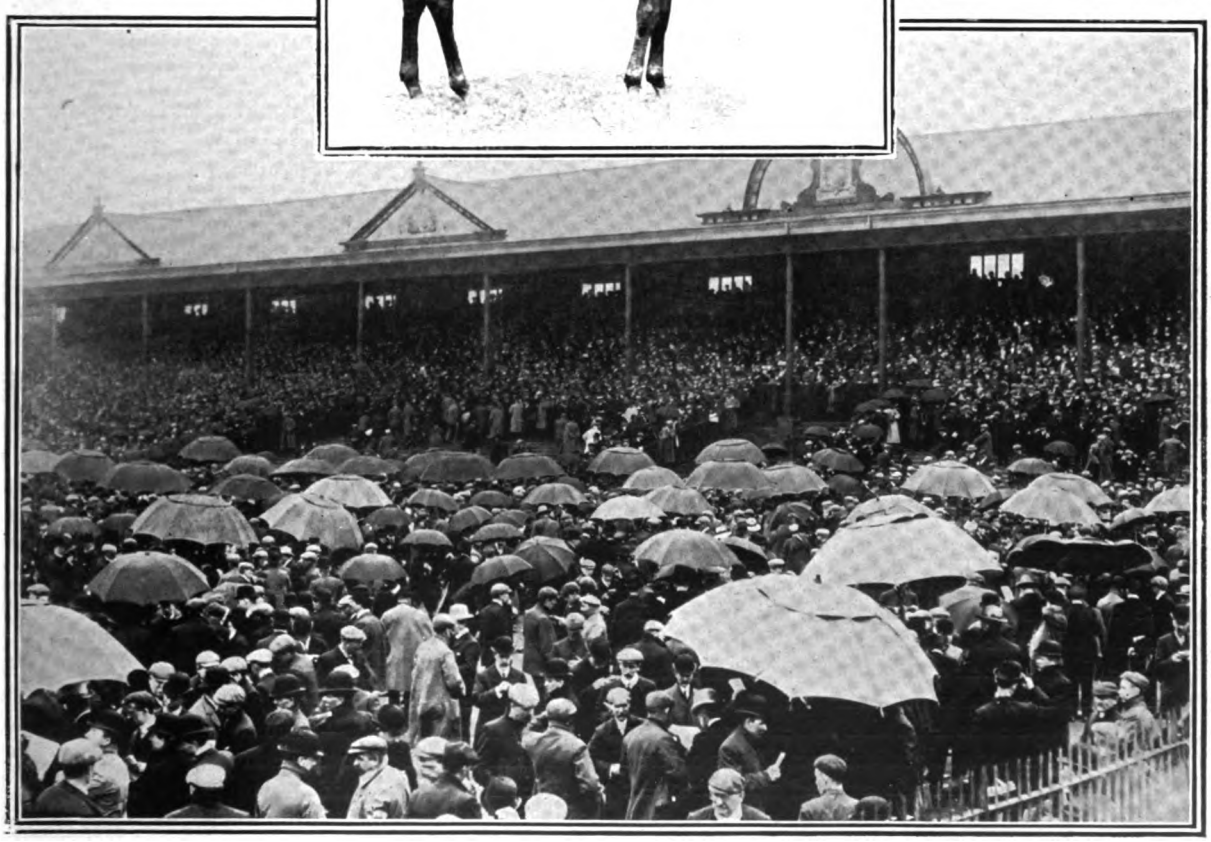
MR. J. A. DE ROTHSCHILD WINS THE TROPHY



THE FINISH



BEPPO—THE WINNER



UNDAUNTED SPECTATORS

The crowd at Castle Irwell, during the short shower which interrupted the proceedings—to make way, later, however, for brilliant sunshine. Mr. J. A. de Rothschild's victory with Beppo proved most popular. His horse Le Horo "also ran" for the Rothschild Plate

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The Edalji Commission

Whatever view may be taken of the result of the Edalji Commission, everybody will be glad to find that the Commissioners, although they do not agree with the opinion of the Quarter Sessions and jury, give no countenance whatever to the charges of deliberate injustice and prejudice, not to mention incompetence, which were so freely brought against them. To anyone with any practical experience of country Quarter Sessions, the charge of deliberate injustice was absurd, but nevertheless it was made, and widely believed. And it is only fair to the Staffordshire magistrates to mention two facts which are perhaps not generally known: first, that Edalji himself, or his advisers, requested that the trial might take place at Quarter Sessions, and not at Assizes; and secondly, that the reason the case was heard in the Second Court was that the Deputy-Chairman of the Bench had had a regular legal education and the Chairman had not. By the way, I am rather surprised at the importance which the Commissioners attached to the depositions taken at Petty Sessions. For aught I know, Staffordshire depositions may be exceptionally well taken, but, as a rule, they are very much condensed and rather inaccurate, and I would much rather rely on the original statements made by the witnesses to the prosecuting solicitor.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Empire Day, May 24

Viscount Turnour hoisting the Union Jack at the schools, Sutton, Surrey

Are Juries Impartial?

But the case shows the great drawbacks of the system of always trying a prisoner in the county where the crime was committed. The practice dates from Anglo-Saxon times, when no witnesses were called except to character, and the jury was chosen from persons who knew something about the case and decided it upon their own knowledge. At the present time, to ensure an absolutely fair trial, the jury ought to come from a remote district. When any sensational crime has been committed the local Press report all its details, real and imaginary, and not infrequently formulate theories as to how and by whom it was committed. Later on, the evidence given before the magistrates is fully reported, with particulars of previous convictions, if any, and consequently every intelligent juryman knows all about the crime and the prisoner's character, and has formed some sort of an opinion as to his guilt or innocence before he goes into the jury-box. Unless the publication of police-court proceedings can be forbidden, such cases ought to be tried before a jury from another part of the country. As a matter of fact, the Courts have power to remove a country case to London, though it is very seldom exercised; but, I believe, none to remove a London case into the country.

An Imperial Court of Appeal

Two of the proposals brought before the Colonial Conference the other day are of considerable interest to the legal profession. With one of them, an Imperial Court of Appeal, probably very few people will disagree, for it is difficult to see any logical reason why appeals from the United Kingdom should go to the House of Lords, and those from the Colonies, including the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man, to the Privy Council. I suppose that the historical reason is that in the one case the appeal is to the King in Parliament and in the other to the King out of Parliament. All the Law Lords are members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and the only practical difference between the two tribunals is that the Colonial judges cannot hear appeals from the United Kingdom.

An Imperial Bar

The other proposal—the amalgamation of the local Bars at home and in the Colonies, so that an Australian barrister should be a member of the English and Scotch Bars, and *vice versâ*—is a much more doubtful one. The idea is attractive, but the practical difficulties are very great. Only an Admirable Crichton would be competent to practise everywhere, since there are four main systems of law within the Empire—English in England, Ireland, Australia, and New Zealand; Scotch in Scotland; French in Canada and Mauritius; and Roman-Dutch in South Africa and Ceylon, not to mention peculiar systems like that of the Channel Islands. And then there is the horrible fact that in some of the Colonies there is no distinction between barristers and solicitors.

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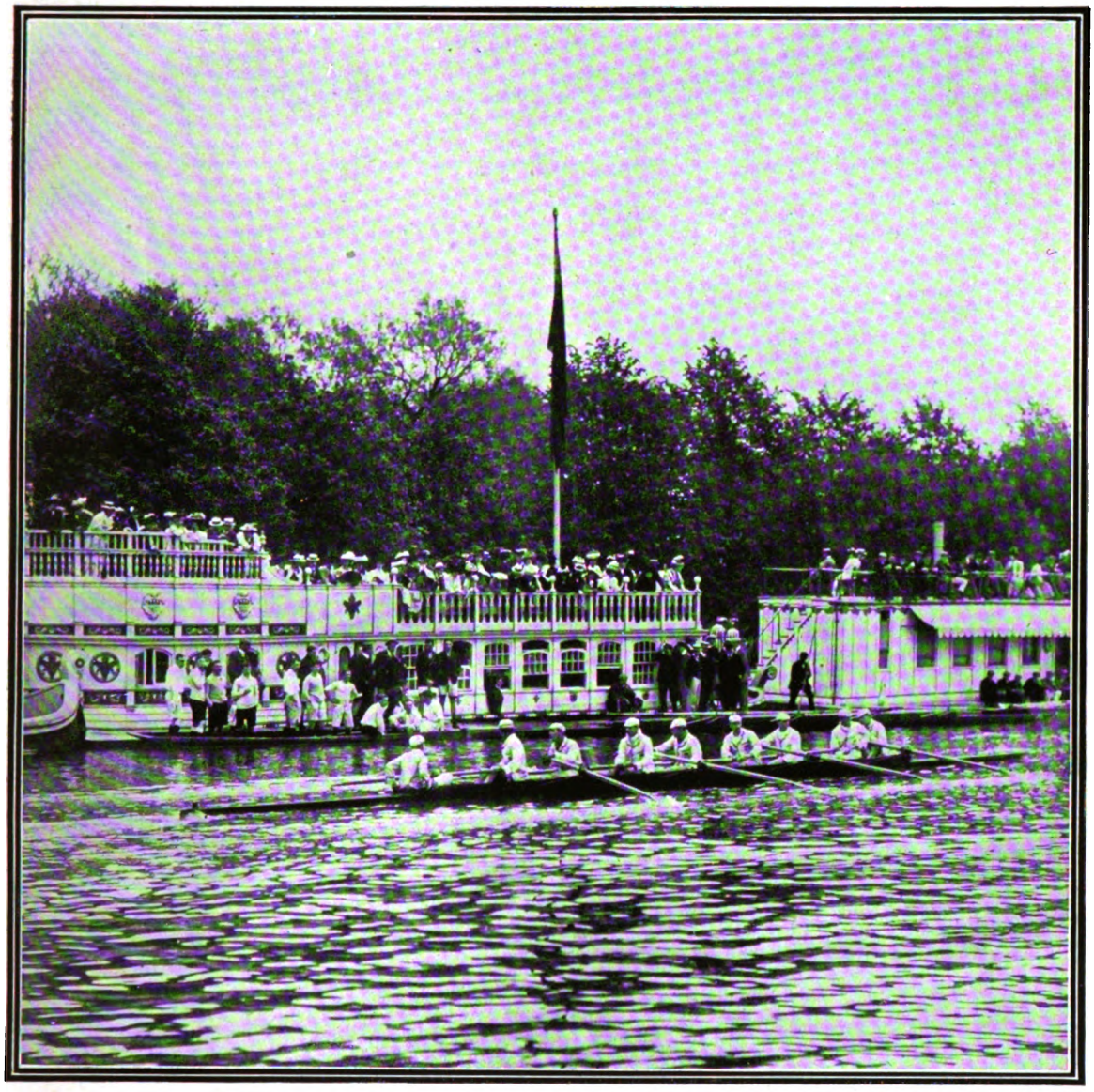
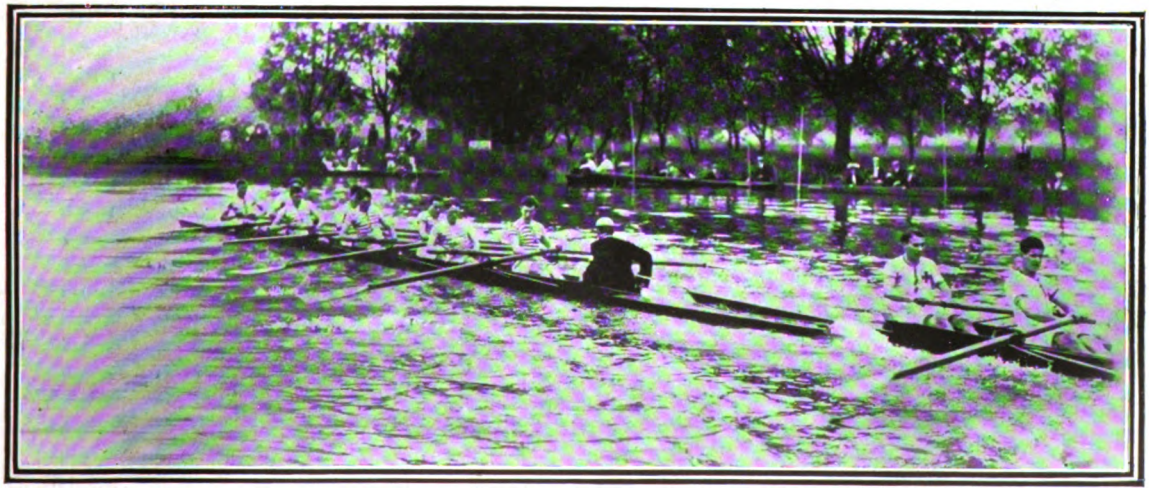
Oxford Eights: The "House" Bumps Magdalen



Christchurch Head of the River for the first time in fifty-eight years

The victors passing the Magdalen barge on the way to the start



Second Division: Merton bumps Worcester

The Oxford Eights Week opened rather inauspiciously last Thursday, in unsettled and cold weather, with the result that the attendance was not as large as usual

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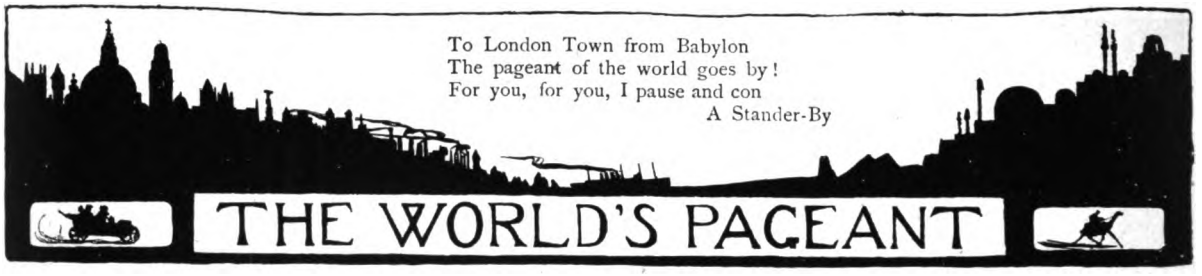

Royal Movements—The King

With greater facility than ever, by the aid of the motor, is the King enabled to indulge his taste for racing. At any moment when State affairs wax too arduous or messages arrive that good sport on the field is anticipated, His Majesty's fine, big limousine may be ordered to the door, and the King whirled off to the chief racing scene of the day. Formerly, when the chartering of a special train was a necessary part of a Royal excursion, it was not so easy, but to day, when a telephone message to the garage is the sole preparation needed, slipping the chains of office is a simpler matter. Our snapshot of the King was taken on His Majesty's arrival at Kempton Park on Whit Monday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Ronald Greville, his hostess, and Major Holford, and was preceded, also in cars, by the rest of the house-party assembled at Reigate Priory to meet him.

* * *

The Queen

Until next Wednesday—which is Derby Day—there is a lull in big racing events. On that day the King, on his return from the meeting, will, in accordance with established custom, entertain the Jockey Club at dinner at Buckingham Palace. The Queen, provided present engagements hold good, will dine with the Duchess of Devonshire at Devonshire House. and be present afterwards at the *danse intime*, to which the King and his guests will come on from Buckingham Palace. If the Princess Victoria is well enough, she will accompany the Queen, but her Royal Highness is not even yet entirely strong, and the prolongation of the cr.ise in the Mediterranean was undertaken in great part on her account.

* * *

The Princess of Wales

Several of the papers, I notice, announce that the Princess of Wales will not go to Cowes this year. She never does—but that is a detail! The Isle of Wight climate does not suit her Royal Highness at all. It is to be hoped it will not have the same effect on Prince Edward. I am told the Princess misses her son considerably, but at the same time it is good for him to be away from maternal "fussings," for he is just a little inclined to "nerves." Osborne will cure that sooner than Marlborough House, where the discipline, though almost as strict, is naturally of a more intimate character. It was to Prince Edward,

The Arrival of the King at the Hurst Park Races on Whit Monday

His Majesty motored over from Reigate with his host and hostess, Capt. and Mrs. Ronald Greville, with whom he was staying. He was also accompanied by Lord Brougham and Capt. Holford. The other members of the house-party at Reigate Priory, including Lord Marcus Beresford, Mrs. Keppel, and Lady Sarah Wilson, were also present

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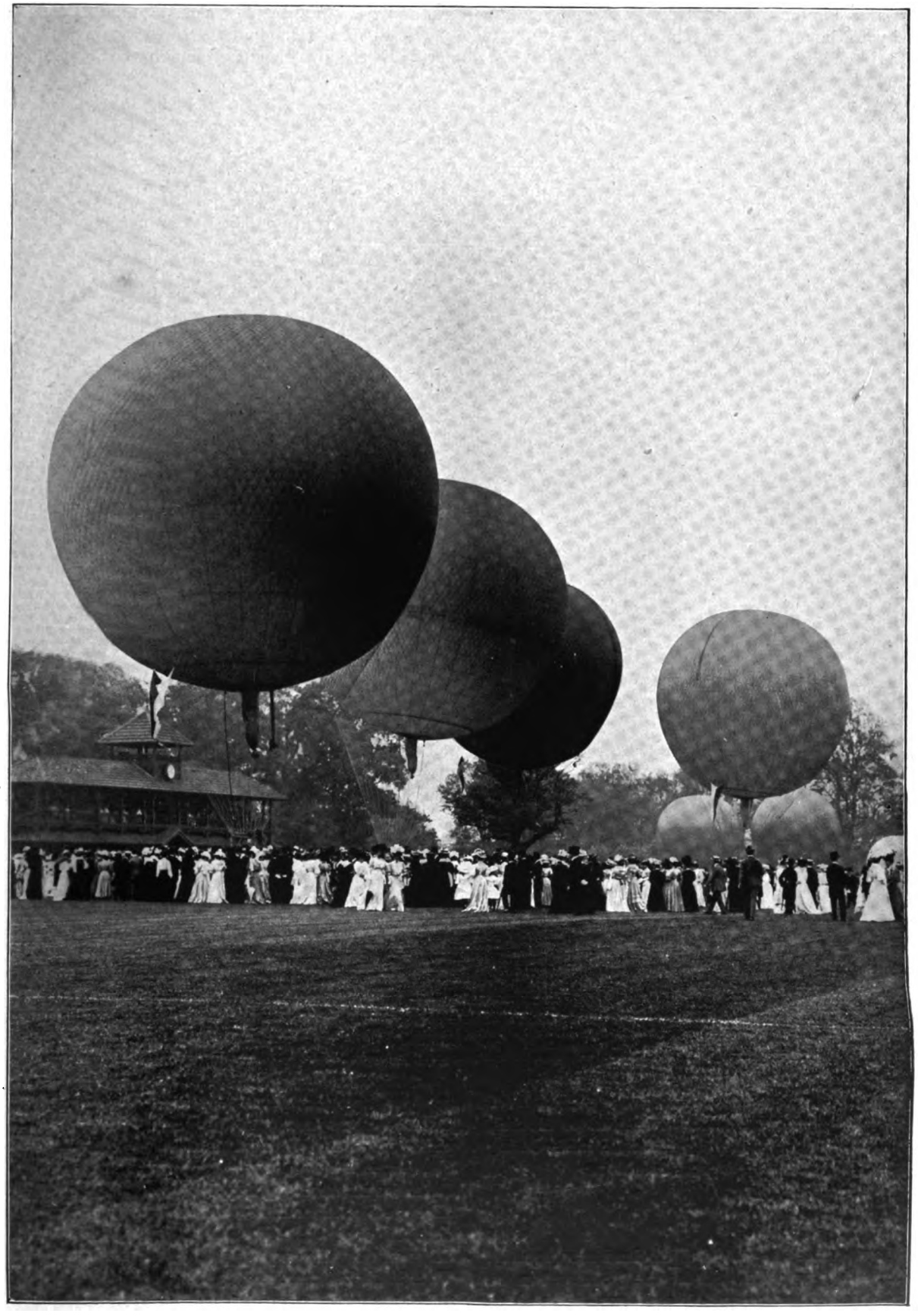
Ballooning as a Sport

THE START OF THE GREAT RACE FROM RANELAGH



The balloon race for the Harbord Cup took place on Saturday, ten balloons starting from Ranelagh. The "winning post" was Goring Railway Station, and Mr. F. H. Butler's Dolce Far Niente was successful in descending only one hundred yards from this spot. Second and third were Colonel Capper's Pegasus and the Hon. C. S. Rolls's Nebula. Many of the competitors had exciting experiences by running into a severe thunderstorm which was raging at the time

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Postponed Courts and Disappointed Débutantes

by the way, that, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were in the Colonies, Dean Farrar said, "How glad you'll be to have your mother back!" "Well," replied the little Prince, "I don't know. You see, she's rather tiresome, sometimes."

* * *

Postponed Courts and Disappointed Débutantes

Next week, indeed, the season proper at last begins. The King's Levée, on Monday, promises to be rather more interesting than such functions usually are. His Majesty has commanded a number of survivors of the Indian Mutiny to attend—those present at the Siege of Delhi as well as at the Siege and Relief of Lucknow; and this, in view of the present slightly perturbed state of Indian affairs, is decidedly of interest. At Buckingham Palace, on Thursday, the King and Queen will hold a much-delayed Court. For this, and the two succeeding ones, the Lord Chamberlain has received applications so numerous that there is no hope of even half of them being entertained at all this year. Many a *débutante*, therefore, has had her hopes deferred, and many a matron anxious for presentation her spirits dashed; and, of course, the fact that there have been no May Courts has contributed in great degree to the plethora of applications for those in June. While people generally are very glad to think that their Majesties leave no stone unturned in the quest of health and pleasure and *entente*-making with foreign Powers, there is a feeling that social duties at home are a no less important part of the Monarchical duties. Seeing, again, how heavy are the chances, at any moment, of the Court being thrown into mourning by the death of one of the innumerable scions of the various Houses, it is felt that rather more hay might be made during the rare intervals when the sun does shine.

Photo *Langfitr, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Lady Helen Grosvenor

One of the prettiest *débutantes* of this season. She is the daughter of Katharine, Duchess of Westminster and the late Duke of Westminster. Her presentation had to be postponed last year owing to severe illness

* * *

The Impromptu Invitation

The return of the Queen to England may, socially, waken things up a bit. So far, the "Season," in the once-accepted meaning of the word, has been practically non-existent. Cold winds and drenching showers have kept the Park, and Ranelagh, and Hurlingham quite out of the social programme. Big dinners, bigger balls, and crowded receptions have had no part in the general scheme of things. Every party has been "impromptu." Anyway, invitations have all been by telephone, and in the form Mrs. George West has lately immortalised:—

> Will Mrs. S. dine with Lady T. and bring a man, and if she can't find one she musn't come, as it would make the number thirteen.?

Or,

> Will Mr. G. dine with Lady T. to-night? If not, will he look in the card-room and see if any of her lot are there, and suggest somebody?

* * *

Lady Helen Grosvenor

One of the most interesting presentations of the season is that of Lady Helen Grosvenor, the daughter of Katharine, Duchess of Westminster and of the late Duke of Westminster. Last year, Lady Helen, it will be remembered, just at the height of the season, was very seriously ill. Her recovery for a time was almost despaired of, and her convalescence lasted well into the autumn. In so far as important chaperons are concerned, Lady Helen is one of the best-dowered maidens in the country. The Duchess of Teck, Lady Cobham, the Countess of Leicester, the young Duchess of Westminster, and Lady Hugh Grosvenor, are only a few of those qualified by close relationship for the position; but she and her mother are devoted to each other and always together, so extra chaperonic aid is seldom required.

* * *

A Duke's Funny Little Ways

In appearance Lady Helen Grosvenor is very like her father, the late Duke of Westminster. She has not yet, however, developed a little habit of his Grace's which invariably distinguished him in the paying of bills. When writing out a cheque for a bill, especially if it were for an hotel bill, the Duke would never make the payment out for anything less than pounds. Shillings and pence he despised, but it was to be noted that he simplified his debts in this way, not by adding, but by docking. Thus if his bill came to £5 12*s.* 6*d.*, his cheque in payment would be for £5, not for £6. But, needless to say, his creditors all knew of his Grace's little propensities in this direction, and made their bills out accordingly.

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The "Misfortune" of Being a Soldier

Photo *Trio*

General Kuroki and Suite leaving Government Buildings after the official reception, Victoria, B.C.

The famous General's speech, replying to a toast, in which he referred to soldiering as "the profession to which I have the misfortune to belong," attracted some attention as showing the modest view taken of his calling by an Eastern warrior as contrasted with the pride in arms of the Westerner. That a great soldier should refer to arms in such regretful terms betokens a singularly modest attitude of mind on the part of the Japanese

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Pentecost at Westminster

The Archbishop of Westminster

Archbishop Bourne, on Whit Sunday, having returned from Rome, celebrated High Mass in the Cathedral of Westminster. Our photograph probably depicts the last festival High Mass to be said by him in his present state, for the announcement that he is to be created a Cardinal will not now be much longer delayed. Archbishop Bourne, though not of aristocratic birth, is a most cultured and charming man. A tremendous worker, his episcopate has been noteworthy for the progress of social effort in every possible direction. In the diocese of Southwark, his popularity is unbounded. His strong, yet mobile face is indicative of his character. Singularly charming in conversation, the Archbishop is yet of a grave and serious temperament, loathes publicity, and is altogether simple-minded.

* * *

The Unchangeable Type

His face, as the late Mrs. Craigie once said of a certain other eminent divine, bears that unmistakable stamp which, in the Roman Church, has never changed with the centuries. In it, the same prayers produce the same persistency of the lips; the same faith gives the same steadfastness to the eyes; and the same courage, drawn from the same sources, gives the same kind of self-possession. In private most winning, Archbishop Bourne shows great dignity of manner in ceremonies, and his quiet, restrained style of preaching reveals material most valuable. Dr. Bourne is much gifted in financial administration. During the three or four years of his episcopate he has shown immense organising power, and a keen sense of the importance of detail, which has already borne much good fruit.

* * *

Cardinals—in England and in Rome

Cardinals in England have a much better time socially than in Rome. Here they enjoy comparative freedom, and may come and go wheresoever, and meet whomsoever, they please. In Rome, a Cardinal may not walk in the streets. He drives and takes the air in one or other of the parks, the ever-demure secretary walking alongside, a man-servant a few steps behind, and his Eminence's brougham, drawn by a pair of black horses, bringing up the funereal rear. Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Under-Secretary of State, whose correspondence with Mgr. Montagnini is still setting the French Catholic world by the ears, is always an object of keen interest to English visitors when he takes his walks abroad.

* * *

The Apartments of a Cardinal

In the Vatican, Cardinal Merry del Val occupies the Borgia apartments, and there, naturally, the painted presentment of the beautiful but frail Lucrezia Borgia is much to the fore. Over the door leading into the Cardinal's apartments, Pinturicchio has painted her in a lovely frieze as Saint Catherine, and, in a lunette, the Borgia and her mother, Vanozza, as the Madonna holding the baby Cæsar, are wonderfully, if scarcely scripturally, portrayed.

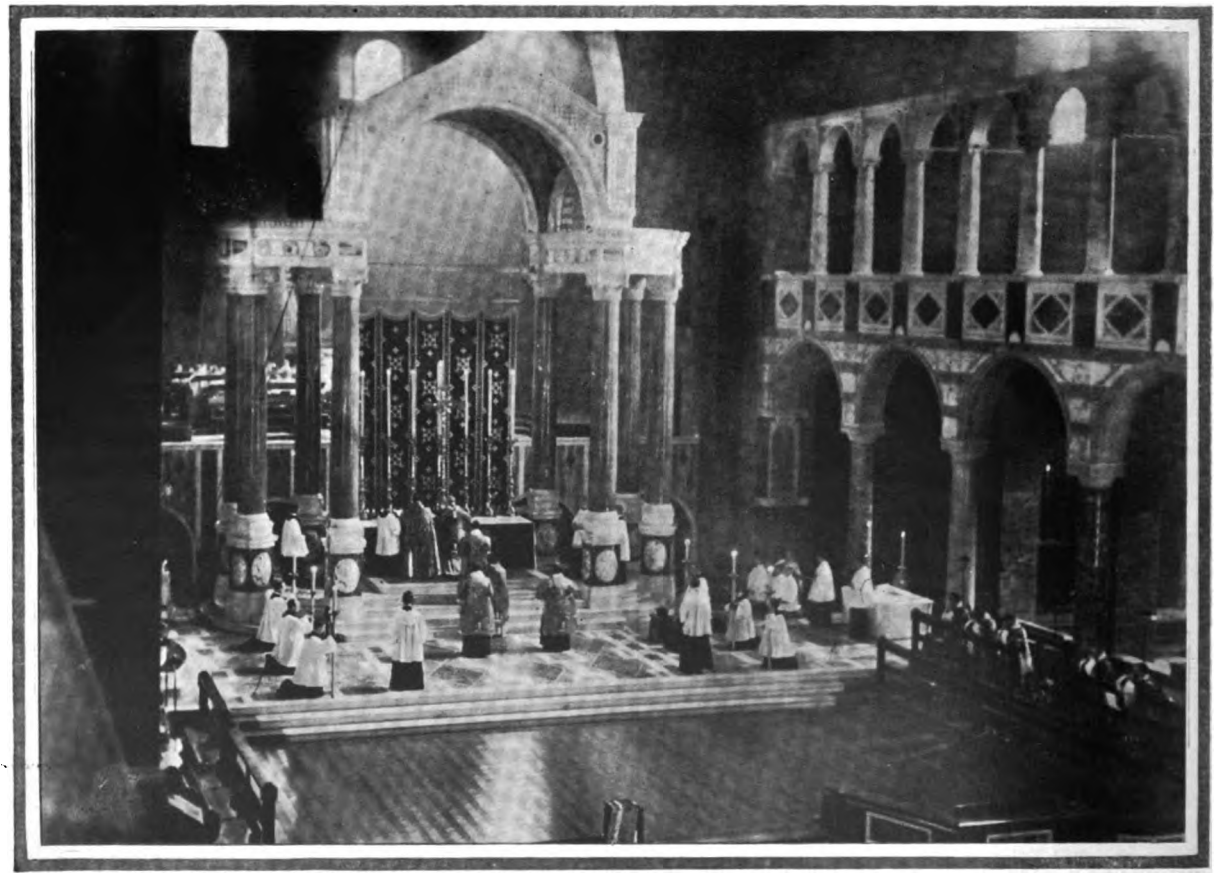

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Worship at Westminster: Archbishop Bourne at High Mass in the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Whit Sunday

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A Princely Lawn Tennis Player

King Oscar of Sweden

The veteran King Oscar of Sweden will celebrate his golden wedding on June 6, but in consequence of His Majesty's increasing frailty, the event will be shorn of all social *éclat*, and the good ladies of Stockholm will have to sigh in vain for invitations to Court balls. As a matter of fact, the King of Sweden has now practically resigned all official connection with the Government of the country, the constitutional functions appertaining to the monarchy being almost exclusively exercised by the Crown Prince. Ever reluctant to lay down the reins, King Oscar has at last realised that his mental and physical powers, sorely strained by the recent troubles with Norway, which led to separation, are not capable of administering State affairs. His deputy, Prince Gustaf, has stepped into the breach with complete Ministerial approval, and though handicapped to some extent by the fact that until quite recently his father would not admit him to the State Councils, makes a zealous and tactful Regent. Games, I may add, enter largely into the Crown Prince's life, and no considerations whatever—not even, it is said, a gentle hint from the Prime Minister—will make him forego his daily match in the lawn tennis court. His Royal Highness is not only the president of the club at Idrottsparken, called after his name, but he is its leading member and ruling spirit. During the Open International Tournament, held last week, the Royal racquet was not only seen in court (in an exhibition contest), but the Crown Prince persisted in mounting the umpire's rostrum (and in the Stockholm arena this official is railed off like an auctioneer), on which he spent nearly two hours dispensing justice in a Ladies' Singles. A little short-sighted, the Prince once or twice failed to gauge the exact direction of low base-line shots; but no umpire could have done his work more conscientiously, or given his decisions more decisively —in English, by the way.

Supplied *P.P.A.*

A Princely Lawn Tennis Player: The Crown Prince of Sweden

Although acting as Regent owing to the advanced age of King Oscar, the Crown Prince finds time to indulge in his favourite game. He recently took part in the lawn tennis tournament at Stockholm, where he also acted as umpire in the Ladies' Singles

* * *

A Democratic Prince

At the Crown Prince's Club, the scene of the recent tournament, the Royal umpire not only called the score, but marked the games, by moving to and fro a sequence of white balls sliding on a rail below his seat. These he tapped with a stick, leaning over the rail and forming an inverted V. None of the crowd of spectators present seemed the least surprised to see their Regent and future King thus engaged, for the Swedes are by this time quite familiar with the democratic habits of their Royal Family. Especially do they know that their Crown Prince has a passion for lawn tennis. I have heard it said that when Prince Gustaf ascends the throne, as he must do before many months have passed, the etiquette of the Court, elastic as it is, will not permit him to compete at public tournaments as he does now and to bear off prizes. He will, however, still continue to pay a daily visit to the courts and engage in a practice game with some of the members, a few of whom he treats like brothers, and the others with every mark of geniality. Within the last few years, Prince Gustaf has been mildly afflicted with the motor mania, and may now often be seen spinning over the floating bridges which connect Stockholm with Drottningholm, the present residence of Princess Gustaf Adolph, formerly Princess Margaret of Connaught. The husband of this charming and popular young lady, by the way, being now in the Service, is never seen in the streets of the capital without his uniform.

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Wealth and Its Attendant Woes

The Return of Melba

"Rank and fashion," whatever the term may mean, assembled, as usual, in full force last week to hear Melba at Covent Garden. Socially, Mme. Melba enjoys a unique position. She knows nearly everyone, she goes nearly everywhere, yet she preserves for herself that freedom of life which is the prerogative of the actress. Always very jolly, and entirely without affectation, the prima donna takes little or no care of her voice. Patti abjured tea for ever, seldom ate sweets, and once, in the interests of her voice, made herself ill by eating nothing but roast beef and baked apples for a whole year. But Melba does nothing of the kind. She partakes of the food of "the gods" to whom she sings—and leaves the consequences on their knees.

* * *

A Curly Story

She possesses a Colonial accent, a peculiarly attractive laugh, fine eyelashes, and—her voice. From the beginning, she once told me, the King and Queen were kindness itself to her. Once, during one of her first seasons at Covent Garden, she was singing in *Lucia* when some false curls she was wearing fell unashamed to the ground. It was impossible to pick them up, so she went on singing, hoping that the then Prince and Princess, in their box near the stage, had not noticed. But afterwards the Princess said to her (very archly for Alexandra!), "And they were such nice curls, too!"

* * *

Wealth and Beauty

Baron von Eckhardstein, late Secretary to the German Embassy in London, whose matrimonial troubles have lately been made public property, was, when he married the only child of Sir John Blundell Maple in 1896, one of the handsomest men in the Diplomatic Service. Miss Maple inherited all her father's wealth. Both are now — the one in Germany, the other in England—petitioning for divorce. Old Sir John Maple, it will be remembered, did not take too kindly to a foreign son-in-law. He left him but a meagre and an entirely conditional allowance, and he attached to his will the onerous condition that his daughter must spend at least two-thirds of every year on her English estates.

* * *

A Typical German

To-day, the troubled Baron is rather stout and very Teutonic in appearance. He is a great friend of the Kaiser, devoted to yachting, and extremely stolid. For hours I have seen him mooning stolidly on his yacht; then, suddenly, seeing something was expected of him, he would say, "Let's have a glass of peer." His outward bulk is, however, but a cloak for a good deal of what the Kaiser doubtless finds most useful knowledge. Not long since, a group of English statesmen were talking together, when the Baron amazed them by telling all he knew, which was a very great deal. Not an Englishman present knew all he did about the wars of this country, both naval and military, for the last eight centuries, their influence and result. He is a loyal German, but has been known to deplore the shortsightedness of Germany's great men, who do not see the wood for the trees, and who split hairs and pick up pins as the good and great things pass them by.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The Baroness von Eckhardstein

Petitioning in England for a divorce against her husband, who is himself doing likewise against her, in Germany, on the grounds of "disobedience!"

* * *

The Sorrows of the Rich

The rich, indeed, are greatly to be pitied. Consider Mr. Carnegie. He toils not, neither does he spin; but still they come, those tiresome dollars, and he cannot get rid of them. He endows a free library one day. Steel goes up two points the next. And there is all his work over again. What sorrow of the poor can compare with such vexation of the rich? The more Mr. Carnegie spends the more he has. The difficulty of making anything like an adequate hole in his pocket is so great that no poor man (according to Andrew) can really know what a trouble it is. With Mr. Carnegie, of course, the real trouble is that he has no imagination. That defect, combined with a plethora of dollars, is what Andrew is suffering from. Picture to yourself a mind which has free libraries and technical schools for its uttermost limits of romance! The poverty of it! The boredom! It is awful to contemplate, and I am not at all sure that even forty-four thousand dollars a day would make it bearable.

* * *

A Retiring Manager

Lord Archibald Campbell, who is resigning the active management of Coutts's Bank, is the younger brother and heir-presumptive of the Duke of Argyll. For over thirty years he has been actively connected with the great Strand bank. Before that he was in the tea trade. He and Lord Farquhar were at Coutts's together. Lord Farquhar married his chief's widow, Lady Scott, and became Housekeeper-in-Ordinary to the King. Lord Archibald Campbell (Lord Archie, as he is invariably called) married Miss Janey Callander, a young lady with views of her own on every conceivable subject. Lady Archie was one of the earliest advocates of rational dress for women,

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Please Pauperise Me!

and she founded the Society of Pastoral Players, whose performance of *As You Like It* drew all fashionable London to Coombe Hill Farm.

* * *

"Mr. and Mrs. Rolling Stone"

She and Whistler were great friends. They once lunched or dined together at Jack Straw's Castle, on Hampstead Heath, and there her ladyship inscribed their names in the Visitor's Book as "Mr. and Mrs. Rolling Stone." She was very pretty in those days, and extremely clever, but she always dressed in the quaintest fashion. Whistler painted her wearing the weirdest gloves and sticking out a very pointed toe. I remember now the sensation her ladyship created at the funeral of Mr. Godwin, the artistic architect, father of Miss Ellen Terry's children. She arrived with Whistler, driving a high dog-cart, and was attired in the brightest of blues and yellows. Lady Archie, too, was the first woman to take up roller-skating. For a time, she made quite a fashion of it.

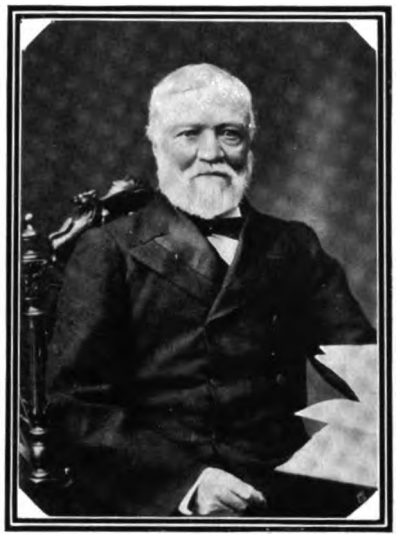

Photo *Poole*

Mr. Andrew Carnegie

His ceaseless efforts to reduce his fortune by indiscriminate charity seem doomed to failure. Mr. Carnegie remains, despite his frantic philanthropy, as wealthy as ever

* * *

The Premier Marquis of Scotland

The Marquis of Huntly, Earl of Enzie, Earl of Aboyne, Viscount Inverness, Baron of Badenoch, Lochaber, Strathavon, Auchindown, Balmore, Garthie, and Kincardine, and Baron Meldrum, Premier Marquis of Scotland, seems to spend most of his time involved in civil actions of some sort. He is, however, as his friends will tell you, a disappointed man. In his august person, as head of the aristocratic but poverty-stricken "Gay Gordons," he allied himself with one who was of lesser rank, the elder daughter of Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, the great financier. Sir William, the richest man and the greatest source of popular amusement on Deeside, settled down at Glentana. The Gordons clustered round him. He paid their debts. He paid his son-in-law's debts. He gave great balls and entertained in regal fashion. To his vast disappointment, however, no command ever came from Balmoral, and this, to the son of solid Dissenting *Commerçants* of Blackburn, was a never-failing source of annoyance.

* * *

His Will

It was quite understood by the Gordon Clan that,

Photo] Lord Archibald Campbell Mr. Jarrett Mr. Malcolm *[Bunnett*

Coutts's Bank: A trio of well-known partners

Lord Archibald has lately retired from Coutts's, after thirty years' service. He is the brother and heir-presumptive of the Duke of Argyll

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Lord Huntly's Legal Troubles

in return for the honour their chief had done the old gentleman in marrying his daughter, he would, when he died, so benefit the Marquis of Huntly that the title would no longer be an empty one. In this, however, they were mistaken. Sir William always disapproved in his plebeian heart of the Gordon ways, and he objected to his daughter's (the Marchioness of Huntly) manner of living and expenditure. When he died, therefore, he left his estates, Glentana and Aboyne, to his grandchildren, the children of Lady Francis Cecil, leaving to his second wife, a very clever woman, a mere pittance of £1,800 a year; to his daughter, Lady Huntly, a few trifling bequests, and to his august son-in-law, the Premier Marquis of Scotland, nothing at all. Both Lady Brooks and Lady Huntly at once instituted an action which went to prove that Sir William was a Scotsman, and that, therefore, his estate was divisible according to Scottish law. But they lost their case, and the Gordons were left lamenting and poorer than ever.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Marquis of Huntly

Whose financial troubles have lately been occupying the attention of the Courts

The Month of Weddings

Many weddings—the unlucky month of May once over—will take place during the next few weeks. On Saturday, Lord Hothfield's daughter, Miss Rosamund Tufton, is to marry Mr. Stuart Anderson, and on the same day an interesting "musical" wedding is that of Miss Rosalind Bridge, daughter of Sir Frederick Bridge, to Dr. Edward Stainer. Next week the marriage of Lady Dorothy Gathorne-Hardy and Mr. Rupert D'Oyly-Carte is celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square; and other weddings following in quick succession are those of Lord Guernsey and Miss Gladys Fellowes; Mr. Cairnes Candy, who is to spend his honeymoon at Clumber, the home of his sister, the Duchess of Newcastle, and Miss Gladys Bourne; Lord Delamore and Miss Saltmarshe; and Miss Nina Hill, only daughter of Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, to Mr. George Brooke, of Summerton, Co. Dublin. Mr. Brooke, by the way, has resigned his commission in the Guards, and intends in future to devote himself entirely to his father's wine business in Dublin.

Photos

Captain Maurice Pope

Late 17th Lancers, of the Albany, Piccadilly, to marry Miss Dolly Warre

Thomson

Miss Dolly Warre

Younger daughter of Mr. George Acheton Warre, of Roland House, Roland Gardens, to be married to Captain Maurice Pope

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Wellington College

WHERE THE KING WILL SHORTLY OPEN A NEW BLOCK OF BUILDINGS

A general view of Wellington College from the cricket field

Photos *W. H. Dee*

The New Buildings, which are to be opened by the King

Although of comparatively recent foundation in comparison with other public schools, as it only dates from 1856, Wellington has rapidly won its way into the first rank among the great schools of England, and its expansion has necessitated the building of a new block, including a large dining hall. His Majesty, who has always shown a great interest in the school, will perform the opening ceremony shortly.

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For the Suffering Rich

The Fashion in Restaurants

Fashion is as fickle and every whit as unreasonable in her choice of where to dine as in her choice of what to wear and how to wear it. Ten years ago—or should we say fifteen—one dined at home. Then, when the Cecil was built, it became a part of the social system to dine either there or at the Métropole near by. Later came the Carlton, which, for a long time, held unquestioned sway as the only place at which to lunch, or dine, or sup. With the re-opening of the Savoy, that restaurant made a bid for the return of Fashion's favour, and to-day one has but to sup in the beautiful riverside apartments to meet all the world and his wife. Of late, the Ritz, with a great fanfare of trumpets, and in one of the finest positions in London, has risen in our midst, and now provides accommodation for dukes and foreigners, of either of which one always sees any number there.

A staggering blow to the Government!
Mr. Chaplin's familiar smile, on his return to Parliament for Wimbledon, as seen by C. P. Hawkes

The Great and the Small

Through all these ups and downs of restaurant fashions, Claridge's, of course, stands firm, and pursues the even, stately tenour of its way without regard to the fickleness of public taste. Claridge's has its own very extra special public. It needs no other. Of the smaller hotels, a few seem ever in the fashion. The Hyde Park Hotel draws the same people year after year by reason of its nearness to the Park, the Berkeley, the Coburg, and the immortal Brown's, of Dover Street, all these seem firmly rooted in Fashion's favour. Of late a new one has been added to these last. At least, it is not new, but it has been improved almost out of knowledge. It is "The Curzon" Hotel, at the corner of Bolton Street and Curzon Street, Piccadilly, to which of late a public restaurant has been added, and which bids fair with all dispatch to reach that acme of popularity which makes it "the restaurant of the hour."

A NEW RESORT FOR THE FASHIONABLE

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

The Curzon Hotel, at the corner of Bolton Street and Curzon Street, Piccadilly, which has rapidly assumed the position of a fashionable "restaurant of the hour"

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Though this year's Exhibition at Earl's Court is called the Balkan Exhibition, one of its main attractions is the Empress Theatre, where the visitor finds himself transported to Old Japan! This seeming incongruity, however, does not affect Earl's Court's popularity, or the enjoyment of its patrons, who are present in even greater numbers than in former years

DRAWN BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

GAIETY THEATRE

"The Girls of Gottenberg"

Contrary to their usual practice, the Gaiety management did not favour THE BYSTANDER with an invitation to attend a performance of their new production. With no thought but that this omission was due to an oversight, I caused a letter of polite inquiry to be written to the theatre. The acting manager replied to the effect that he was very sorry, etc., but owing to the heavy demand for seats, he could not spare a ticket. Humph! The act of withholding a ticket from a newspaper is generally a thunderbolt hurled by some irate manager at some offending critic. I am quite unconscious of having incurred the wrath of the Gaiety management, so am led to the theory that the genius controlling the box-office prefers to receive cash for a ticket which was formerly on the complimentary list. If small economies be a consideration with the Gaiety management, I congratulate them upon *The Girls of Gottenberg*. Not only is it on a higher artistic plane than previous productions, but it is obviously a money-maker, and should be the means of drawing money into the box-office for many a day to come.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Iris Hoey

The youthful musical comedy actress who was playing last week with Mr. Tree in *Julius Cæsar* at His Majesty's. Miss Hoey was one of the Little Michus in Mr. George Edwardes' touring company. She also played in *See-See* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

A Valuable Idea

The Koepenick affair, which moved the world to laughter, has had the further effect of inspiring the little band of librettists, lyric-writers, and composers to give us of their best and brightest. No longer, as in previous productions at the Gaiety, does this little band of workers remind us of the fable in which the mountain laboured to produce a mouse. *The Girls of Gottenberg* is funny. There is not a dull moment in it. The music is bright, and returns to one in snatches which haunt the ear. As for the staging, it sets me wondering, not for the first time, why scene-painters are not made Royal Academicians. I wager that the scene depicting the Market Place of Gottenberg at the Gaiety, for combination, for perspective, for line, colour, and harmony, would give points to many a landscape now hanging on the line at Burlington House. Will some expert point out to me why the increase in the size of the painter's materials should be attended by decrease in the artistic value which is put upon his work; also, why a German scene upon the stage which makes one think of the Fatherland must ever rank below a German scene in a frame which sets one wondering how moulding is achieved? I dream of a largely extended Academy which shall open its doors to scene-painters, mantua-makers—yes, and candlestick-makers. I have a pair of candlesticks upon my writing-table which betray a deeper feeling and more reverence in the maker than could be entertained by Blank, who is responsible for that ridiculous daub, number ten million and one, in the present Academy catalogue.

But we are keeping the dear *Girls of Gottenberg* waiting—the town girls and their natural enemies, the college girls, whose uniform in olive and gold is so bewitching as to make one long for Fashion to decree that all maidens shall be dressed alike, in an olive-green uniform with gold facings. And the players? Why, no longer compelled to make bricks without straw, they show their relief from the bad and burdensome days by gambolling in the most frolicsome manner. Mr. Payne is funnier, Mr. Grossmith more entertaining, Mr. Nainby more droll, than ever Messrs. Payne, Grossmith, and Nainby have been.

A Clever Understudy

I was present on the second night, when Miss Gertie Millar was out of the cast, owing, I believe, to a sprained ankle. Anyone at all cognisant of life behind the scenes knows that stage managers do not bother about understudies until the piece is in full swing. Consequently, the young lady who appeared for Miss Millar can have obtained

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little knowledge of the rôle beyond what she was able to pick up from seeing Miss Millar rehearse. In these circumstances, the understudy rushed boldly into the breach. She got through the first act without hesitation, except here and there in the words of the songs. For the second act she was compelled to bring on the MSS. of the rôle. But the point she gave to the dialogue, the nimble way in which she transferred the "part" from hand to hand to meet the exigencies of the "business," her knowledge of the "positions" (so accurate as not to put the other players out), her graceful performance of the difficult steps in the various dances, and finally, an air which said: "I don't care if it *is* difficult, and my hat *won't* keep on, and everything goes wrong, I *will* go through with it"—all these little sidelights upon the ability and personality of the understudy greatly endeared her to the audience, which manifested its appreciation by giving her a most enthusiastic curtain-call at the end of the performance. I learned that the name of this young lady is Miss Russell. I sometimes think a medal ought to be struck for understudies who do these deeds.

Photo "*Graphic*" *Photo Agency*

Miss Fanny Coleman

The veteran comedy actress, for whom a matinée benefit is to be given at the St. James's Theatre on June 13

DRURY LANE

"The Last of His Race"

Yet another play from the great Western Continent—a play presenting to us most vividly the personages and the scenes so often conjured up in our boyish imagination by the magic of Mayne Reid and Fennimore Cooper. It is commonly supposed that civilisation, with one of its attendant evils—whisky—has had a baleful effect upon the once noble and majestic Red Indian. The Eastern mind pictures him a pitiable object, wrapped in a dirty blanket, crouching sullenly over the fires of a "Reservation," or else employing his great natural gifts as a hunter inherited from his ancestors, not in the free pursuit of his own pleasure, but in the service of a pale-faced sportsman, for whom he also acts as chief cook and bottle-washer. The romantic drama at Drury Lane, however, somewhat belies its title. The authors have shown us, not the Indian to-day, fallen from his high estate, but the Indian in the regions of the Great Lakes in the days of 1756. The story of the play is just such a story as makes a good melodrama—that is say, simply and effectively told, with sufficient entanglement to pique the interest of the audience in the *dénouement*. Contrary to melodramatic custom, there is an "unhappy ending." There can be no marriage (so ardently desired by playgoers) between Niatawa and Adulola, who is the daughter of his father's murderer. So Niatawa, engaged in single combat with his enemy, allows himself to be killed, yet prevents his despairing love from self-destruction, because by that act she would be debarred from

Photo] **Mr. Ambrose Manning** (*Squire Western*) **Miss Ruth Vincent** (*Sophia Western*) **Mr. Hayden Coffin** (*Tom Jones*) [*Foulsham and Banfield*

A Scene from "Tom Jones" at the Apollo Theatre

Playgoers who expect to see a dramatisation of Fielding's famous novel will be disappointed in the production at the Apollo Theatre. But though strange liberties have been taken with the "book," the authors, and especially the composer, have achieved one of the brightest and most tuneful comic operas in recent years

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following him to the happy hunting-ground. Here is tragedy rather than melodrama; so, with a view to bringing the ending into line with the general march of the play, no less than to comfort tender-hearted playgoers, three tableaux are introduced. In them are pictured the death of Adulola and her meeting with Niatawa in the Great Land Beyond.

Concerning the Players

Admirable work is done by the cast. Each player is an important and harmonious figure in the picture. We are shown the pleasing spectacle of a company working together to present a picture of unfamiliar scenes. There is no attempt on the part of any one player to accentuate personality above the requirements of the characters he or she is playing. All work for the common good. The staging and mounting are pitched in the same key. Result: a picture of Indian life of old in the Great Lakes which, whether it be accurate or not, touches the imagination. Too often a company fails to suggest to an audience little beyond the fact that it is taking part in a masquerade.

To Mr. Reeves-Smith falls the very telling rôle of the ageing Great Chief. The balance of the play is such that Lonawonda, at first the chief figure, gradually is overshadowed by the young people, Niatawa and Adulola. Mr. Reeves-Smith does nothing to disturb this balance, and plays throughout with commendable artistic restraint. He does not suffer for his modesty. I wish some actors would realise that prominence where prominence is out of order, detracts considerably from the value of their performance. Mr. Basil Gill and Miss Constance Collier as the lovers, play admirably together. Each presents a character of which the dominant notes are earnestness, dignity, and sincerity.

Photo *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Miss Marie Lohr

Who is to play the chief rôle in *My Wife* at the Haymarket Theatre. This play is an adaptation of the great Parisian success, *Mlle. Josette, ma femme*, and Mr. Harrison, it will be recalled, experienced no little difficulty in finding an exponent of the character in England

EARL'S COURT

More than any other form of entertainment in London, Earl's Court Exhibition depends upon the weather. So far, the Clerk of the Weather has meted out very harsh treatment to the directors of the Exhibition. A cold wind blowing, and cold showers at intervals, represent climatic conditions not at all favourable to the leisurely examination of the most interesting exhibits from the little-known Balkans. At present, one takes refuge under the shelter of "Old Japan" in the Empress Theatre. Here one can spend a delightful hour examining these skilled little men at work on the different branches of their artistic craft. Our Irresponsible Artist was attracted by the joys of a solitary tea served by a bevy of Geishas. I left him making notes in his sketch-book while I wandered round admiring Mr. Herman Hart's beautiful scenic presentation (from Mr. Millard's designs) of the temples, the pagodas, and a dream of a bridge across a dream of a Lotus Pond on the banks of which cluster blossoms of peach, of cherry, and of wistaria.

E. C. S.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE

The latest addition to the already strong programme at the Alhambra is Mlle. Maria Vinent, a charming *chanteuse*, who is making her first appearance in England. She sings her songs effectively, and creates a very favourable impression. De Bierre continues to mystify with his very clever tricks, and the Millman Trio perform some daring feats on the tight wire. Miss Birdie Millman, in particular, gives as clever and graceful an exhibition as I have ever seen. In addition to the ballets, "L'Amour" and "Queen of Spades," the programme includes Urbani and Son and Les Bollingers. It seems to me a pity, however, that a theatre boasting to be the National Variety House should have practically none but foreign artists filling its bill.

PAVILION THEATRE

Miss Kitty Gordon, fresh from the Aldwych Theatre, where she has been playing in *Nelly Neil* with so much success, is delighting the patrons of this hall with her singing. Perhaps the most applauded of her songs is the "Cigarette Song," from *Nelly Neil*, which she sings with that peculiar charm which made it such a characteristic number in the musical play. As regards the remainder of the programme, I think it time for Mr. Whit Cunliffe to change his songs. To put it but mildly, one is apt to weary of "Hallo, Hallo, Hallo, It's a different girl again!" in spite of any efforts we may make to continue to be amused by it. The Seldoms have varied their poses, and continue to attract enthusiastic audiences. Mr. Neil Kenyon, the clever Scotch comedian, provides one of the most amusing turns I have seen at any hall for months; while Messrs. George Mozart, Malcolm Scott, and The Regals are among others who contribute to a first-rate programme.

THE HIPPODROME

At the Hippodrome, Speedy continues to amaze with his tremendous diving feat. He dives from an altitude of 135 ft. into the arena. To obtain this height he has to be hoisted by the aid of pulleys to a platform 25 ft. above the roof of the Hippodrome.

R. M.

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Rome: The End of the Season

The Roman season practically finishes at Whitsuntide, for no social event of any importance takes place after that date. Rome at all times has been celebrated for the brilliancy of its social life, and no capital in the world has had the advantages of its traditions—to say nothing of its situation and its climate. Yet the Roman Society whose elegance so dazzled Montaigne and Chateaubriand, and about which they both wrote with such enthusiasm, scarcely exists to-day. It was after the Piedmontese invasion that the great change took place, and a gulf was formed between the subjects of the Pontifical Court and the supporters of the young Monarchy, which, even when Time has played his usual rôle, will never entirely vanish. The ancient customs of the Vatican, however, are still retained. In this twentieth century, as in the time gone by, when those honours were a symbol of power, the Orsini and Colonna still stand by the Holy Father's throne, and their nobility—the oldest in Rome—forbids them to take part in ordinary every-day social events.

Photo H.M. THE QUEEN OF ITALY *Guigoni*

* * *

Queen Marguerite's Influence

Prince Massimo still swears allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff in his costume for that office, whilst it has been Prince Francesco Ruspoli's duty, for centuries, to welcome foreign Sovereigns to the Palace. The Conclave, too, has had a Chigi for Marshal for many a long day, the Princess Chigi being the first lady in Roman Society received by a new Pope. The Lancellotti, Ruspoli, Salviati, Rospigliosi, Barberini, Borghése, Sacchetti, and Soderini, whose family history is the history of Papacy itself, will never break the bonds that bind them to the Holy See; but their allegiance to-day is becoming very local. Young branches of these families, too, frequently marry members of Royalist Society—such as the Doria, Caetani, Odescalchi, Sforza, Cesarini, and even the Colonna and Ruspoli—an event which would have been unpardonable a century ago. Queen Marguerite, who had ever the welfare of the Italian people at heart, did her best to smooth the relations between the two distinctive social parties. She undertook what was almost a thankless task—to bring together the Ambassadors of the Holy See and the Quirinal; for a few years ago, not only official, but private intercourse between these two personages was strictly forbidden, and foreigners who came to Rome had to choose which Ambassador they wished to visit. It appears that, in days gone by, the two Spanish representatives occupied the same palace, each, of course, having his separate establishment, although sharing the same grand staircase. They took precautions to have their separate reception days, so that members of the different societies should be spared the mortification of meeting one another on the threshold. One day, however, through the gross carelessness of someone responsible, Queen Marguerite and her suite were on the staircase at the same time as a number of Cardinals, an incident which was unheard of in the annals of Roman Society. Leo XIII., with his usual tact, at once suggested a remedy, and, a short time afterwards, the Ambassador to the Quirinal moved to the Barberini Palace.

* * *

Modernising Rome

In becoming modern, Roman Society has grown exceedingly commonplace. Americans have invaded the capital of Italy as well as Paris and London; and with their appearance many of the oldest traditions have vanished for ever. Even the tact of Leo XIII. could not save them, although he did his very best. He emphatically expressed a wish that Roman ladies

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would continue to receive in their own palaces, ignoring the fact that smart America gave her balls at the Grand Hotel. He considered it disobedience to himself for any lady to be *décolletée* when dining with a Cardinal. For a time both these requests were respected, especially the latter, it being considered the height of smartness to arrive late at a reception, clad in a high-necked dress—it looked as if one had been dining with a Cardinal. Since the death of Leo XIII., Roman Society has become lax to a degree that should make the venerable Pontiff groan in his grave!

* * *

Roman Nobles and American Wives

When it was decided to abolish *majorats* and divide property into equal parts, the Roman nobles saw, only too clearly, that the princely existences of former times were out of the question. And American luxury seemed to make even their ancient palaces look shabby. There was only one remedy. To save themselves from ruin, several of them were obliged to marry Americans. These unions, as a rule, were far from happy, and the brides, after passing one or two winters in Rome, have gone elsewhere to spend their money. The subscription ball at the Grand Hotel has now taken the place of the private ball in the ancestral palace. The famous *raout* has sunk into oblivion, whilst the Colonna and Mardi Gras balls —once the events of the season—if given at all, are considered, more or less, a *corvée*. For want of something better to do, fashionable men spend their time trying to compromise the members of the opposite sex, and it appears that a Royal Duke will shortly be the hero of the next *cause célèbre*. And Italians have such curious methods of gaining their own ends! In order to punish the beautiful Marchesa Theodoli (an American whose beauty caused quite a sensation when she first came to Rome) for not deigning to listen to his suit, an Italian noble shot himself before her portrait. And many of her dearest friends very much doubted her innocence. Pope Pius X., in mourning for the loss of the eldest daughter of the Church, France, has made no effort to call Roman Society to order, and Queen Elena, unlike Queen Marguerite, is shy and retiring, and loves to spend as much of her time as possible with her children.

* * *

"La Passeggiata"

In the days of Queen Marguerite, "*la passeggiata*" played a very important rôle in Society life. On Sundays and Thursdays, whole lines of carriages would be seen wending their way from the Villa Borghése or the Villa Pamphili to a fashionable tea-shop in the Place de Venice, or to see the sun setting behind the blue dome of St. Peter's. Then, suddenly, windows would fly open on every side, handkerchiefs would be waved, and the Italian words would ring out: "*La benedetta Regina, la nostra Margherita, il nostro poi.*" To-day, artists and travellers still go to watch the beautiful sunsets, but not to acclaim their Queen, for Queen Elena spends most of her time on her husband's preserves at Fusano or with her children at the Villa Ada.

Photo *Topical*

In the Heart of the Hartz: The open-air stage of the Hartz Mountain Theatre

This curious theatre, which owes its origin to the poet, Dr. Ernest Wachler, is situated not far from Thale, on the wooded slopes of the Hartz Mountains, and has just been re-opened for the coming season

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Photo *Topical Agency*

"My Hat!" Prince Arthur of Connaught and his busby, with which he startled Madrid

Even though the inhabitants of Madrid were overflowing with excitement with regard to the christening of the little Prince of Asturias last Saturday week, they yet found time to show their curiosity in the busby worn by Prince Arthur of Connaught, the King's representative at the ceremony

Rome's Ambassadorial Hosts

During her reign, Queen Marguerite tried her best to interest the people in literature and, above all, social work. They listened to her with the greatest pleasure, had the best intentions, and then, in the whirlwind of social movements, promptly forgot them. The present Queen leaves them in peace. The most interesting receptions in Rome are given at the Embassies. Lady Egerton entertains a great deal, and invites as many as two hundred to her afternoon parties. The French Ambassador, who is installed in the renowned Farnèse Palace, has one of the most beautiful homes in the city; whilst the Austrian Ambassador's wife, who, contrary to the late Pope's wishes, continues to wear a *décolletée* dress, lives in the Palace de Venice.

* * *

Britishers "en Voyage"

Never, perhaps, have British delegates been so busy—within a fortnight three important deputations have taken place—and between England and France, if we may believe the papers, the bonds of friendship are closer than ever. M. Fallières has been received by the citizens of Lyons with all the pomp due to his position, and there he took the opportunity of once more paying his respects to Britain by being present at a banquet in honour of the members of the British Chamber of Commerce. To Sir Thomas Barclay again was given the task he has accomplished since the days when his sandy hair denoted his nationality better than it does now—that of translating the speeches, and emphasising in his own eloquent manner the advantages of the *entente cordiale*. London University could not have chosen a better moment for returning the visit paid to them last year by the University of Paris. This has been a week of rejoicing in the history of French education, for it is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of *lycées* for girls in France.

The delegates have been entertained to lunch by the City of Paris at the Hotel de Ville; they have been to the Elysée and the Sorbonne, where they were the guests, amongst others, of M. Liard, the Vice-Rector, who last year delighted his hosts by placing a wreath on Queen Victoria's tomb. Sir Francis and Lady Bertie, too, gave, in their honour, the most important reception of the season, at which over three hundred persons were present.

* * *

The International Guild

The reception at the International Guild was well attended and extremely interesting. Miss Williams, the President and founder, is a person of extraordinary energy and intelligence. Almost unaided, she has converted what was originally a reunion of five to eight pupils, for the purpose of reading and speaking English, into one of the most important educational institutions in Paris. In order to give foreigners an opportunity of learning to teach French in their own lands was her object in starting this institution, and her work has had the recognition it deserves—the English, French, German, American, and other educational boards have all given it their patronage. Not the least important part of this institution is its social side. Constant entertainments are given, in which members of all the different nations take part. They are always well attended, very popular, and indirectly a source of useful education.

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The Most Popular Entertainment: The N

Ye Lord of ye Tournament in ye Olden Dayes

Photos

Ye Queens of Beauty and Maids in ye Tournament in ye Olden Dayes

THE NAVAL DISPL

Played with all the usual dash and skill, the field gun alarums and excursions anent another Power's navy. none of his old

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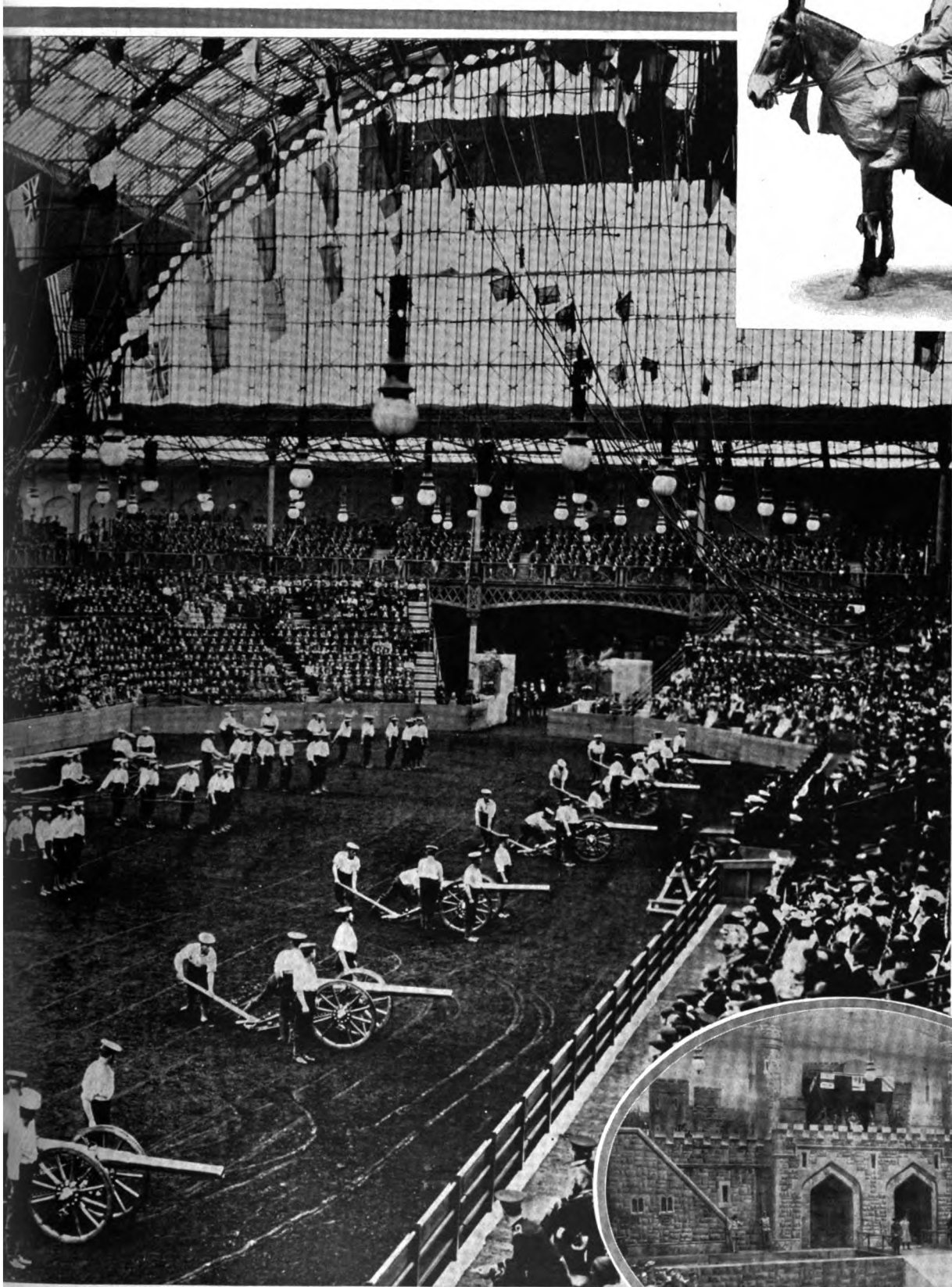
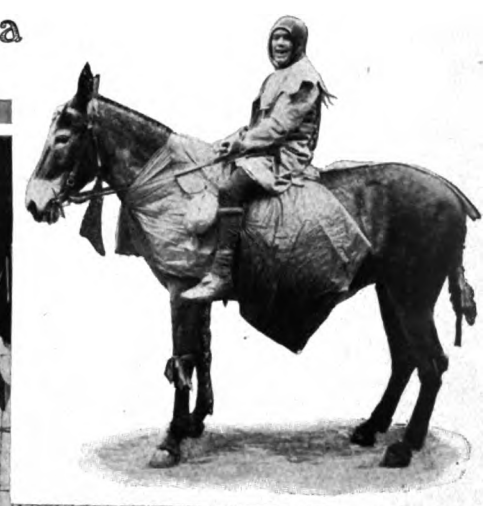
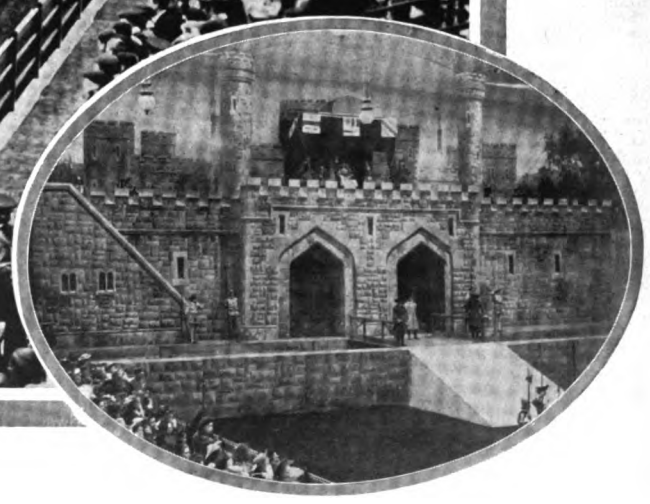
val and Military Tournament at Olympia





Ye Jester in ye Tournament in ye Olden Dayes



Y: FIELD GUN DRILL

ill provided an edifying spectacle in view of the current dged by his exploits at the Tournament, Jack Tar has lost ettle and handiness

Gale and Polden

Ye Castle in ye Tournament

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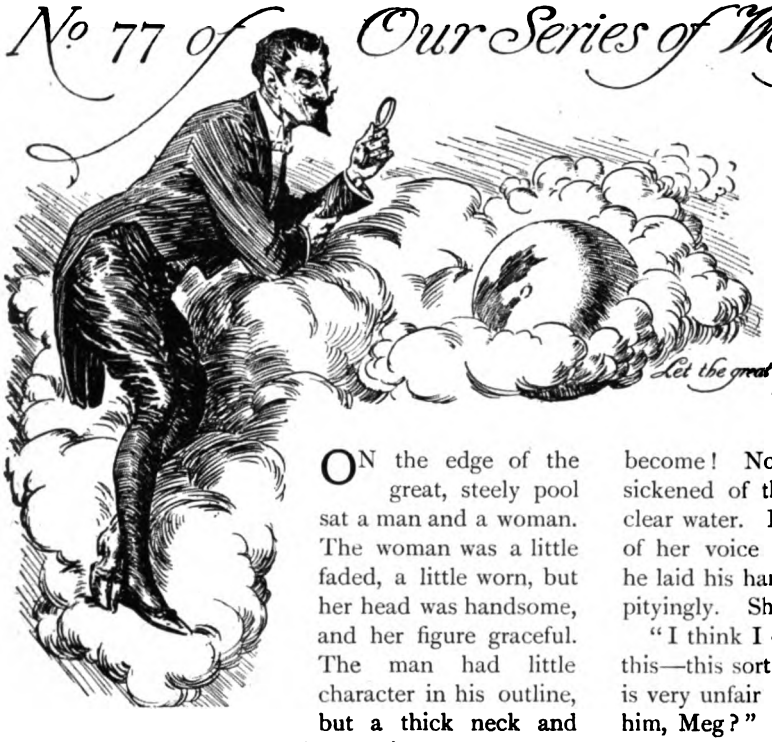

The Pool

By

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

ON the edge of the great, steely pool sat a man and a woman. The woman was a little faded, a little worn, but her head was handsome, and her figure graceful. The man had little character in his outline, but a thick neck and heavy chin denoted a certain sturdiness of purpose. He was dressed in coarse tweed, and wore a soft wideawake hat. They did not seem conscious of the rare beauty of the August evening. There had been no rain for some days, and many of the trees that hedged them in bore exquisite autumnal tints. The lilies, which with the weight of their strangely veined leaves seemed to hold the pool water motionless, were closed. The gold flies danced through the silver moon-shafts, and once a graceful swift sped through the air but a few yards from their feet. The landscape that leaned to the water's edge was rich in many-shaded green, smudged here and there with the royal purple of the heather. But these two silent watchers seemed only conscious of themselves.

They sat on a rustic bench, adjoining a tiny hut, raised evidently for bathing purposes. At their back was a slender path winding through to a red brick house, the top windows of which were dimly visible through the trees.

"I suppose the pool is very deep," said the man, presently, as if trying to escape from his thoughts.

"It is very, very deep out there," his companion replied, pointing with a finely shaped hand to a far corner. They relapsed into silence. Then the woman spoke again.

"The pool, the pool! It is always the pool. My life is bound up with this sheet of water. We came to live here, because of the beautiful pool. Deep, peaceful, and beautiful, all who come here—and God knows they are few—say the same. My husband thinks I should be happy because of the pool. He is a fool; but he is a very good fool. He thinks environment rules morality. I, myself, despise ideals that have not flowered in sordid surroundings. I don't trust 'em. Sometimes he says: 'But if we had children, Margaret, you would never want to leave the pool.' It is so shallow, so very shallow of him. Imagine a child reared in the very bosom of silence. How mean, how calculating it would become! No, nature has no message for me. I have sickened of the meadows, and the flowers, and the clear water. I hate—I hate the pool!" The intensity of her voice slightly surprised the man. Presently he laid his hand on her arm, and looked into her eyes pityingly. She seemed slightly to resent his glance.

"I think I can understand. A woman must feel this—this sort of thing very deeply. Your husband is very unfair to you. Were you ever in love with him, Meg?" She did not answer. "Why does he not take you up to London on some of his weekly visits? He goes to-morrow, does he not? Suggest to him this evening that you should go."

"I would never ask him. He would think it an extravagant proposal. If his business did not necessitate it, he would never leave the pool. And besides, Dick, I thought that, perhaps, your kind visit meant that you were going to take charge of me to-morrow." She laughed at his surprised face, and, moving closer to him, adjusted his tie with her delicate fingers.

"I would willingly invite you, but you would find our company very dull. Mother is getting more and more deaf, you know."

"Never mind. Drive me over to-morrow, and I will stay the night. Stephen always stays the night in London. You shall show me the results of that wonderful new hop-wash, and the French partridge that roosts with the hens, and the tree that was scarred with lightening, and——oh, and, perhaps, you will let me shoot rabbits in the evening. It shall be a day of the most reckless frivolity, and I shall be awfully grateful to you."

"It's a bargain, Meg. I'd never have thought you capable of such abject devilry; but I shall be over here at three with the trap." The sound of heavy footsteps caused them both to look round. A big, healthy-looking man, with a short, stiff beard, pushed his way through the bushes.

"Good evening, Mr. Cordner," said the man on the bench.

"Ah, there you are, Scarth. I saw your trap in the yard. Very nice of you to look in. Well, how are things? What do you think of the view? Beautifully peaceful, isn't it?"

Scarth exchanged glances with Mrs. Cordner.

"I think it's very close," he replied. "What do you say to a swim? Freshen you up for your trip to London, won't it? By the way, I've asked your wife over to dinner to-morrow, and to stay the night. I daresay she is a little lonely by herself." Cordner

(Continued on page 454)

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The Steel King's Bride

Photo *Reutlinger*

Miss Mabelle Gilman, who has recently married Mr. William Corey, the "Steel King"

The latest millionaire sensation in New York has been the wedding of Mr. William Corey, the Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, and Miss Mabelle Gilman, the well-known actress. The actual wedding ceremony was celebrated shortly after midnight to avoid the thirteenth of the month, and a room of the Gotham Hotel was transformed into a chapel for the occasion. It was preceded by a magnificent banquet, which is said to have cost £1,000, although the number of guests was exceedingly small

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(Continued from page 452)

thought all his neighbour's suggestions admirable, particularly the swim. And when Scarth and his wife went up to the house, one to fetch the towels and the other to prepare the supper, it did not occur to him, when Scarth returned, that he had been unnecessarily long.

. . . . .

Stephen Cordner got through his business in Town with much satisfaction to himself, and dined comfortably at his hotel. He met a man he knew in the lounge, and had some difficulty in shaking him off until he pleaded an important appointment at nine o'clock. The man made some sneering comment, but insisted on his drinking again before he left the hotel. The friend eventually set out for the Empire, and Cordner hailed a cab to drive him to a dull-looking house in Kensington.

Knocking at the door of a suite of rooms on the second floor, Cordner was admitted by a maid whose face he did not recognise, and was shown into a sitting-room. When the light was switched on, and the maid had gone, he sat back in astonishment. The furniture looked most uncomfortably expensive. Each object was charming in itself, but the *ensemble* had a rather vulgar effect. The room had the appearance of being continually dusted, but only occasionally inhabited. The wall-paper was just as he had left it on the previous Thursday, but the pictures on the wall were all new. There was a series of prettily coloured prints, showing the diverse ways in which the girls of all nations gathered up their skirts, and some steely photographs with vast signatures scrawled in ink on their surface. The carpets were new, and the curtains new, and two canaries hung in a gilt cage, whereas there had only been one in a green cage last week. In a state of dire perplexity, Cordner waited for the door to open.

As the handle turned, he caught the sound of a man's voice in the passage outside. He jumped to his feet and walked across to the door. It was immediately opened by a tall, silk-clad woman, who met his look of inquiry with a most ingratiating smile.

"I suppose you called to see Mrs. Rutherford?" she said. "She has gone from here, you know, and I took over the rooms on Monday."

"Gone!" said Cordner, in amazement.

"Yes; she went the day before yesterday, though most of her things were moved on Saturday. Won't you sit down? You're not in a hurry, I hope."

"But what does it all mean? Why hasn't she let me know? I beg your pardon. Of course, it doesn't concern you. But, really, I should be most grateful if you could give me any clue as to where she has gone." The lady seemed a little amused at her guest's excitement.

"I will go and inquire of the landlady, if you don't mind waiting. Here is some whisky and soda-water, and—er—I believe there are some cigars on the side-board." Cordner thanked her profusely, mixed a drink, and then walked impatiently up and down the room.

It had always been a carefully guarded secret from Mrs. Cordner that her husband had once figured as co-respondent in an undefended divorce suit. Cordner's fascination by the rather plain wife of the journalist, Jack Rutherford, had always puzzled his bachelor friends; and his continued devotion to her after the divorce proceedings surprised himself not a little, when he reflected on the comparative charms of the rather too soulful Grace and his lawful spouse. He was not a man to worry much about the moral aspect of his relations with Mrs. Rutherford. He loved her, and his love had penalised her. Therefore, he obliquely argued, she was entitled to his affection as long as she needed it. He had never been quite sure how much he loved her, but there had been no doubt about the ardour of her passion. And, now that he came to think of it, on the preceding Thursday her devotional display had been even more extravagant than usual; and yet she must have then contemplated the move that had so surprised him.

The information that the landlady was prepared to impart was brief, but very startling. Mrs. Rutherford was away on a wedding tour! She had left to get married! The landlady did not know to whom, nor, to her knowledge, had she ever seen the gentleman.

When the first shock of surprise was overcome, Cordner was left with a dull heart-ache, which prevented him from appreciating the rather unctuous sympathy of his hostess. Moreover, the latter young lady seemed grossly to misunderstand his relations with Mrs. Rutherford.

"You were awfully good to her, I believe," she said.

"Yes, that is to say—well, it's rather surprising," Cordner replied, anxious to drop the discussion. "I see you've got some pretty pictures here. Where did you get these charming prints? And hullo, what's this?" He stopped before a big, framed photograph of a sheet of water. The plate had been exposed by moonlight, and a very graceful picture was the result.

"Oh, that's down by Sparden. They call it 'Painter's Pool.' It is a beautifully peaceful spot."

"Do you know it very well?"

"Yes, why? I lived near it for the first eighteen years of my life, and in those days I used to hate it. My mother wasn't a countrywoman, and I think I inherited her taste for the movement of the town. But why do you ask?"

"I also know it very well—very well indeed."

"Do you, really? I should like to go back there, and peep at the old scenes. But I don't feel very grateful to them. If it hadn't been all so pure and peaceful, I should never have left it for this. Goodness knows, no girl wants to be bad, but the country, in winter at any rate, is worse than a convent. Imagine the horror of it! The walk to the church, the walk to the village with its one general store, the walk to the pool, the walk to the wood—and that exhausts it. Nearly always it was the walk to the pool, because one sometimes, about once a month, met a visitor from London who used it for bathing. Sometimes the visitor didn't speak, sometimes he spoke but was very dull, sometimes it was a man who had the charity to kiss us. What do you think of it? That picture prevents me from forgetting; and, on the whole, I think I like to remember."

Cordner somehow felt that this talk of the pool in the present surroundings was strangely incongruous. He wanted to get away from the pool at least once a week. He keenly appreciated its peaceful beauty, but it had no right to follow him about. It was one

(Continued on page 456)

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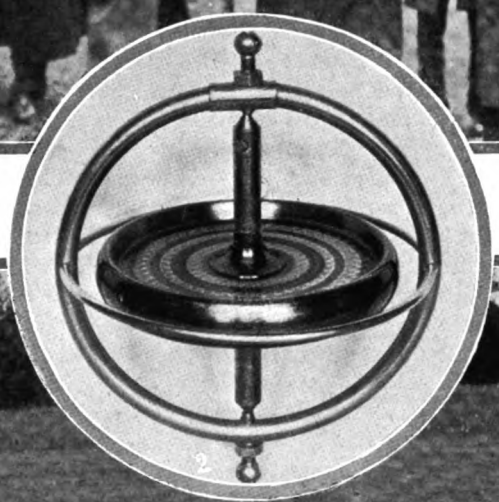
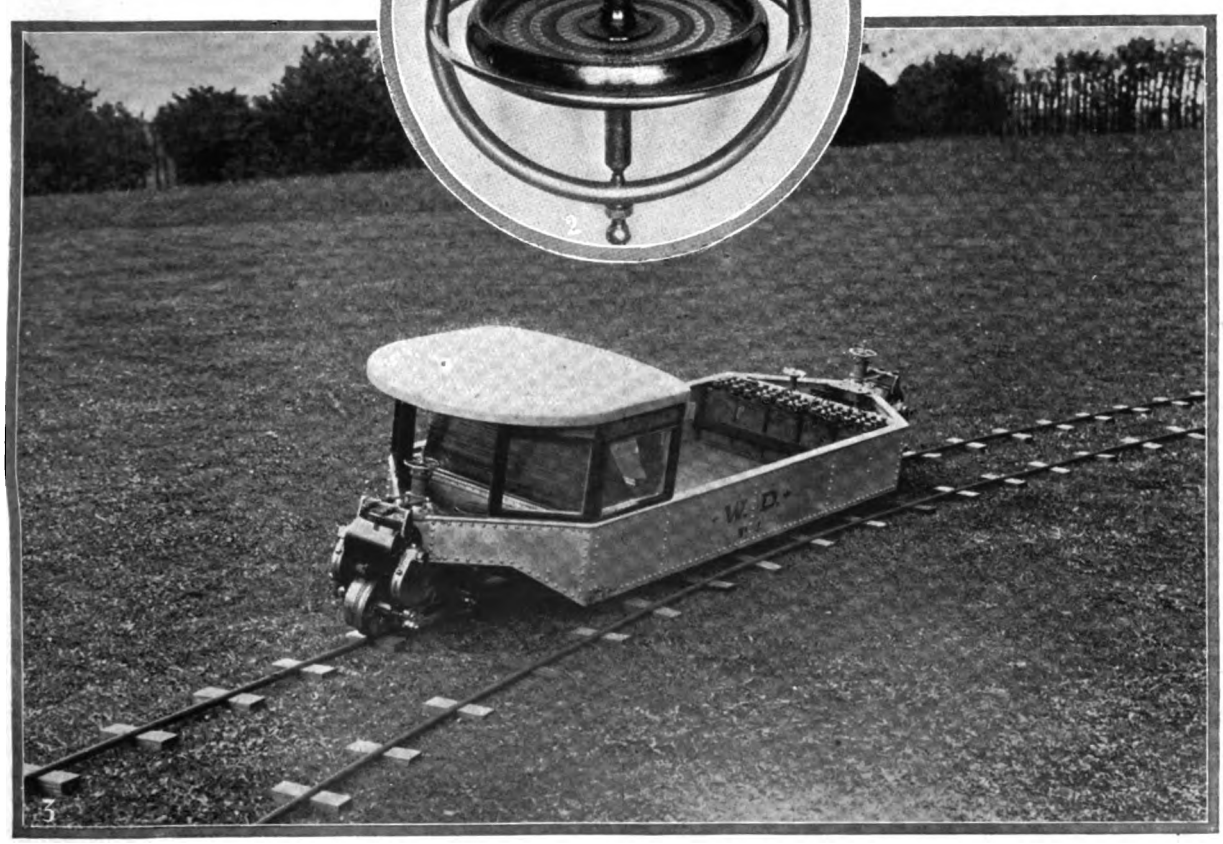
A Matter of Balance

THE NEW GYROSCOPE MONO-RAIL INVENTED BY MR. BRENNAN





Photos *Topical Agency*

(1) In Suspense: A car crossing an aerial track. (2) A Gyroscope, or "Magic Top." The principle by which this familiar toy is enabled to maintain its equilibrium, even when spinning at extraordinary angles, is the one employed by the inventor of the new mono-rail. A practical demonstration of "gyrostatic domination," as it is called, can also be obtained with a cycle wheel. Taking hold of each end of the axle, hold the wheel at arm's length. Get someone to make the wheel rotate at a high speed, and then endeavour to incline it either to the right or left. In doing so, it will be found that the tendency is for the wheel to move at right angles to the direction required. (3) A car rounding a curve. In the cab are placed two fly-wheels which revolve in a vacuum in opposite directions, by which the balance of the car is maintained, even when rounding a curve or when unevenly loaded

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(Continued from page 454)

thing for a woman to—suddenly he felt that he would like to get out into the air. The woman seemed disappointed when he took up his hat, and pressed a card into his hand. As soon as the door closed he flung the card disgustedly away, and hurried downstairs into the s reet.

There was a soft rain falling, but he chose to walk back to his hotel. The Strand was congested with pedestrians of all types. Healthy-looking country folk elbowed their way through the easily yielding crush of townsmen, their eyes alight with the enjoyment that the busy, brilliant street afforded them. Grey-skinned, ill-clad clerks, with bent shoulders, jostled the white-faced aristocracy—the aristocracy of money that will buy soap and starch. Neatly dressed girls, journeying God knows whence and whither, threaded their way past blowsy women, some arrayed in gorgeous fabrics and powdered and pencilled with devilish artifice, others drab and hideous in rusty mantle and shapeless straw, with their cheeks painted after the manner of clowns. There were faces in the windows, in the carriages, in the 'buses, all tired, bloodless faces, it seemed to Cordner. They had exhausted their vitality, and existed only at the machine's caprice. The sickliness of the scene haunted him. He looked up at the great shoal of stars, and then around at dull eyes, garish globes of electric light, glitter of glass and bronze. And the picture of the wide, calm pool came up before his eyes, and the sweeping slopes of green and purple, and he thought most surely that his wife was a fool.

The hall clock struck ten as he entered the hotel, and reminded him that he had another half hour in which to make up his mind as to whether he should return home that night or not. He wanted to get back, even though Margaret would not be there. But London was so cruelly fascinating, so maddeningly entertaining. Even looking out from the hotel smoking-room window was exciting after the monotony of the house by the pool. Damn London!

He spoke so loud that the only other occupant of the smoking-room jumped perceptibly, and watched Cordner leave the room with undisguised nervousness. But the object of his fears did nothing more harmful than to put on his hat and again make his way into the noisy street.

Cordner was a country member of a club whose premises stood in a turning off the Strand, and it had occurred to him that he might find someone to talk to there. As luck would have it, he ran straight into the arms of Skipwith, a man who had been a close companion of his bachelor days. Skipwith proved to be in a reminiscent mood, but seemed to Cordner to skate over everything except the Rutherford business. At last he introduced the subject.

"I suppose you were as surprised as any of us at the end of the Rutherford affair, Steve." Cordner shrugged his shoulders. It seemed to be the safest thing to do.

"It isn't often," Skipwith went on, "that a divorced woman is reconciled to her husband; and so many years have elapsed in this case that I should say it is almost unique." Cordner clutched the arms of his chair, and gaped at the speaker. Skipwith looked at him a little curiously.

"Yes," assented Cordner hoarsely, "I should say it is unique. Good-night." It was the last flout he could stand from London that night. Hastening to his hotel, he collected his belongings, and caught the 10.35 from Charing Cross.

After an hour's hot and uncomfortable ride in the train, Cordner took a seat on the little country 'bus which journeyed to a point but ten minutes from his home by the pool. The close weather made him grateful that he had chosen to leave what would have been intolerable heat in London. Walking along the country lanes he came to a by path, which led to a little frequented corner of the pool, where there was, nevertheless, sufficient depth of water for a dive. Nothing would be more grateful than a dip to-night, thought Cordner; there were towels in his bag, and as his wife was away, it did not matter what time he got home. He scrambled along the overgrown path, and when he reached the water's brink, stood for some time absorbed by the beauty of the great still pool threaded with a wide shaft of silver from the brilliant moon. There was scarcely a breath of air to stir the leaves, and the rise of a big fish a few yards from the shore quite startled him. He undressed slowly, and slid lazily into the cool water with a sigh of relief. It would have been brutal to have dived and made a great commotion in this perfect tableau of peace. He skimmed lightly over the water-lily leaves at the brink, and turning on his back floated lazily out to the centre, the water growing warmer and warmer the farther he receded from the bank. The deep purple sky, spangled with tiny lamps, was all that met his eyes. The soft water caressed his body, sometimes welling to his lips. He felt the fairy resilience of the perfect couch on which he lay, and in those sweetly sensuous moments it occurred to him for the first time to praise God.

He had reached the centre of the pool, where a buoy was floating, to which the punt was secured on fishing expeditions. Resting his hand on this, he trod the water and surveyed the margin of the pool. The top windows of his own home were, of course, just visible, but nowhere else was there any sign that this was inhabited land. He looked along the wide shaft of moonlight which did not include him in its path, and noticed what he took to be a duck just breaking into it. That reminded him that the ducks had yet to be shot, though their tameness made it poor enough sport. But was this a duck? Surely that was a strange splash for even a moor-hen to make. And was not that a white arm rising at regular intervals from the water? Someone else had evidently discovered the delights of a night swim. But who? It could hardly be one of the villagers. He was making direct, apparently, for Cordner's own bathing-hut, erected for his private use. Cordner felt a little annoyed, and mentally determined to have a padlock put on the door. The man, when he reached the bank, deliberately entered the hut and closed the door after him.

Cordner was anxious to discover the identity of this impudent stranger, and he swam quietly in to the shore, and waited for the man to come out, his head hidden by a clump of reeds. He had not long to wait. The stranger emerging from the hut proved

(Continued on page 458)

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Making the Best of May

READERS WHOSE PLEASURES HAVE NOT BEEN MARRED BY ITS WINTRY LAPSES

On the Sussex Downs

Taken at Pett, Sussex, by MRS. SHAW, *Benskins, Westfield, Battle, Sussex*

On Culloden Moor

In the background is the cairn erected in memory of the Battle of Culloden, where the Young Pretender was defeated in 1746. *Sent by* MRS. GEARE, *6, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead*

A Look Before the Dip

Sent by MR. CHARLES H. G. MOTTRAM, *Wilton House, Lansdown Road, Cheltenham*

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(Continued from page 456)

to be a squarely built man of average height. He had a big towel slung round his neck, and at the distance Cordner could not discover his features. He waded in a little closer, and waited for him to move into the moonlight. The man slowly climbed up the path leading to the house, and right in the rays of the moon knelt to adjust a bootlace. It was Richard Scarth!

The man in the water felt his heart leap violently. What was Scarth doing here? He was to have taken Margaret to his mother's house to-day, and—but perhaps Margaret had changed her mind, and chosen to return home after dinner, chosen to come back to the empty, lonely house. Perhaps—but he must know for certain.

There was no time to swim back and dress. He climbed quietly out of the water, and crept up the path in pursuit. His body tingled with excitement. At any moment Scarth might look back. He crawled snakily through the bushes, and the prickly leaves of one brought blood to his arms. Once Scarth stopped, and applied a match to his pipe. The sensuous smell of the tobacco taunted his follower. His breath came short, his brain swam violently; he longed to run at the man ahead, to strike him, to see what fool lie he would tell. The water dropping from his hair and beard irritated him to madness; he even seized a stone with which to fell this casual devil ahead. If he turned, if he saw, Cordner vowed he would kill him, innocent or guilty.

There was a wicket gate at the end of the path, leading on to the lawn of the garden. Cordner hid in the bushes, as Scarth turned to close the gate, and watched him disappear round the corner of the house. He then darted from his hiding-place, quietly lifted the latch of the gate, and ran lightly over the velvet lawn. He heard the subdued murmur of voices, but could not distinguish the words. Carefully he glanced round. There was a horse and trap at the front door, with the lamps lit. He gasped with relief. Obviously, Scarth had driven his wife home, and had only stayed for a swim before going back. He crept silently to the open window of the dining-room, whence the voices seemed to proceed.

"Who harnessed it?" It was a man's voice.

"I did." Cordner recognised his wife's soft accent.

"Why?"

"Because I have had time to think."

"Was that why you sent me for a swim?"

"You suggested the swim yourself. No, Dick, it only means that we have been saved from a terrible sin. Don't try to tempt me now. I said I would give way an hour ago, but that was treachery to you as well as my husband. I will be honest to you both. You are true and honourable, Dick, and I am very fond of you. Can I give way when I know in the end you would learn to hate and despise me for my weakness? Think, Dick, think!"

"I love you, Meg. I have loved you for years, and you have never given me a little sign. To-night is the climax. I can't go, I can't go! Oh, my darling, don't send me away!"

The naked man at the window bit the flesh of his lips, and his hands clutched convulsively on the sill.

"Listen, Dick. You don't love me. No, dear, we knew each other for years, and you took no interest in me. Then I set myself to attract you for my own amusement. I caught you, Dick, but that isn't love. We have been playing parts, you and I, because in this dreary district there is no one to play to us. Should we make the play a tragedy by ending with a sordid sin? To please our own childish artificiality, shall I sacrifice the honour of my dear husband? Oh, Dick, you cannot realise how sweet and true he has been to me! It is a wonderful thing to live with a man who is always a gentleman, whose thought and speech is ever courteous and clean. He loves me, Dick; and to-night, in that hour you were away, I think I realised that I love him to-day as I did on my wedding day. Yes, I know you think his temperament is ill-accorded to mine. But we lived amid gay scenes in our early married days, and that I am not content with the peace and beauty of this valley only reflects discredit on me. He was fond of gay company just as I was, but his tastes have mellowed and mine have not. Is he therefore cruel? I have given him no children, but the bitter sorrow that that has caused him has never been brought to my ears. If you knew him, Dick, you would loathe me for wavering for one moment from his allegiance. Dick, answer, say you will go!"

"Why did you not remember your husband before?"

"I remembered, keenly I remembered. It added to the fascination of the sin."

"If you send me away to-night, we can never meet again."

"No, Dick."

There was a silence in the room, and then the rustle of a woman's dress. The door of the room opened, there were footsteps in the hall. Scarth was saying good-bye, and there was a sound of a man's dry sob.

"Let me kiss your hand?" A bangle tinkled, and the sound of a passionate kiss reached the trembling white figure on the lawn. He staggered away to the pool, his face burning with shame, his eyes full of the ugly fear that comes to the hypocrite who has been struck across the mouth.

Mrs. Cordner watched the lights of the trap vanish round a corner, and then carefully bolted up the door. On her way to bed she paused on the landing by an open window from which the silver spread of the pool was plainly visible.

"Thank God for the moon," she muttered as she picked up her husband's field glasses, and closed the casement. BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

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Beauty and Sport

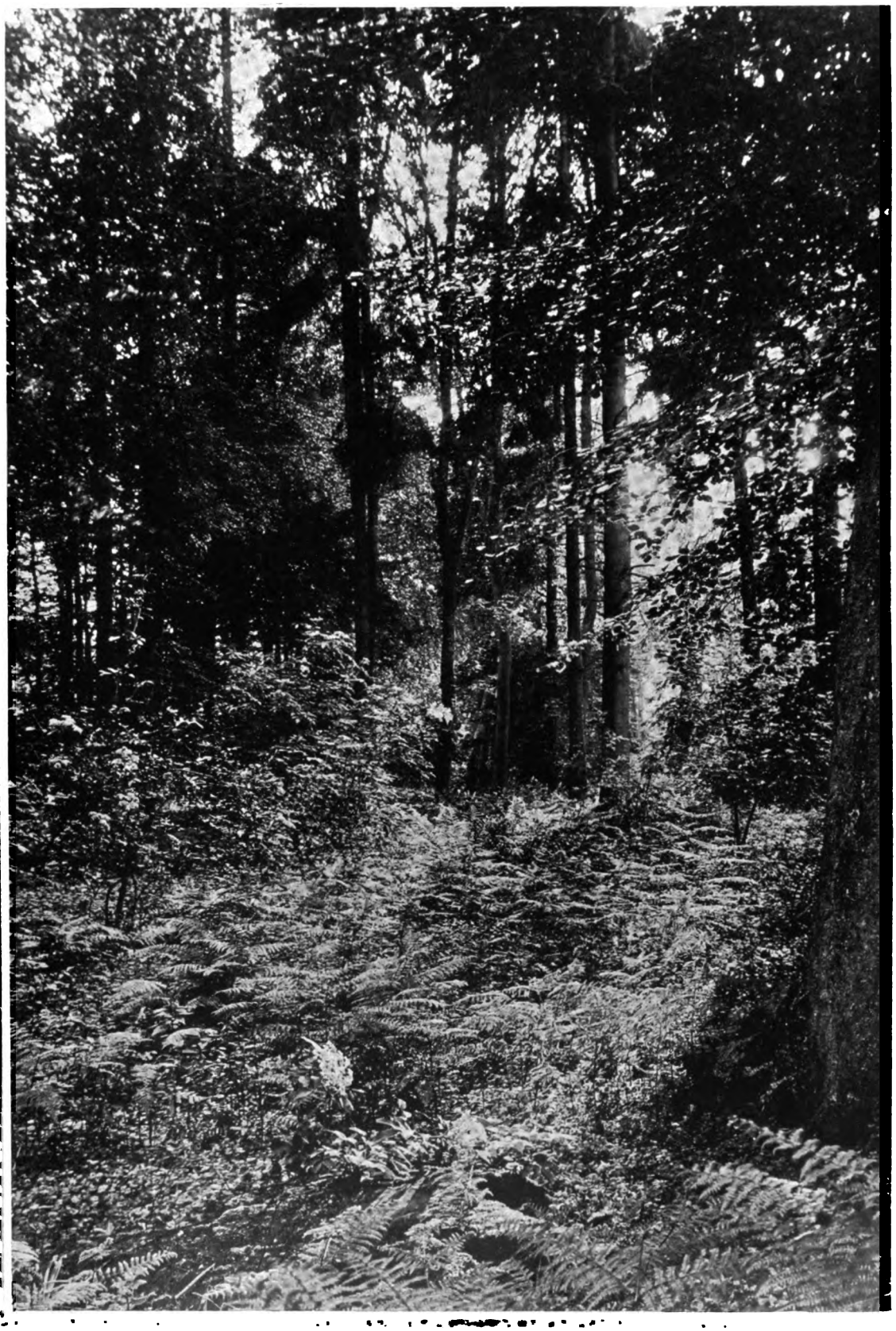

Photo *J. T. Newman*

IN THE COVERT: A PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSION

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The Promise of Fruit

As the result of the hot, dry autumn, there has been a wonderful show of fruit-blossom, and, in spite of the inclement weather which prevailed in April and at the beginning of May, there is every promise that we shall have a record crop. Gooseberries and currants are laden; strawberries are bearing heavily; plums, pears, and apples have been perfect pictures, and the fruit seems to have set well. Of course, we are not yet out of the wood, but every day diminishes the risks from frost. There remain, unfortunately, insects. They are most plentiful in old and neglected orchards, of which there are still far too many in the country, practically useless to their owners, and, as centres of infection, dangerous to everybody else; but the pests also are plentiful enough even in the best-managed gardens. There are the winter moths, which sew the young leaves together so that they cannot open or grow; the apple-blossom weevils, which puncture the fleshy base of the flowers; the codling moths, which penetrate the forming apples and bring them down by the hundred at the end of June or the beginning of July; the pear midge, which produces the same result on the pear; the pear sawfly, which eats the leaves; the lackey moth, which, if allowed, will completely defoliate the apple, and often the pear and the plum; and many others.

Insecticides and Fungicides

The larvæ of the lackey moth are what are known as tent caterpillars, the eggs usually deposited in the fork of a branch—being covered with a web, under which they live for a time. At this stage, they may easily be destroyed by means of a stiff brush dipped in paraffin emulsion. If they are in inaccessible positions, it is often sufficient to fire at them a blank charge of powder, the concussion of the air blowing them to pieces. If the caterpillars are allowed to disperse along the branches, they will strip off every leaf. For most insects, the best, if not the only, remedy is spraying. A good sprayer should be considered as essential in a garden as a spade, and spraying should be as regular a part of the routine as digging. At present it is performed in a desultory way at long intervals in some gardens, and in most not at all. In America, its value is recognised, and it is reduced to a method; yet even there the damage done by insects is enormous. In the year 1868, some person imported several specimens of the gipsy moth for experiments in connection with silk, and permitted them to escape, and the injury which this moth alone has since committed in the United States is estimated at millions of dollars. It is not merely for insects that spraying should be performed, but also for the many fungoid diseases which attack fruit trees and ruin the fruit crop. Bordeaux mixture (sulphate of copper and lime dissolved in water) is the most effective application; but, besides being a deadly poison, it requires to be used with caution. In winter it is not likely to do any harm, but when the trees are growing it is liable to damage the leaves if it is too strong, or if the ingredients are not in the right proportion. The apricot, in particular, is injured by it if the copper is in excess. Still, it only comes to this, that spraying should be done by a competent man.

H. C. Davidson

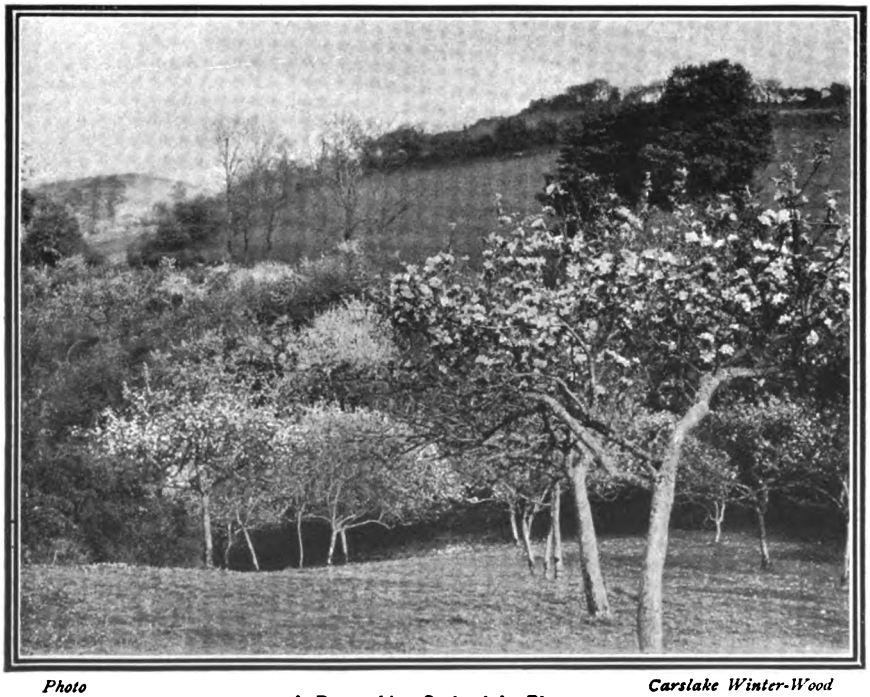

Photo *Carslake Winter-Wood*

A Devonshire Orchard in Bloom

Owing to the hot, dry autumn last year, there has been a wonderful show of blossom in the orchards, and there is every promise of a record crop this season

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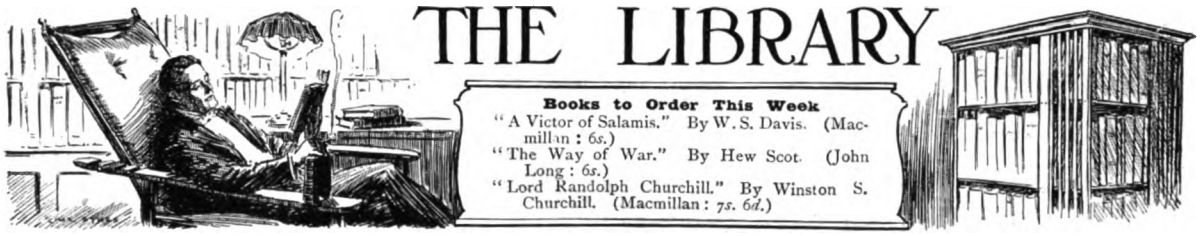

BOOKS AS PLAYS—PLAYS AS BOOKS

A Little Instance of the Latter

Often enough is the public given, first, a popular novel, and next, its dramatic version. Rarely, however, is it the other way about—that the play comes first, the book after. *Brewster's Millions* has already won the plaudits of London playgoers, and even those who do not attend the Hicks Theatre are now familiar with the young man whose inheritance of a fortune is dependent on his spending, in one year, the sum of £250,000. Monty Brewster is a man of the moment in the realm of the theatre, and, therefore, I take it, a good many people will avail themselves of the enterprise of Messrs. Collier and Co. in publishing the whole story of his remarkable predicament, and the precise means by which he extricated himself from it.

That *Brewster's Millions* makes a good novel is hardly to be said—but, then, how often is it that a good farce (which, I gather from the dramatic critics, *Brewster's Millions* is) is equally amusing when elaborated into literary guise? Usually, its very excellence on the stage is its weakness as literature. Its dramatic qualities—and those of *Brewster's Millions* are its paradoxical central situation and its rapid sequence of surprises and humorous episodes—are its undoing in novel form.

Dramatic excellence is currently considered to be literary defect. And yet, oddly enough, if I have one criticism more than another to make of the book of Brewster, it is that it is exceedingly undramatic. Somehow, the very absurdity of Brewster's situation—his being faced with the obligation unwillingly to become a spendthrift, a plunger on a gigantic scale, to whittle away one vast fortune, willy nilly, in order that he may acquire another—somehow, in the book, this absurdity is completely missed because of the author's lack of the gift of dramatic fiction. In the same way, so laboured is the presentation of the succeeding scenes, that one experiences scarcely a sensation either of surprise or of amusement in following them, and has little or no curiosity as to the *dénouement.*

"Peggy"

The frontispiece from *Brewster's Millions* just published in book form by Messrs. Collier and Co., 2, Tudor Street, E.C.

(Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Collier and Co.)

Playwrights as Novelists and Vice Versâ

Here, of course, is only another instance of the fact that the ideal novel must needs have something of the play in it. I know there is, and has been for a long time, a sort of critical axiom to the effect that the talent of the playwright and that of the novelist are entirely distinct. Otherwise, why do not Messrs. Pinero, H. A. Jones, Carton, Parker, Sutro, etc. etc., write novels; and why do not Messrs. Meredith, Hardy, Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, and Kipling write plays? The answer usually is that which I suggested above—that the qualities which make for excellence in the one make for weakness in the other. And yet, here, I can only see a confession of failure somewhere. Over the whole matter looms the figure of Shakespeare, whose equality in literature and in drama is indisputable. Nobody demands that every writer should be a Shakespeare, but great laws can be applied to small cases, and it is surely admissible that if Shakespeare could, at one stroke, please alike the reader and the playgoer, the fireside and the footlights, it

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should be the object of lesser men to do likewise, according to *their* lights. After all, what psychological difference is there, before Heaven, between the playgoer and the reader? Both seek enlightenment, amusement. Both are alive to lessons taught through the medium of human character, whether spoken on boards or printed between them. No novel is good that leaves unsatisfied the reader's desire for dramatic sequence; no play, conversely, is good that leaves unsatisfied the hearer's desire for the utterance of fine thoughts in fine language. Those who proclaim so persistently the novelist's non-dramatic and the playwright's non-literary status are the enemies alike of stage and literature. They are the Protectionists of the Arts, who would exclude, out of selfish acquisitiveness, the good things which the one should needs borrow freely from the other.

The Literature of Play Writing

In this, I am bound to say, the drama is the worst offender. The rigid exclusiveness which is displayed by the dramatic critics who so noisily aver that "the play's the thing," and that literary excellence is no asset to its success on the boards, is rapidly lowering their art. They persistently acclaim acting as an art in which manner and gesture and deportment are the paramount qualities. They ignore the oldest and, some may think, the grandest element of the Dramatic Art—that of Oratory. Dismissed as overdone by Shakespeare, the oration is no longer considered an essential to a play. And yet, without it, the power of the drama to exercise influence on the thoughts of the generation is nil. Oratory demands a literary foundation—a grand oration must be read as well as heard—therefore the drama demands the services not only of the craftsman, the plot-hatcher, the dialoguist, the gag-coiner, it demands, in supreme control, the services of the writer.

The Art of Modern Prophecy

Perhaps the most modern of the literary collectors of my acquaintance is X——. He has, for the last few years, been getting together all the "war books" published here and in Germany, in view of the coming conflict with that Power. When the dread day comes, he hopes to be able to show how far Prophecy can be regarded as a modern art, by comparing—doubtless in a book—the schemes forecasted, with those actually adopted by the adversaries for each other's undoing.

Scarcely a week passes but X. does not add to his collection, which is now quite a little library. He expects to gloat loudly when the great day arrives. Much good may it do him, and I am glad that at least one person expects to be happy under such hideous circumstances. I have kept fairly in touch with war literature in these pages, and can courageously declare that the solitary volume which, to my mind, showed either imagination or humour in forecasting the movements of the enemy was Mr. Oldmeadow's "North Sea Bubble," which made Ireland the scene of the great battle, and which gave as the first cause of the ultimate expulsion of the enemy from England, the treacherous rising against the invading Germans by German waiters safely and comfortably lodged in these isles!

The Watch on the Forth

As to the others, well, most writers, as I indicated a week or two back, seem unable to conceive that the enemy will do anything more original than land on our Eastern shores, at a moment when, of all unlikely contingencies the unlikeliest, our Navy is cruising far away, and march on London. A little ray of happy imagination is, however, thrown by *The Way of War* (Long: 6*s.*), by Mr. "Hew Scot." The opening chapters of this curiously written story tell, in rather laboured style, of the discovery by a British lieutenant spying in Germany of the enemy's intention to strike a blow in the Firth of Forth. Revealing this intention to the Admiralty, the British home fleet concentrates at Rosyth and makes ready for triumphant battle if the enemy dare to come on. They do so dare, and just as they approach the Forth, boom! smash! the centre arch of the Forth Bridge is blown up, and, sinking into the estuary, makes it impossible for our ships to come out! While they are locked up, the Germans prepare to invade, but, at the psychological moment, up comes the Atlantic fleet, which they had supposed to be at Gibraltar, and victory is ours! I hope the authorities will give an eye to that Forth Bridge danger!

"A Victor of Salamis"

Ancient Greece, at the time of the Persian War, is the scene of Mr. William Stearns Davis's new novel, *A Victor of Salamis* (Macmillan: 6*s.*), which centres round that intensely dramatic sea-fight, and introduces as characters of fiction — much to the relief of the schoolboy who has only too long chafed under a suspicion of their reality — Leonidas and Themistocles. The story is exceedingly fascinating as a romance, and the description of the Isthmian games, the victory of Glaucon the Athenian over Lycon the Spartan, and the subsequent stirring events which culminated in the Greek victory, as well as the studies in popular life of this, the most fascinating of all periods of history, cannot fail to delight. I cannot imagine a more attractive school prize or gift-book than *A Victor of Salamis*, which humanises the familiar figures which classic studies have made cold and awesome to the mind of youth.

VIVIAN CARTER.

Miscellanea

An echo of the Book War is to be found in the republication, by Macmillan, at 7*s.* 6*d.*, of Mr. Winston Churchill's now famous life of his father—the book originally priced at 31*s.* 6*d.*, much to the inconvenience of the *Times* Book Club. Mr. Churchill being, as ever, much in the public eye, it is to be hoped that more success will attend the republication than was the lot of the original issue. Anything that tends to put the Under-Secretary in a little better humour with the world at large, and the Empire in particular, will be gratefully received by a troubled race.

Of Like Passions (Sisleys: 6*s.*), by Francis Bancroft, is the title of a novel written "in the cause and for the safe-guarding and protection of the daughters of Greater Britain—the white womanhood of our Colonies." The grave problem with which it deals is of a delicate nature, but the author handles it with discriminating power. *Of Like Passions* is an earnest work, which will evoke keen discussion throughout the British Dominions.

There are romances that seem but tinsel make-believe, and others that are instinct with reality. *Madam Domino* (Sisleys: 6*s.*), by Bourne Cooke, is in the latter category. Its characters are not mere puppets—they live. The scene is laid in Devonshire in the year of Waterloo. There is the magic of movement and the fascination of mystery throughout the pages of *Madam Domino*. It is a book to read and remember.

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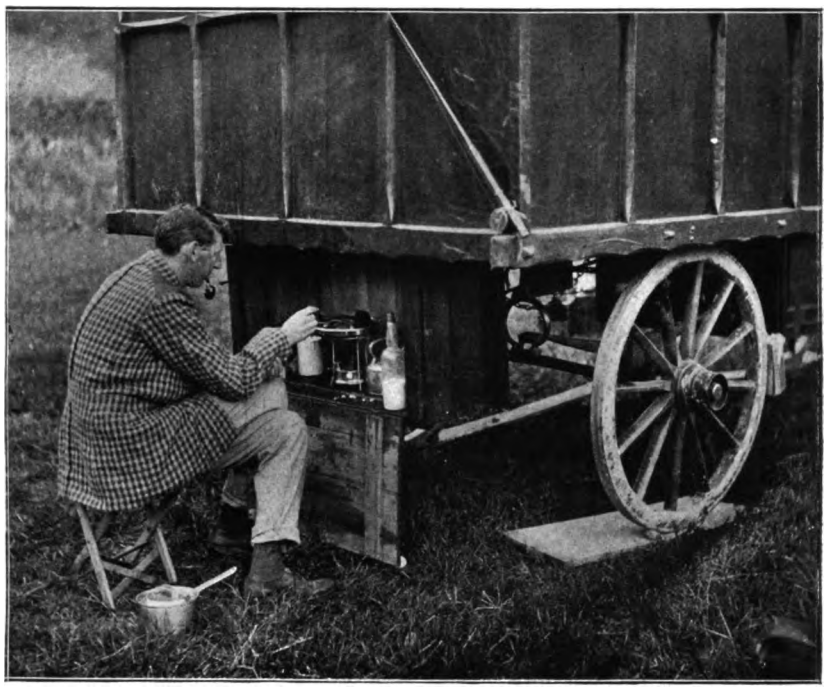
Wayfaring for a Holiday

At the Travel Exhibition, now taking place at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, there are two sections of especial interest, namely, the Swedish section, which illustrates the attractions held forth by that country for every variety of winter sport; and the caravan exhibits, for those who prefer this contemplative mode of travel. The call of the Open Road is ever present with those who, doomed to live in towns, still possess something of that "wander-spirit" which animated our forefathers, and to such as these, caravanning—the slow meandering at will across the country, unworried by the cares of train, luggage, or lodging—appeals with especial charm.



The culinary artist preparing a meal after a day's journeying

Showing the "kitchen range," situated at the rear of one of Mr. Bertram Smith's caravans. In bad weather, however, all culinary operations can be carried on in the kitchen in the front of the van

(Reproduced by kind permission from "The Whole Art of Caravanning.")

The Ideal Caravan

At the Exhibition, the caravan specialist, Mr. Bertram Smith, shows his latest pattern of "land yacht," which is "fitted with every convenience." Though the van's dimensions are only 16 ft. long by 6½ ft. wide, it contains all that is necessary for the comfort of two or, at a pinch, three persons. In this small area are three rooms, bedroom, dining-room, and kitchen, the secret of the economy of space being that all chairs and tables fold flat against the wall when not in use. Only one horse is necessary, for even when loaded the van only weighs a little over a ton. There is now a fleet of six of these caravans, which are available for touring purposes during the coming summer, at sums ranging from 6 to 15 guineas a month, according to size, and full particulars may be obtained from Mrs. Ward Muir, Boro' Green, Kent.

The interior of the good van, "Triumvir," showing the parlour and bedroom

Although but 16 ft. in length by 6½ ft. in breadth, these vans are divided into a bedroom, fitted with two bunks and a chest of drawers, a dining-room, in which the chairs and table fold against the wall when out of use, and a kitchen in the front. As, even when loaded, the van weighs little more than a ton, one horse only is needed

(Reproduced by kind permission from "The Whole Art of Caravanning." Longmans: 2s. 6d. net.)

Nomad, Philosopher, and Writer

As befits the ideal caravanner, who must be a genial philosopher, Mr. Bertram Smith is also a racy and interesting writer, and has just published, through Messrs. Longmans, a most interesting little book on his hobby, "The Whole Art of Caravanning" (price 2*s.* 6*d.* net). He contends that "a caravan is as natural to mankind as is his burrow to a rabbit," and certainly, after reading through this fascinating little volume, we begin to wonder how we could ever be happy anywhere but in a caravan. The Open Road is in danger of being spoiled by the motor. Let all who can, indulge in caravanning as a hobby, and besides discovering therein a new world for themselves, with fascinations which none but the wayfarer can know, they will help to keep alive the Spirit of the Open Road.

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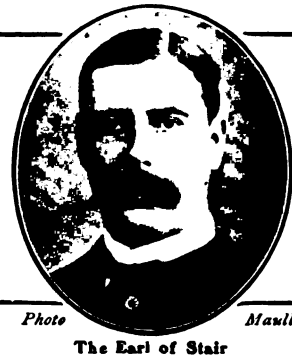
Golf Notes  and Notions

Photo *Maull and Fox*

The Earl of Stair

The new President of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews

The Most Famous Links in the World

When this article appears in print, the first round of the Amateur Championship will have run its course on the most famous links in the world. As this is the first Amateur Championship that will have been played at St. Andrews since THE BYSTANDER made its first bow to the public, it may not be out of place to give its readers some idea of the course over which the finest amateur golfers extant will contest the pride of place. Most of my readers, no doubt, have more than a nodding acquaintance with the dear old course at St. Andrews; but there may be some who have not had the good fortune to pitch over the burn or drive over the Elysian fields, and to them I address myself. The first impression that a newcomer gets is one of flatness and absence of hazards to be carried from the tee. Is it not recorded that one Southern golfer had the audacity once to complain to Tom Morris that there were no hazards at St. Andrews? Tom's crushing answer is also on record, but I cannot quite remember the number of bunkers which he heaped on the offending visitor's head, but it ran to a very high figure. Counting them on the excellent plan included in this year's "Nisbet's Golf Year Book," they tot up to about the same number as the eighty-five years which have passed over the revered head of the Nestor of golf, without counting the railway, the road, or the burn.

St. Andrews' Hazards

It is not so much a question of carry as of avoidance at St. Andrews. Mr. Hilton tells us in his reminiscences that he made up his mind in 1901 to avoid the bunkers and keep out of them at all costs, for it annoyed him severely, when he hit a good shot straight on the pin, to find himself in a bunker. History records that this policy served him well, for he won the Amateur Championship that year on this self-same course we are talking about. Mr. John Low drives home the same lesson in his able dissertation on "St. Andrews' Hazards, Old and New." The straight-ahead, slapdash order of golfer is bound to come to grief at St. Andrews, for there each tee shot and approach shot is governed by the hazards. At St. Andrews, each tee shot has, according to the wind prevailing at the moment, to be played to some particular point not necessarily on the direct line of the hole. This means that local knowledge is of immense advantage to a player; *ceteris paribus* the local player ought always to beat the stranger, unless the latter has studied the course most carefully and played over it under every possible variety of weather and wind.

Some Peculiarities

Then, again, the soil is different from that of any other course that I know. Hoylake approaches most nearly to it, and for that reason I have always been puzzled by the dislike that Liverpool men generally have of St. Andrews. Most St. Andrews men find themselves quite at home at Hoylake, and I can only explain the matter on the ground of insufficient acquaintance. The old course at St. Andrews requires to be lived with on very familiar terms for a fairly long period before it will render up to the visitor the secrets of its nature. I have sometimes heard a man, after a three days' acquaintance with it, give his opinion about the links. I have always told such a rash person that an opinion of any value can only be given after a long and arduous study of the course. Even old St. Andrews players are constantly finding fresh aspects of the most fascinating course in the world, and, like all masterpieces of nature or art, the more it is studied the better it is loved. The thinness of the soil, due to the tramping of the countless feet of generations of golfers since the game was first played in Scotland, makes the ball lie very close, and adds considerable difficulty to the shots through the green and the approach shots. Then, all those bunkers which old Tom hurled at the offending visitor must be known, for they lie thickly dotted about ready to trap the shot which the presumptuous stranger may consider to have been one of his very best "right bang down the centre of the course."

Brain and Muscle Needed

But at St. Andrews brains must be constantly at work as well as muscles. Here the Championship will be won (like the battle of Waterloo, according to Wellington's famous dictum) by the man who makes the fewest mistakes, or rather, in golfing parlance, by the player who gets into the fewest bunkers. Then, again, the really scientific golfer, who has every shot in his bag, will probably find before he has finished his round that he has had to play nearly every one of them. On some days it will pay him to pitch, on others to play the running-up shot. He will have every imaginable stance and lie to contend with, and he must be prepared to vary his game with the varying conditions confronting him. In a word, the player who means to win at St. Andrews must not defy, but submit to the course. The moment a player has learned the lesson of submission and love, the road to success at St. Andrews will lie open before him. "*Inter arma leges silent.*" The battle has begun. I must "cut the cackle" and watch the "hosses."

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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POLO NOTES

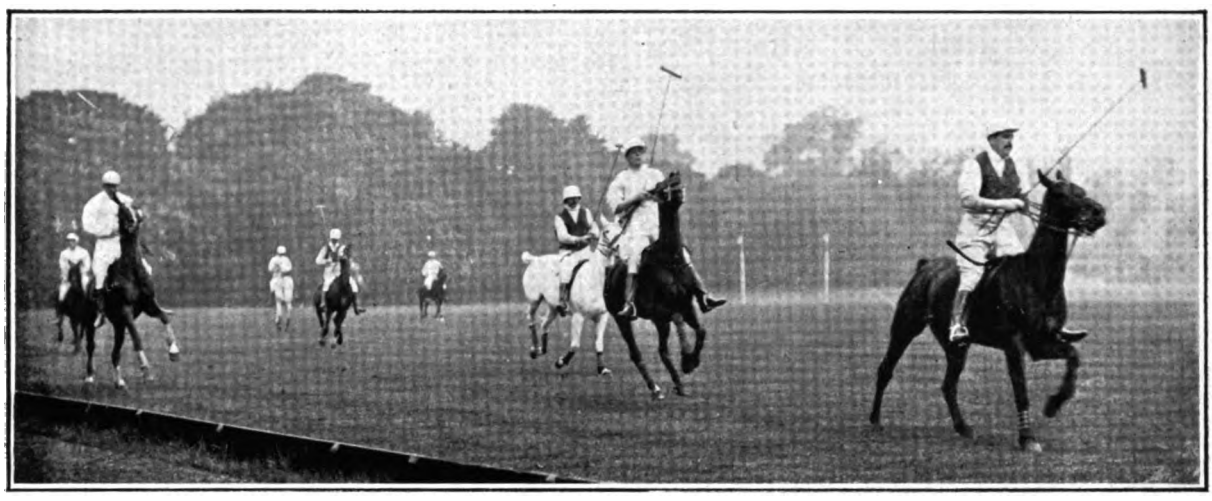


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Polo at Hurlingham: The match between the Old Cantabs and the Hurlingham Team

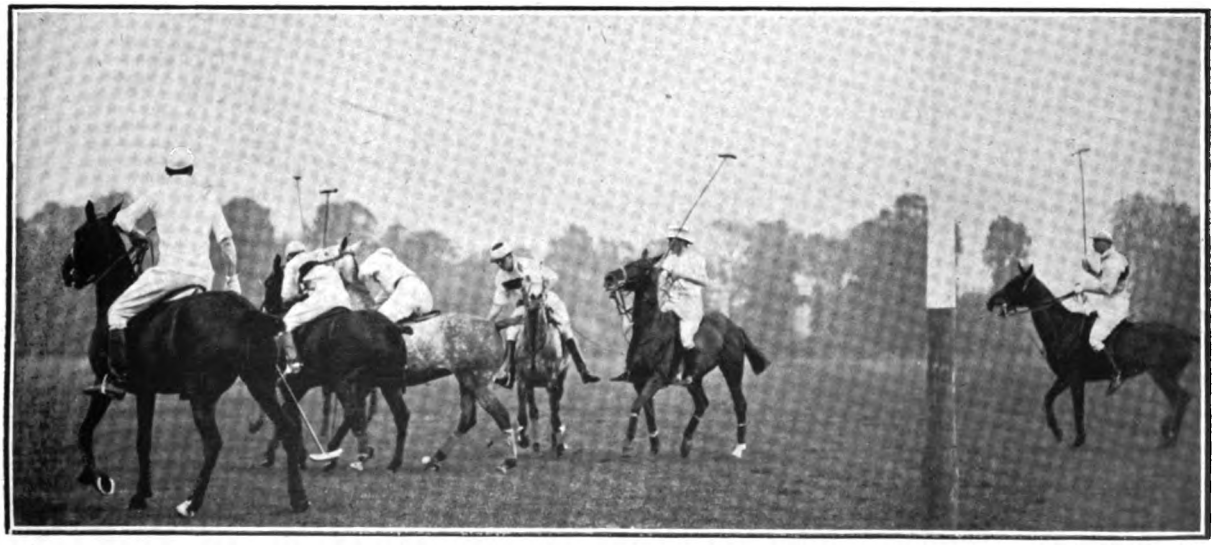
After a finely contested game, the Old Cantabs beat Hurlingham by eight goals to seven

Champion Cup Prospects

With the break up of last year's apparently invincible Roehampton team, and the revival of the Old Cantabs, the coming Champion Cup Tournament at Hurlingham gives promise of much interesting play, and is, this year, of a particularly open character. Judging by the fine show they gave in their opening match this season, the Rugby veterans are still well in the running, while this year's Roehampton team, if not so strong as in the past, is still a very powerful side, the three Nickalls having joined forces with Mr. C. T. Garland, whose fine stud of ponies will doubtless be of great service. Then there is the new team of Old Cantabs, in which Mr. Freake and Mr. Buckmaster, who are so thoroughly used to each other's play, have been joined by Mr. Isaac Bell, an excellent No. 1, and by Lord Wodehouse, a back who shows promise. The team shaped wonderfully well the other day on their first appearance at Ranelagh, and if Mr. Buckmaster should manage this season to win his third Champion Cup with this new combination, the Light Blues' victory would be an immensely popular one.

The Foreign Teams

The Maharajah of Bikanir and his State polo team are due in London this week, but owing to the indisposition of the Maharajah, it will probably be some days before they will start play. It had been arranged that the Indian players should make their first appearance next Saturday at Hurlingham, where they were to have opposed the Spanish team from Madrid. Unfortunately, the visit of the latter side has also been delayed, the Marquis de Villavieja, the sponsor of the team, having been unavoidably detained at Biarritz. All being well, however, the Marquis de Villavieja writes me that the Madrid team will take the field about the 8th or 10th of June. Although the interesting contest between the two teams will not take place next Saturday, the fixture will not be dropped, but will take place later in the season. L. V. L. S.



The Hunt Challenge Cup Final at Ranelagh: A struggle for the ball

Even the chill Whitsun weather did not deter a fine company of spectators from coming to Ranelagh to witness the final round of the Hunt Challenge Cup between Warwickshire and West Meath. The Warwickshire Hunt, the holders, beat the West Meath by eight goals to two

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

LAWN TENNIS

A Club Secretary on Match Play

My recent remarks on the decline of match play have elicited from Mr. C. B. Watson, of the Gipsy Club, a letter, in which he endorses my opinion that it is due to the preference shown by players for tournament play when they can get it, and to the further fact that nowadays they can get it nearly always—particularly if they reside anywhere near London. For I believe I am right in saying that from now right up to the commencement of the holiday season there is at least one open tournament every week, either in London or the suburbs. Mr. Watson writes :—

For some years I have done my utmost at this club to encourage match play by extending our fixture-list, and playing matches two or three times a week. But, unfortunately, there are few other clubs now that do this, owing to the increasing number of tournaments and the difficulty of getting men to play for their club. The result is that, whereas there were about a dozen clubs with first-class teams a few years ago in the South of England, there are now only two or three. My own opinion is that there are far too many tournaments round London, and that the L.T.A. should refuse to sanction any more.

That Mr. Watson is right is proved by the fact that if one goes to places where tournaments are few and far between—up North, for instance—one finds that match play flourishes exceedingly, though perhaps unostentatiously. In Northumberland and Durham there is a league which holds competitions both for senior and junior clubs, and the rivalry between the various clubs in these districts is quite keen. The people who take part in the matches may not be very great players, but, at any rate, they are, as often as not, the best players available, which is a good deal more than can be said for our matches down South.

Photo *Halftones*

Albert Trott, who did a double "Hat-Trick" last week

During the course of his benefit match at Lord's last week, Trott, the well-known Middlesex bowler, succeeded in doing a double "hat-trick." He took the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth Somerset wickets with consecutive balls, and also repeated his feat with the last three wickets

A Confession of Weakness

All this, however, is only tantamount to an admission that match play merely exists (or thrives, as the case may be) on sufferance, and that where it comes into conflict with tournament play it must necessarily go to the wall. But why should it? The conclusion must be that, to use a homely phrase, it is less popular, and this suggests the question whether the best way of fostering it would not be to endeavour to render it more popular in place of trying to choke off its more attractive rival? Fond as I am of match play, my experience is that the ordinary form of match—three pairs a side, each playing each—more often than not leads to a dull afternoon's amusement, in which the result can be forecasted pretty accurately at the end of the first round, even if it is only going to be 5—4 one way or the other; while in the rare instances in which a real tussle occurs, it generally means that the players are overworked and that the match ends in semi-darkness.

A Suggested Improvement

For this reason I regard the American, or each-play-each, system as unsatisfactory, and—what is more important still—I consider that all matches should consist partly of Singles. It is the desire for good Single play that makes men

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desert their clubs and enter for tournaments in a great many cases; and, although I am not prepared with a cut-and-dried scheme for giving effect to this reform, I suggest that the experiment might well be tried of making a match consist of six Singles and three Doubles on the order-of-merit principle. Further, in order that the Doubles should have as important a bearing upon the result as the Singles, I would count one point for each win in Singles and two points for each win in Doubles. Possibly, if time allowed, the Doubles might be the best of five sets, and if at the end of the day the points were equal, sets and games might be brought in in order to arrive at a definite issue. One of the advantages of an arrangement of this kind is that it is suitable for a mid-week match commencing, say, at 4 p m., or even later.

Surprises at Surbiton

The outstanding features of the Surbiton Tournament, which was brought to a successful termination last Saturday, were the defeats of Mrs. Lambert Chambers by Mrs. Sterry in the Ladies' Singles, and of D. P. Rhodes by the veteran, C. E. Finlason, in the Men's Singles, and the good form shown both by the winners, H. Pollard and J. B. Ward, in the Men's Doubles, and also by the Australian pair, S. N. Doust and C. G. Sharp, whom they beat in the final. It was Mrs. Chambers's first open tournament since her marriage, and I think I am right in saying that her defeat by Mrs. Sterry was the first she has sustained since Miss Sutton beat her in 1905. Mrs. Sterry was in fine form, as was proved by her coming through the event without losing a set, although her victims included Miss Morton and Miss Wilson besides Mrs. Chambers. Finlason—a member of the Surbiton Club—has quite a *penchant* for upsetting the calculations of the prophets at this meeting, and many of my readers will recall his unexpected victory over the late H. S. Mahony at Surbiton in 1904. Doust and Sharp played so well in the Doubles—particularly against McNair and Prebble, whom they beat 6—2, 6—2—that they were fancied by some to win outright; but they just failed in a close five-set match against Pollard and Ward, who had previously proved their strength by knocking out Ritchie and Hawes, who, on paper, looked to be about the strongest pair entered.

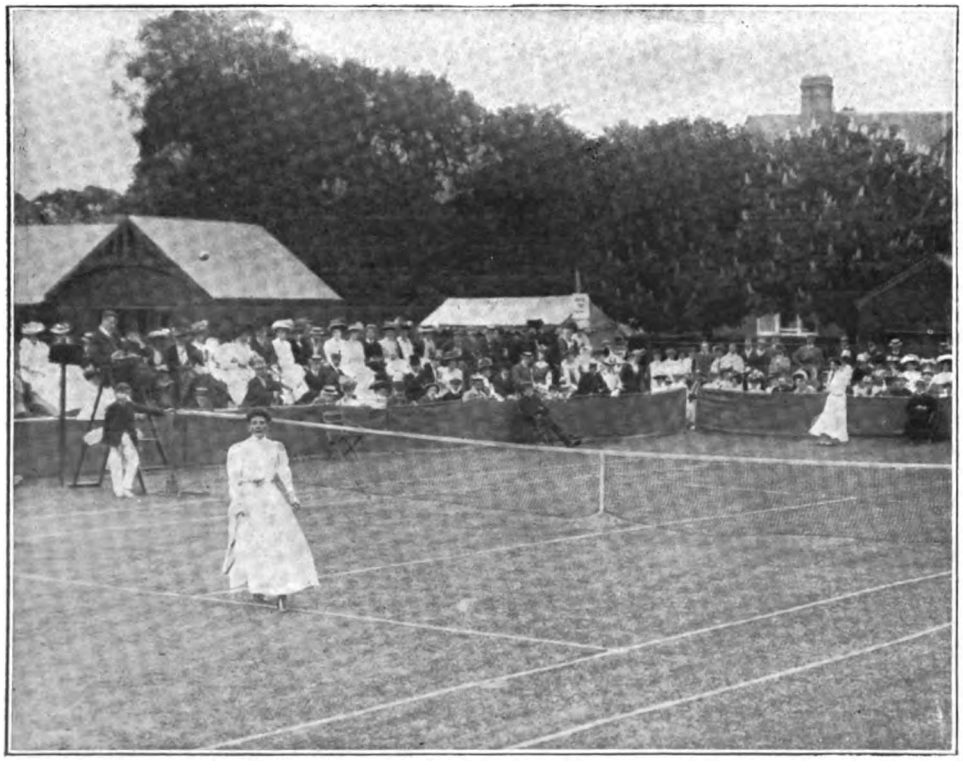
Leicester in Luck Again

The Leicester Tournament, which commences to-morrow (Thursday), has again secured a remarkably fine entry, and the presence of such celebrities as Norman Brookes, R. F. Doherty, Wilding, Gore, Hillyard, Eaves, Ball-Greene, Mrs. Hillyard, Miss Sutton, Miss Lowther, Miss Eastlake Smith, Miss Morton, and Miss Wilson should attract large crowds to the Stoneygate Avenue ground, on which quite a lot of money has been spent since last year in improvements by this enterprising club, which is fortunate in having two such whole-hearted supporters as Mr. and Mrs. Hillyard.

CROQUET

The New Croque Rules

The collective wisdom of the Croquet Association has been occupying the months of the dead season in formulating four new rules, which will very materially alter



Lawn Tennis at Surbiton: Mrs. Sterry beats Mrs. Chambers, the Lady Champion

In the Ladies' Singles, at the Surbiton Tournament on Saturday, Mrs. Sterry (on the right) was successful in beating Mrs. Lambert Chambers (Miss D. K. Douglass), the Lady Champion, by 2 sets to love

Puzzle Picture Competition

The correct answer to our Puzzle Picture for Globe Trotters in the issue of May 22 is "The Mahdi's Tomb, Omdurman, Soudan." First Prize of ONE GUINEA to MRS. A. STANTON, Harpford, Ottery St. Mary, Devon, for the correct answer first opened by the Editor. Consolation Prizes of 10*s.* 6*d.* each to Messrs. Edward J. Thomson, Station Hotel, Aviemore, Inverness-shire, and E. Cobb, Horsell Grange, Woking, whose correct answers were the next in order opened on Saturday last.

GOLFERS OF THE DAY AT PLAY.

See this week's "GRAPHIC"

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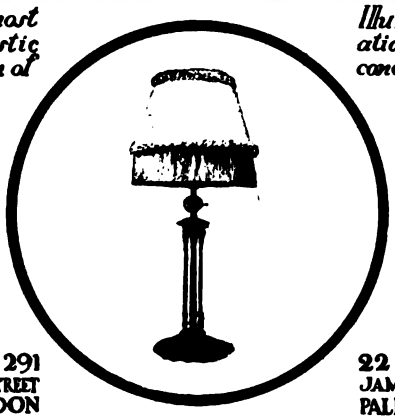

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the conditions under which the forthcoming year's play will take place, and are, accordingly, the occasion of considerable discussion amongst croquet players, though the general opinion seems to be that the alterations will be beneficial to the game. They will, at any rate, put a stop to a great deal of the heart-burning which was so usual a concomitant of play under the old rules. One of them is optional for players and tournaments to adopt, the other three now take their place amongst the recognised laws of the game. The optional rule deals with the size of the hoop. This has hitherto been 4 in. wide, inside measurement, and as the standard ball is 3⅝ in. in diameter, most players have found it a matter of quite sufficient difficulty to get through; but the top-of-the-tree players need still greater hazards to delight their souls, and in future tournaments may be held, and the Champion Cup — the big event of the croquet season — *will* be held, with hoops of a 3¾ in. diameter, leaving but an eighth of an inch margin, which is surely small enough to satisfy the most ambitious. Of the other rules, the first deals with the method of starting the game, which in future will be that the player will play from a "baulk," having for its area a space a yard wide along the left-hand half of the southern boundary of the lawn—a great improvement on last year's "starting-spot," which tended to become almost what a golfer would call a "rabbit-scrape" after a little play; and this rule will meet with the approval of all players.

Wiring and Playing with the Wrong Ball

The "baulk" also comes into use in connection with another of the new rules, which abolishes that peculiarly hideous misfortune known as "being wired." If, in future, a player is left so wired that he cannot get a shot at any of the other balls, he will be entitled to lift his ball and play it from any part of the "baulk," so that he will have, at least, a chance of hitting a ball, and getting in at the conclusion of his opponent's break, which, often enough under the old rules, was an impossibility. This rule will tend to make the game far more open and certainly far more interesting, though the labours of the referee seem likely to be considerably increased by it. The last, and the most important, deals with the subject of playing with the wrong ball. The old, and very heavy, penalty is entirely abolished, and the new rule enacts that a player who plays with the wrong ball is only to be compelled to replace it and play with the right one. Many players do not approve of this lenient treatment of what was at the best a very grave error, and has sometimes been thought to be something worse; but it will have the great advantage of settling for ever the vexed question of whether it was "sportsmanlike," if you saw your opponent about to play with the wrong ball, to let him do so, and exact the penalty, or whether you ought to give him warning? To that extent, the new rule disposes of one of the most burning questions in the game; but certainly the player at fault appears to get off very lightly in theory, however it may work out in practice.

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1. GENTLEMEN'S SINGLES (Open to All Comers).—1st Prize, "The Empire Challenge Cup," Value 20 guineas, and Prize Value £5 5s.
2. LADIES' SINGLES (Open to All Comers).—1st Prize, "The Empire Challenge Cup." Value 20 guineas, and Prize Vaiue £5 5s.
3. GENTLEMEN'S SINGLES HANDICAP.
4. LADIES' SINGLES HANDICAP.
5. GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLE HANDICAP.
6. LADIES' DOUBLE HANDICAP.
7. LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLE HANDICAP.

LOCAL EVENTS:

Open to bonâ-fide Residents within a 5-mile radius of the Empire Hotel, Lowestoft.

1. GENTLEMEN'S HANDICAP SINGLES.
2. LADIES' HANDICAP SINGLES.
3. GENTLEMEN'S HANDICAP DOUBLES.
4. LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S HANDICAP DOUBLES.

HANDICAPPER AND REFEREE .. .. MR. B. C. EVELEGH.

PRIZES, VALUE ABOUT £100.

Full particulars and entry forms may be obtained of Hon. Secretaries, Bank Chambers, Lowestoft.

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A guarantee of purity.

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Everything for Tennis

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Gamage's "Champion," clear gut, well strung, mahogany handle, **6/9.**

Gamage's "Referee," best clear gut, perfect stringing, walnut handle, **9/0.**

Gamage's "Special Club," double strung in centre, red and white gut, and improved long head, octagon handle, **10 6.**

The "A. W. G.," a splendid racket, with cane and ash frame, giving great strength, suitable for tournaments or presentation, **14/6.**

BALLS.

The "Gamage," a ball we are proud of. Best quality Waterproofed Cloth, Undersewn, Guaranteed Regulation Size and Weight, and equal to any Ball on the market. Each stamped with signature and year 10/6 per dozen. 123/- gross. Post free.

NETS.

Patent Steam Tarred Waterproof, with linen top band, 42 ft. by 3½, **6/9.**

Superior ditto ditto. 42 ft. by 3½, **8/9.**

Ditto, fitted with linen band and galvanized steel headline. 42 ft. by 3½, **10 6.**

Ditto, very superior, extra heavy, 42 ft. by 3½, **14/6**

Patent Steam Tarred Net, guaranteed faultless, fitted with best quality White Web Band, extra stout Copper Line, with hempen end, and pin, packed in wood box complete. Price, carriage paid, **17/6.**

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Impoved Racket Press, grips at eight points, hard wood with nuts and screws, 1/6

Polished Mahogany or Walnut ditto, with nuts and screws, 2/-.

Triangle Press, to hold 2 Rackets, 2/6.

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Shoes, Real White Duck, Rubber or Hempen Soles, sewn, **5/6.**

Boots, Doeskin tops, stout rubber soles, **10/6.**

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A BREAKFAST TABLE LUXURY.

THE

DAILY GRAPHIC.

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Photo *Topical Agency*

Dust Prevention Trials

The King, in his car, passing over the sections that have been treated

Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Dust Prevention Trials

A good deal of interest has been aroused in motoring circles in the Dust Prevention Trials held last week near Staines. Everyone hopes that something useful will come of them, including the seven competitors in the competition (got up under the auspices of the R.A.C.) *and* His Majesty, who motored over the piece of experimental road on Wednesday afternoon. There are several suitable compositions on the market now, but the great difficulty of the moment is to impress on the minds of Borough Engineers and other similar officials that they should avail themselves of the friendship and support of motorists as a body. At present their attitude is generally one of hostility. Yet the dust trouble is a problem the road authorities should have grappled with a long time since, instead of leaving motorists to work out their own salvation.

* * *

Isle of Man Races

This week the Tourist Trophy Races are being held in the Isle of Man, and this year there is a Heavy Touring Car race, in addition to the Tourist Trophy Race and the Graphic Cup. The main difference between the conditions governing the Tourist Trophy this year compared with last is that the distance is 240 miles instead of 161, and there are minor alterations which go to make the conditions more onerous than heretofore. The Tourist Trophy Race has taught us a great deal in the past, and the touring car that wins has to cover 240 miles at an average of 40 miles per hour on a petrol consumption of 25 miles to the gallon—an achievement that stamps it as a piece of mechanism capable of meeting the utmost requirements. The Arrol-Johnston car is going to be my "tip" for the Tourist Trophy. In the next number I shall give full particulars of the races as a spectator on the spot.

* * *

The Bexhill Meeting

Some weeks ago, when the Crystal Palace Automobile Club held a competition at Bexhill, there was a good deal of grumbling about the way in which the arrangements seemed to work out in favour of one particular firm of competitors, and from all I hear the same club appear to have been no more successful in satisfying those persons who went to Bexhill for Whit Monday. The *Sussex Daily News* of the 21st inst. preface their report of the meeting by saying that "the first day's race meeting at Bexhill was the worst farce ever conducted in the name of a motor-car race meeting. The handicapping was the most extraordinary that can be imagined." For instance, a 9 h.-p. one-cylinder Sizaire, with 120 mm. bore, weighing 13 cwt., was placed on the same handicap mark as an 18-22 h.-p. four-cylinder car of 85 mm. bore by 120 stroke; while the winner in Event 2, also a single-cylinder car, with 118 mm. bore, actually received 18 sec. start on the Sizaire cars. Event 4, a scratch race for touring cars with a chassis price of over £700, presented the interesting spectacle of an open race confined to one make of car. Still, there is nothing like a contented mind, for the winner of this event obtained a gold medal and was good enough to telegraph me a full report of this interesting event, but without stating the number of competitors who started. Mr. Charles Jarrott, who writes me a very full letter on this subject, tells me that one day of this kind of gathering was enough for him, so he curtailed his holiday and returned to town, disgusted with the whole proceeding; and he also

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A Famous Motorist Quartette

(*Reading left to right*) Mr. J. W. Stocks, Mr. Charles Jarrott, Mr. S. F. Edge, and Mr. Cecil Edge

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Weekly Wins!

By Special Appointment to H.M. The King.

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

DAIMLER

May 11th, 1907.
HUDDERSFIELD A.C. HILL CLIMB.

30 h.p. DAIMLER made FASTEST TIME, beating 60 h.p. six-cylinder ——— car.

May 11th, 1907.
NOTTS A.C. MOTOR MEET.

1st Event.—WILSON CHALLENGE CUP won by a DAIMLER. A 60 h.p. six-cylinder Touring Car could only make ⅘ sec. better time than a 35 h.p. DAIMLER. A 40 h.p. six-cylinder of the same make was beaten by 5⅘ sec. by the same 35 h.p. DAIMLER.

2nd Event.—SCRATCH EVENT. DAIMLER'S STANDARD TOURING CARS made 2nd, 3rd, and 4th fastest times, being only beaten by 80 h.p. six-cylinder 6½ in. bore Touring (?) Car, which, however, could only make 1½ sec. better time than the DAIMLER Standard Touring Car.

3rd Event. — MILE HANDICAP. DAIMLER made fastest time.

— THE —
Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.
COVENTRY: Daimler Works.
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MANCHESTER: 60, Deansgate. **BRISTOL:** 18, Victoria Street. **NOTTINGHAM:** 96-98, Derby Road.

TOURIST TROPHY AND "CONTINENTAL" TYRES.

INTERNATIONAL TOURIST TROPHY RACE, 1905,

WON by New Arrol-Johnston Car on **"CONTINENTALS."**

INTERNATIONAL TOURIST TROPHY RACE, 1906,

LOST by New Arrol-Johnston Car Solely on account of Tyre Troubles.

(As per Advertisement in *The Motor World*, October 6, 1906.)

"Continental" Tyres were NOT fitted in 1906.

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(Great Britain), Ltd.,
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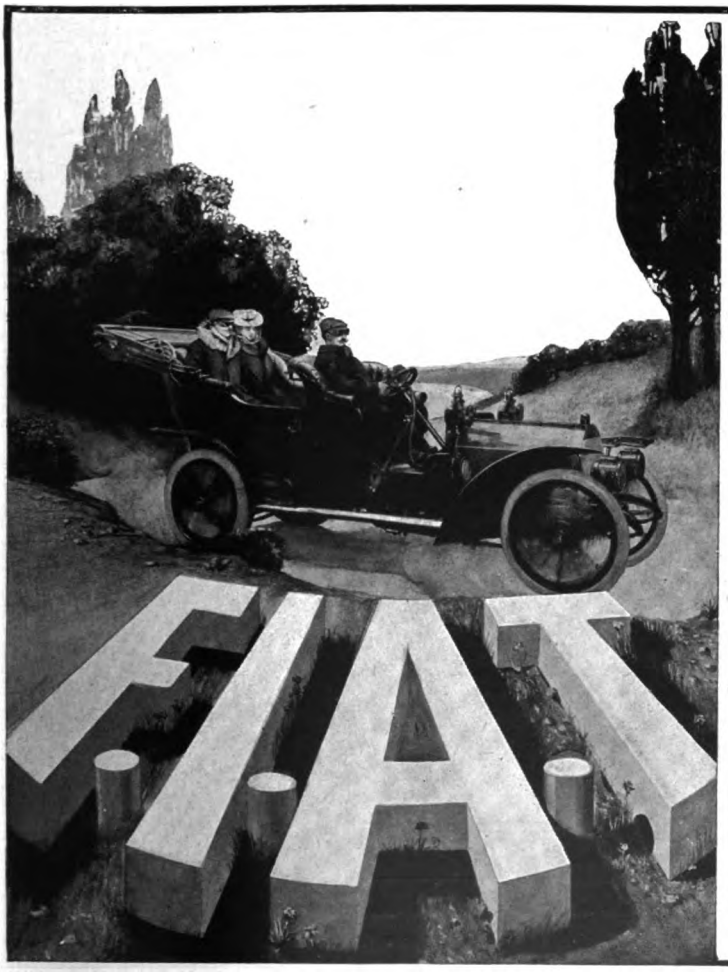

No other car has won greater renown in speed contests, hill-climbing competitions, and tests of reliability than the F.I.A.T. It now occupies a supreme position, and is looked upon as the exponent of all that is latest and best in the motor world.

Luxurious in appearance and comfort, the running of the F.I.A.T.—and that is the essential feature—is even more commendable. Smooth, silent, and travelling always with perfect rhythmical action.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue, and arrange a trial run.

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Lancashire and Cheshire.—Messrs. Newton Bennett, Ltd., Manchester.
Leicester.—Messrs. Hamshaw, Leicester.
Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, Yorkshire and Westmoreland.—Messrs. The North-Eastern Garages. Depôts: Newcastle-on-Tyne, Darlington, York, and Harrogate.
Nottingham.—A. R. Atkey & Co., Ltd.
Warwickshire and Northamptonshire. — The Pytchley Autocar Co., Northampton.
British India.—The Bombay Motor Car Co., Bombay.

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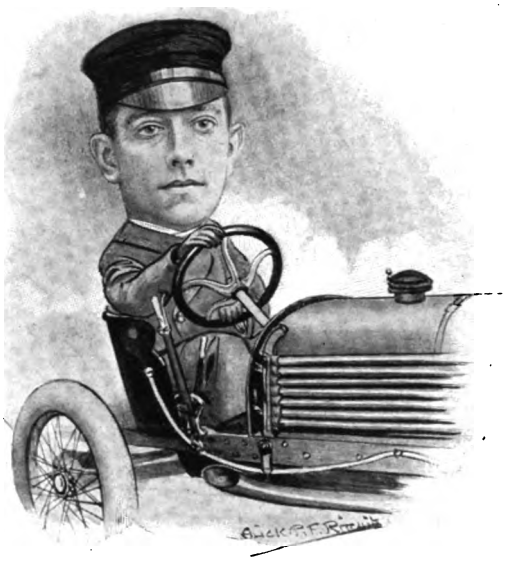
gives it as his opinion that the Royal Automobile Club should immediately take steps to prevent the repetition of such a meeting. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XXVIII.: Mr. Cecil Edge

Like his cousin, the famous motor-expert, Mr. Cecil Edge is by birth a Colonial. He was born in Sydney some seven-and-twenty years ago, and was brought to this country at the age of seven. Educated at Clifton College, the subject of this week's Car-icature was originally intended for a military career; but, about the time when budding Field-Marshals look forward to their commissions, the motor movement claimed Mr. Edge, and has held him in firm grip ever since. "Our Cecil," as he is known among his intimate friends—and they are many—is a man of many parts. As a motorist his exploits have rendered his name a household word wherever automobilism is known, and he is regarded by all good judges as one of the finest drivers in Europe. The Gordon Bennett Race and other International contests have seen him doing yeoman service for England, and at the present moment he is one of this country's representatives in the great Continental race for the Herkomer Trophy. D. M.



Car-icature—No. XXVIII.: Mr. Cecil Edge

Though by birth a Colonial, Mr. Cecil Edge was educated at Clifton, and was intended for the Army. The motor movement, however, claimed him, and he is now regarded by all judges as one the finest drivers in Europe. He is a cousin of "S.F." of that ilk

(BY ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

* * *

Miscellanea

The Ariel Motors have now transferred their head office to 101, New Bond Street, where they have commodious showrooms and accommodation for fifty cars. The transmission of the Ariel car is becoming general now with the gear drive, which, from an engineering point of view, is one more practical than the chain. The Ariel Company guarantee the transmission —*i.e.* gears, cardan shaft, and live axle—for two years.

The owner of a Coventry Humber car who, some time ago wrote to that famous firm that his car had completed 10,000 miles without a hitch, has written to say that he has now done 25,000 miles, and the car has not yet been overhauled. This is a remarkable testimonial, and shows how thoroughly the Humber car withstands constant usage.

Prince Hatzfeldt has just ordered two Mercédès cars, one 45 h.-p. and the other 20-25 h.-p. His Serene Highness already has two Mercédès.

It is interesting to note that English manufacturers are competing in racing events on the Continent this year to a far larger extent than before. Only recently the Daimler Company sent three of their newest type of cars to the Targo Florio Race in Sicily. The Wolseley Company is now sending two cars to the Herkomer Competition, and the Rover Company competed with a 6 h.-p. Rover car in the Small Car Trials in Germany, which are now finished. The Daimler Company is now sending three Daimler cars to the Kaiser's Prize Race, and it is interesting to note that all these cars are fitted, and will be fitted, with Continental Steel-Armoured Non-Skid Tyres. This is sufficient proof of the confidence which British manufacturers place in Continental tyres.

The recent members elected to the Automobile Association include the following well-known motorists: The Earl of Dudley, the Earl of Onslow, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, Viscount Ingestre, Viscount Knutsford, Lady Alexander Paget, Lady Tangye, Lord Alexander Thynne, Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir F. Pollock, Sir H. Ashman, Sir John Campbell, the Hon. Douglas Carnegie, Major W. A. Gray, Captain A. Lund, Captain Ritchie, and Captain C. J. R. Lomer.

An interesting meeting was held last Friday at St. Ermin's Hotel, when Mr. J. D. Siddeley and the heads of the Wolseley Company's Staff entertained the two drivers, Messrs. A. Farrell and G. Fletcher, of the now famous 40 h.-p. Siddeley car, wh ch they so successfully drove through the Royal Automobile Club's Long-Distance Trial, reaching a total of 10,000 miles. The guests of the evening received warm congratulations on their perseverance in face of the tremendous difficulties which they encountered during this long journey.

6 H.-P ROVER, side boards and hood, 100 guineas; 12-16 H.-P. LEADER four-cylinder car, bargain at £125; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W. (Cars run by the year.)

Frome's Hill Climb: Five Clement-Talbot cars, all of which won medals

The centre car obtained the Hereford Trophy for the highest marks for efficiency as well as the Gold Medal for Class 2

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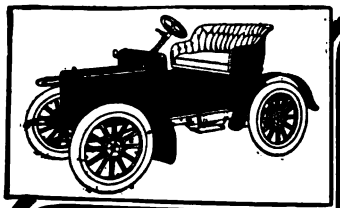

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10 h.-p. 4 seats	... ...	£165

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REO

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

I don't know how others of my sex are finding it, but my experience goes that when two or three women are gathered together, sooner or later—usually the former—the Suffrage question crops up. Only yesterday, a *grande dame*, who can personally recall the commencement of the struggle, some thirty-six odd years ago, and who, at present, is only tentatively disposed to regard the movement in a favourable light, was, nevertheless, sufficiently interested to point out the difference to be remarked in the personal appearance of the advocates then and now.

An Attractive Design for a Dress for the Derby
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

During the former period an absolute disregard of anything fastidiously feminine—frayed skirts, dirty boots, and what one might almost have suspected was a studied determination to prove unattractive—characterised the Suffragist of the past day; whereas, with a few exceptions, liable to be found under innumerable other auspices, the Suffragist enthusiast of to-day is, for the most part, fully on a modistic level with her sisters not similarly possessed; while I can, of myself, recall several notable instances where the dressing is particularly apt and pleasing. It has, admittedly, been a great drawback to our sex hitherto that, on entering any public arena, nervousness and a disability to detach the mind from the work in hand has resulted, on the one hand, in a neglect of personal appearance; and on the other, in a neglect of good manners. Rudeness, alas! is only too frequently woman's definition of a sharp business attitude.

Such defects, however, happy to relate, are passing, as we become more acclimatised to the responsibilities of our changed position in the social scheme of things, a change inevitably wrought through the medium of manufacturing economics.

Abbreviated Dance Dresses

This most reasonable revival is being recognised in innumerable directions, although, at present, mostly confined to the acceptance of youth—a somewhat difficult limit, in these days, to define quite clearly. To the terpsichorean enthusiast, the news of the brief skirt will be welcome enough; and seeking around, as one instinctively does, for a cause, it is tempting to find this in the graceful two-step waltz, the alternative backward movement whereof imperatively insists upon the raising of the train.

On the other hand, there is an abbreviated train, that is distinctly in the line of things fashionable, and a quite manageable appendage through the gyrations of even the two-step, the which, for the time at least, is the more likely to predominate, albeit the actual short *jupe* has attained sufficient ground to be worn without comment by the acceptedly fresh *débutante*.

Silk net, for evening wear, is acquiring a notable field of favour. A mole net, ornamented with a series of deep tucks, the greater number occurring at either side, and mounted over a silver spangled *lisse*, was striped down at intervals with silver sequin *galon*, the latter being again requisitioned to effect a wide armhole *mouvement* on the otherwise perfectly simple *bébé* corsage.

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SOME SPECIALITIES FOR MEN'S WEAR

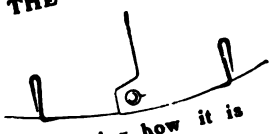
The "JERMYN"

Bow, Knot, and Scarf Retainer.

Patent No. 21494.

THE RETAINER.

It is made in one piece from a specially selected wire and slightly curved to conform to the contour of the collar, on to the base of which it clips.



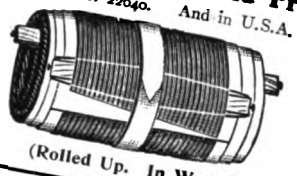
Showing how it is fixed on the Collar.

Whilst it is found thoroughly effective and reliable, and especially suitable for preventing *any shape* of neck-wear from shifting its position at all, it possesses the additional advantage of being "INVISIBLE" in use, the band of the tie completely hiding it. It should be attached to the collar after the Tie has been tied up, as it is easily slipped on underneath. This enables the Tie to be tied up with freedom, and in a natural, easy, unhampered manner, which most retainers prevent. **Price 6d., Post Free.**

"The TRAVELLER"

Trouser Stretcher and Press.

Patent No. 22640. And in U.S.A.



(Rolled Up. In Work.)

10/6

Carriage Paid in United Kingdom.

This press is not merely made or intended for Travel-use alone. Although it weighs but 1½lb. and takes no more room in a bag than a pair of boots, it is as efficient in every respect as the cumbrous Wooden Press. It stretches and presses every part of the trousers, and even if three pairs be inserted, the result is perfectly satisfactory. It is made for All-round use—Home or Travel.

"The NIMROD"

. . FOR . . LADIES and GENTLEMEN

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HAND-MADE IN ONE PIECE.

Neat and comfortable—fulfilling every requirement—this is the best Scarf obtainable for Motoring, Golfing, &c. It is so made that it resists the worst efforts of the Laundress, and it will give good service for three or four years. It can be used with or without a celluloid stiffener. It is perfect fitting being made to **size of collar** worn, which should be given when ordering. Large demand has made possible the present REDUCED PRICE, 3/6, the eby making the Scarf at once the cheapest yet best-made of any upon the market.

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Perfect-Fitting Shirts can only be obtained from the shirt maker who regards their production as an Art rather than as a business making an individual study of each customer, and aiming to produce shirts which will fit as perfectly as a well-tailored suit.

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The London Corset Company's famous **Guinea Corset,** beautiful in shape, material, and finish, in a dozen varieties of fanciful fabrics, becoming alike to the stout and slim

"How Parisian, what a perfect shape!" was the exclamation of the lady expert on seeing the Corset of Brocaded Coutille, cut low, and long on hips, the price ***22/6.*** It is simply delicious.

Beautiful, simple, and elegant is the dainty little low Corset in Silk Batiste, fitting well over the hips, and boned ever so slightly. This corset is as light as a feather, and can be worn with comfort by those who dislike stays altogether. Price ***58/9.***

SUSPENDERS.
2/6 per pair extra.

A remarkable novelty in straight-fronted Corsets is **"La Samothrace,"** specially devoted to the tailor-made gown. It is composed of a new black silk material which fits closely into the figure, is quite innocent of lace or ribbons, and owes its delightful appearance to the lines of coloured silk outlining the top and seams in graceful curves. Price ***53/6.***

In Brocaded Silk Batiste. Latest and most *chic* of Corsets. Veritable triumph of Parisian artistic skill. Price ***73/6.*** Including Suspenders.

Corsets sent on Approval, satisfactory References being given.

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The Bystander, June 5, 1907

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The BYSTANDER.

No. 183.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 5, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

A Type of Scottish Beauty

Miss Pelham Burn, who is spending the season in London under the chaperonage of Lady Ludlow

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No. 183.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, The Bystander, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"Roundabout Papers: Denis Duval." By W. M. Thackeray. (Macmillan: 3s. 6d.)

"Printer's Pie." (*Sphere* and *Tatler*, Ltd.: 1s. net.)

"Modern Thraldom." By W. Hampson. (Wells, Gardner and Darton: 1s. 6d. net.)

Weymouth, Tenby, and Bournemouth Guides. (Health Resorts Association: Gratis.)

"The Prado." By A. F. Calvert and C. G. Hartley. (John Lane: 3s. 6d. net.)

"Richard Elliott." By George Carling. (Sisleys: 6s.)

"Siena and Her Artists." By Frederick H. Seymour. (Unwin: 6s.)

"Wuthering Heights." By Emily Brontë. (Sisleys: 2s. 6d.)

"Daisy and the Earl." By Constance Howell. (Sisleys: 6s.)

"A Modern Ulysses." By Justus Miles Forman. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"Lord Randolph Churchill." By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan: 7s. 6d.)

"Salambo." By Gustave Flaubert. (Sisleys: 2s. 6d.)

"The Black Tulip." By Alexandre Dumas. (Sisleys: 2s. 6d.)

"The Vicar of Wakefield." By Oliver Goldsmith. (Sisleys: 2s. 6d.)

"H. Beerbohm Tree." By Mrs. George Gran. (John Lane: 2s. 6d. net.)

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday June 5, 1907

The Diplomatic body in Guatemala has protested against the death-sentence which has been passed on nineteen persons in that country for attempting to assassinate President Cabrera. The diplomatists seem of opinion that death is too severe a penalty for failing to assassinate the President.

* * *

Mr. Bourchier's suggestion that, when we have a National Theatre, a retired actor-manager, rather than a man of letters, should be put at the head of it, is an admirable one. For, as Mr. Bourchier pointed out, the manager who was in that position would not be at the risk of losing his own money, whatever plays he put on. He would only lose the nation's. Of course, from another point of view, it might be cheaper to offer the retired actor-manager a handsome salary, and not have a National Theatre at all.

* * *

It is Pageants, Pageants, all the way, just at present. Oxford, Bury St. Edmunds, St. Albans seem to be quivering centres of woad, and wolf-skins, and Morris-dances. Mayors are getting up the elements of history, and aldermen are turning out historical poems; while thousands of local workers have been manufacturing Roman draperies, and monks' garbs, and Elizabethan ruffs, and what not, for other thousands of local artists who are to be legionaries, and friars, and madrigal singers on the great show-days. Local children, who don't know whether Julius Cæsar married Boadicea or Queen Elizabeth, or whether it was St. Edmund or Lady Godiva that was shot to death with arrows by the Barons—those children have to hang their heads. They are not in the movement at all.

* * *

No doubt we shall get tired of Pageants in time. In the meantime, they fulfil the highest possible function: they combine instruction with amusement. The chief bother is said to be with householders, whose maid-servants are engaged in the great work. "Why is the dinner late again?" "Well, you see, cook had to rehearse her Morris-dance this afternoon." "What is that confounded noise downstairs?" "My dear, it is only Mary Anne practising madrigals." That is the sort of question and answer going on in many a peaceful provincial house. But there always will be grumblers about everything.

* * *

Presiding at a meeting of Primitive Methodists, Mr. W. P. Hartley traced whatever success he had had financially to his resolution, when commencing business, to devote systematically a given proportion of his income to the cause. Mr. Rockefeller ought to write to Mr. Hartley and find out about what the proper percentage is, and whether he deducts office expenses.

* * *

A resident has promised to place on the Ramsgate sands an Arabian camel, which was presented to him by an Arab chief. The money obtained for rides on the animal—says the *Daily News*—will be handed over to various deserving institutions. We trust these will include a Home for Sick Children and a Retreat for Weary Camels.

* * *

An old lady, who hopes to ride on the camel in the course of a visit to Ramsgate this summer, writes

Photo Cribb

An Unwilling Passenger

Shipping a donkey from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight

to ask whether, in view of the creature being known as "the ship of the desert," she ought to provide herself with a white yachting cap?

* * *

A Moneylenders' Victims' Defence Association has recently been started, and it is feared that, if it turns out to be of any practical use, moneylenders will no longer be able to leave such large sums to charities.

* * *

Russian news is difficult to follow, and why a deputy of the Duma should insult an ex-Minister for "having given an order for corn for the starving peasants to a sanitary engineer through the influence of a fashionable dressmaker" (*Morning Post*), we do not profess to understand. But certainly to order corn from a sanitary engineer *viâ* a fashionable dressmaker seems a roundabout way. Perhaps they don't have corn-chandlers in Russia.

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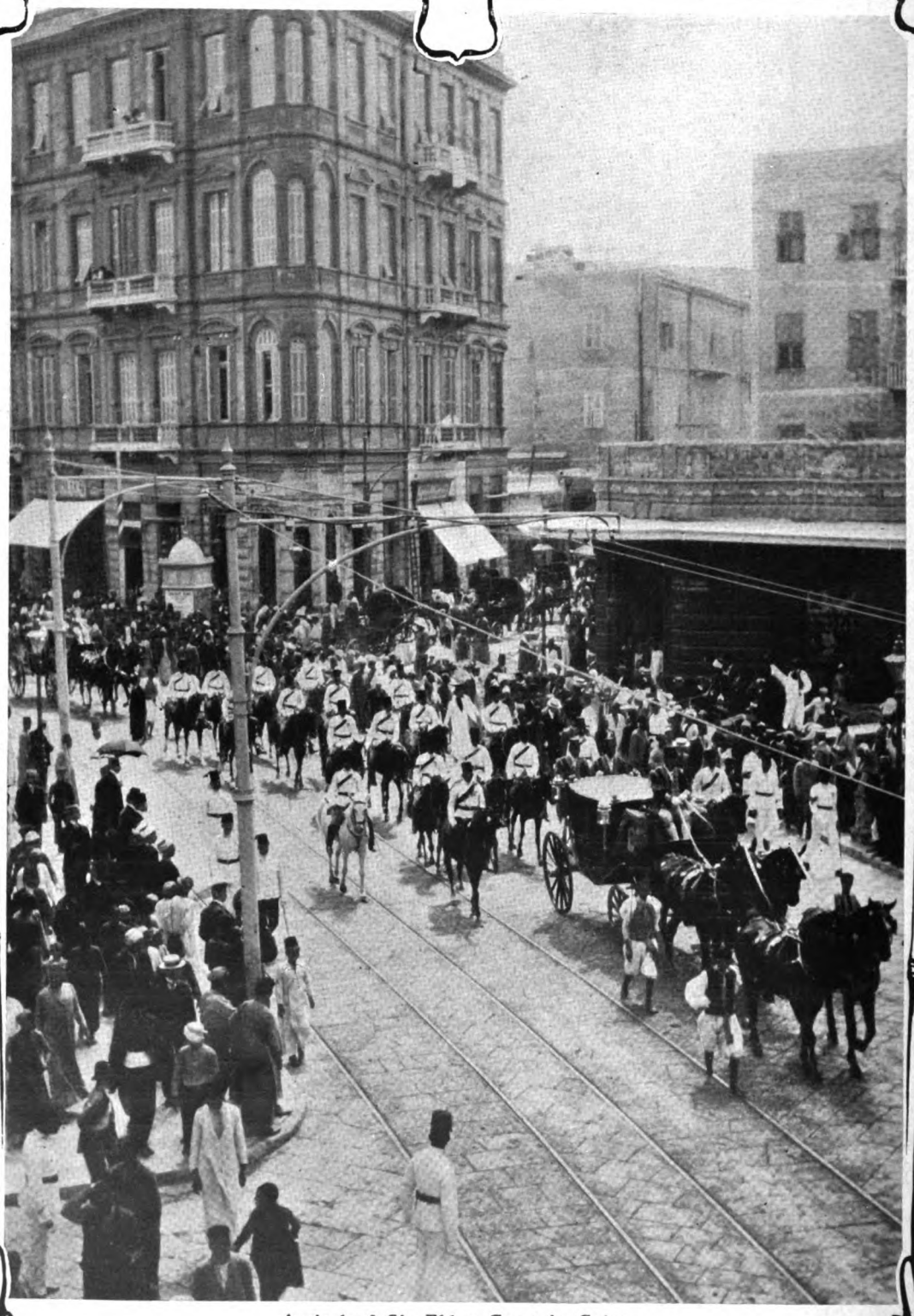
The New Era in Egypt



Arrival of Sir Eldon Gorst in Cairo

The British Agent, in succession to Lord Cromer, was escorted by native cavalry from the station to the Residency, and was greeted with respect by the crowd which lined the streets. An idea of the modernity of the Egyptian capital is afforded by the above photograph

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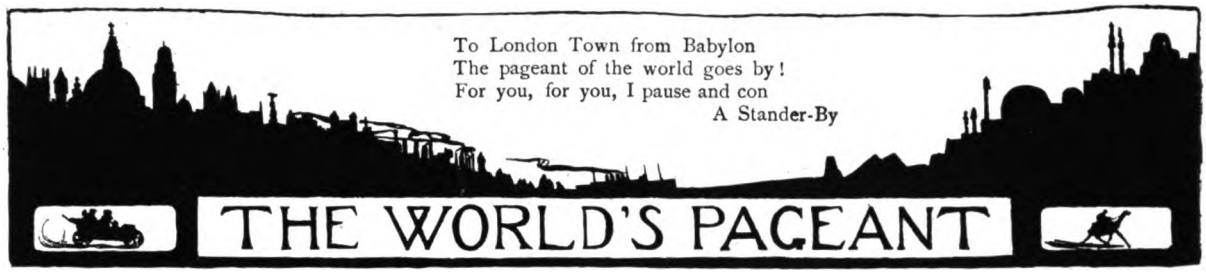

The Merry-Go-Round

In accordance with custom, which must be obeyed, the country being now in all the glory of its late Spring beauty, the whole of the fashionable world is in Town. The busiest week of the season is upon us, and the social merry-go-round has, at last, after many hindrances, really started whirling. To-day, at Epsom, once considered "not a ladies' meeting," every woman with any pretensions to smartness will, for once, be showing herself. To-night, the King entertains the Jockey Club to dinner at Buckingham Palace, and the Queen dines with the Duchess of Devonshire at Devonshire House. To-morrow, a long-delayed Court takes place, and on Friday there is the Oaks, while, to conclude the list of festivities, the arrival of the King and Queen of Denmark will necessitate much Royal entertaining.

* * *

Charity—or How to Get Into Society

Social philanthropy, in the month of roses, flourisheth exceedingly. Social climbers having, for some months past, given both time and talents to good causes, now look to reap their just reward. To run a pet charity is the fashionable craze of the *grande dame*. Few of them, however, can afford to do so without a great deal of extraneous monetary aid. So they allow the social climber, the *nouveau riche*, who is dying to get into Society, to open his or her purse-strings. In return, they bow to the captive when they meet, and send an invitation to their biggest crush. That is all. Both sides are satisfied. The great lady gets credit for philanthropy. The social aspirant gets a "way in." She converses, strictly on business, with duchesses. She bows the knee to princesses (generally minor). She sees her name coupled with both in the papers, and she makes acquaintances which, judiciously fostered and carefully gold-baited, are bound to prove, from the social climber's point of view, highly advantageous.

* * *

A Few of the Functions

The most important event of the kind to take place this season is the Queen's Fête in aid of crippled children, to be held at the Mansion House for three days next week. Her Majesty the Queen, the Ambassador of France, and the Ambassador of America are respectively to perform the opening ceremonies, and princesses (again minor), duchesses, countesses, and titled folk galore are to preside over the different stalls. Next week, also, a "Summer Fair and Spanish Market" is to be held at Prince's Skating Club in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children, and a Garden Fête and Loan Exhibition in aid of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants (I did not know there were any to befriend) is opened to-day at Aubrey House, Campden Hill. Later on, that ever-energetic institution, the Dumb Friends' League, of course, has a look in with a "Country Fair" at the Botanic Gardens; and at Spencer House, by permission of Baron and Baroness de Forest, a concert is very shortly to be held in aid of the Royal Hospital for Incurables on Putney Heath. Altogether, there promises to be enough and to spare of these rather arid and ultra-feminine functions during the coming season. It is to be hoped they will be as successful as they are numerous.

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Miss Gwendolen Wilkinson

A grand-daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, one of the little girls dressed as nurses who presented purses to the Duchess of Connaught at the Rainbow Bazaar last week

* * *

A Canadian Marchioness

By the way, before leaving the subject of charity entertainments, I should include under the head of those who are indefatigable in charitable causes the Marchioness of Donegall. Her marriage to the late Lord Donegall created, it will be remembered, a mild sensation when it took place five years ago, for the bridegroom was sixty years older than the bride, and had divorced one, and buried another, wife. He had, however, no children, and the birth of the present Marquis in the following year created, as well it might, yet another mild sensation. A few months after his son's birth, the Marquis died suddenly at Brighton, and the little boy, whose photograph taken with his mother we publish, became, at the age of six months, Marquis of Donegall and the bearer of half a dozen other hereditary titles, that of Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh being one of them. Lady Donegall is the daughter of a citizen of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and is very tall and of fair complexion.

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Two Pretty Débutantes

Ballooning at Ranelagh

For the first time this season the beautiful grounds of Ranelagh were crowded on Saturday week for the balloon race for the Harbord Cup. Conveyances of all kinds turned up with (or without) a flourish at the Club portals, and the society was rather like the English climate. One never knew quite what to expect. Everyone clustered round the balloons just before the ascent, and not a few beautiful confections in the way of *chapeaux* (they were really more than just hats) were rendered slightly *poudré* as the energetic and forgetful aeronauts wildly flung out ballast. Lady Prinsep, who came down on a coach which immediately preceded that tooled by Lord Ludlow, looked charming in blue, and she and Mrs. Godfrey Baring, very French in the inevitable black-and-white stripe of the year, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Rube and a party, were amongst those who dined later in the club-house.

* * *

A Pretty Novelist

Mrs. Elinor Glyn looked particularly distinguished in a long clinging black gown, which showed off her wonderful hair to the very best advantage. People were curious about her book, "Three Weeks," and she was able to tell them that it really was coming out after all, and soon—next week, in fact. It was announced, it will be remembered, early in the year, but Mrs. Glyn, when she saw the proof-sheets, took fright and withdrew the book. Was it too—well—venturesome? Would the British Public stand it? She could not decide, for the subject dealt with is that discussed in Maupassant's "L'Heritage," and is no easy one for Mrs. Glyn to tackle. However, it is all right. We are going to have it, and, whether shocked or not, the aforesaid B.P. will undoubtedly flock to read it. The Duchess of Roxburghe, looking very smart for her usually rather mouse-like Grace, Mrs. Leopold Canning, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Sir Allen Young, one of the few sensible men wearing the stylish green felt hat instead of the orthodox "topper," were amongst the afternoon's visitors. The Duke of Westminster was playing polo, and the Duke of Roxburghe was helping his old Etonian four beat Ranelagh by 7 goals to 5.

Photo *Keturah Collings*

Miss Dorothy Drexel

One of the most beautiful as well as the wealthiest of the American *débutantes* of the season. Her mother, who counts the King amongst her friends, gives wonderful entertainments at her house in Carlton House Terrace

Photo *Annie Bell*

Miss Lawson

The daughter of the Hon. William Lawson, and grand-daughter of Lord Burnham, one of this season's *débutantes*

The Coaching Club Meet

At Ranelagh, last Saturday, the Ladies' Driving Competition was the *pièce de résistance*; while at Hurlingham the arrival of the Coaching Club, after their first meet of the season in Hyde Park, was followed by a Coaching Competition, Mr. Adrian Hope — that very keen *habitué* of coaching meets — helping Mr. Pelham Clinton to judge. The first meet of the Four-in-Hand Club this year, at the Magazine, in Hyde Park, rather gave the lie to those croakers who have been predicting for so long that coach-driving was a lost art. There were some fine turn-outs. Lord Desborough, who last year succeeded Lord Ancaster in the presidency of the Club, never fails to put in an appearance. Last year, for some time, owing to the pouring rain, he was the only member of the Club who turned up at all at the first meeting; but Sir Edward Stern and his blue roans, Sir Lindsay Hogg and Colonel Somerset with their prize chestnuts, and Mr. Lupton with his blacks, Lord Shrewsbury, Lord Ancaster, and Lord Lonsdale are other equally enthusiastic members of the Club.

* * *

Egypt Only This Journey

The launch last week of the new steamship *Heliopolis* at Govan marks an era in the history of social Egypt. Formerly, no first-class liner catered exclusively for Egyptian traffic. To get to Cairo one travelled on board a ship sailing for India, Japan, China, or Australia; and, naturally, one played second fiddle in the way of accommodation and the like to those who were taking a longer and more expensive journey. The *Heliopolis* is the first of a new line of steamers which will sail between Marseilles and Alexandria only, thus obviating the great difficulty which sometimes arose at Cairo when one had to wait days, sometimes weeks, for a vacant berth on a homeward-bound vessel, and also adding to the comfort of passengers by catering for the shorter journey only. Egypt, with this new convenience for her service, will be more than ever within the reach of those favoured ones of the earth who follow the sunshine. The only wonder is that no one has thought of it before.

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A Little Lord High Admiral

Photo *Lafayette*

The Little Marquis of Donegall and his Mother

The four-year-old Marquis of Donegall, who succeeded to the title three years ago, is hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh and Governor of Carrickfergus Castle. His mother, who is a Canadian by birth, married the late Marquis, who was sixty years older than herself, five years ago, and though he had been married twice previously, the present Marquis is his only child

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A Stage and Society Wedding

Miss Pelham Burn

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The subject of our frontispiece, Miss Kathy Pelham Burn, stands lonely amongst her countrywomen. For she is a beauty, and Scotland is proverbially niggardly where the bestowal of so fatal a gift on her daughters is concerned. The only unmarried daughter of a well-known and popular Edinburgh family, Miss Burn has already, says Rumour, done her fair share of "ensnaring with a single hair." Oddly enough, her presence in Edinburgh has often enough been simultaneous with the attendance in his constituency of the noble Member for Mid-Lothian, and the gossips, who ever know, have lately coupled her name with that other prize *parti*, Lord Howard de Walden, for no other reason, however, than that Lady Ludlow, his mother, has been chaperoning her. It is, to come to facts, in one of her own countrymen that the beautiful Miss Burn is chiefly interested. He is a scion of that great Scotch house whose motto is *Ne Oubliez*, and they (his family) seem to be carrying it out to the letter, for it is said they cannot forget that the Pelham Burn family is, as it were, "modern." Glorious blue eyes, a perfect complexion, quite the best in London, and no uncertain wit, however, are no slight weapons with which to meet family prejudice, so we shall see what we shall see.

Photo *Ketura Collings*

Lady Dorothy Gathorne-Hardy

It is probable that theatrical and business, as well as social, London will assemble at St. George's, Hanover Square, to-morrow (6th) for the wedding of Lady Dorothy Gathorne-Hardy and Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte, stepson of Mrs. D'Oyly Carte. Lady Dorothy is the daughter of the Earl of Cranbrook

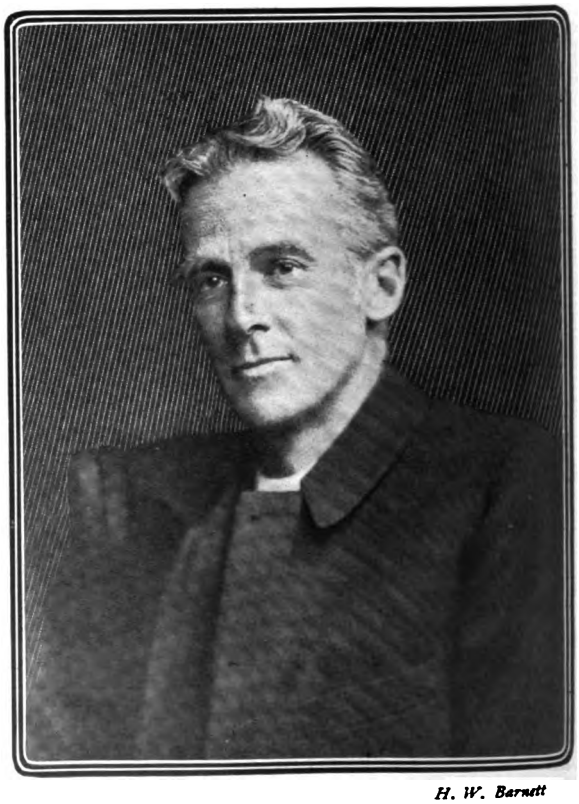
* * *

The Fourth at Eton

To-day is the morning after the night before at Eton. A melancholy, not of repletion, but of insufficiency, has settled down on the inmates. The gates of Paradise have opened and are shut again. "Saying Lessons," "History Q's," "Construes," "Math," "Extra Works," and "Private Business," have taken the place of speeches, lunch, boats, strawberry mess, and fireworks, and all agree that

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

The Head is just the Head again. He is no more the genial host of yesterday. One's hat is no longer flower-decked. Life is a dreary blank, scarcely to be tolerated, hardly to be endured. As I write, may I say, the Fourth of June is not yet? This is but intelligent anticipation. It is to be feared, however, that, in so far as the weather is concerned, this Fourth will scarcely be so perfect as was the last. Then it



Photos *H. W. Barnett*

THE "FOURTH" AT ETON

Mrs. and the Rev. Edward Lyttelton (headmaster), hosts of the gay assemblage of guests at yesterday's great festival

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The "Fourth" at Eton

Photos 1 and 2 by *Illustrations Bureau*

(1) The morning roll-call on the "Fourth"

(2) Buying flowers in the Windsor streets for button-hole and straw-hat decoration

(3) Getting ready for the Procession of Boats

(4) The visitors chatting during the interval at the cricket match

(5) "Last man out," and end of the match

Two of the most interesting events at the Fourth of June Celebrations at Eton are always the cricket match with New College, Oxford, and the Procession of Boats. At this famous water-pageant, the crews of the ten boats are dressed according to the semi-naval tradition which has obtained for more than a century. Flower-bedecked straw hats and huge buttonholes are also the fashion on the "Fourth" among the boys

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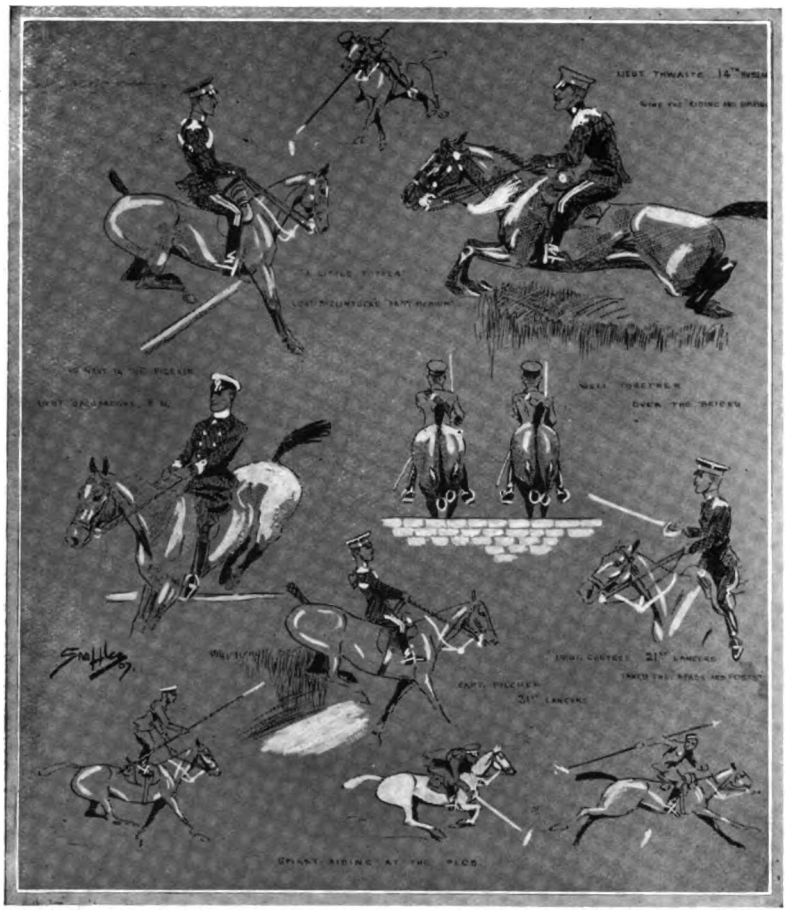
Wonderful Blooms at the Temple Show



Some attitudes at the Royal Military Tournament, which concluded last week at Olympia

(By "Snaffles")

was held on the Sixth, to avoid Bank Holiday, and was the most glorious within the memory of man. The sun shone, the skies were blue, the low-lying fields round the old town were mantled royally in green and gold, the fireworks awoke enthusiasm in even the most *blasé* of old boys, and in every corner of the High Street, the School yard, the Cloisters, and the Upper Court, pretty frocks and prettier faces did honour to the festal day.

* * *

The Head

For the second time only, Canon Lyttelton presides as Head. But at how many Fourths has he taken part in other, and lesser, capacities? In the late 'sixties, when Eton was a very different place, he first entered the school. Though a Lyttelton, and, by the same token, a cricketer born, he remained for two years in comparative obscurity. In those days, only a hundred and twenty out of some seven hundred and fifty boys could play cricket of an afternoon. The rest loafed. There was nothing else to do. One day young Lyttelton, with a bat, won sudden fame. He made runs for the Twenty-two against the Eleven, and obscurity withdrew from him for ever. The very next year he was in the Eleven itself, in '74 he was captain, and, four years later, he was playing with A. G. Steel in the Cambridge Eleven. To-day he rules supreme where once, so the tale goes, he wept over Euripides; and his prowess as a cricketer is, perhaps, in part the secret of that sympathy which exists between him and his boys. He now plays cricket no more. Scenery, golf, and music are his recreations—vegetarianism, early rising, and plenty of water his weaknesses; but he is never a fanatic, and every boy, as well as every man, in the Head's opinion, is welcome to his own ideas on such subjects. Mrs. Lyttelton is the daughter of the Very Rev. John West, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

* * *

The Temple Flower Show—Wonderful Orchids

The chief feature at this year's Temple Flower Show, held on May 28, 29, and 30, was, undoubtedly, the wonderful collection of orchids, worth, it was said, well over £100,000. Among the exhibitors were such well-known firms as Messrs. Sander, Veitch, Bull, and Cypher, and also several private growers. It was to one of the latter—Major Holford—that the silver-gilt cup for the best exhibit in the whole show was awarded. In the exhibit of Mr. Jeremiah Colman, which was scarcely inferior to it, was a very effective group of epidendrons—a new variety raised by its owner, and named after his property, Gatton Glory. The fact that a Renanthera carried a spike of flowers over twenty feet in length will give some idea of the remarkable quality of the plants generally. A single orchid—a white variety of Miltonia vexillaria—was valued at a thousand guineas. At such plants as these the ordinary person gazed with much the same feelings as boys gaze through a pastrycook's window at the dainties which are utterly beyond their reach.

* * *

Fine Plants and Novelties

But there were plenty of good things more easily attainable, for the plants generally were of exceptionally high merit, and good novelties were numerous. Messrs. Veitch showed a very attractive hardy primula—Cockburniana—deep brick-red, and their eremuri, with tall, stately spikes densely packed from bottom to top with flowers of different colours, are sure to render this *genus* more popular than ever. The yellow flowers of Meconopsis integrifolia, a poppy-like plant which their collector originally obtained in the Far East, were also greatly admired. Melrosideros floribunda, shown by Messrs. Hugh Low, bears flowers of a deep rose-red, shaped exactly like bottle-brushes. To those who had not previously seen the newer Oriental poppies, the collection on Messrs. Godfrey's stand must have been a revelation, for the

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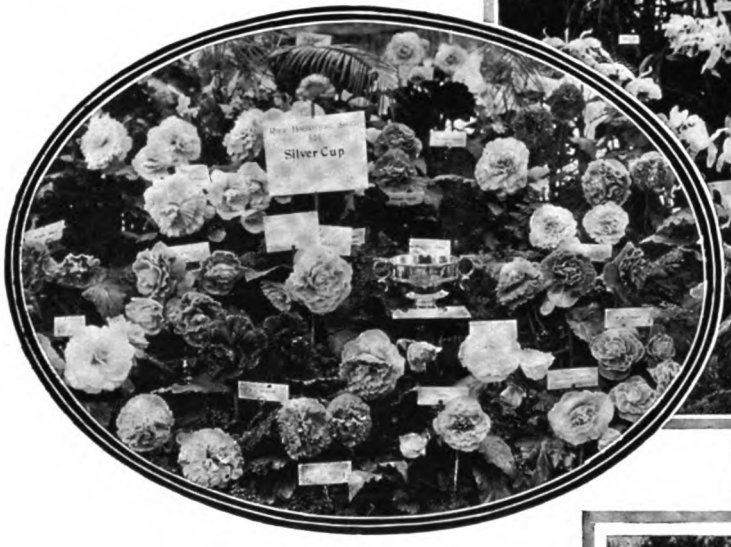
A Page of Fair Flowers

SOME OF THE NOTABLE EXHIBITS AT THE TEMPLE SHOW

SANDER'S ORCHIDS

BULL AND SON'S ORCHIDS
Odontoglossums

VEITCH'S ORCHIDS



WARE'S BEGONIAS

Photos

WALTER'S RHODODENDRONS

Graphic Photo Agency

CUTBUSH'S ROCKERY

The chief feature of the Temple Flower Show, held last week, was the wonderful collection of orchids, said to be worth £100,000. Several novelties were shown, and the Exhibition was crowded to inconvenience every day. The Cup for the best exhibit in the whole Show was won by Major Holford, the King's Equerry

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Two Notable Noble Scions

huge flowers were of almost every imaginable shade. The newer columbines or aquilegias were shown in great numbers by many different firms, notably by Messrs. Dobbie, of Rothesay, and Baker, of Wolverhampton, and with their long spurs and delicate colours they looked very beautiful. The violas were represented by single flowers spread flat on paper—an inartistic way of showing them—but they were very fine.

* * *

Some Sweet Examples

A cream-coloured flower, lightly edged with blue—Mary Burnie by name—on Messrs. Dobbie's stand, was especially charming. Messrs. Ware's begonias were magnificent, one of the finest lots shown for a long time. But perhaps nothing attracted more admiration than Messrs. Cutbush's rock and water plants, the whole arrangement being perfect. As usual, the rhododendrons and azaleas were a feature of the show, and the great banks of colour caught the eye afar, even when a dense stream of humanity flowed between. There were, indeed, two difficulties in the way of seeing the flowers — firstly, the vast numbers of them packed in a comparatively small space; and secondly, the vast numbers of people struggling to look at them. One emerged rather battered from the tents; but, fortunately, the weather was cool, and outside the music of Lieutenant Charles Godfrey's band soon restored one's equanimity.

* * *

The Yachting Season

Cowes week, this year, promises brilliantly. The King and Queen will make the Royal yacht their headquarters for ten days. The German Emperor is expected, and, if he comes, will attend the R.Y.S. dinner at the Castle on August 6. Princess Henry of Battenberg will be in residence at Osborne, and it is quite on the cards that the King and Queen of Spain will come up on the *Giralda* to pay her a private visit. At Carisbrooke Castle, where, during Cowes week, an historical pageant is to take place, it is hoped very much that the German Emperor will really attend the Regatta. For his Imperial Majesty simply loves displays of this sort, and one, at any rate, of the scenes should interest him, for it will depict his ancestor, the ill-fated Charles I., a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, playing bowls before his trial and execution.

Mr. George Montagu
An authority on everything connected with locomotive engineering. He represented South Huntingdon in the Conservative interest from 1900 to 1906, and is the nephew and second heir-presumptive of the Earl of Sandwich

Photos *Elliott and Fry*
Lord Ronaldshay
Conservative Candidate for Hornsey, and the son and heir of the Marquis of Zetland. He was A.D.C. to Lord Curzon in India, and has published two books on sport and travel in the East

In the Solent

With the regatta of the Castle Yacht Club at Calshot, last week, the Solent yachting season opened. The Castle Yacht Club is, of course, the most fashionable sailing club in the Solent, its members including, as at Bembridge, a large number of ladies. It was the Bembridge Club, by the way, which, though it has no monopoly therein, started the idea of having red-sailed boats, and lovers of the picturesque should consequently be grateful. One of the prettiest among all the pretty sights which greet the eye on a fine sunny morning on the Solent is a fleet of these gay little red-wings. They skim over the green waves like restless scarlet butterflies, and, by contrast, make their larger, white-winged brothers-in-arms appear solemn as battleships.

* * *

A Future Peer and His Book

Mr. George Montagu, whose book on "Ten Years of Locomotive Progress" has just been published, is an old Wykehamist, a son of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu, a cousin of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and second heir-presumptive to his uncle, the Earl of Sandwich. He has a frank, open face, and a very good figure, and his partiality for all matters pertaining to Railway Locomotion is only equalled by his keenness for golf. He went, I believe, through the workshops at Basingstoke, he delights to drive an engine, and he represented South Huntingdon in Parliament in the last Government. His wife is an American, the daughter of Mrs. Leggett, of Brook Street. She is a beautiful dancer, and at her wedding, two years ago, struck a note of originality by having her bridesmaids all in pure white, and wearing veils of tulle over a coronet of green leaves, just as she did herself.

* * *

The Leander Club

A picture of great interest alike to frequenters of the Thames, Thames oarsmen, and followers of rowing generally, is now on view at Messrs. Dickinson's galleries in New Bond Street. It is a large canvas showing the enclosure of the Leander Club at Henley alive with figures well known in the rowing world. There are nearly 250 figures, each a portrait which may be at once recognised, for the likenesses are excellent. The engraving to be made from the painting should become very popular.

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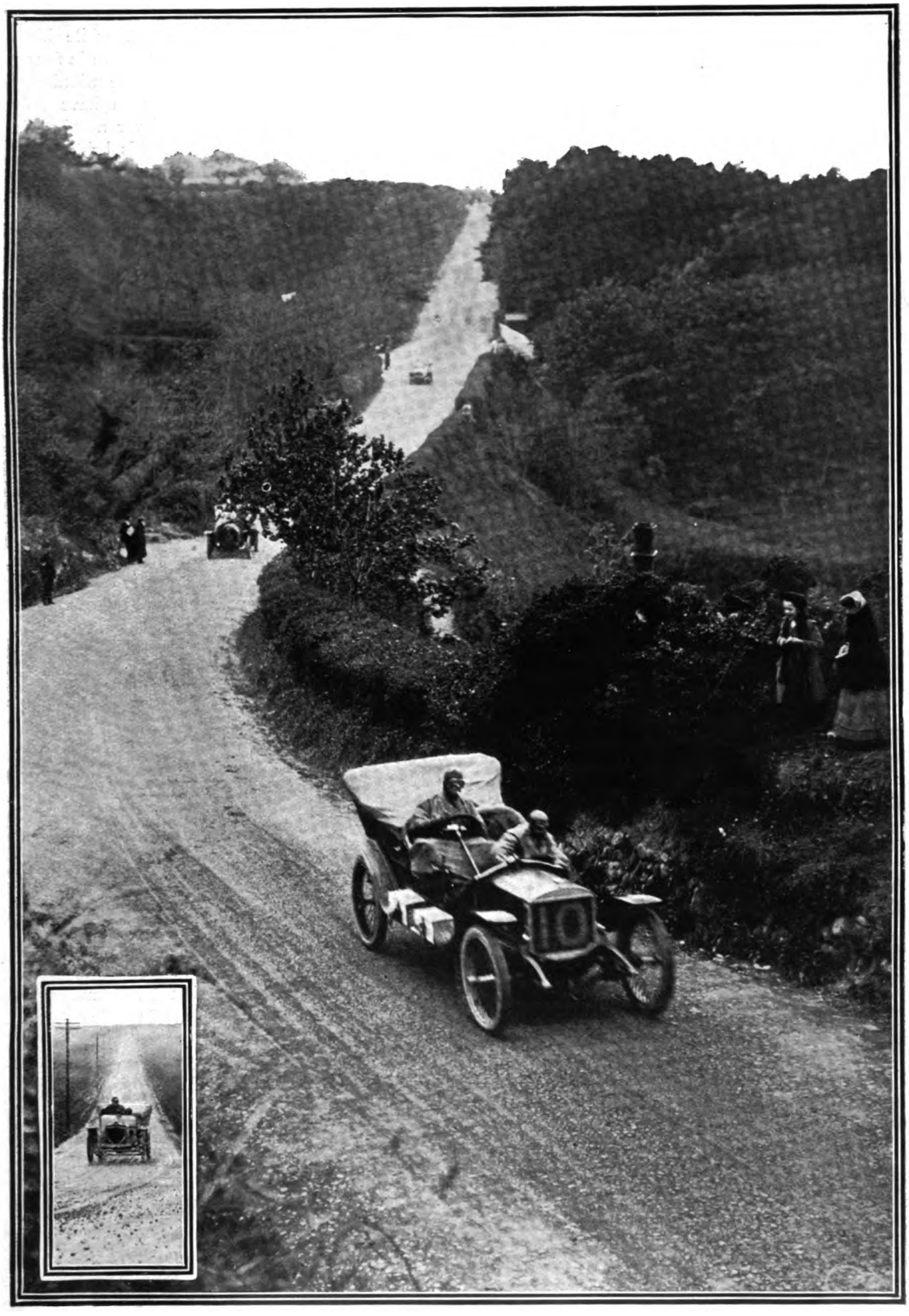
The Tourist Trophy Race

MANX MOTOR RACING IN UNFAVOURABLE WEATHER CONDITIONS



The Rover Car *Photos* *Topical Agency*

The winner of the Trophy

A Striking Photograph: Three cars descending the famous Kirkmichael Dip

Despite the best possible arrangements, so far as the race itself was concerned, the event was spoilt by the weather, for the day was cold, misty, and rainy, and the roads were so bad that the heavy cars were each allowed an extra supply of petrol. Of the twenty-two starters, only two cars finished—the winning Rover and the Beeston-Humber—many of them running out of petrol. The Rover made the distance in 8 hrs. 23 min., maintaining an average of about 33 miles per hour, the length of the course being 241 miles. In our photograph the leading car is a Thorneycroft, the second is the Darracq, and in the rear is the Arrol-Johnston

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Golf Notes and Notions

The Amateur Championship

The Amateur Championship of 1907 will long be remembered for the closeness of many of the matches in the earlier rounds, for the atrocious weather on the final day, and last, but not least, for the brilliant victory of that superb golfer, Mr. John Ball. From the moment that Mr. Ball had won his first round against that old antagonist of his, Mr. John Laidlay, I felt certain that he would go very far, and that he would most probably win outright. It was a grand duel to watch, and the two players gave one of the finest displays of golf on both sides ever seen in a match in the Amateur Championship. Pressure of time prevents my now going into the details of that remarkable struggle. Mr. Ball had to get something back from Mr. Laidlay, who beat him last year in an early round of this same tournament at Hoylake. It was conceivable that Mr. Laidlay would repeat the performance this year, but I very much doubt whether he would have shown the same lasting qualities as Mr. Ball. The difference between these two players is this, that while there is nothing to choose as between their qualities as players, yet Mr. Ball will play the same fine game against an inferior as against an equal antagonist, while Mr. Laidlay will sometimes fail against an admittedly inferior player. Therefore, if I say that the result of this early match between these veteran antagonists settled the destination of this year's Amateur Championship, I must be understood in this sense, namely, that the final result depended on Mr. Ball's winning this opening match. Having done this, he could be depended on to put up the same quality of game, more or less, against all subsequent opponents.

The Victor and Some Opponents

His closest match, curiously enough, was against his weakest opponent, Mr. Bell, a North Devon player, who produced some extraordinary putting, raking the ball in from all points of the green, and hunting his great opponent right home to the last hole. After this, Mr. Ball had a fairly tough match with that rising young player, Mr. Gaunt, of Huddersfield, who established his position by putting up such an excellent fight in the fourth round. Mr. Ball next disposed of Mr. C. K. Hutchison by some very brilliant golf, and then met Mr. Guy Campbell in the semi-final. This match proved most interesting and exciting, although the golf, owing to the inclement conditions of driving rain and bitter cold wind, was not of the highest order. Mr. Ball had a very narrow squeak of losing this match, as, by common consent, Mr. Campbell had the best of the game and should have won had he only taken the many opportunities which his superior play gave him. The crisis in this match occurred at the seventh hole, where Mr. Ball, being then two down, had pulled his second into the Eden, while Mr. Campbell, with a grand second, was about fifteen yards from the hole. Mr. Ball made an extraordinary recovery with a beautiful pitch and a noble putt, while his disconcerted antagonist failed to get down in four, and so lost a hole which he looked like winning, and which he ought most certainly to have halved. This recovery gave the older player a "breather," and enabled him to hang on to his brilliant young opponent, who by some loose putting at the twelfth and fifteenth holes, and by some unlucky shots at the sixteenth and seventeenth holes, lost a match which he ought, on the day's play, to have won.

The Final

In the final the weather conditions were even worse than those of the previous day, and it reflects enormous credit on both Mr. Ball and Mr. Palmer that they should have risen superior to these adverse circumstances and given a display of golf worthy of the great occasion. Mr. Ball, after a hard fight in the morning, won pretty comfortably in the afternoon, and finally secured the Cup and the Gold Medal by six holes and four to play. As the Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club well said when presenting Mr. Ball with the Medal, Mr. Ball owed his victory to his splendid putting, the department of his game which has much worried him in these last few years. This year he had abandoned his curious and cramped interlocked grip, and had reverted to a more natural hold and a more comfortable stance. He missed very few short putts, and was extremely deadly with his long ones.

A Popular Win

His victory was a most popular one, as everyone in the golfing world, whether English or Scottish, loves and respects one of the most gallant, modest, and sportsmanlike players that ever handled a club. He has at length achieved a victory on the St. Andrews links, where he last competed twelve years ago. This leaves only Muirfield among Championship courses where victory has been denied him. But what a record is his! He has competed twenty times, has won six times, been in the final nine times, and in one year (1890) won both the Amateur and Open Championships. I lay my humble tribute of praise at his feet, and am assuredly voicing the wishes of his innumerable admirers when I wish him many more years of success in the arena which he has so brilliantly adorned during the last twenty years.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

In "Golf Notes and Notions" of our issue of April 10, it was stated that Messrs. Nisbet and Co. had "secured an injunction restraining the Golf Agency from publishing or selling a book called "The Golfer's Handbook and Year Book," whereas the injunction was obtained to restrain the publication or sale of the book in question containing biographical notes taken or colourably altered from Messrs. Nisbet's book called *The Golfer's Year Book*. We are pleased to make this correction, and regret that any omission on our part may have caused a wrong impression.

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Amateur Golf Championship

THE SCENE AND SOME PLAYERS AT ST. ANDREWS

Mr. John Ball (on the left), the winner of the Cup and Gold Medal, putting at the eighteenth green

It was largely to the excellence of his putting that Mr. Ball owed his victory—the sixth he has won—which was by six holes and four to play

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Lawn Tennis At Leicester

SOME IDIOSYNCRASIES OF WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS

"R. F." the Unruffled
R. F. Doherty is a model of unruffled calmness and serenity in his play

It has been truly said that there is no game at which the looker-on gets more fun for his money than lawn tennis, and the fact that this is being gradually found out by the public at large accounts in no small measure for the way in which the game is going ahead nowadays, for, however good a game may be, it cannot really be said to flourish so long as it appeals only to those who take an active part in it. There are many such games which are little understood or discussed, except by those who actually play them, and there was a period when lawn tennis came in this category. But things have entirely changed of late. As far back as March last people were applying in vain for reserved seats for the forthcoming Championship Meeting at Wimbledon, and for the Leicester Tournament last week all the seats in the covered stand had been sold several days before the commencement of play. Lawn tennis is a good game to watch, not only because it is a fine sport in itself, full of variety and incident, and, so long as the players are reasonably skilful, never dull, but also because one watches it from close at hand, and can note the demeanour of the players; the expression on their faces; the little gestures and ejaculations which sometimes accompany the making of a good or a bad stroke; any distinctive features in their dress; and so on, even unto the nature and extent of the refreshment with which they restore exhausted Nature.

Miss Sutton's Strenuousness

At Leicester last week, Miss May Sutton, the leading lady player of the United States, commenced her third consecutive season in English lawn tennis. Everyone is pleased to see her in England again, and Leicester people deemed themselves particularly fortunate in getting the first look at her. Miss Sutton is the embodiment of good-tempered strenuousness and pluck. Americans do things for the most part well, because they do them with their whole heart and soul, and when Miss Sutton starts playing you say at once, "Here is a girl whose whole heart and soul is in the game." There is an air of defiance in the way in which she tosses back her hair from off her temples, which betokens determination; while the stern, almost frowning, expression on her face means absolute concentration upon the work in hand. You may perhaps think, just at first, that she takes life rather too seriously, or even that she is not particularly good-tempered. You will, however, be undeceived as soon as a pause takes place in the play and

The Leicester Tournament: Miss May Sutton (in the foreground) playing Miss Eastlake Smith
Taken specially for "The Bystander"

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Strenuousness: Miss May Sutton

This young American player is the embodiment of good-tempered strenuousness and pluck in her play. She began her third consecutive season in England at the Leicester Tournament last week

something causes her to smile, for hers is the smile of the light-hearted, good-tempered person who enjoys life and the funny things thereof. Sometimes, as the game proceeds and the fight becomes desperate, she will gasp or sigh quite audibly as she strikes the ball, and you will think that, poor girl, she is quite fagged out. Not a bit of it. She is probably at least as fresh as her opponent, and these half-suppressed cries merely indicate the presence of a store of pent-up energy, which must not be allowed to expend itself too freely on any particular shot.

Brookes's Pertinacity

The other of the two most distinguished visitors to Leicester last week, Norman Brookes, the Australian champion (who is by no means unlikely to be English champion, too, before very long), is also a player of the strenuous type. When he came first to England two years ago it was remarked that he wore a blue blanket coat in place of the conventional white, and that he played with a very slack racket—irreverently termed a fishing net. But what most impressed the onlooker was the tremendous energy and determination of his whole mien and the way these attributes found expression in his play—particularly in that wonderful service of his the outcome of diligent practice combined with complete physical fitness. It was this that caused people to go and watch him, and talk about him, in preference, say, to the Americans, who proved themselves to be equally fine players; and I am prepared to bet that his play and Miss Sutton's will be the chief attraction at Wimbledon.

"R.F.," the Unruffled

By way of contrast, go and watch the two Dohertys, still, in the opinion of many, the two best players in England. They, and "R.F." in particular, are the incarnation of unruffled calmness and serenity. The game, as played by "R.F.," looks easy, and when he fails

Pertinacity: Norman Brookes

The Australian (and possible English) champion is another player of the strenuous type. He usually plays with a very loosely strung racket—irreverently termed a fishing net

over a return you wonder what can possibly be wrong. But it is only because he is so quick and so clever at anticipating the direction and nature of his opponent's strokes that he does not appear to be in a hurry. The effort is there all the same, but you do not notice that it is being made, and the fact that he is not particularly strong in health has, probably, assisted in the development of a style which, at any rate, appears to reduce effort to a minimum. In the matter of dress, the Dohertys are always conspicuous for the neatness with which they are turned out. It is due to them that white ducks have so largely superseded white flannels in court, and the fashion of not rolling up one's shirt-sleeves, which is so prevalent, was started by them

And Some Others

While on this subject, I may mention that Miss Eas lake Smith enjoys the enviable reputation of being the smartest and best dressed of all our lady players; and, as she possesses an extremely graceful style as well, the *tout ensemble*—even when she is darting about the court in the throes of a prolonged and exhausting rally—is dainty in the extreme. The fact that she has (perhaps unconsciously) acquired R. F. Doherty's little trick of slightly raising the left foot from the ground as she throws up the ball to serve may be taken as an indication that she means to be a Champion of England, too, one of these days. Miss Pinckney, who can give points to most men in the matter of staying power, and will seldom own to feeling tired, lives almost entirely on bread and fruit, and does not take her first meal until after midday. Mrs. Hillyard is one of the very few players who wear gloves while playing. Her husband, G. W. Hillyard, has seldom if ever been known to wear any other colours but those of the M.C.C., and the manner in which he throws the ball up when serving, as well as the extreme height to which he throws it, are quite distinctive. H. S. SCRIVENER.

Daintiness: Miss Eastlake Smith

She enjoys the reputation of being the smartest and best dressed of all our lady players

Photos specially taken for "The Bystander"

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Racing: The Derby and The Oaks. BY "CARBINE"

The Derby's Supremacy

All roads lead to Epsom on Derby Day, and the popularity of the world's premier race does not diminish as the years roll on. It is a religion with many people not to miss the Derby, and though the record held by the Epsom veteran whose photograph will be found on another page is practically unassailable, there are plenty of men who can boast of having seen the race thirty and even forty times. In spite of the extortionate sums charged for the comfortless enclosures, in spite of the wholly inadequate commissariat arrangements, in spite of the amazing inconvenience of getting from the stands to the paddock, in spite, in short, of the many things in the meeting grumbled about every year, we continue unfailingly to put in an appearance, and we shall all be there when Slieve Gallion wins on Wednesday. But will it be Slieve Gallion? Ah! that is just the question which everyone is asking. Some say Galvani can't be beaten. Others go for Orby, or Woolwinder, or Bezonian. Perhaps, to crown all, some wretched outsider will turn up, of whom nobody has thought. It is the uncertainty of racing which makes it so fascinating. If it were all cut-and-dried, if we could say that this horse would be first, that one second, the other third, knowing positively that it would be so, where would be the excitement, where the fun, where, indeed, the necessity for racing at all?

Slieve Gallion and Galvani

We have already had one great thrill in connection with the race. Papers sold quicker than hot cakes ever sold when they came out with the startling heading "Accident to the Derby Favourite!" on Friday last. It was a scare of the most stirring kind, and the individual who first put about the false report deserves the thanks of the proprietors of the halfpenny evening Press. Within a few hours came the usual "official contradiction." Slieve Gallion had not "gone wrong," and we breathed again. He has scarcely maintained his price, but this was foreshadowed in these columns on May 22, for I expected that the commission on Galvani, which was about to be "placed," would certainly have its effect upon the favourite's price. As I mentioned last week, Major Loder and his trainer are well satisfied with Galvani, and they have backed him accordingly. But I do not believe much in the horses Galvani has been tried with. Clearly there can be no analogy between Galvani and Spearmint, for the latter was galloped with the wonderful Pretty Polly, and proved nearly as good as her at weight for age.

Will the Favourite Stay the Course?

What we would all like to know for certain is whether any reliance can be placed in the Middle Park Plate running? We saw Galvani beat Slieve Gallion fairly and squarely enough. But horses are not machines. They are not always at the top of their form. And there is reason to believe that Captain Greer's colt did not do himself full justice on this occasion. I consider Slieve Gallion will stay quite well enough for the Epsom course, and though it is often dangerous to place one's own ideas against the cold reasoning of public form, I think we shall be justified in this instance. Galvani's trainer was disappointed in the display of Weathercock at Hurst Park on Saturday, for he ran a very long way below Derby form, and his downfall does not improve Galvani's chances.

What the Result May Be

But there are others to be considered. The Frenchmen can safely be left out of the reckoning until they appear at Epsom. From Newmarket, however, come two dangerous candidates in Bezonian and Woolwinder, and I hear from a reliable source that the last-named is warmly fancied by Colonel Baird. We cannot back them all, however, and my special selection for a "win and place" investment is the Irish colt, Orby. Right back in April I chose him as the best of the Derby outsiders. He then stood at 25 to 1, so that BYSTANDER readers who backed him then can congratulate themselves, for it is difficult to get 9 to 1 about him now. The following is my Derby forecast: **Slieve Gallion, 1; Orby, 2; Galvani, 3.**

Witch Elm and the Oaks

For the Oaks I incline strongly in favour of the winner of the One Thousand, who, no doubt, will be a warm favourite; and who can wonder? For her success at Newmarket was most impressive, and were it not for the fact that we often see astounding changes of form among three-year-old fillies, it would be impossible to believe that Witch Elm will ever be beaten on even terms by any of those then behind her. Last year, Mr. George Lambton showed us a marvellously improved filly in Keystone II.; this week he may possibly have another in Altitude. Silver Heeled will probably run better on Friday than she did at Newmarket, for she was completely off colour then, while Maya is also certain to do better over the longer course. But I do not anticipate defeat for **Witch Elm,** and the places behind her may be filled by MAYA and ALTITUDE.

Other Selections for Epsom

On Thursday, the Coronation Cup is an event of the first importance. Mr. Hall Walker will need to have plenty of confidence in **Polar Star** to oppose him to such champions as Velocity, Polymelus, Troutbeck, Beppo, and Challacombe at weight for age; but I think the three-year-old is good enough for the task. In his absence, I should choose Velocity. On the same day, the Durdans Plate may be won by **Succour,** and the Royal Stakes by **Meadow Rue.** The Acorn Stakes, on Friday, may be taken by **Quiniana.** There will be a pleasant meeting at Kempton Park on Saturday, when the Redfern Plate should be won by **Llangwm.**

THE DERBY (ILLUSTRATED).
See this week's GRAPHIC.

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Coaching Club Meet

THE PRESIDENT LEADS THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE PARK

Lord Desborough Driving his Fine Bays

The scene on Saturday, at the Hyde Park Magazine, was brilliant, brief sunshine favouring the function. Lord Desborough, the President of the Club, led the way, accompanied by Lady Desborough and his two daughters, Viscount Melgund, and Mr. R. Grenfell

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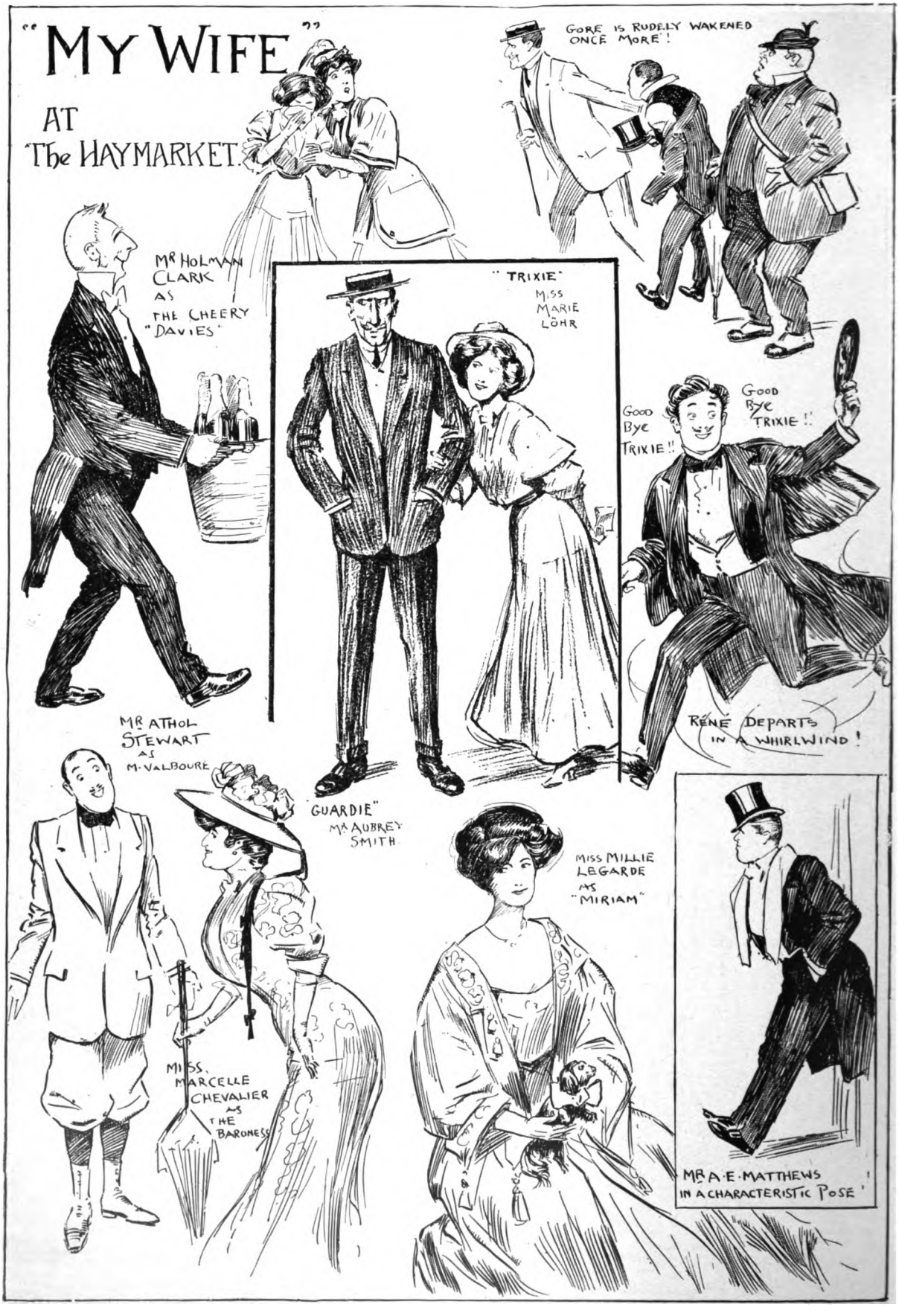
A Successful New Comedy



DRAWN BY NORMAN MORROW

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

Society and "First-Nighting"

Some seven years ago, when first it fell to my lot to attend the first night of a new production as the representative of a newspaper, signs were not wanting that the function was one graced by the presence of Society with a large S. There was that electric thrill in the air which is produced by the Unknown drawing the attention of each other in ecstatic whispers to the presence among them of the Known. Between the acts, the exquisitely dressed stood up, swept the house with unembarrassed gaze, and greeted their friends in the easy manner born of long practice. The laughter, the visiting, the chatter around one, all pointed to the fact that one's neighbours belonged to a world other than that of the theatre. When people discussed the play, the freshness of their point of view and their limited vocabulary marked them as belonging to a set which had not made a very exhaustive study of the Drama. When they discussed the players, their statements were characterised by the wildest inaccuracies. I have heard tragedians belauded for their past performances in farcical comedy; comedians twitted for their failures to rise to the heights of tragedy; actors, managers, playwrights, fathers and sons, husbands and wives, all jumbled together in a tangle, from which there was no extricating them. The members of the audience, by their dress and general appearance, no less than by their conversation, betrayed at every point the fact that they were gathered together by their desire not to see the play, but to be present at a Society function. The next morning, after the notice of the play, would appear a paragraph giving the names of the more distinguished among the audience.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Miss May de Sousa

Who crossed from America specially to play the part of Elsa in *The Girls of Gottenberg* at the Gaiety. The possessor of a beautiful voice, she last made her appearance in England in the revival of *The Geisha* at Daly's, when she played the name-part

The Old Order Changeth

Quite a different state of affairs exists nowadays. "First-nighting" has fallen off sadly as a function for attracting smart people. At one or two theatres, notably the St. James's and His Majesty's, *premières* attract almost as fashionable a gathering as of yore. At the ordinary theatre, however, a first night nowadays is, from the social point of view, a dead letter. The audience is recruited more from the brain-working classes—the stage, the law, the professions generally—than from *le monde où l'on s'amuse.* The dresses of fair first-nighters indicate more than anything the change from the old order of things. Not so frequently as of yore does the æsthetic eye of the masculine first-nighter feast rapturously upon the "line" which marks the genius of the great costumiers; upon a *chic coiffure*; upon the artistic disposition of jewellery. Among one's neighbours the expert has ousted the *flâneur.* The talk around one is the talk of those who are intimately acquainted with the players, and can discuss their art with intelligent interest. Between the acts people stand up and greet their acquaintances; they laugh, visit one another, and chatter. But it is all done with a difference. The names one catches are not the names which one sees figure in the columns headed "Court and Society." True, one is sometimes edified by the vision of a duchess in a box. But then there is generally a motive for her presence. As likely as not she is a duchess who dabbles in play-writing.

HAYMARKET

"My Wife"

Not long since an artful plaint emanated from the Haymarket. Mr. Frederick Harrison announced that he had an adaptation from a great Parisian success, *Mlle. Josette, ma femme,* all ready to spring upon the public, yet was unable to produce it—until he had found a young actress to play the part of the girl-wife. "By Jove," said we to ourselves, "what a part it must be." And straightway we began to entertain quite a desire to see a play which contained such a part. Mr. Harrison's announcement of the play's production was tantamount to saying that he had found the actress. He has found—a precious pearl of an actress. Her name is Miss Marie Löhr. By the time these lines appear playgoing London will be at the feet of

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this young lady; will be singing her praises; will be extolling to the high heavens her charm, her talent, her daintiness, her delicious sense of comedy. I join in the chorus of praise. In return, I crave from her this little thing — that she alter her present performance by not so much as a hair-breadth. You may think me a croaker, but great praise has proved a deadly cup for many a young actress. Moreover, the power to tickle the sensibility of an audience is, in the hands of youth, a dangerous one, if not kept under proper control. I have known a young actress so carried away by applause as to accentuate a character out of all resemblance to her original conception of it. Remember how the wise sculptor Durien checked Little Billie from adding another touch to his *chef d'œuvre*, the foot of Trilby limned upon the studio wall.

Golden Opportunities

To gain some idea of the golden opportunities which have been tumbled into the lap of Miss Marie Löhr, you must know that Messrs. Gavault and Charnay have constructed a comedy as collapsible as a house of cards. Their comedy rises storey by storey, according to the capacity existing in the two principal players for delicate manipulation. For financial reasons, which are unimportant, Beatrice Dupré becomes the wife-in-name of Gerald Eversleigh. The play treats of the gradual metamorphosis of the girl into the wife. In the process of falling in love with her own husband Beatrice Dupré has to exhibit almost every charm with which woman is dowered. She has by turns to coax, allure, tantalise him; she is now a wilful rebel, again a lovable little penitent on the verge of tears; at one time she is the child-woman, at another the woman-child. Link by link she forges the chain which finally binds husband and wife together. Such a rôle practically runs the gamut of comedy. Miss Marie Löhr played it like a virtuoso. She is a *comedienne* fit to be named in the same breath with Miss Marie Tempest.

As may be conceived, the players are forced to skate on some rather thin parts. But, thanks to the cleverness with which Mr. Michael Morton has prepared the adaptation, they are never really in danger of falling in.

Mr. Morton has adopted the excellent plan of putting in a quite unsuggestive line to raise hearty laughter whenever the atmosphere of the play becomes a little close. The French setting of the play has of necessity been adhered to. Consequently, several members of the cast appear as Frenchmen. Mr. Athol Stewart is happiest in his assumption of the dress and the language of our Gallic neighbours. Mr. Fred Lewis will be equally happy when he is sufficiently at home in the rôle to speak just twice as quickly.

The success of the play depends, as I have indicated, upon the two principal characters.

Mr. Aubrey Smith plays the husband in just the right spirit, and, like Miss Löhr, reveals the gradual change in his feelings with the greatest skill.

Mr. A. E. Matthews is always funny when playing a character with a grievance. His Gibby is a great aid to the lightness and brightness of the play. E. C. S.

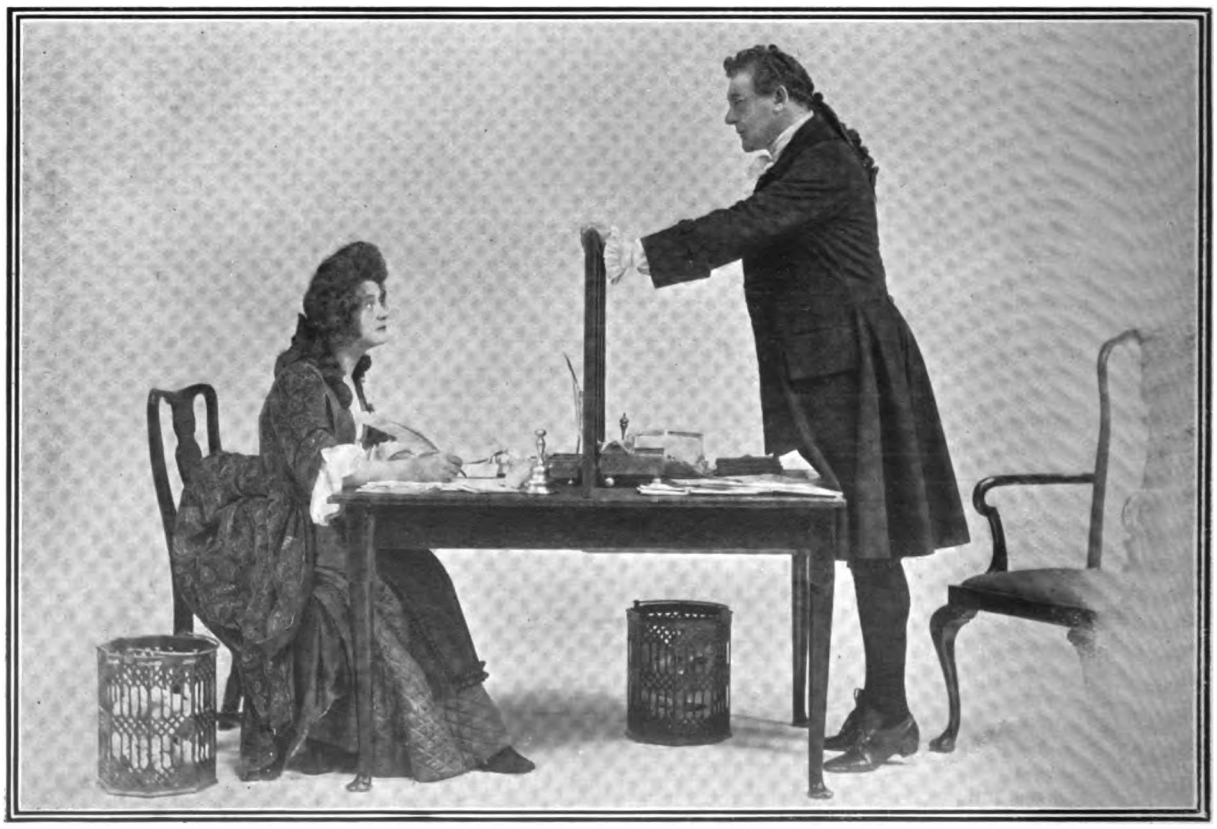

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Billie Burke and Mr. Charles Hawtrey in "Mr. George" at the Vaudeville

"Mr. George," senior partner of the Boston tea firm, Percival and Marsh, on arrival from England, proves to be a girl, to everybody's amazement. She insists upon a partition being erected between herself and the junior partner—much to the latter's disgust

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The Swedish Golden Wedding

Although elaborate preparations are being made for King Oscar's golden wedding celebrations, owing to the ill-health of the Royal couple the official list of the fêtes will only be published at the last moment. How time does fly! It is now fifty years since King Oscar of Sweden and Sophie of Nassau romantically carved their initials on the trunk of one of the old lime trees in the Palace gardens, and the story is as fresh in the memory as if it had happened but yesterday.

Photo Grape

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN
Celebrating this week their Golden Wedding

Of all the European Monarchs—the Kaiser, of course, excepted!—King Oscar may be considered the most versatile. And yet he is so little known in Europe. Like Henry I. of England, he has been surnamed "Beauclerc," and had not Fate ordained that he should be a ruler of men, he could easily have earned his livelihood as a writer. Ask any Swede, from the highest in the land to the poorest fisherman, if he has heard of the Battle of the Baltic, and he will immediately recite the poem by his King, and be proud to do so. One of the most brilliant of the Upsala students, King Oscar always takes the keenest interest in the welfare of his *Alma Mater*, presiding at the fêtes crowned with laurels, as a souvenir of the days when this trophy had to be won by the hardest work. It was at college that he acquired the habit of early rising, a habit which he has never yet lost, and even now, in spite of age and illness, he devotes from six in the morning till ten to his literary work.

A Monarch of Culture

With his knowledge of seven languages, of which English is his favourite, he has rendered the greatest services to the literature of his country, and it is certainly due to his translations that Sweden is so well acquainted with the merits of Goethe. And who does not know his "Charles XII."? There is not a schoolboy or girl, in France at least, who has not at some time studied this history. But of all his writings, the "Memoirs" will be the most interesting, although they will not be published till after his death. He has written freely and frankly his opinions, not only about his own affairs of State,

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but those of Europe, and his judgment is worth consulting. Undoubtedly what he calls "the most bitter stab of his life"—the Norwegian secession—will take an important place. We shall then see how far he considers himself responsible for a grief which even now is gnawing his heart-strings.

An Ailing Queen

Through no fault of her own, the Queen of Sweden has been unable to keep the promises she made to King Oscar, when, as lovers, they planned out the future, and painted it all in gold, according to the manner of lovers. Fifty years of suffering have made it almost impossible for her to direct her own destiny. How is it possible for her to be her husband's helpmeet when for nine months out of the twelve she is taking the German waters, and when the slightest over-fatigue confines her to bed for weeks? At the commencement of her reign, no one could have been more progressive than she, and no one so enthusiastically defended the feminist cause, but with increasing age and infirmity her doctrines completely changed. Terrified of sinking into scepticism, she sought refuge in the narrow confines of the Lutheran Church, and probably, to-day, she is the most pious crowned head in Europe. When the most accessible of Monarchs is busy receiving all sorts and conditions of men, the Queen, reclining on the couch of her private sitting-room, is listening through one of her numerous telephones to the most eloquent preacher of the day.

The Crown Princess of Sweden has even worse health than her mother-in-law, if that can be possible, and there are years when she is unable to come to Sweden at all. And the people were bitterly disappointed! A direct descendant of the Wasas, Sweden imagined they would find in Sophie of Baden a Queen devoted to their interests. But, alas, the matter is not in her hands. Often, I am told, this unhappy Princess does not expect to see the morrow, and quite recently her husband was telegraphed for to Baden, where she was dangerously ill.

The Princess Ingeborg

After long years of waiting, at last Sweden possesses a Princess of useful acquirements, and because of long waiting she is appreciated all the more. A daughter of the King of Denmark, the favourite niece of our Queen, Princess Ingeborg learnt beforehand her aunt's secret of making herself at home in her adopted country. Her husband, Prince Karl, is the only one of Oscar's four sons who in any way resembles his father. He is a General in the army, devoted to his children and to the pursuits of country life; it is a pity that he is not the eldest of the family. On her appearance in Sweden, a bride of nineteen, Princess Ingeborg immediately took up the reins of the neglected Society, and won for herself the charming sobriquet she bears to-day—"Princess Sunbeam." Brought up in the simplicity of the Danish Court, there is nothing to which she cannot turn her hand. She superintends the making of her dresses, after having designed them, arranges all the flowers, and every day sees the menus. Her love for children has prompted her to establish *crèches* throughout the kingdom.

Prince Bernadotte's Love-Match

Had it not been for the Queen's intervention, the King would never have sanctioned his second son's marriage with Ebba Munck, one of the ladies-in-waiting at the Court. The bloom of youth had passed when Prince Bernadotte—for so he is now called—first fell in love with her. His father, bitterly grieved, advised him to try a cure which has often been successful in mending the hearts of ardent lovers—a voyage round the world. After two years' absence, Prince Bernadotte came back, more lovesick than ever, and finally had his own way. All his spare time is given to arranging evangelical meetings, and in this work his wife helps him. He is not above addressing a meeting at a hotel where he is staying, or even in the street, and he not infrequently gives teas, to which "believers and a few others are invited."

Photos

Hark! Hark! The Lark

The skylark, though, notoriously, he "at heaven's gate sings," never forgets his earthly domestic responsibilities. He is here photographed in the act of feeding his young. Note the crest which shows it is a male bird

Newman

How the skylark was photographed while in the act of feeding his young. Mr. Newman (photographer) lay in this position, twenty yards from the nest, for two hours, from 5.30 a.m. to 7.30 a.m., May 20, 1907

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The Best Horses of the Nations

KEEN RIVALRY AT THE GREAT SHOW AT OLYMPIA

A Notable Enterprise Well Carried Out

Nothing in the history of English horse shows has ever been taken up with such keenness, energy, enthusiasm, and in such a practical spirit by the right people as has happily been the case with the International Horse Show at Olympia, whose doors will be opened to the public on Friday. Can it be that the Americans have hustled us in this matter? It is, at least, significant that Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, Mr. C. H. Mackay, Mr. E. T. Stotesbury, and Mr. Lawrence Jones, all horse-loving Americans, took a leading part in the preliminary arrangements for the Show, and undeniably they have put their backs into it. The English directors perceived that the Americans meant real business. So, resolving not to be outdone, they, in their turn, have done all within their power for the Show in this country. Our Continental friends, who ever regard the spectacular with a favourable eye, soon caught the infectious enthusiasm. And even the most slow-going of the English exhibitors, inclined at first to throw cold water on the scheme, have been brought to see the possibilities of the enterprise. The happy result is that everyone who shows high-class horses in this country will be represented at Olympia, and against the best of ours will be pitted the most brilliant performers of the Continent and America. Was ever a Show more alluring?

Mr. W. Winans driving Little Tobe

Little Tobe's brilliant action and pace have endeared him to all Show visitors, and he is sure to be one of the most popular performers at Olympia

Will the English Horse Remain Supreme?

This Show will do something towards proving to the world whether our vaunted superiority as regards horses is fancied or real. For many years we have supplied pedigree horses — thoroughbreds, hackneys, hunters, and Shires—to foreign countries. If the French racehorses are able to carry off some of our most precious stakes, or if American trotters utterly eclipse the English variety on track or road, do not forget that the source is English every time. In the long ago, America bought from this country the thoroughbred horse Messenger and the Norfolk trotting horse Bellfounder, and from these two celebrities has sprung that great race of trotters and pacers which now occupy the multitudinous tracks and speedways of the United States. Similarly, there is no French racehorse without English blood in his veins. These facts should not, I contend, be lost sight of when we survey the brave display of foreign horses in the ring at Olympia.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Miss Hays's bay gelding Bunwell

He carried off the Burstow Cup at the Reigate Show recently

Bright Prospects of Beating the Americans

From what I have seen of Mr. Vanderbilt's much-beparagraphed contingent, I think the representatives of old England will still come out in front. Wealthy Americans have always been willing to give big money for English show horses; and if we are destined to be beaten at Olympia—a contingency I do not anticipate—it will probably be by horses which we have bred, and reared, and sent abroad. This refers chiefly to performers in harness. I cannot answer for the jumpers, for some of the Continental and American champions are reported to have cleared prodigious heights. Nor can we hope to shine with trotters, though the stables of Messrs. Walter and Louis Winans will, in this department, be found very formidable by American exhibitors. And even the Winans's trotters are, for the most part, American-bred. But, in saddle-horses, hackneys, and coachers, I think we shall readily withstand the foreign invasion.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mrs. Goad's Prince Pick-me-up

This grand mover, who won first prize at the recent Reigate Show, is certain to catch the judge's eye

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Mr. A. C. Vanderbilt's Hackney Horses: Storm King (right) and Viking (left)

Mr. Vanderbilt is one of the leaders of the American "invasion," and hopes to carry off a number of prizes in the Show ring at Olympia this week. That his hackneys will beat the best of English horses is not, however, the opinion of good judges who have seen them

American Exhibitors and Their Horses

Mr. Vanderbilt's horses have had every chance to become thoroughly acclimatised during their three months' sojourn at Edgware, and they ought to show in great form. Every bit as interesting will be the string sent over by Mr. F. Pabst, a gentleman who brews beer and makes millions at Milwaukee. Mr. E. B. Jordan, of Massachusetts, who knows exactly the class of horse likely to catch the judge's eye in this country, has spared no effort in selecting the best stock procurable for Mr. Pabst. Mr. Charles W. Watson, of Baltimore, is bringing over one of the most beautiful pair of steppers in the States, namely, Lord Baltimore and Lady Maryland. Mr. A. B. Maclay comes with several notable trotters, Mr. Lawrence Jones with some fine jumpers from Kentucky, and the Hon. Adam Beck, who has hunted a pack of hounds in Canada, has brought over some good-looking hunters and hacks, just to show us what the Dominion can do in this way.

Some English Competitors

It is pleasant to observe France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Russia, Spain, and other nations represented on the catalogue. Who will be showing against them? A glance at the names of the exhibitors will, I think, serve to indicate that England's interests will not be neglected. Take, for example, the coaching class, in which Mr. Vanderbilt is hopeful of winning first honours. Against him will be beautiful teams shown by Viscount Iveagh, Mr. Paul Hoffman, Mr. W. S. Cunard, Mr. J. B. Joel, and many other home exhibitors, so that the Americans, however good they may be, will have all their work cut out to win. Keen sportswomen like the Duchess of Newcastle, the Countess of Warwick, Mrs. Hartley Batt, and Mrs. Goad will take an active part in the Show, either by riding or driving their horses, and several American ladies will also be seen in the ring.

Splendid Jumping in Prospect

The jumping promises to be the most popular feature of all. This is something that every onlooker can understand. The average man, whom it is hoped to attract in his thousands to Olympia, cannot discriminate closely between good hunters or harness horses, but he can tell you which is the best jumper, for it is a labour of love for him to keep the scores of points gained in the various competitions. The practical-minded spectator will likewise take a keen interest in the heavy draught horses, and an absorbing question of the hour is whether Mr. Armour's grand greys from Chicago will beat the superb teams entered by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company and sundry big firms.

The Scene at Olympia

To make the arena resemble as near as possible an English park, with real turf, real trees, real bushes, real fences, was a happy conception on the part of the directors, and this simple scenic setting of the Show should be wonderfully effective. The 13th inst. is the closing date of the Show, and there will be three "houses" a day. Judging by the great anxiety that has been shown to secure seats, there will be no difficulty in filling the spacious building. There are over 2,000 entries, of which 300 are American.

A. W. C.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mrs. Hartley Batt's Pair: Hopwood Horace and Hopwood Spark

This brilliant pair will take some beating by the best of the Americans. They belong to a very keen sportswoman, who has met with much success in the Show ring

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The World's Greatest Race

SCENES ON DERBY DAY

IS THIS HORSE ORBY?

Wishing Him Luck!

[The Editor sternly reproves this insidious attempt on the part of his staff to give a tip]

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The Derby as a Social Carnival

Photos

Luncheon on the Coaches

By no means the least attractive item on the day's programme. On Derby Day the motor-car is, for once in a way, relegated to the background. Few better views of the racing can be enjoyed than from the top of a coach, and in this respect the car is placed at a decided disadvantage. In spite of trains and motors, Society in its hundreds still coaches to Epsom, as in the old days, and still enjoys its al-fresco luncheon, as depicted above

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The Derby as a Race

Whitbread

Parade Before the Race: Sportsmen's Last Chance to Select the Winner

Experts keenly scrutinising the runners during the parade—always a picturesque preliminary to the Derby. Some people wait until the parade and canter, and then support the horse they like the best in looks and action, regardless of the betting odds and past form. Surely a pleasant way of finding the winner—if it comes off!

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Four Familiar Epsom Scenes

The Famous Tattenham Corner

As the Derby horses sweep round the historic bend, the excitement of the crowd begins to rise to fever heat. Every jockey realises the importance of holding a good place at Tattenham Corner, and Fred Archer, in his anxiety to keep the inside berth, was known to ride with one leg over the rails—a dangerous proceeding, which few jockeys care to imitate

A Sporting Veteran

Mr. Dearle, of Epsom, who hopes to see the Derby run to-day for the eighty-first time. It seems almost incredible that a veteran should be still among us who saw Lord Jersey's Mameluke win the great race in 1827

The Blue Ribbon Won!

The proudest moment in the life of an English sportsman is when he leads the winner through the cheering crowd from winning-post to weighing-room

Coaches Mounting the Hill

Quite one of the finest spectacles on the road are the coaching contingents. Should these be of unusual magnificence, they are greeted with loud cheers by the bystanders

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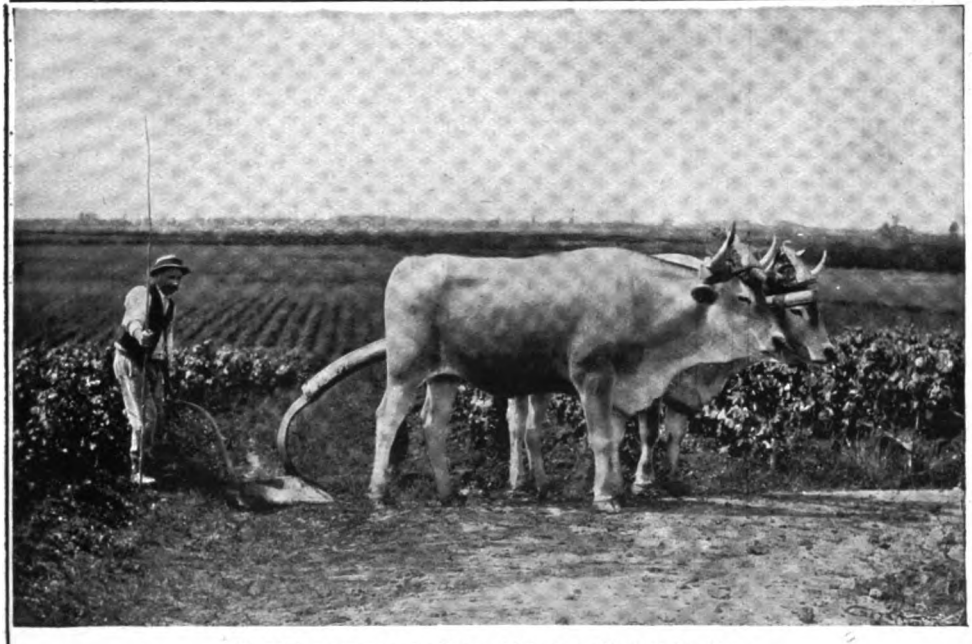

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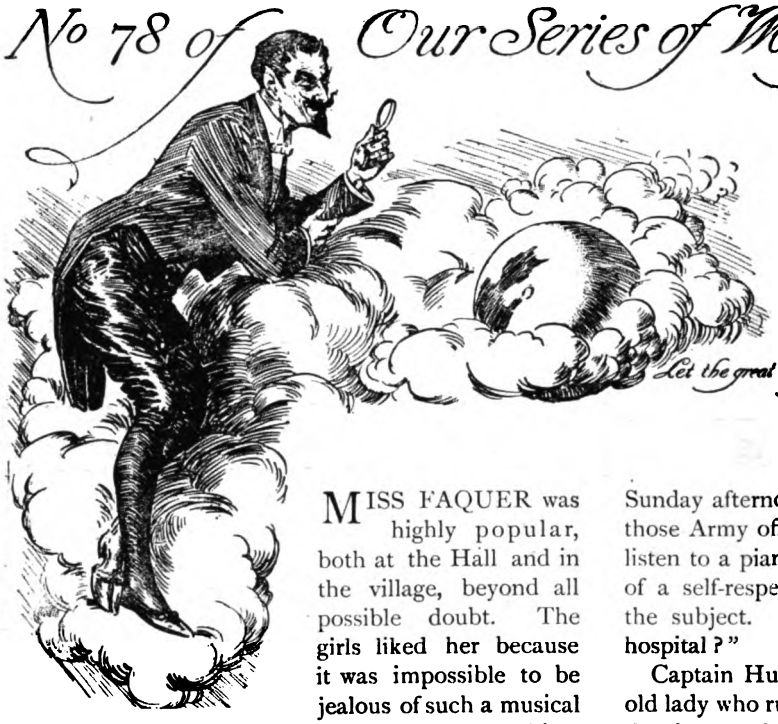

The Mysterious Parisienne

By LEWIS MOLYNEUX

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

MISS FAQUER was highly popular, both at the Hall and in the village, beyond all possible doubt. The girls liked her because it was impossible to be jealous of such a musical swish of underclothing, and the men found her, above all things, such an intelligent conversationalist. The vicar understood why she would not go to his church, and he had a sort of dull notion that Frenchwomen were only expected by the Almighty to be fashionable. Miss Faquer seemed to lead quite an innocent life; her clothing, if extravagant, was morally becoming, and she served excellent dinners. The vicar's wife alone of the inhabitants had fault to find.

"She is so absurdly babyish, my dear," she said to her bosom friend, Mrs. Appleyard, "to live alone in a house with bay windows. If there was only a dog it would be something. Mind, dear, I'm not saying a word against the gardener. James Honeysett may be good-looking, but he was on the altar before he led the choir, and Mrs. Honeysett is not the woman to be grasping if her husband ran any risk, good as the wages are. You can't forget, though, that she never goes to church, and sends her washing to London, can you?"

"Granted, dear. But she is sweet to the poor, now, isn't she?"

"That's why William puts up with her, I imagine. But how can we say that the money is not tainted? Do you remember how she used to call on Mrs. Fuggle and take her soups and things? That woman died."

"Oh, my dear!"

"Well, it's a fact. And you can't call me prejudiced while I keep to facts."

"Granted, dear. But you're an awful one, dear, for looking a gift-horse in the mouth."

"So would you, Emily, if you knew false teeth when you saw them. And you never knew a woman with a foreign accent remain unmarried so long. Why, Captain Huntly is quite crazy about her, and every man who visits at the Hall calls there on Sunday afternoon. I know it's a tea-party, dear, but those Army officers don't go there to drink tea and listen to a pianola for three solid hours at the hands of a self-respecting woman. But there, I'm sick of the subject. When does Arthur come out of the hospital?"

Captain Huntly, the handsome son of the charming old lady who ruled at Melonden Hall, fully appreciated that he was head over heels in love with the delightfully dressed little French girl. On more than one occasion he had attempted to declare his manly passion, but she had promptly and easily steered the conversation into less exciting channels. Why she was so obviously reluctant to be sentimental the petticoat-spoilt cavalry officer could not in the least understand. He had again and again taken other men—good-looking, smart fellows, too—to make Miss Faquer's acquaintance with a view of ascertaining whether the cause of her wariness lay in some deficiency in his personality, but she had treated them with just the same alluring, semi-Bohemian frankness that had always characterised his own relations with her. He had early been convinced that she had a *petite histoire*, and had pocketed the conviction with a reflection that that was an asset common to all women worth marrying. In his own clumsy way he had tried to convey, without being too personal, that if he made up his mind to marry a woman no conceivable confession from her could dissuade him from his purpose. But Mlle. Blanche was not to be drawn. She thought Monsieur the Captain too delightfully English. Would he shoot her some pigeons to make pies for the now convalescent Mrs. Oliver?

Early in the second summer of Miss Faquer's stay at Melonden, Captain Huntly's uncle, who had been given the command of a Cavalry Brigade, took his nephew with him to Aldershot as an aide-de-camp. Blanche Faquer missed her soldier-admirer for a time, or rather she confused a longing for the use of a six-cylinder Panhard with regret for its owner's absence. But a jolly young Oxford man, who had hung up his hat in the neighbourhood in the extravagant hope of making money by hop-growing, provided sufficiently artistic adulation to satisfy her Parisian heart, and there were always week-end parties at the Hall.

(Continued on page 512)

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A Clever Understudy

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Mabel Russell, who is understudying Miss Gertie Millar in "The Girls of Gottenberg"

Miss Russell's clever performance the other evening at the Gaiety in Miss Millar's absence, attracted a good deal of attention, and marks her out as an actress of whom we may expect to hear much in the future

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(Continued from page 510)

One Sunday evening Mrs. Huntly confided to Blanche, to whom she was very much attached, that on the following Saturday, when, by the way, Captain Huntly was expected for a short stay, the party would include some of her compatriots. Two of Mrs. Huntly's sisters had married into Empire families, and Miss Faquer, whose ancestors had been guillotined in batches, did not look forward to meeting the old lady's brothers-in-law with the enthusiasm expected. However, she drove over to dinner on the night appointed in an entirely new frock and all her curls. She expected astute criticism.

The brothers-in-law were dreadful. Their English wives had exterminated such witty innuendos from their conversation as had once been their only qualification for encouragement, and the glint of portentous prosperity about their eyeglasses dazzled Miss Faquer into an unbecoming meekness. After dinner another guest arrived. Blanche was playing an old French waltz in the hall, Mrs. Huntly sat behind her reading, and the Captain was smoking on the club fender. The new guest was another Frenchman, tall, broad, and with a pleasant, hearty voice. Captain Huntly introduced him.

"M'sieur Chatelat—Miss Faquer." They took each other's hands gently, and the colour rushed to the girl's usually pale face. Captain Huntly noticed her embarrassment, and his internal excitement was difficult to control. Was he at last on the road to the solution of the mystery? Miss Faquer avoided the new guest systematically throughout the evening, and left early.

That night, when the ladies and the brothers-in-law had gone to bed, Huntly took Chatelat for a walk through the grounds. They chatted and smoked through two cigarettes before the topic in the minds of both was broached. Huntly was diplomatic enough to leave it to his guest to speak first.

"Where did you discover the charming young Parisienne? She surely does not live here?" Chatelat asked at length.

"She has been a neighbour of ours for nearly two years. I know absolutely nothing about her, except that she is, as you say, charming. That is her house above the trees there. You can see a light."

"Ah! She does not live alone?"

"She has maids, and there is a big farmhouse thirty yards from the end of her garden." They were silent for a while.

"I have met her before," said Chatelat, shortly.

"So I imagined." Nothing more was said on the subject, rather to Huntly's chagrin; but, as it proved, he had not long to wait for developments. On Sunday morning, Chatelat, assuming that his host would go to church, put on his hat and walked out of the grounds and up the hill. On the other side of the crest he met Mrs. Agnew, the vicar's wife, walking a pony-chaise.

"Can you tell me," he inquired, "if that is the house of the French lady who has been living here for about two years? I have forgotten her name for the moment, but she is *svelte*, *petite*, and does her hair very high. She is also——"

"That is Miss Faquer's house, sir," interrupted Mrs. Agnew, sternly. M. Chatelat bowed and walked round the next turning. Mrs. Agnew, who had seen the stranger drive past on his way to the Hall on the previous evening, stood for a moment simmering with excitement and curiosity. Then she ran through the Commandments. There was certainly nothing about "Thou shalt not call on unmarried ladies in the early morning on the strength of one evening's acquaintance," and she felt rather piqued at the omission. At the bottom of the hill she met Captain Huntly. He was coming up the hill and away from the church.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Agnew. "May I give you a lift?"

"Thank you, no. I shall not be at church this morning. I have a call to make. Is your husband well? I suppose he will be at church. Er—good morning." He banged his straw hat on and strode rapidly away. This was really upsetting for Mrs. Agnew's nerves. If he was going to make a call, it could only be upon Miss Faquer, for no one else of the Captain's acquaintance lived in that direction. And that being so, he had obviously gone to interrupt the assignation that the French minx had made with her obviously immoral compatriot. At last the woman's true character was exposed. Mrs. Appleyard must be informed at once. Mrs. Agnew whipped up the pony, and in her excitement almost forgot to be horrified at the spectacle of the French brothers-in-law playing tennis in the Hall grounds.

Captain Huntly continued on his way to Miss Faquer's house. He had no idea that he had been forestalled. Chatelat had breakfasted in bed, and for all the Captain knew might be there still. A rosy-cheeked maid, by no means unpicturesque in her Sunday morning untidiness, admitted him with ill-concealed surprise, and took his card upstairs. Now Huntly saw a man's hat that he recognised on the hall-stand, and he knew that there were no living rooms upstairs. He instantly arranged his tie in the dining-room mirror and cleared his throat, the Englishman's invariable preparation for striking a moral attitude. The maid was a long time bringing a reply. He walked to the French windows leading out into the garden, and, opening them, stepped on to the verandah. It was natural to walk to the other end of the verandah, unnatural to look through the drawing-room windows which opened thereon. He did both. When he saw that the drawing-room was empty he felt ashamed of himself, and resumed his seat in the dining-room. Still the maid did not come. He took a gaudily covered book from a revolving bookcase at his side, and carelessly turned over the pages. It was a little—a very little—love-story that luckily Captain Huntly did not know enough French to understand. At the end of the book, under the last words of the story, someone had written:—"*Je t'aime, aime moi; merci.*" This he did understand, and he thought it rather silly. The sentiment was initialled "R.C." That might be Chatelat. It was like his confounded impudence, coming on top of that hat in the hall. At last the maid returned. Her mistress was in bed with a headache, and could see no one. Would Captain Huntly come to tea in the afternoon? The maid showed him out with a smile of obvious amusement, and he walked home boiling inwardly.

(Continued on page 514)

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The Latest Recruit to the Halls

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Kitty Gordon (the Hon. Mrs. Beresford), who is now appearing at the London Pavilion

Within the last few weeks, two members of the legitimate stage have deserted it for the halls. Miss Evie Greene has been singing at the Palace Theatre, and Miss Kitty Gordon has been delighting the patrons of the London Pavilion with—amongst other things—the Cigarette Song from *Nelly Neil*

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(Continued from page 512)

Mademoiselle was certainly in bed, and becomingly pale. So were the pink of her bed-hangings and the rose of her *déshabillé*. M'sieur Chatelat sat on the end of the bed with his arms folded.

"I cannot deny that I was probably a pig," he said.

"You never pretended to be attached to me. I know I was an ugly baby."

"You were never dressed as you were last night."

"That was mother's fault. If we had not been affianced, I should have been fascinating."

"You had no confidence, Blanche, or you could not have come to England. And to be 'Miss Faquer'! Terrible! So commercial!"

"I'm not sorry. We are both beautiful now. I suppose you are rich still? *Hein?*"

"I have been carrying some turquoise garters in my breast-pocket for you for four days, ever since I suspected from Madame Huntly's description that you were you."

"You have been very faithful, René." Blanche felt a little ashamed of her Oxford hop-grower. When Chatelat got back to lunch, he told the Captain that he had found the Kentish scenery very soothing. The Captain reflected that this *entente cordiale* business could be very trying at times.

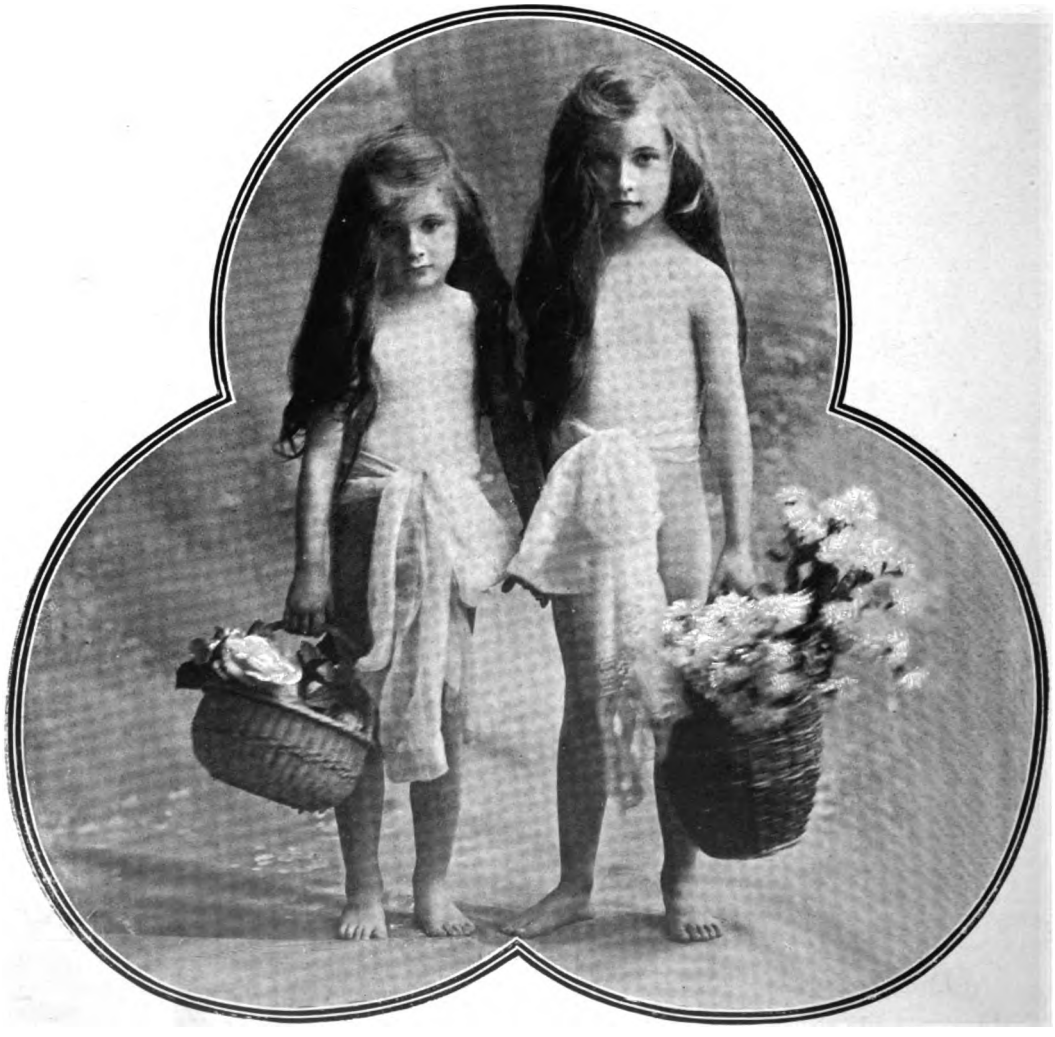
At tea that afternoon, on the lawn of "Miss Faquer's" charming garden, the truth came out.

"I suppose I am very sinful," said Blanche, laying her hand on Mrs. Huntly's arm; "but I am not Mademoiselle, just Madame. My husband, René," indicating Chatelat, "was most probably a pig, and I was seventeen and ugly. So I ran away to you. He has found me, he has been faithful, and well——" and Madame finished by shrugging her pretty shoulders, as if to suggest that it would be amusing if anyone was rude. But not at all. The wives of the brothers-in-law were quite gratified, Captain Huntly was explosively good-humoured, and his mother's remarks most entertainingly embarrassing. There was quite fun as to whether Mme. Chatelat should be allowed to have her husband until the conclusion of his week-end visit, and so this "quite too romantic" affair ended.

Mrs. Agnew, who did not learn the true state of affairs until the Chatelats had lived for three days *en famille*, preserves a feeling of resentment against people who succeed in deluding the world that it is possible to be smart and sinless.

LEWIS MOLYNEUX.

BEAUTY IN CHILDHOOD



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GAMES AND PASTIMES

LAWN TENNIS

Rain Spoils Sport at Chiswick and Leicester

At the Chiswick Park Tournament last week Mrs. Chambers avenged the defeat which Mrs. Sterry administered to her at Surbiton the week before, so that the two now stand exactly level as regards each other, each having won two sets from the other, though Mrs. Chambers has a majority of two in the matter of games. Their third meeting should prove highly interesting. By the way, a more careful statistician than I am has reminded me that I was wrong in saying last week that I believed that Mrs. Chambers had not previously been beaten by anybody since 1905, when she lost the Championship to Miss Sutton. As a matter of fact, she had been beaten three times by Miss Wilson within the period referred to—at Edgbaston, Newcastle, and Buxton, though the third of these meetings was a mere mudlark owing to the weather, not a test of skill. After beating Mrs. Sterry, Mrs. Chambers had an easy progress to the final of the Middlesex Championship, and in the other half Miss A. N. G. Greene was unexpectedly beaten by Miss M. E. Brown. The men's events were chiefly remarkable for the continued good form shown by the Australians, Sharp and Doust, who had already distinguished themselves at Surbiton. Sharp gained a set from Ritchie in the final of the Men's Singles, having defeated the American, Rhodes, *en route*, and Sharp and Doust reached the final of the Doubles, having ousted Ritchie and Rhodes. But Sharp *v.* Ritchie was the only one of the open finals played on Saturday owing to the vile weather, the others having to be postponed. An even worse state of affairs prevailed at Leicester, where there was very little play on Thursday, less on Saturday, and none at all on Friday, so that the meeting had to be left to drag on into the present week. This was a great pity, in view of the fine entry which had been obtained. Of the few matches which were played, the best were Miss Sutton *v.* Miss Eastlake Smith, in which the latter was only beaten 6—4, 6—4, after holding a commanding lead and nearly reaching 5—2 in both sets, and Brookes *v.* Eaves, in which "the doctor," after losing a love set to start with, won the second and made Brookes go all the way in order to win the third.

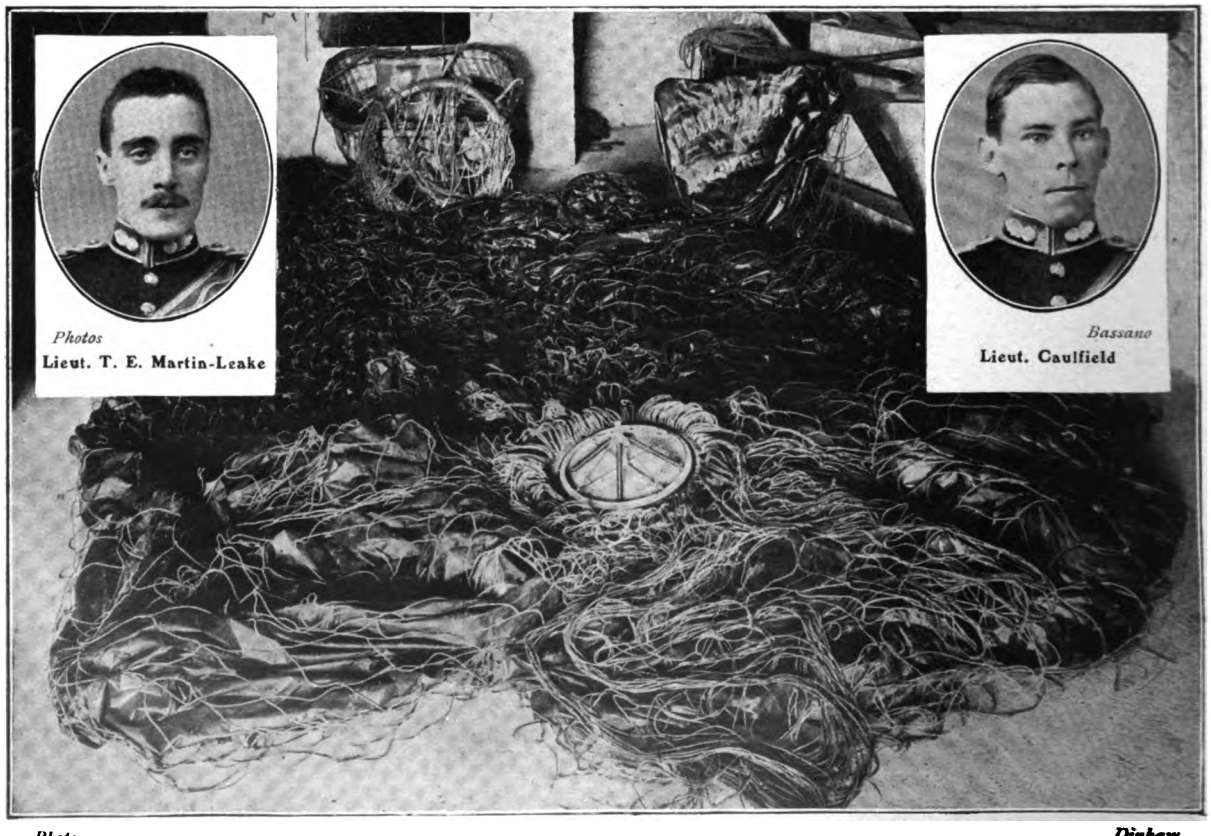

Photo *Dinham*

The Balloon Disaster: The "Thrasher" ashore at Brixham

The deflated remains of the war balloon which was found floating in the Channel, its two officer aeronauts missing, on Wednesday last. The "Thrasher" ascended on Tuesday from Aldershot, in the presence of the King and Prince Fushimi. There can now hardly be a doubt that its occupants must have perished

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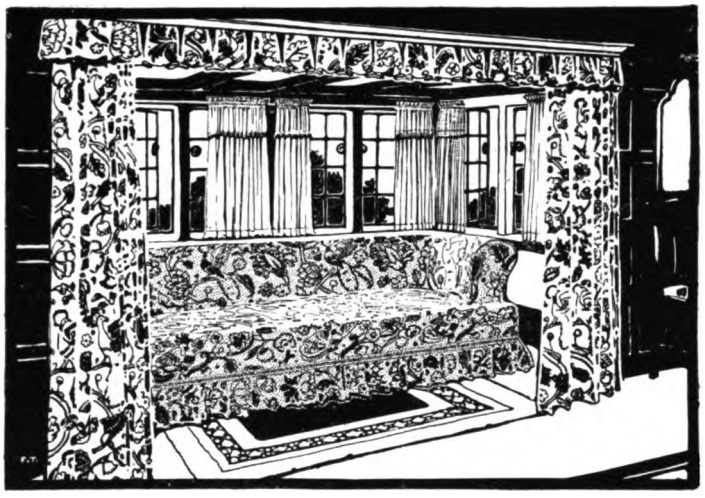

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YACHTING

The First Class: Great Expectations

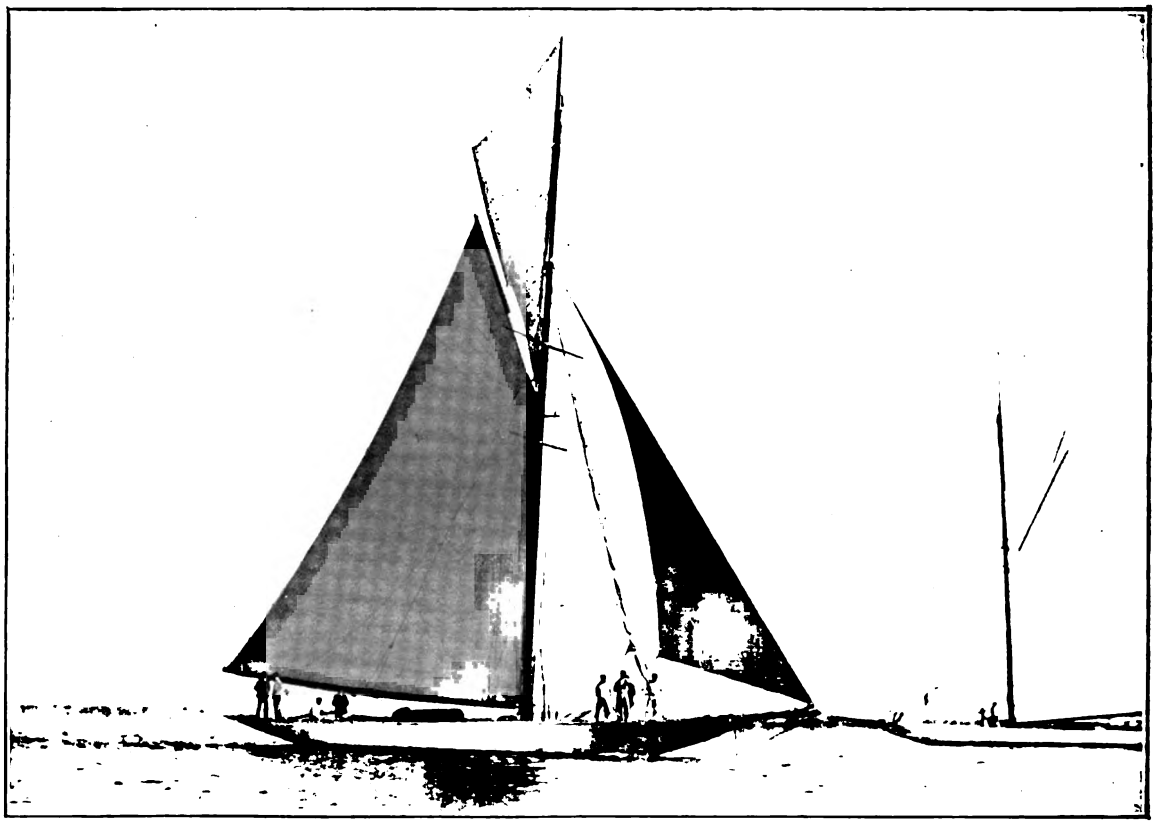
The hope that this year's yachting season, which commenced with the Thames matches on May 22, would be an interesting one has been fully realised, and lovers of the sport feel satisfied that there is no end of a good time in store before laying-up time once more comes round. In the big class Mr. Myles Kennedy's *White Heather II.* has made a conspicuously successful *début;* in fact, the only fear at present is that the succession of her victories may become monotonous. She is a beautiful boat—some go so far as to say the finest cutter that has ever raced in British waters—and the way in which she slips through the water with barely any perceptible wave is delightful; her sails stand to perfection, and her trim and handling, with Bevis in charge, are, as might be expected, beyond reproach. Certainly, if there is anything in a name, white heather, the symbol of luck, seems, in her case, to have been well chosen. The career of the other new boat, Sir James Pender's *Brynhild II.*, was, on the other hand, saddened at its very outset by a disastrous accident. Just before the start of the very first day's racing, one of her masthead hands fell from aloft on to her deck, and was instantly killed. Of course, her owner did not race her until some two or three days later, and then not with the best of luck; but although, up to the time of writing, she has not yet had the winning gun, she has done well enough to prove that she is a very long way from being a failure, and under certain conditions her immense spread of canvas is almost bound to tell. The third member of the fleet, Mr. Robert Young's *Nyria*, the successful *débutante* of last season, has undergone some alteration to her keel during the winter, and it does not appear to have improved her. She is very stiff and can stand very close to the wind, but she is also decidedly sluggish—particularly in the light airs. Neither are her sails by any means perfect, and, in fact, the general opinion is that her trim is not up to what it was. But these defects are not irremediable.

The East Surrey Championship Cup (value 30 gns.)

Competition for which (Gentlemen's Singles) is in progress this week at the Lawn Tennis Tournament on the ground of the East Croydon Club

Good Sport in the 15-metre Class

In the 15-metre class there are also two new boats, *Shimna* (Mr. W. Yates) and *Ma'oona* (Mr. Talbot Clifton). So far, the racing in this class has been even more interesting than that of the big boats, and here the most wins have been scored by the (comparatively) old *Britomart* (Mr. W. P. Burton); but there are evidently possibilities of great things in the two newcomers, and the look of *Shimna* in particular has quite captivated the critics. She was designed, like *White Heather II.*, by Fife, and has been described, not inaptly, as a pocket edition of the bigger ship. The race on the 23rd, in which she finished only a few seconds behind *Britomart*, with Mrs. Turner Farley's *Sonya* close up, was quite the best of the Thames races for several years past. The racing in the handicap classes has also been well above the average.



The Yacht "Britomart"

Mr. W. P. Burton's yacht, which has scored brilliantly in the 15-metre class of the recent Thames matches

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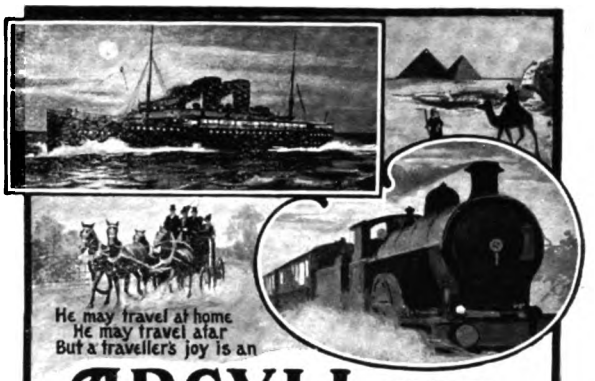

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He may travel afar
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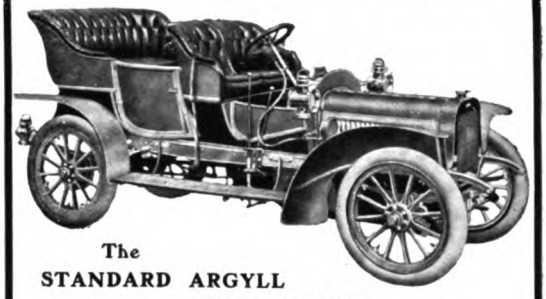

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DAIMLER

April 6th, 1907.—**MOTOR CYCLE UNION OF IRELAND HILL CLIMB. Bangor, Co. Down.**
Car Section.—DAIMLER made Fastest Time.

May 3rd, 1907.—**NEREFORDSHIRE A.C. HILL CLIMB. Fromes Hill.**
Class V.—DAIMLERS made 1st and 2nd Fastest Times, and were 2nd, 3rd and 4th on Handicap.

May 4th, 1907.—**ROYAL NORTH OF IRELAND YACHT CLUB MOTOR MEET. Cultra, Co. Down.**
Class I.—DAIMLERS made Fastest Time and secured 1st and 2nd prizes.
Class II.—DAIMLER made Fastest Time and secured 1st Prize.

May 11th, 1907.—**YORKSHIRE A.C. HILL CLIMB.**
30 h.p. DAIMLER made Fastest Time.

May 11th, 1907.—**NOTTS A.C. MOTOR MEET. Welbeck Abbey.**
1st Event.—WILSON CHALLENGE CUP won by a DAIMLER. A 60 h.p. six-cylinder Touring Car could only make $^1/_5$ sec. better time than a 35 h.p. DAIMLER. A 40 h.p. six-cylinder of the same make was beaten by $5^4/_5$ sec. by the same 35 h.p. DAIMLER.
2nd Event.—SCRATCH EVENT. DAIMLER'S STANDARD TOURING CARS made 2nd, 3rd, and 4th fastest times, being only beaten by 80 h.p. six-cylinder 6¼ in. bore Touring (?) Car, which, however, could only make $1^1/_5$ sec. better time than the DAIMLER Standard Touring Car.
3rd Event.—MILE HANDICAP. DAIMLER made Fastest Time.

May 18th, 1907.—**NEW FOREST A.C. and HAMPSHIRE M.V. HILL CLIMB. Beaulieu.**
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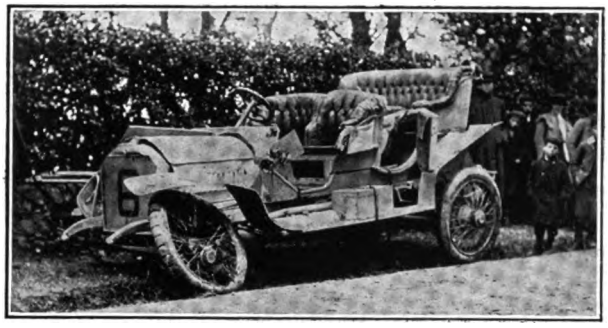
Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Mr. J. E. Hutton
Winner of the *Graphic* Cup on 60 h.-p. Berliet



The Accident to a "Graphic" Competitor
Mr. A. E. Harrison's 30 h.-p. Ariel Simplex, which was wrecked by running into a bank, one passenger sustaining a serious concussion

The Late Mr. A. Govan
Managing Director of the Argyll Motors, Ltd., whose death is a great loss to the motor industry. It is largely to his enterprise and energy that the Argyll motors owe their leading position

The Late Mr. A. Govan

I feel that, before touching on the racing last week in the Isle of Man, it is incumbent upon me to refer to the sad death of Mr. A. Govan, the managing director of the Argyll Motors, Ltd., the news of which came as a shock to his many personal and business friends. Mr. Govan was the brains of the famous Argyll Company, allying with sound engineering knowledge a wonderful grasp of business detail.

* * *

The Isle of Man Races

The Isle of Man races suffered this year through the climatic conditions which prevailed. From the time I landed at Douglas until I returned, there was scarcely an hour but it rained heavily. The success of the *Graphic* Cup race, or more properly speaking, hill-climb, was unfortunately marred by a very nasty accident to one of the Ariel cars driven by Mr. A. E. Harrison. All the occupants of the car were more or less injured, and one passenger, a Mr. Anderson, who occupied the seat beside the driver, sustained a serious concussion. The state of the roads was responsible primarily for the accident, but I cannot understand why passengers should be carried in the *Graphic* Cup race, considering that, being over a very short distance, and there being no restraining features such as limited petrol supply, great speeds are attempted. In the Tourist Trophy lead is used as the make-weight, and it would be just as simple to do so in the *Graphic* Cup. The Cup was won by Mr. J. E. Hutton on a 60 h.-p. Berliet, while a 24-40 h.-p. Berliet, driven by Mr. W. Watson, was second. Mr. Thomas Henshaw, on a 35 h.-p. Daimler, was third, $14^{1}/_{5}$ secs. behind the winner, having, let it be said, run on a burst front tyre most of the distance. All these cars were fitted with Continental tyres.

* * *

The Tourist Trophy Under the Worst Conditions

There are many excellent and weighty reasons to prove that the Tourist Trophy races do all sorts of wonderful things to improve touring, whereby that shy bird, the prospective purchaser, may be induced to put his hand in his pocket and buy. The winner of the trophy is popularly supposed to value the prestige at £100,000. To the Rover Company belongs the honour this year of winning the coveted prize, after a race run and witnessed under the worst possible conditions. Mr. Orde and the Royal Automobile Club may do their best, but when the weather is simply too vile for words, enthusiasm wanes, and a race degenerates into a miserable penance, witnessed by half-drowned and shivering mortals. For the Tourist Trophy this year there were twenty-two starters, and while sufficient petrol was given out equal to twenty-five miles to a gallon, the load carried was much

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Photos *Topical Agency*

The "Graphic" Cup
Mr. J. E. Hutton on his 60 h.-p. Berliet, winner of the Cup, taking the corner by the "Rest and be Thankful" public-house

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heavier than last year, and, in addition, the course was lengthened to six laps, making 241 miles instead of 161 miles. Gradually, as the hours went, one by one competitors dropped out for one reason or another, though, I may remark in parenthesis, tyre troubles were few and far between, to the credit of the Dunlop Co., who supplied most of the cars.

The Last Lap

In the last course only eight cars were still struggling over the sodden roads, and losing themselves in the mists of Snaefell: they were the two Arrol-Johnston cars, the Metallurgique, the Thorneycroft, the Beeston-Humber, the Clement-Rover, and the Darracq—the last-named going very strong. As it passed the R.A.C. stand on its last round, and when word reached us that it had passed the Bungalow on the summit of the mountain, the race seemed to be over bar shouting. However, "many's the slip," etc., and almost within sight of home—in fact, within 200 yards—the petrol ran out. Had A. Lee Guinness, who was driving, won, it would have been a very popular victory, as he is a sportsman who has no connection with any firm. Some time later, amid cheers of relief from the patient spectators, the Rover car drew up the winner; the Beeston-Humber was second. Thorneycroft had a mishap. Of the other cars nothing was heard, and I suspect their trouble was want of petrol. The Rover Company deserved their win, for their cars are thoroughly sound and reliable. There was also a race for heavy cars, in which the Beeston Humber won, the Gladiator being second. The first and second cars in this race, as in the Tourist Trophy, were tyred with Dunlops. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XXIX.: Mr. Frederick Coleman

One often wonders in what line of life some of the more prominent people in the automobile movement were engaged before that movement afforded scope for their energies. Mr. Frederick Coleman, the subject of this week's Car-icature, is a man who has played many parts. As an author, explorer, traveller, and special correspondent during the Spanish-American War, he gained a wide and varied experience of men and things in diverse odd corners of the world, which he, in due course, described in a series of lectures. Mr. Coleman has done good work as a journalist, and while on a special mission to the United States made acquaintance with the directors of the White Manufacturing Company, of Cleveland, with the result that an arrangement was entered into whereby Mr. Coleman agreed to represent White Steam Cars in Europe. How his irresistible policy of "hustle" has made the name of White Steam Cars famous at all competitive functions in this country is known to all motorists, and although there be those who deprecate the principle of steam in automobilism just as there are many experts who assert that undoubtedly the car of the future will be propelled by steam, there is no doubt in the mind of anyone acquainted with the gentleman that, in the person of Mr. Frederick Abernethy Coleman, the "steamers" have a most capable and aggressive champion. D. M.

Car-icature—No. XXIX.: Mr. Frederick Coleman

As the representative of that enterprising concern, the White Steam Car Company, in England, he has done much to popularise the "steamer." In his time he has been author, explorer, traveller, and special correspondent in the Spanish-American War

(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

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* * *

Miscellanea

The first event concluded in the Tourist Trophy races last week—the International autocycle event—was won by C. R. Collier on a Matchless motorcycle, fitted with Dunlop tyres. The second and third places were also secured by riders on Dunlops.

One of the latest cars delivered by the Wolseley Tool and Motor-Car Company is a 45 h.-p. six-cylinder Siddeley landaulette. The purchaser is Mr. W. T. Madge, of the *Globe* and the *People*, whose satisfactory experience of an 18-24 h.-p. Siddeley induced him to order the more powerful and modern Siddeley for touring. The car gives great satisfaction, and reflects credit upon the builders, Mulliners, of Birmingham.

6 H.-P. ROVER, side boards and hood, 100 guineas; 12-16 H.-P. LEADER four-cylinder car, bargain at £125; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W. (Cars run by the year.)

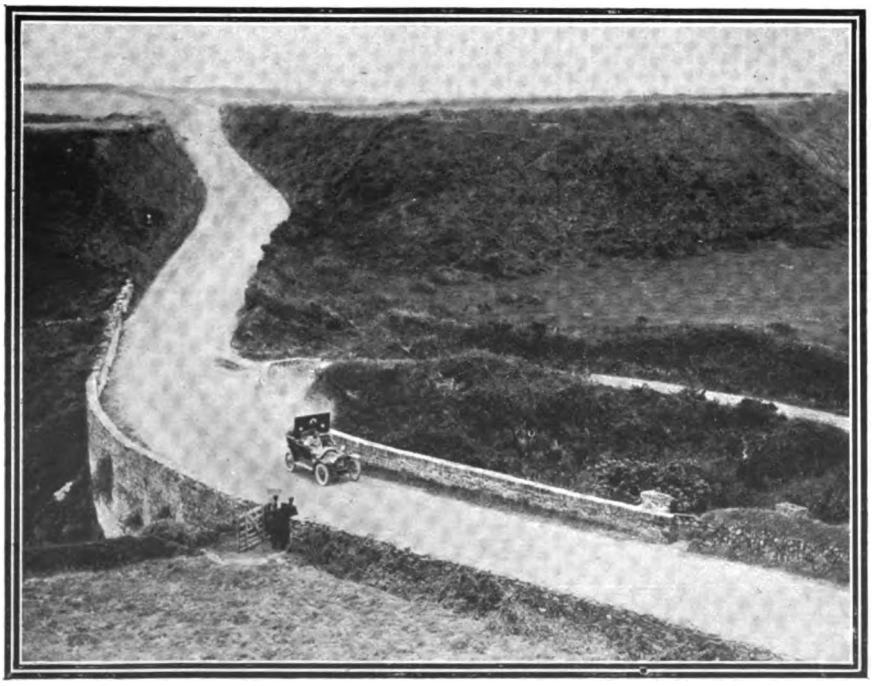

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Heavy Touring Car Race: The Beeston-Humber car (the winner) crossing Glenmoor Bridge

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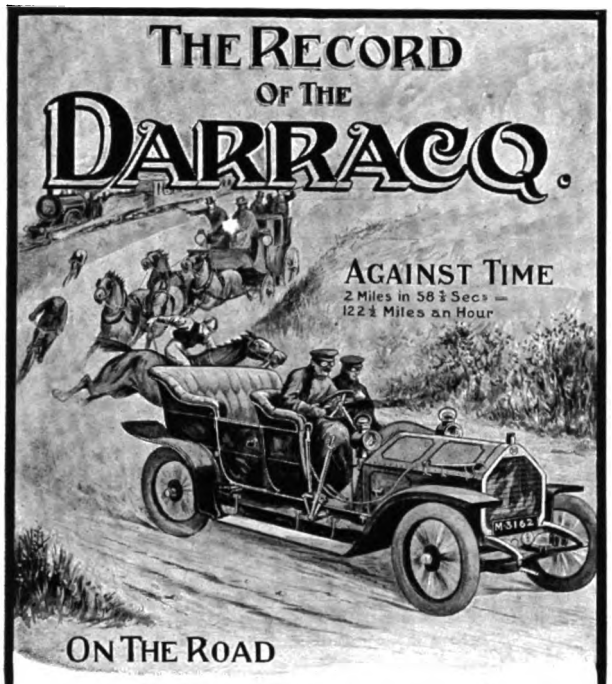

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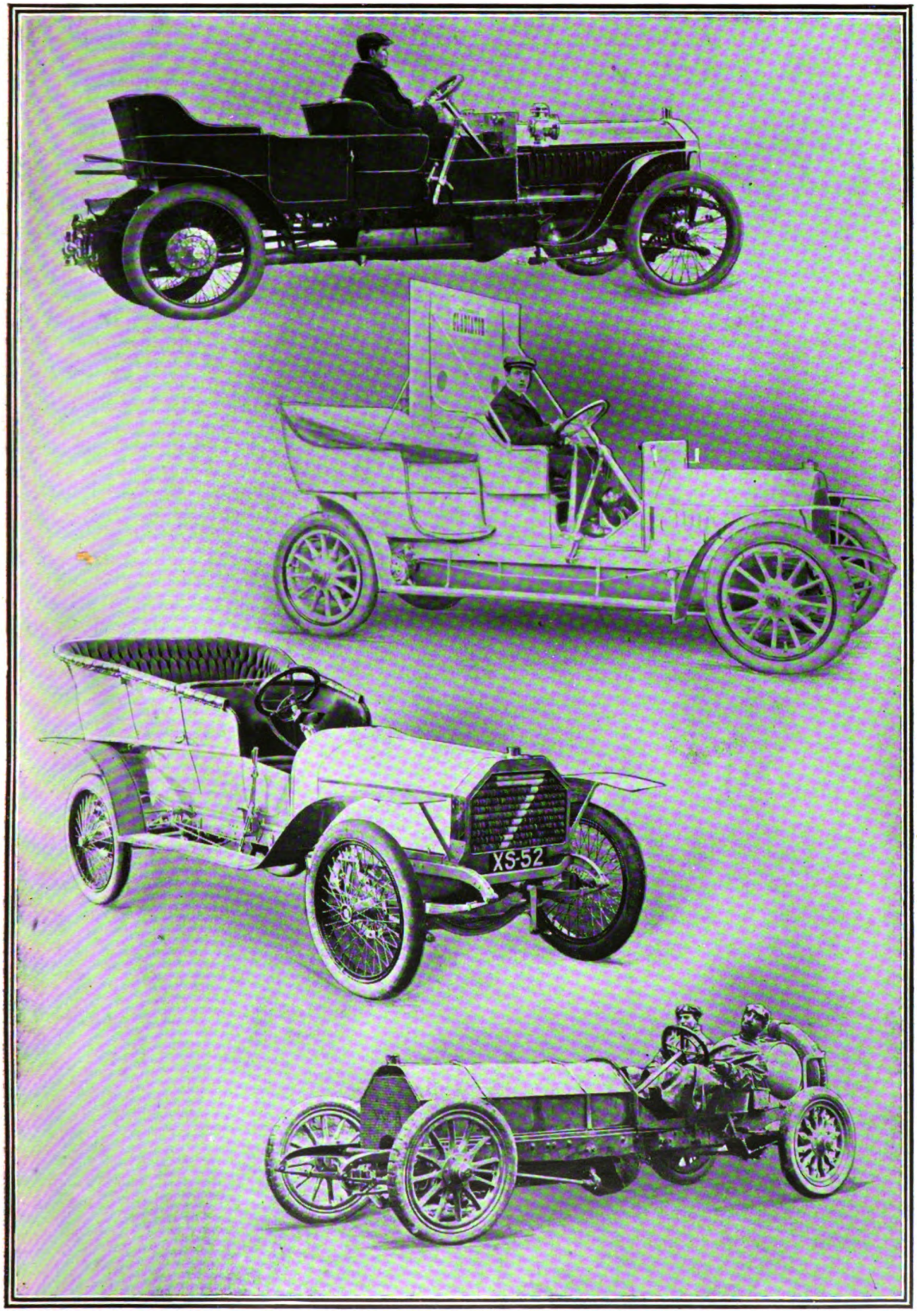
Cars of the Moment



(1) Mr. A. E. Paul on his 45 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier, fitted with Rudge-Whitworth wire wheels—a competitor for the *Graphic* Trophy

(2) The Gladiator car, a competitor in the Heavy Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man. One of these cars made a four-day non-stop run in the recent Irish Reliability Trials

(3) Scotland's representative in the Tourist Trophy Race—the Arrol-Johnston car. One of these cars won the race in 1905, and last year made the fastest actual running time, being delayed solely by tyre troubles

(4) One of the three 80 h.-p. eight-cylinder Weigel cars which will take part in the Grand Prix on July 2. This car can do sixty miles an hour on its third speed, and ninety-five miles an hour on its top speed

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POLO NOTES

The Inter-Regimental Entries

There is a slight drop in the entries for the Inter-Regimental Tournament this year, for neither the Scots Greys nor the 18th Hussars will be able to compete, as they will be engaged in the Scottish manœuvres. Otherwise, the entry of fourteen teams is a representative one, the only absentees among the cavalry regiments now stationed at home being the 19th Hussars, who are not a very strong polo corps. All three regiments of Household Cavalry have entered as usual, and the Cavalry of the Line will be represented by the 1st (King's), 3rd (Prince of Wales's), and 7th (Princess Royal's) Dragoon Guards; the 5th (Royal Irish), 16th (The Queen's), and 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers; and the 8th (King's Royal Irish), 11th (Prince Albert's Own), and 20th Hussars. The only two foot regiments who have entered a team are the Coldstream Guards and the Irish Guards. The 11th Hussars and the 20th Hussars stood out in a class by themselves last year, and there is every probability that they will again fight out the final at Hurlingham next month. With regard to the 20th Hussars—last year's winners—Captain H. Romer Lee, whose hunting accident kept him out of the saddle all last season, will again be able to captain the team at back, while Mr. B. A. P. Schreiber, who temporarily replaced him, will this time play No. 2, vice Captain C. MacG. Dunbar, who has a Staff appointment in Egypt. The side will be completed by Mr. J. S. Cawley and Captain H. C. Hessey. The 11th Hussars have the same team as last year, the mainstay of the side being Mr. M. L. Lakin, a very brilliant young player, who has been deservedly promoted to the Recent Form List.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Polo at Hurlingham: Captain Miller's accident

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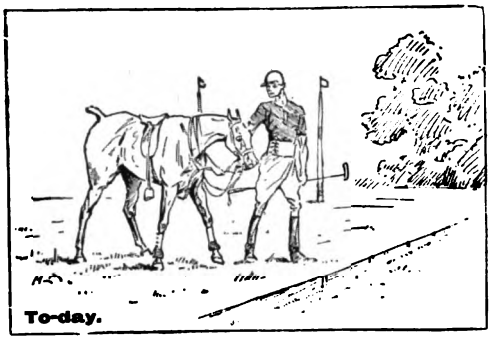
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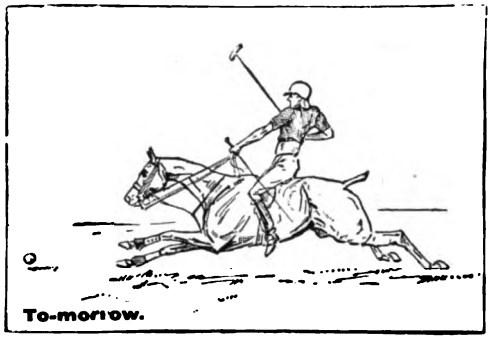
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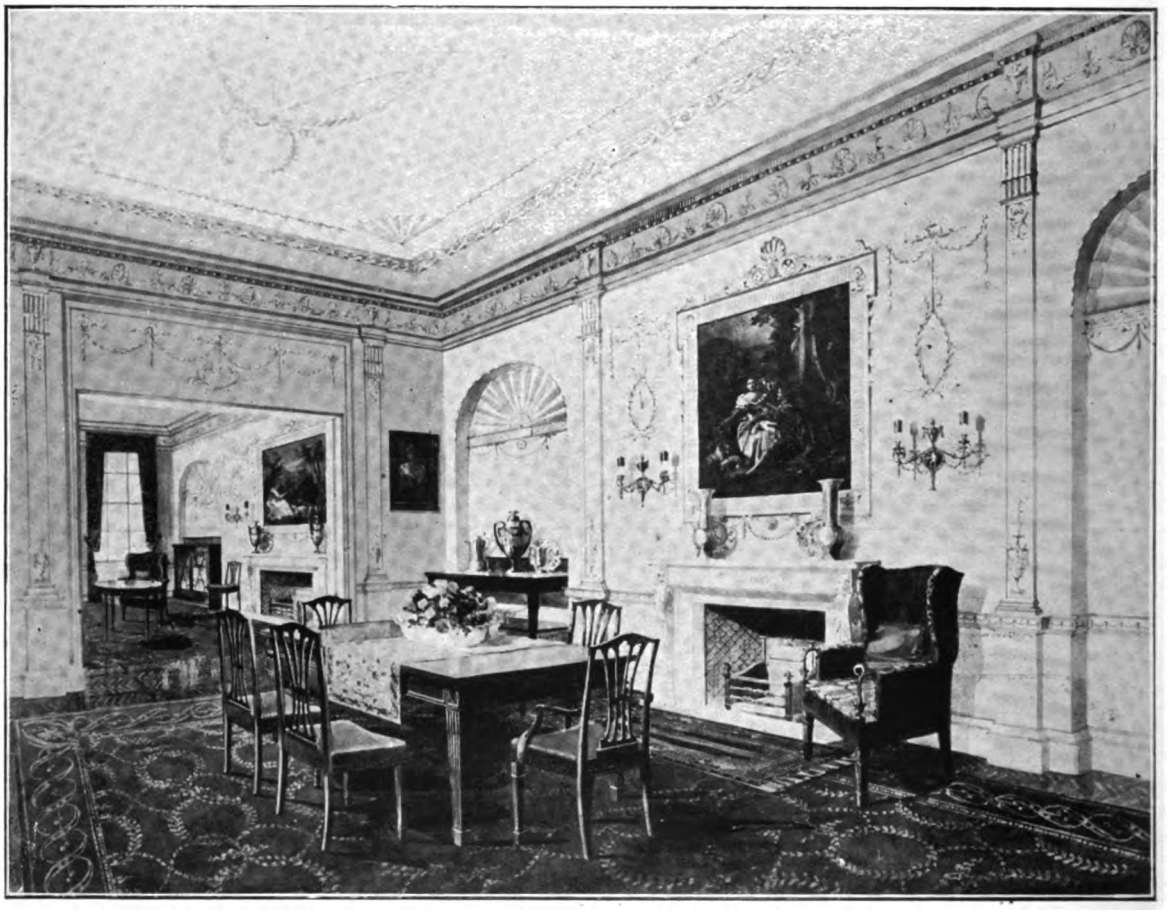

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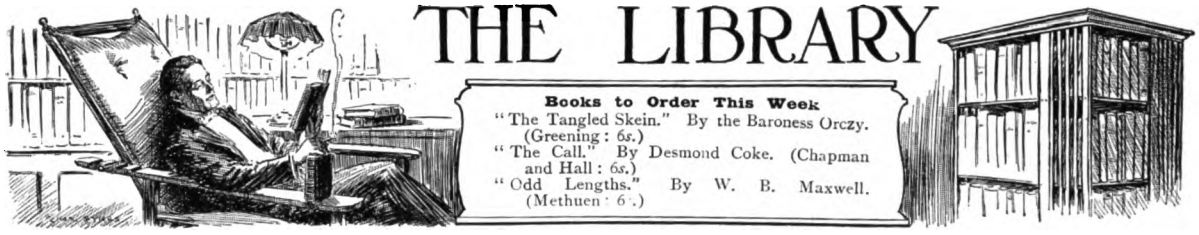

A Journalistic M.P.? The news that that excellent humorous journalist, Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, has been adopted as Liberal candidate for the Jarrow division at the next election by no means brings joy to his many admirers. For one thing, there is an extreme danger of his getting in, and that must inevitably mean a slackening off in his journalistic activities to the impoverishment of the Press. Of course, Mr. Hughes's admirers ought to be only too glad to sacrifice their pleasure, if, by doing so, they can further that gentleman's advancement in life, and his transference to higher spheres than writing "Sub Rosa" and other amusing columns in countless contemporaries. If Mr. Hughes were going in as a Tory, we might be more disposed to the sacrifice, for a humorist is badly wanted on the Opposition Benches. He is, however, a Radical, and it is the general opinion that the Government possesses already rather more humorists than is altogether good for it, and after the example of Mr. Birrell, the future chances of humorists becoming Liberal Cabinet Ministers do not look exactly rosy. If Mr. Hughes will pledge himself to restrict his Parliamentary ambitions to those of a Private Member, however, he has one's sympathy.

The Baroness Orczy
Author of "The Tangled Skein," just published by Messrs. Greening

Humorists as Serious Politicians In his election speech, I see, he said that, "though a humorous writer, he was a serious politician." There is, of course, nothing incongruous about such a combination. Humorists, when they are politicians, are usually the soul of seriousness. Having, as necessary to their humour, strong human sympathies, they are of course reformers, whether Radical or no. Tom Hood and Charles Dickens fathered, in their fun, some of the greatest reforms of the last century. Scarce a genuine humorist that has not a purpose behind his jokes. Who fuller of purpose than Bernard Shaw? Mr. G. R. Sims has puns, but he also has propaganda. Mr. Jerome was terrific in his desire to move Lord Salisbury to act over the Armenian atrocities. Only, as I write, have I at my elbow a reminder that Mark Twain himself can be a "serious politician" when he tries. His satirical *King Leopold's Soliloquy* (Unwin: 1s.) on the Congo atrocities, though "writ sarcastic," is about as convincing a statement of the awful truth concerning that region of horror as twelve blue-books. For instance, what more biting than this phrase (supposed to be uttered by Leopold himself):

Every shilling I get costs a rape, a mutilation, or a life!

Yes, the humorists, because of their very humour, and, therefore, their power of phrase, knowledge of life, and vividness of description, are the most serious politicians of them all—provided always they keep out of Cabinets.

In Tudor Times One may always be sure of a sound and thrilling romance from the pen of the Baroness Orczy, and her countless admirers will not be disappointed with *The Tangled Skein* (Greening: 6s.). This story harks back to the days of Mary (she of the forcible prefix), and centres round a mythical Court gallant of the time, the Duke of Wessex, a sort of Dudley Earl of Leicester to Queen Mary—enjoying the Queen's favour and love, but unable to return it because of another attachment. The actual "skein" in which the reader is entangled is this: Wessex is bound by a will to marry none other than Lady Ursula Glynde, a Court beauty. Mary, however, loving Wessex herself, prevents the twain, for a long time, from even the chance of a meeting, by keeping Ursula more or less a prisoner in the Castle. Occasionally, however, the lady escapes, disguised, and during one of these escapades meets and attracts the attention, and ultimately the passion, of the Duke, who is unaware of her identity. Things get complicated by several circumstances; the one, that the Spaniards, wishing Mary to marry, not the Duke, but their own

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King, intrigue to entangle Wessex, and to "push along" the little affair with Ursula. By using a double of that young lady—a witch-girl named Mirrab—to personate her, considerable complications are introduced. In the guise of Ursula, she assassinates the Spanish Ambassador. Wessex, thinking the deed Ursula's, to save her, confesses to the crime, and—but, dear, dear! I shall never be done if I go any further along this thorny path. I hope the reader, however, knows enough from the above to convince himself or herself that this is an unusually exciting story. It is only necessary to add that it is told with all the dramatic faculty and *élan* and all the admirable sense of historical detail which have characterised the Baroness's previous work.

Stage and Church

Mr. Desmond Coke has earned very general popularity as a novelist of public school and 'Varsity life. He has now "come down," and in *The Call* (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*) grapples with the problems of the outer world. Whether he is destined to equal success in the thorny fields of real life will be an interesting speculation. The story illustrates for us, in the person of Basil Murchison, the idea that the "call" which bids a young man to the Church is more or less identical with that which, in other circumstances, bids him to the Stage. It traces a parallel between the actor and the priest. Doubtless, in many cases, the priest is only the actor gone astray—by the grace of God; the actor, but the priest perverted. It requires less than no imagination to conceive of Father Beerbohm Tree at Farm Street, or of Mr. Bernard Vaughan at His Majesty's—how interchangeable seems the one with the other! But to our Basil. He is first the one and then the other, and lastly, the one again—actor, priest, actor! Fired by the success of his amateur impersonation of Orlando in a country town, where he is learning architecture, he feels a "call" to the Stage. He tries this, but discovering what one would think even the most innocent of modern youths would know—that the stage career has some humiliations for the recruit—he abandons it, and, seeking fresh employment, conveniently discovers another "call," to the Church, for which he studies. After deaconry and curacies, he becomes *locum tenens* of a West-End church. While clad in that brief authority he becomes notorious as a castigant of the dear old "Smart Set," and is nicknamed "The Apostle of the Spirit." As to the rest, it is an affair of the women, who wreak the havoc to be expected on the hero's ambitions, with the result that he goes back to the stage.

Photo *Lafayette*

Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes

Journalist and prospective M.P.—perhaps—for the Jarrow Division. He describes himself as "a humorist, but a serious politician"

Mr. Maxwell's Short Stories

As with most other first-rate novelists, there is a short-story side to the genius of Mr. W. B. Maxwell, which is to be seen by the public in *Odd Lengths* (Methuen: 6*s.*). The lengths vary, some being very short and of thin fabric, others long and thick. I think I prefer the shorter ones, such as "The Vulgar Man," "A Slow Match," and "Something in His Face." These are almost ideal short stories. Such longer stories as "Illusions" are scarcely as satisfying, being alike too long and too short for the exact taste to be fitted. However, there are enough stories for the reader to be able to pick and choose, and there is mastery of a kind in all of them, as is to be expected of the author of "Vivien" and "The Guarded Flame."

The Colours of Canada

To depict the colour-aspect of Canada were a formidable task, for, as with all other illimitable territories, the artist finds rather a surfeit of broad effects for his brush, unrelieved by those glorious mixtures of sky and foliage which are offered by smaller and more confined territories. However, Mr. T. Mower-Martin, the artist who has done Messrs. Black's *Canada* (letterpress by Mr. Wilfred Campbell), contrives to give a striking presentation of the subject. We are reminded forcibly that the Dominion of "endless wastes of white" has another side. With her azure skies and her rolling red-gold prairies, her forests of beech, of pine, elm, and maple, her brown cornfields, her blue mountains, and lakes, she has the raw material of splendid pictorial effects, especially in glorious autumn, of which excellent use is made by the artist.

The "Holiday Whitaker"

I feel bound to say a word on behalf of the *Holiday Whitaker* (Whitaker: 1*s.*). Not only does this little book tell you the names of all the places you might conceivably think of visiting, and all about them, it also gives you a pictorial idea of what they look like. This is of immense help to the wretched holiday-hunter, who likes the name of the place and knows its map-whereabouts, but has only the guide-book's verbal evidence as to its natural beauties — not the trustiest of recommendations. It is quite refreshing, by the way, to find such places, in a *Holiday Whitaker*, as Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and—London. Yes, London! And why not? What holiday could the Londoner take to compare in interest and instruction with that which he could spend in London? But a word of protest. Why is Manchester not mentioned in the list of holiday resorts—Manchester, which has the Midland Hotel?

VIVIAN CARTER.

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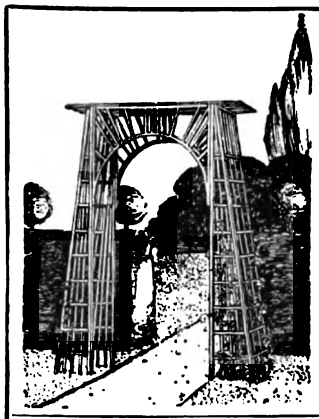

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

The season is at last securely launched, and we are all well in the maelstrom of social doings, a mad, wild time that whirls us along in an unceasing flow of functions that are as varied as they are exhausting. My own aspirations are particularly aspiring, since they are concentrated in a desire to experience a trip in a balloon. Continual motoring is rapidly exhausting the earth, so there is nothing for it but to examine the skies. The expanse certainly seems illimitable; anyhow, it will be reserved for another generation to arrive at its limits, supposing there are any. Meanwhile,

Summer Clothes

are portraying a more than exceptional amount of charm, especially those that assume a certain air of simplicity.

The washing frock, as was prophesied, is in extensive evidence, and it will take long to exhaust the range of kimonos, *fichus*, and pinafore corsages, the which play so conspicuous a rôle in its success. We have assuredly had nothing prettier or more becoming for years than these frame-like bodices, supplemented by dainty lingerie sleeves and chemisettes. The scope for variety is illimitable, consequently it is the exception to meet a design done to death. Right royally, in fact, has the fraternity of *modistes* met the opportunity, each one working out her own sartorial salvation on a completely individually inspired basis. In the lingerie addition alone there is a wealth of choice, from the plainest tucked lawn to a bewilderment of elaboration effected in several qualities of lace.

As a finish to the waist, I personally prefer the sterner type of belt, built of suède, embroidered by linen or kid; while the very last thought in this regard is of straw, hand-plaited and finished with a straw buckle.

Deftly manipulated belts of taffeta also form a significant item on many of the smartest fête gowns of ninon, muslin, and painted chiffon, a leading feature in these comprising lightly twisted *rouleaux*, and long ends falling to one side of the back. With these the *arrière* aspect is everything, whereas with the plainer, more utilitarian belts, described above, the buckle worn at the back is just about as *démodé* as anything can be.

A Parasol Show at Shoolbred's

Then comes the imminent choice in parasols, and the fact has long been accepted that for this accessory, Shoolbred's hold a special brief. Theirs is no ordinary department of incidental character, but a fount of undreamt-of depth, that is plumbed to the very bottom. Always among the first to recognise any reasonable development, the little Josephine parasol is well in evidence at Tottenham House. This is an eminently practical affair, with its double-

A Knockabout Country Suit

(SKETCHED AT NICOLL'S BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

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A Charming Fête and Reception Toilette
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar at Peter Robinson's)

jointed handle, the second joint whereof occurs at the summit of the stick, and so enables the frame to be set at any angle desired, the parasol thus acting as a screen, a possession most acceptable in these days of irrepressible dust. A picture of this handy collapsible revival is shown here, effected in *glacé*, ornamented with two gathered frills of the same. There are various other presentments of more elaborate order, but the *glacé* creation has the merit of extreme usefulness, and is, moreover, only 15*s.* 9*d.* in price.

In the companion model there is revealed the fashionable dome lining of lace—black Chantilly in the particular example illustrated—allied to a deep border of gauged white chiffon, narrowly ruched with black chiffon, the whole mounted into a covering of white moiré antique, fitted to a white enamel stick that is surmounted by a cut-crystal ball.

An *en tous cas* of ideally *chic* character is of gros grain, in a long range of colours, edged with a deep black-and-white check border, only 21*s.*; while plain silk *en tous cas*, in every covetable shade, including all the new blues, mauves, petunia, etc., commence at 7*s.* 11*d.*, a price furthermore attached to a lined tussore, a fancy that will assuredly have a bigger vogue than ever this summer. In the short space at my command it is wholly impossible to deal as their merit warrants with the more *récherché* offerings, secured in view of Ascot and fêtes generally, one exceptionally beautiful persuasion being offered in *broché* brocade, ornamented with guipure *motifs* and soft lace frills lined chiffon. But, without hesitation, let the fact be registered that Shoolbred's is *the* place for parasols.

Messrs. Peter Robinson, Regent Street

In pronouncing the fiat that this renowned Regent Street establishment is surpassing all previous efforts in the matter of exquisite fête and reception toilettes, one is making a very big pronouncement. It is, nevertheless, emphatically true, as the solitary instance here disclosed evidences. No matter what our artist puts into her sketch, it is an almost impossible feat to pictorially afford full value to such a model. The colour of the ninon itself, an imperceptible pink, supplies the initial distraction, succeeded by an artistically painted design of roses in pastel shade, held together by pale blue Louis bows. On the corsage a deep falling *fichu* arrangement of fine Alençon lace is disposed over draperies of the painted chiffon, outlined at the inner edge by a narrow hem of silver tissue, and apparently continued below the slightly raised waist at the back, in the form of a long broad sash-end, ornamented at the hem with inset *motifs* of the painted chiffon. The folded waist belt is of black satin, and is largely responsible for the delightfully *svelte* appearance presented by the figure, that is tastefully repeated in one of the small *cloche* hats of black clear net, the brim narrowly hemmed with velvet, and slightly rolled up from the face, and the crown trimmed with light folds of tulle and a single large osprey.

A particular *cachet*, furthermore, characterises the evening gowns, the governing minds at Messrs. Peter Robinson's electing to follow the feminine demand for simple silhouette expressed in superfine fabrics rather than in elaborate ornamentation. An adorable idea is a clinging unadorned skirt of pale rose petal pink Liberty satin, surmounted by a short waist bolero corsage of pink chiffon, decked with little tight pale blue silk bows and silver lace. Then are there some delicious frocks for young girls fashioned of poplin in white and a long range of colours, the bodices opening on lace chemisettes, and lined silk throughout, that are offered at the mere bagatelle of six and a half guineas.

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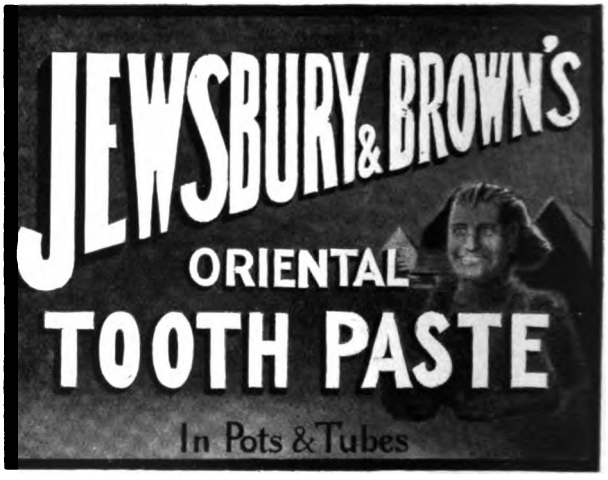

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No. 184.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 12, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RETURN *Spicer*

The ex-Colonial Secretary landing at Dover on his return from Valescure. Though improved in health, the journey had so fatigued Mr. Chamberlain that he had to be supported by Mr. Neville Chamberlain (left). Since his stay in London, however, he is much better, and has been out driving daily

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No. 184.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, The Bystander, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"The Crimson Azaleas." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Unwin.)
"The Feast of Bacchus." By E. G. Henham. (Brown, Langham: 6s.)
"Astronomical Essays." By C. Eblard Gore. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)
"Affairs of State." By Burton E. Stevenson. (Chatto and Windus: 3s. 6d.)
"A Race for a Crown." By W. H. Williamson. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"A Full-Length Portrait of Eve." By D. Douglas Brewer. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Way of War." By Hew Scott. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Jewel House." By Mrs. Isabel Smith. (John Long: 6s.)
"A Wife from the Forbidden Land." By Archer P. Crouch. (John Long: 6s.)
"His Italian Wife." By Lucas Cleeve. (John Long: 6d.)
"The Early Bird." By David Nutt. (1s. net.)
"The Woman Friend and the Wife." By Ethel Hill. (Greening: 6s.)
"Cricket." By Well-known Players. (Greening: 6d. net.)
"Practical Fruit Culture." By John Whitehead. (Greening: 6d. net.)
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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday June 12, 1907

The Prince of Asturias, who was entered last week on the roll of a regiment and given a gold regimental number to wear on his bib, is fast proceeding with his military education. He has already ridden a-cock horse several times, and it is believed that his autumn manœuvres—with the help of the leg of a chair—will be worth watching.

* * *

The Mayor of Coventry was certainly placed in a delicate position by the decision of the Historical Committee to clothe Lady Godiva in fleshings, a light cloak, and falling hair. Considering what the temperature was at the time, we agree with this humane man that a fur cloak and goloshes would have been far more sensible.

* * *

Claridge's, the Ritz, and the Carlton have been obliged of late to turn away so many scores of American visitors, owing to being full up, that it is becoming quite a problem where these people, most of whom can endure nothing short of extreme luxury, can have been accommodated. Perhaps, however, the answer will be given in the course of the Local Government Board Enquiry at the new Hammersmith Workhouse.

* * *

The Brixton Oratorio Society has been giving some choral and solo selections to the prisoners in Brixton Gaol, and many musicians are of opinion that the Home Secretary ought to take this fact into consideration when he is revising the sentences which the unfortunate inmates have been condemned to undergo.

* * *

Dr. Bell is the latest person who has solved the problem of the flying-machine. He maintains that all really that remains to be done is "to perfect the machine for everyday work under any atmospherical conditions." Just so.

* * *

His own model is constructed on the tetrahedral cells' principle. We do not quite understand how this works, but if it will pack small and go on to a cart easily, that is the chief thing. The horse will do the rest.

* * *

A costermonger, who has been disappointed by the views of the Olympia Committee as to what constitutes a perfect donkey, is reported to have expressed himself in the following terms: "Sleek? 'E ain't got the 'iley 'ide o' some o' them—my Ned ain't—but where's the moke in Tarn as'll beat 'is nine an' a 'arf miles in th' hour, and 'im fed on orange peels?"

* * *

The Oxford Pageant Committee is said to be quite undismayed by the recent attack made on its properties by Christ Church undergraduates. That is the right attitude. If only the Christ Church undergraduates are also undismayed by the penalties the law attaches (as the Mayor of Oxford said) to acts of wilful mischief, the Pageant ought to be a most successful one.

* * *

The Charing Cross, Euston, and Hampstead line expect to carry two hundred thousand passengers on their opening day, June 22, when no charge is to be made for travel. It will probably be a case not only of free seats, but free laps.

The Real Reason

He: "Yaas, I shan't be sorry to chuck golf and get back to good old cricket."
Little Miss Innocent: "I suppose you find a bigger ball easier to hit?"
(By Fred Buchanan)

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Thrifty

"Mamma, can I go to bed an hour earlier than usual to-night?
"An hour earlier! What for?"
"I want to say my prayers for three weeks ahead"

(By Hilda Cowham)

Shopping by telephone has made such great strides of late that ladies have almost given up going round and tasting the cheese. They just call it up. On the whole, as men, we do not resent the change. It means that we are more likely to get good cheeses, and less likely to get cheeses with holes all over them, the result of bits that ladies had tasted and were afterwards put back by the prudent cheesemonger. We give our *imprimatur* to cheeses by telephone. The ideal way of getting them would be to order them ourselves, but we shall have to wait for that till some inventor has produced a Smellophone.

* * *

Souvenirs

(*The Duke of the Abruzzi, during his stay in New York, had to be carefully guarded against such souvenir-hunters as in Hampton Roads the other day culled the golden buttons of his uniform, besides stripping the flagship of every available article.*)

Mrs. Hiram P. Vanderfeller sighed sweetly.

"I didn't know it was gold," she said. "I'm glad I've gotten it, though."

"And you're not going to return it, in spite of the Duke's advertisement?" I asked severely.

"I guess not," said Mrs. Hiram. "Finding's keepings, you know."

"How did you *find* a gold button?" I inquired.

"Scissors," said Mrs. Hiram. "I always carry them when I'm going to see notables. You never know what you won't have to cut. Look at that?"

"That" was a lock of somewhat coarse hair, which Mrs. Hiram had produced from a metal box.

"Whose is it?" I asked.

"Paderewski's. He was playing in N' York that night. Divinely. He got so plumb on our emotions that we rushed the rail at the end."

"And you cut that off—by violence?"

"I didn't hustle any more than the rest. He was kind of screaming all the time. They were trying to kiss him. If the scissors hadn't got caught in the rest of it, I'd have got it off clean. It can't have hurt much anyway. It takes me right back to Liszt, and Brahms, and lovely rich chords when I look at it."

"That's nice," I said. "And have you any other souvenirs?"

She produced, promptly enough, some short, dark clippings done up in white silk.

"Caruso's whiskers. Said to be. I had to pay for them though, and I'm not sure they're genuine. . . . These are!"

"What are they?" I asked, as she handed me some half-dozen buttons.

"Off the coats of some of the Honourable Artillery boys that came over from the old country. Poor fellows! They got colds on the chest—some of them—through not being able to button up. I got mine when they were waiting for a train. Just walked along the rows and snipped. They were vurry polite about it. Say, do you really think that can be your King's? Does he wear a check like that? Mrs. Washington Toker gave it me—said she got it cut when he was over here as Prince."

I examined the precious piece of cloth, but was unable to say if the material was of a Royal pattern.

"I should say not," I said, and Mrs. Hiram's face fell. "The souvenir habit didn't exist then anyhow, did it?"

"I don't know," she said. "It does now."

"That's obvious," I said. "It makes me feel nervous."

"Don't be afraid," said Mrs. Hiram. "You aren't a notable, you know. You don't think I've taken anything from you, do you?"

I felt about the place where my heart ought to be, and said I thought not. It wasn't polite perhaps, but one doesn't like souvenirs to be taken from one by force, even though the thief is a charming American.

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Unrest in India—A Bad Case

There was an old man of Bombay,
Who thought it quite proper to say,
What he thought of the grace
And the style and the face
Of the man who got into his way

DRAWN BY FRANK BRINGES

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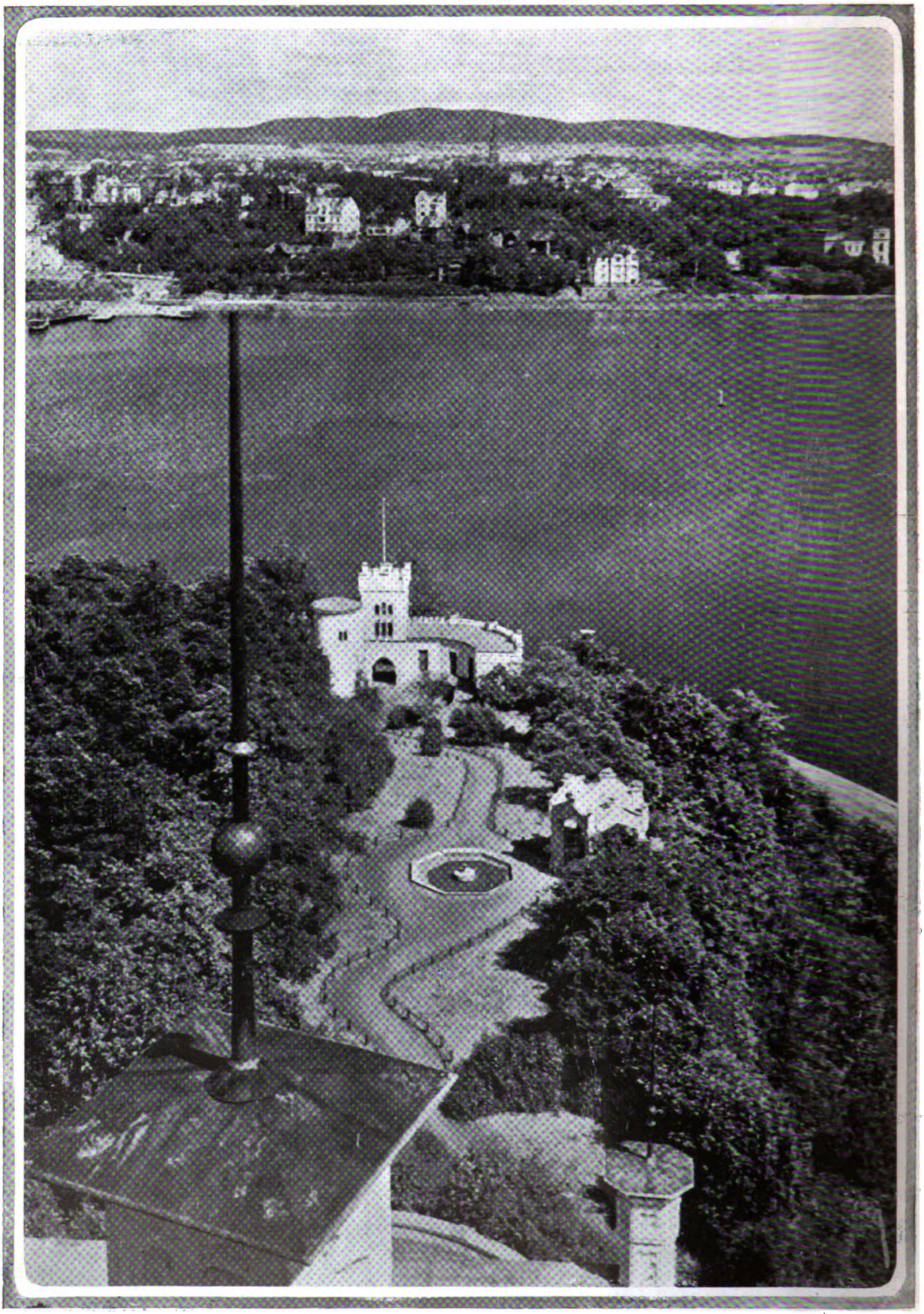
A Trysting Place of Kings

CHRISTIANIA—THE SCENE OF NEXT MONTH'S REMARKABLE MEETINGS



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Christiania—from the Oscarshal Gardens

Norway's beautiful capital will, next month, be the scene of one of the largest gatherings of rulers of States of recent years. King Haakon's visitors will include, for a certainty, H.M. King Edward, the Kings of Spain and Denmark, and President Fallières. As Society is likely to follow in the wake of its leader, it is well to remind it that, on June 20, the P. and O. Company's steam yacht *Vectis* leaves Tilbury for Christiania, taking in the Kiel Regatta and Copenhagen *en route*, and proceeding, from the Norwegian capital, to the Fjords and Bergen—a trip which she repeats in August next

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World's Pageant

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

From stereograph copyright. Underwood and Underwood, London and New York

Christiania's Chief Thoroughfare: Karl Johaan Street

In which the principal business houses are situated. At the top of the hill is the Royal Palace Up and down this street many famous Norwegians have been seen walking. It was the daily promenade of Ibsen and Dr. Nansen when in the capital, the former proceeding regularly every morning to a certain *café* for his *aperitif*

The Week of the Season

Court entertainments and Court functions this week absorb all lesser social festivities. The presence of the King and Queen of Denmark in London, the unusual circumstance of the Court being out of mourning, and the fact that both King Edward and Queen Alexandra, after their long holiday, are in the very best of health and spirits, all combine to establish a record week. The period between the Epsom meeting and Ascot, when the Court adjourns to Windsor, is invariably passing gay; this year it promises to be gayer than usual.

A Long List of Engagements

Yesterday the King and Queen, accompanied by the King and Queen of Denmark, attended the Horse Show at Olympia, and last night was fixed for the gala performance at Covent Garden, which was calculated to bring together as many of the fine flower of British aristocracy as could afford the high prices of the seats, and positively the whole of that more ornate blossom —the aristocracy of wealth. Boxes were fifty guineas apiece, and stalls eight, so the opera-loving element should have been well represented. To-day, a Review of the troops is to be held at Aldershot, and to-night a State ball and

An Artist's Fraternal Tribute: Mr. Johnstone-Douglas's Painting of his Seven Sisters

The history of brotherly devotion has few more beautiful examples than is shown in the above painting. In it the artist, Mr. Sholto Johnstone-Douglas, pays Art's tribute to the beauty of his seven sisters, among them Lady Kinross and Mrs. Carruthers. Mr. Johnstone-Douglas is a member of the Queensberry family, and unites in his person the known proclivities of the Douglases for art and sport. His father, Mr. Douglas, of Locherbie, won the Grand National, and Mr. Johnstone-Douglas has performed in one picture the feat of expressing the motor-car on canvas—that contrivance having made its *début* as an Academy subject last year in one of his inspirations

(*Now Being Exhibited at the Alpine Club*)

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To Tokio in a Fortnight

banquet takes place at Buckingham Palace. To-morrow, the Queen opens the Crippled Children's Charity Fête at the Mansion House; and on Monday the King and Queen open the new school buildings at Wellington, and afterwards proceed to Windsor, where, on Tuesday, a large house-party will assemble for Ascot.

* * *

The Overland Route to Japan

To-day is the fifty-fifth birthday of Sir Claude Macdonald, our Ambassador in Tokio. He has been home on leave since January, and has been foremost in the entertainments in connection with the visit of Prince Fushimi, but last week he returned to Japan. He was accompanied by Colonel Richard Boger, Royal Field Artillery, and both proceeded to Tokio by the newly opened route *viâ* Siberia, which, being shorter by one-half than any previously discovered, should enable them to reach their far-off destination in a fortnight. Colonel Boger, who has been appointed Military Attaché to our Embassy in Tokio, is not only a keen and distinguished soldier (amongst whose active services to his country may be mentioned many years of experience in Indian frontier troubles), but he is a fine specimen of that *rara avis*, the John Bull, whose extinction would be a truly deplorable circumstance from a national British point of view. Having held an important command in South Africa during the Boer War, and having accompanied the Japanese troops during their successful struggle with Russia, Colonel Boger is still strongly of opinion that the British soldier is second to none! The Colonel and Sir Claude Macdonald are old and tried friends, but this will be Colonel Boger's first experience in the Service; no doubt he will speedily acquire that polished, inscrutable demeanour which constitutes the power as well as the charm of diplomatists.

Photo *Fisk-Moor.*

Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes

Master of the East Kent Foxhounds. A testimonial is being organised, to be presented to him by the Hunt shortly

* * *

A Sportsman and a Painter

The Gallery of the Alpine Club for the last few days, during which Mr. Sholto Johnstone-Douglas has been showing his pictures, has become quite a rendezvous. The *nouveaux riches* came to see whether it really would be wise to have their portraits painted by a collateral of the Queensberry Douglases, even though he be not yet quite a Sargent, and the other people came to see how one of their own set could paint. Mr. Douglas, who is the son of Mr. Arthur Johnstone-Douglas, of Lockerbie, Dumfries-shire, one year a winner of the Grand National with "Old Joe," is one of a large family. His brother is studying with M. Edouard de Reszke, who, by the way, turned up at Mr. Douglas's private view, and of his eight sisters, seven of whom are depicted in the picture we illustrate, three are now Lady Kinross, Mrs. Carruthers, and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Carnegie respectively.

Photo *Dickinsons*

Colonel Boger

New British Military Attaché in Tokio, whither he is now proceeding in the company of his chief, Sir Claude Macdonald, the Ambassador

* * *

Sisters as Sitters

Mr. Douglas, as befits one of a family pre-eminently sporting, considers that art and sport are, as a rule, quite unnecessarily divorced. He sees no reason why a man should not be both artist and sportsman, but he admits that the combination is rare. He rejects with scorn the usual condolences offered to a man with eight sisters. He finds them extremely useful as models, he says; but then Mr. Douglas is fortunate in possessing a bevy of pretty and paintable sisters; otherwise, he *might* tell a different tale. Mr. Douglas's talent, which is apparent in his portraits,

The Countess of Kenmare

She is a daughter of the first Lord Revelstoke, *née* the Hon. Elizabeth Baring, and is very well known and popular in Ireland

(*From a painting by Mr. Sholto Johnstone-Douglas, now being exhibited at the Alpine Club*)

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An American Sportswoman

Mrs. George Gould and her Daughter, Miss Gloria Gould

Mrs. George Gould is chiefly known in this country as the mother of Jay Gould, the well-known tennis player, who defeated Mr. Eustace Miles, the English champion, the other day. Like her husband, who is the head of the well-known Gould family, she is a keen enthusiast in all kinds of sport, especially fishing and yachting

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Two Acquisitions for Social London

must not be judged by his Academy picture of 1906, in which the first motor-car to enter Burlington House played a part. After all, who could paint the soul of a motor-car? Mr. Douglas, I understand, intends in future to paint his sitters in an

Photo "*Graphic*" *Photo Agency*

The New Miniature Rifle Range at the Bath Club

Opened by Earl Roberts on Friday last

ordinary room—that is, in a room where there is no top light. By this means a more natural portrait will be obtained.

* * *

A Popular Irish Landlord

The Lord Chancellor, Lady Mount Stephen, Ethel, Lady Brabourne, and Lady Kenmare, are amongst the most recent of Mr. Douglas's portraits. Lady Kenmare, who was the Hon. Elizabeth Baring, a daughter of the first Lord Revelstoke, is as popular in Dublin Society as her husband is popular with his tenants in Killarney. Lord Kenmare's furniture industry has proved a great success, and his Castlerosse School of Industry for training girls in domestic duties has been equally successful. Ladies go there to find servants and men to find wives—both, they say, are good. Lord Kenmare possesses a charming personality and much tact. He acted some years ago as A.D.C. to the Governor of Victoria; he was State Steward to the Earl of Aberdeen during his first Viceroyalty in Ireland, and was also Master of the Horse to Lord Dudley when he reigned at the Castle.

* * *

An American Royal Duchess

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, when they return from the celebration of the golden wedding of the King and Queen of Sweden, will bring their daughter and her husband, Prince Gustavus of Sweden, with them. The American invasion being now at its height, it is obvious that the Duchess of Connaught wishes to be in London, for it is from amongst Americans that she chooses her best friends, as well as those of her daughters'. Her Royal Highness, however, in spite of her marked *penchant* for Americans, is, with the exception of the daughters of the King and Queen, just about the shyest woman on earth. She is subject to fits of shyness which amount almost to panic; and Princess Patricia, on her return from India, told how she had positively to push her mother into the dining-room whenever they were dining in public.

* * *

Holds the Reins, All the Same

As is the case with most women afflicted (one can call it nothing else in the case of a Royal Princess) with shyness, the Duchess of Connaught either makes friends—or enemies. People either like her very much, or—the other thing. There seems no happy medium. But with Americans she is quite at home. Mrs. Jack Leslie even chooses some of her gowns for her, and Miss Nellie Post, Mrs. Adair's charming niece, is the friend both of Princess Adolphus and of Princess Patricia. In the Connaught *ménage*, by the way, in spite of her Royal Highness's shyness, it is the Duchess who holds the ribbons. The Duke is as easy-going and as good-natured as he is good-looking, and is one of those men, of all men the most comfortable to live with, who will barter their very souls for "a quiet life."

* * *

An American Sportswoman

Mrs. George Gould, whose photograph we publish, together with her daughter, Gloria, is chiefly known to fame in England as the mother of Jay Gould, the tennis champion. Her husband is the head of the Gould family, and is a brother of Miss Helen Gould, the philanthropist, of the Comtesse Boni de Castellane, who recently divorced her amorous French

Photo *Large*

The New Tea-Shop in St. James's Street (Rumpelmeyer's)

A resort likely to be fashionable this season. It is to be opened this month by Rumpelmeyer's, the premises being formerly occupied by the Junior Army and Navy Club

husband, and of Mr. Howard Gould, who is seeking to divorce his wife, *née* Miss Viola Clemmons, actress. Like her husband, who is a crack polo player, Mrs. George Gould is keen on all forms of sport. She has Devonshire blood in her veins, which perhaps

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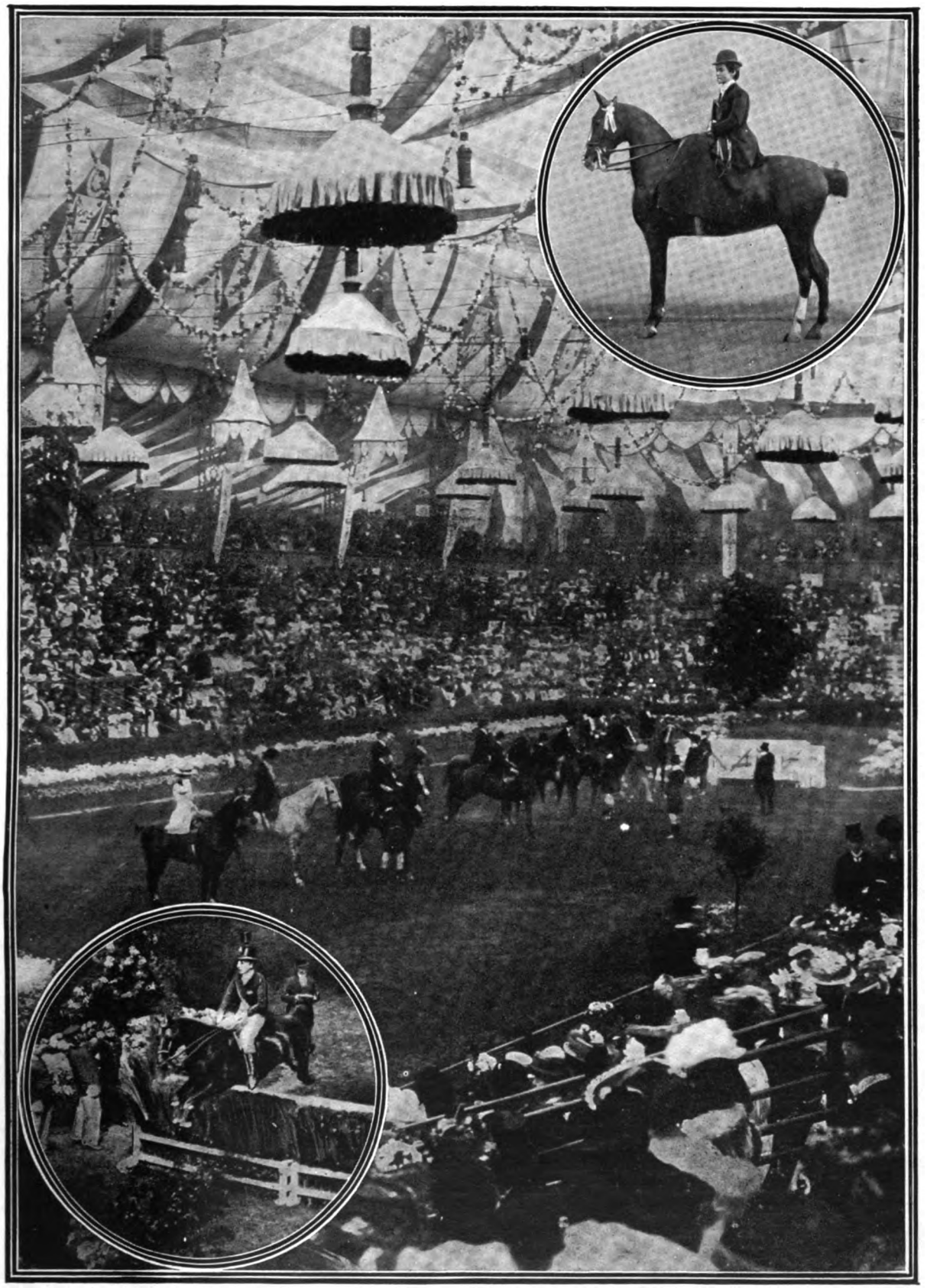
The Great Horse Show at Olympia



A German Competitor doing a Good Jump

Miss Frances Cohen riding Poetry of Motion, winner of the Ladies' Hacks

Judging the Ladies' Hack Class

Even the most sanguine hopes of the promoters of the Olympia Horse Show must have been exceeded, so great has been the success of their venture. Many people have had to be turned away each day owing to lack of accommodation. Despite prophecies to the contrary, this country has been well able to hold her own against her Continental and American rivals, notably in the Trotting Class, where the best of American trotters were beaten by Mr. Walter Winans's "Barney F." The decoration of the show ring is most artistic, flowers, trees, and even real turf combining to make the scene as natural as possible, while the stalls of many of the animals are draped in chiffon and plush

Photographs by Sport and General, Topical, and Clarke and Hyde

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Personalities at the Derby

accounts for her prowess as a fisherwoman, and she is also an enthusiastic yachtswoman. Mrs. Gould has a magnificent house in Fifth Avenue, where big entertainments are given.

* * *

Rifle Shooting at the Bath Club

The miniature rifle range which has lately been constructed on the roof of the Bath Club, along the racquet court, is proving an almost unexpected success. Many members, chiefly women and friends of Lord Desborough, the President of the Bath Club, have joined. Lord Roberts opened the club a week or two ago, and signalised the event by scoring a bull's-eye with his first shot. He is tremendously keen just now on rifle clubs, as everyone knows, and would like them opened in every school, club, office, and factory all over the country. "Rifle clubs," he said, "are not perhaps quite all that is needed to make a soldier, but they go a long way towards it."

* * *

The Derby

Once again, having put my whole trust in "Carbine," I came off quite nicely over the Derby. The results of backing Orby, son of Orme, son of Ormonde, for a careful "win and a place," will, at any rate, go to pay for the eucalyptus and camphor and other remedies necessary to allay the cold I caught on those wet, wet downs. So much for a winner. For the losers, the whole-hearted backers of the favourite, this year's Derby must have been distinctly depressing, for it rained heavily both on the journey down and on the return, though it was fine for the actual race. "Boss" Croker, of Tammany Hall, a quaint, solid figure, looking for all the world like a Scotch elder in his broadcloth, and attired in black trousers and an old-fashioned black frock-coat, is little known in the world which fills the Grand Stand and the enclosures. No beautiful women, and men groomed to shining-point clustered round the "Boss" to offer congratulations. The King, of course, with the tact and charm which is his special prerogative, shook hands and warmly congratulated the winner. But in the stands and in the paddock there was little enthusiasm. Nothing bores "Society" more than the successes of people outside "our set"; and, as everyone knows, it is the *chic* thing just now, when one *is* bored, to show it and to let no one forget it.

Miss Minnie Donner

Daughter of Mr. Donner, of Priest Hill, Englefield Green, near Ascot, and Cannes, who was married at St. Peter's Old Windsor, on June 5, to Mr. R. M. Carlile, a former captain of the Oxford Eleven, and a double Blue

Fashions at Epsom

There was a great disappointment that the Queen was not present. In her place, however, came the Princess of Wales, looking charming, but rather thin, and not particularly well, and with the King, while the race of the day was being run, was Mary, Lady Gerard in serge with gold buttons and the Duchess of Devonshire in black and blue. Black, in some form or another, indeed, was introduced into every get-up. Lady Sarah Wilson was gowned with elaborate simplicity in black and white, but her Mephistophelian feathers vied in hue with the uniforms of the King's bodyguard of Indian officers, and Mrs. Hwfa Williams, who is always so well dressed, was also another black and white vision. Mr. W. K. D'Arcy had a lot of friends on his stand adjoining the Paget stand, and Mrs. D'Arcy looked extremely well in sapphire-blue. The tailor-made, however, preponderated, the weather being so very unpropitious, and the Hon. Gladys Fellowes (the bride of the week), the Hon. Mrs. Albert Petre, and Lady Dorothy Coventry were among its many disciples. Several men, including Lord Lonsdale, wore buttonholes, a fashion the King has this year brought back into favour.

* * *

Lord Lucas of Crudwell

After two years of strenuous fighting for his rights, Baron Lucas of Crudwell, formerly Mr. Auberon Thomas Herbert, son of the late Hon. Auberon Herbert, the famous Individualist, has established his claim to a seat in the House of Lords. For two hundred years no Lord Lucas of Crudwell has sat in the Upper Chamber, though several members of the family have sat by virtue of other titles owned by them, and now extinct. The peerage was created by Charles II., and the new Lord Lucas inherited the title and the Scottish barony of Dingwall on the death of the late Earl Cowper. His accession placed him in a dilemma He was Liberal Candidate for South Hunts, but his title now prevented his being elected to the House of Commons. He was a Whig, and so his opinions made it fairly obvious that he would never be elected to the House of Lords as a Scottish representative peer. So he fought for his ancient rights, and now he takes his seat in the House of Lords as a matter of course as an English baron. Lord Lucas twice rowed in the Oxford crew, is over six feet high, proportionately proportioned, and still "in the morn and liquid dew of youth." He is also a young man

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A Newcomer in the Upper House

of rather decided opinions, and seems to think the Upper Chamber—"that Hospital for Invalids," as Pulteney (Lord Bath) once called it—will be none the worse for his incursion therein.

* * *

The Horse Show at Olympia

During the last week there has been no getting away from the Horse Show. Columns of Horse Show details have filled the newspapers. Even the day's requirements of Messrs. Lyons, the caterers, have been given us, and little lists, such as:

12,000 rolls
24,000 sandwiches
5,000 sticks of asparagus
16,800 slices of bread and butter
12,000 fancy pastries

have been read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by the whole newspaper reading public. As a social function, of course, there has been nothing to beat it for many a long day. The Englishman, by virtue of his birthright, has to *pretend* to be interested in horseflesh even if, in reality, it bores him unspeakably. The world and his wife, therefore, it being the proper thing to do, have spent most of the week in the wilds of far Kensington, and now know more about horses than they either deserve or desire.

Photo *Digby*

Lord Lucas of Crudwell

Who has just established his claim to a seat in the House of Lords. He is the son of the late Hon. Auberon Herbert, the famous Individualist

* * *

The Building

Thousands of pounds were spent on decoration alone, and certainly, for a glass monstrosity, the place looked its best. Flowers would make beautiful a prison cell or the Albert Hall, and flowers abounded. The light which beats so fiercely about the glass roof was tempered with banners symbolic of all horse-breeding nations. The boxes were re-named "boudoirs," so elaborate was their scheme of decoration. White chiffon lined the stalls which sheltered Mr. Armour's champions, while pale blue cloth and scarlet and gold lace enhanced the beauty of the animals of Messrs. Guinness and Mr. Winans. The ring itself was literally transformed. Turf from the Surrey Hills covered the banks, and may-trees in full bloom, young willows and chestnuts, and clumps of rhododendrons sprang out of the arena in

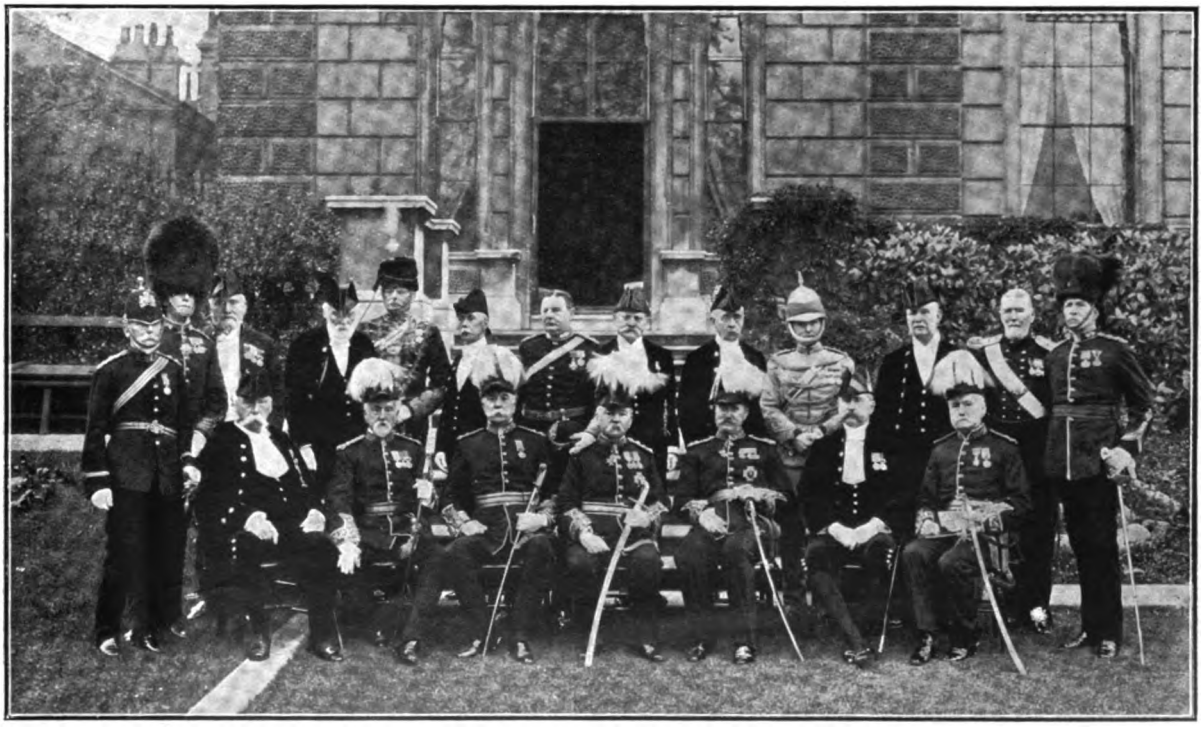

Photo *London Stereoscopic Co.*

Fifty Years Since the Mutiny: Some of the Defenders of Lucknow and Members of the Relieving Force received by the King last week

(*Standing, left to right*) Surgeon-Major H. M. Greenhow, Colonel W. Cleland, Captain J. Robertson, Mr. Simon Martin, Colonel John Pilkington Blake, Colonel W. Charsley-Thomas, Colonel J. Bonham, C.B., Mr. L. E. Rees, Mr. J. Berrill, Colonel G. Stewart, C.B., Captain J. R. Pearson, Major C. H. Dale, Lieut.-Colonel L. A. M. Graeme

(*Sitting*) Mr. C. Dodd, Major-General J. Ruggles, Major-General H. Cook, General Sir George Digby Barker, K.C.B., Lieut.-General Sir J. Clerk-Rattray, K.C.B., Major J. Finlay, Major-General F. E. A. Channer, C.I.E.

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The Social Side of the Derby

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE PRESENT ON THE GREAT DAY

Lord Rosebery (talking to D. Maher)

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lord Southampton, Major Edwardes, Lady Southampton

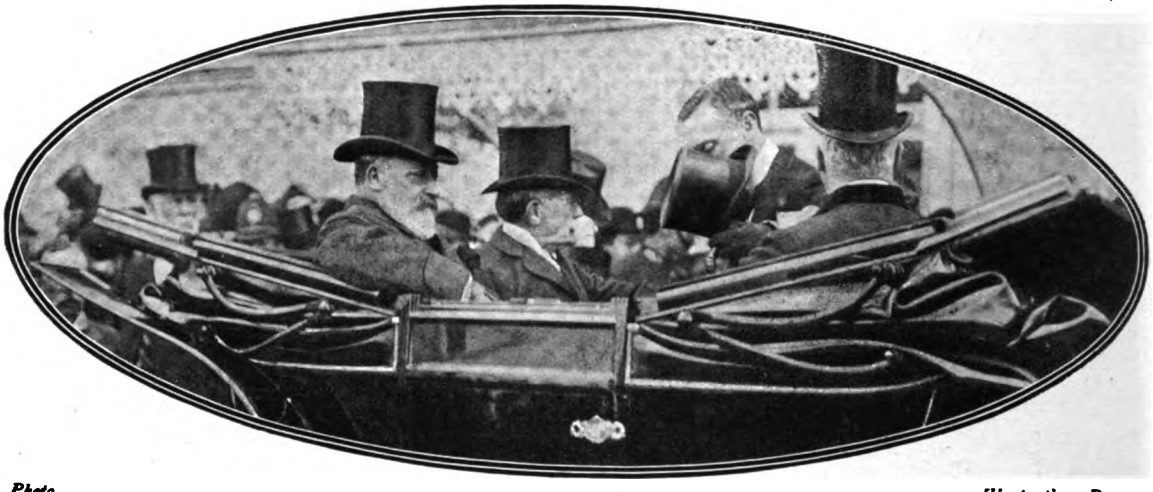
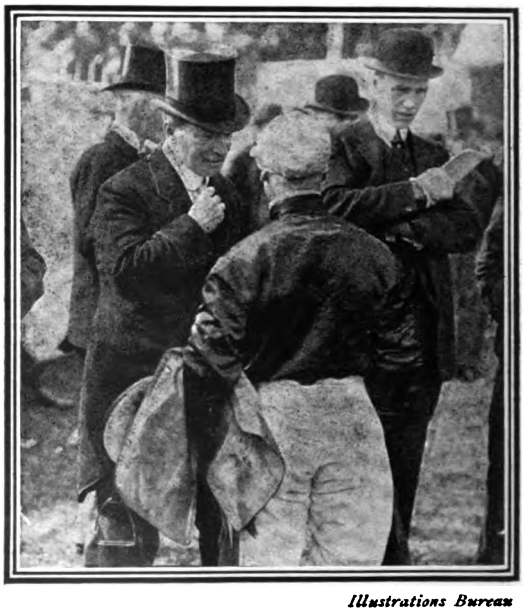


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

ARRIVAL OF THE KING

Photos

The Duke of Westminster, Earl of Sefton, and Lady Innes-Ker



Illustrations Bureau

Captain Greer (owner of Slieve Gallion) talking to his jockey

Last week's Epsom Meeting was not favoured with weather that one usually associates with "leafy June," but though rain fell copiously in between whiles, the two historic events of the week, the Derby and the Oaks, were favoured with fine spells. The weather conditions, however, did not affect the attendance. His Majesty was present on Wednesday and Friday. It was a week of surprises, for both the Derby and Oaks favourites were defeated. "Boss" Croker's Orby won the Derby; the favourite, Slieve Gallion, came in third. Mr. J. B. Joel's Glass Doll was the winner of the Oaks, the favourite, Witch Elm, having won not even a "place"

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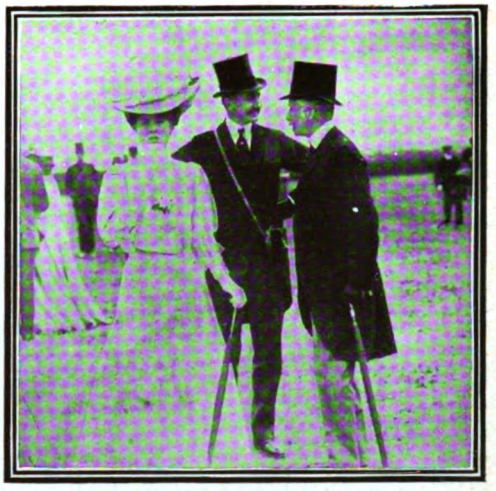
"The Hoax"

SOME SPECTATORS OF LAST FRIDAY'S AMAZING RACE

Lord and Lady Ilchester and Mr. Larnach



Major Wilson and Lady Sarah Wilson

Photos *W. G. Phillips*

Something Very Funny: An amused but very smart assemblage on Mr. D'Arcy's Stand

Photo *W. G. Phillips*

Lady Alice Stanley, the Hon. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther, and Prince Christian

Mr. A. James and Lady Wolverton

The racing for the Oaks was somewhat sensational—it was, in fact, fittingly described as "the hoax." Neither the "favourite" nor even the "favoured" among the horses won or gained places. Witch Elm was completely outpaced. Mr. Joel's GLASS DOLL was the surprising victor, followed by Laomedia and Lady Hasty. Twenty-five to one was the winner's starting-price, and Mr. Joel won 4,500 sovs. in stake-money. Only eighty yards from the finish did GLASS DOLL threaten danger, and her victory was little short of electrical. Little or no enthusiasm was, however, shown by the spectators—in fact, disappointment was the general sentiment, alike on the stands, in the ring, and over the Downs

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The Dawn of a New Shipping Era

Photo *Boyton*

A Demonstration during the Miners' Strike in Johannesburg

Entering Market Square, Johannesburg, on Sunday, May 12,

the most natural manner, "all a' growin' and a' blowin'." The Show closes to-morrow (Thursday); and its social apex was expected yesterday, when the King and Queen of England and the King and Queen of Denmark were down for a visit, together with a brilliant company of notabilities, both English and American.

To America by the Liner Luxurious

To Southampton—to a town gay with flags and bunting—was it my lot to travel recently for the celebrations in connection with the commencement of the White Star Line's new Southampton-New York service. This innovation means much to Southampton, and, in fact, as Mr. Harold Sanderson, the General Manager of the line, said at the inaugural luncheon given on board the magnificent *Adriatic*, "A new volume of Southampton's history has been opened." The new twin-screw, 25,000-ton *Adriatic*, which has been built especially for this service, is the most magnificent, and also the largest passenger boat afloat. Its length, to be exact, is 725 ft. 9 in., or half as long again as St. Paul's Cathedral, and, not only is its first-class accommodation even finer than the most modern hotel, containing everything, from self-contained suites to Turkish and plunge baths, but both its second and third class are a great improvement on anything before seen. There can be no doubt that this route will rapidly become the most popular one to America, especially with those in the South of England, for Southampton is only one and a half hour's journey from Town, and the South-Western Railway makes every arrangement for the convenience of passengers.

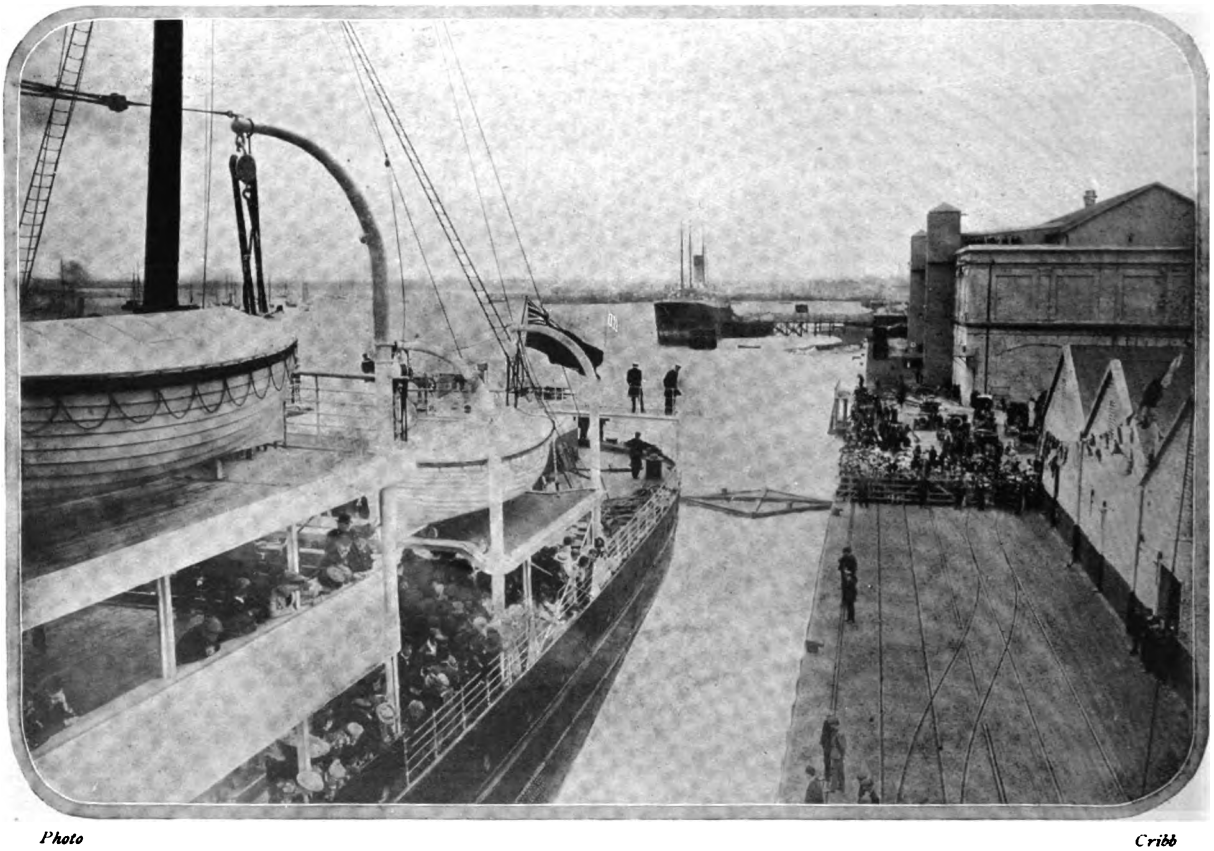

Photo *Cribb*

The Dawn of a New Shipping Era: The first sailing of the White Star Liner, "Adriatic," on the new Southampton-New York Service

Besides being the largest and most palatial passenger boat afloat, the *Adriatic* is the first of the four White Star liners to start on that Company's new Southampton and New York Service, which will mean so much to our Southern port. The *Adriatic* is 725 ft. long, or half as long again as St. Paul's Cathedral, and is fitted in the most luxurious style possible. In the background of the photograph is the *Suevic*, which was wrecked recently, but the fore part of the vessel, wedged on the rocks, having been blown up, she has been safely towed into harbour

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Matters Musical

Mme. Donalda

Who is singing this season at Covent Garden. She is the *protégée* of Lord Strathcona

Time's Changes

Time is bringing its changes in the musical world as in all others. A few years ago, the present would have been a month of terror for all who attend concerts, either for pleasure, profit, or the newspapers. Well do I remember the time when, to keep in touch with events, one had to hire a cab for every afternoon in the week, which would rush one helter-skelter from top notes at the Bechstein to fiddle-sticks at the Steinway, *viâ* key-thumps at the Æolian and bottom-notes at the Erard, to drum-taps and brass-blares at the Queen's Hall; then, exhausted, to five hours of Wagner at the Opera—and so to a sleepless bed.

* * *

Long-Haired Talent

Well, it is not quite so bad to-day. People are no longer concert-crazy. The critical are allowed to pick and choose, and are not voted *outré* if they *do* happen to have missed a Kubelik, or a Paderewski, or a Godowsky orgie. Though, this year, we have been honoured by a sufficiency of long-haired talent, there has not been a surfeit. Mr. Kubelik was acclaimed by a crowded house on his return, but—has the glory departed? His playing of the "Kreutzer" was almost paternal in its passionless benevolence, though all the old tricks and trills were there for the Paganini flare-up at the finish. Kubelik, again, is not quite his old figure—his frock-coat has more Kubelik to circumvent than of yore, and his gipsy tresses seem to droop down on ampler neck than used to be. Besides Kubelik, we have had Pugno to play to us—large, bearded, and genial Pugno, with the most delicate touch that was ever governed by an artistic conscience. Also, there has been Mr. Mischa Elman, the ex-prodigy, Miss Vivien Chartres, Mr. Herbert Fryer, and Mr. Backhaus, while Paderewski plays to us (at the Queen's Hall—house sold out) on the 18th.

* * *

A Youthful Prima Donna

For a *prima donna*, Donalda is positively infantile. She owns but to twenty-three years, though it must be confessed that, like most great singers, her fine physique makes her look rather more. I never, by the way, see Lord Strathcona at Covent Garden, not even when Donalda is singing. Yet surely he comes, for he is a patron of music, and Donalda is one of his many *protégés*. As Pauline Lighthouse, she sang to him when she was seventeen.

* * *

Our Portraits

My musical portraits (other than that of the great Donalda) are of Mrs. George Swinton, whose song recital at the Æolian Hall on Thursday attracted a fashionable audience, and Miss Winifred Davis, known to concert-goers as the possessor of a very rich flexible mezzo, which she employs with exceeding taste. Her Bechstein concerts have been successes, one and all, and this week she is delighting the Birmingham promenade audiences. Miss Davis is a pupil of Framezzani.

Mrs. George Swinton

Whose song recital at the Æolian Hall attracted a fashionable audience last Thursday

(*From a painting by J. S. Sargent, R.A.*)

Photo *Cooper*

Miss Winifred Davis

A new singer, who is the possessor of a rich, flexible mezzo. She is this week appearing at Birmingham

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Racing: Epsom and Ascot. By "CARBINE"

Orby's Derby

First let me express a hope that those BYSTANDER readers who like to have an interest in the greatest race of the season did not fail to support Orby "win and place," as recommended in these pages last week. I do not propose to quote all that I have written in favour of Mr. Croker's colt for months past, but to those who scan these weekly notions his success cannot have come as a surprise. I was doubtful as to whether he would beat Slieve Gallion, but the race was run exactly to suit Orby, and the favourite was dead-tired long before he reached the winning-post. Obviously, Slieve Gallion is lacking in stamina, and I cannot understand why Higgs made practically all the running on him. The colt should have been carefully nursed, so that his brilliant speed might have told at the finish. However, I do not seek to detract from the brilliancy of Orby's success. He is a beautiful, honest-tempered colt, and was unquestionably the best stayer in the Derby field. Some say that Woolwinder will beat him at Doncaster, but Orby will be good enough for me in the Leger.

The Triumph of Boss Croker

Boss Croker's triumph was complete. There was a time when he vowed he would never race in England again, but he thought the Derby was worth coming for. He bred the winner himself, and had him trained in what he calls his "garden" at his Dublin home. Whatever may have been the merits of his disagreement with the Jockey Club, Boss Croker is one of those men who appeal forcibly to the popular imagination. Tammany methods may be unorthodox, but the public sees in Croker a man who has fought his way to the front, combining iron determination with rare intelligence and knowlege of his fellow-men, and coming out on top in spite of all difficulties. Thus the Epsom crowd gave him a big cheer when he led in the victorious Orby, and the success seemed fully to satisfy the multitude. But what an Epsom it was for the favourites! Slieve Gallion down, Polar Star down, Witch Elm down—three regular knock-out blows for those who follow public form. A week ago we fondly imagined our three-year-olds a very fair lot, and Polar Star was considered the best racehorse seen since Pretty Polly. How does he stand now? Alas, utterly discredited. At Tattenham Corner he looked like winning the Coronation Cup, but as soon as the pressure came he was completely done with. So much had he taken out of him himself that he could hardly gallop past the post, and I could not help feeling sorry that his splendid reputation should have been so suddenly and relentlessly demolished.

An Amazing Oaks

The Oaks was the most astonishing race of all. Nobody expected Glass Doll to win, not even her owner or trainer, for she had done badly in her home gallops and was not thought worth backing. I see her starting-price is given as 25 to 1, but you could have got 50 to 1 about her without much difficulty on the Course. Thus unexpectedly Mr. Jack Joel won 4,500 sovs. in stake-money, but he didn't seem at all delighted, and declined to lead in the winner himself. Witch Elm never looked like repeating her One Thousand success. Glass Doll was unnoticed until about eighty yards from the finish, when Randall, who is riding remarkably well just now, brought her along with an electrical rush. Two furlongs from home the Irish filly, Lady Hasty, had seemed to have the race in hand, but she was not ridden very judiciously, and was collared by Mr. Singer's Laomedia. The latter's name was excitedly shouted, and then along came Glass Doll with a tremendous rattle, winning the race by half a length. You might have heard the gentlest whisper in the stands when this occurred. The silence of the crowd was absolutely chilling, and there was positively no sign of that public approval which had been manifest when Orby scored two days previously.

Ascot Prospects

Prospects at Ascot are particularly bright. The Royal Hunt Cup should be a most interesting race. The best of the French candidates will probably be Sourdine, who was one of the fastest three-year-olds in her own country last season, and is by no means badly treated. Sam Darling has a strong hand, but if I backed one now it would be Kaffir Chief. I think the Ascot Stakes will be won by **Beppo**, and Father Blind ought to run well on his Epsom form. This week the Hurst Park Foal Plate may be taken by **Quelpart**, and the Duchess of York Plate by **Woolwinder**.

Mr. Croker Leading in Orby, the Derby Winner

The defeat of the favourite, Slieve Gallion, by Mr. Croker's Orby last Wednesday was a surprise to the public. "Carbine," it may be mentioned, favoured Orby as long back as April 24

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

LYCEUM THEATRE

In three days from this date, the present lessees of the Lyceum Theatre, Messrs. Henry R. Smith and Ernest Carpenter, of the Popular Playhouses, Ltd., will produce a new play, *The Midnight Wedding*, by Mr. Walter Howard, whose successful *Her Love Against the World* has been turning Wellington Street at theatre-opening time into a minor edition of a Trafalgar Square demonstration. If you ask me why the present lessees have succeeded where so many others have failed, I will let you into the secret. In the first place, they have engaged a very strong company; in the second, they are giving a play which, though of the melodramatic order, contains scenes and personages drawn more or less from real life; in the third place, they are charging popular prices. The ten-and-sixpenny stall is a fetish which has been the ruin of countless managers. For Shakespeare at His Majesty's, for modern comedy at the St. James's, at the Haymarket, or at the Garrick, for lavishly mounted musical comedy at the Gaiety, by all means charge ten and sixpence for the best seats, and the public will not grumble. But time and again I have known empty houses result from the idiotic policy of charging the public full price for a lesser-grade entertainment. This is no new argument. For years, at different times, I have advanced it. It is not often, however, that one is able to advance in support of it so striking an illustration as that afforded by the success which has descended upon the Lyceum Theatre these days.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Martin Harvey

In *The Only Way*, which is to be played at the Adelphi during his season, opened in Town last week

ADELPHI THEATRE

Mr. Martin Harvey has elected to open his brief season in London with *The Breed of the Treshams*, a costume play of some noise and no little incident which has found much favour with provincial audiences. Such a play is well housed at the Adelphi, still associated by the public with honest, stirring melodrama. One could wish that the authors had drawn a portrait of Lieutenant Reresby ("The Rat") with more subtle touches. He is so terrible a fellow that his exploits are at times a little difficult to swallow. And one cannot but feel that Mr. Martin Harvey is an actor worthy of a higher-grade rôle. "Howsomever," as Mrs. Gamp would say, until that rôle is forthcoming, one must be content with less.

It is the fault, not of the actor, but of that shy, retiring dramatist who will not come forward with his masterpiece. For there is little doubt that if an unknown man walked into the Adelphi Theatre with an actable play under his arm, the hero of which was conceived in a less high-falutin' spirit, Mr. Harvey would be pleased to welcome him. It is not too much to say that there are some actor-managers positively crying out for plays. Why has there been of late such a crop of revivals? For the simple reason that actor-managers have nothing new to present to their patrons. All this is not apropos of Mr. Harvey, who is giving us a new play next week, entitled *Great Possessions*, but of others who bewail, not in public, but in the circle of their friends and acquaintances, the dearth of plays in these degenerate days.

THE STAGE AS IT IS NOT

In the June number of the *Grand Magazine* a writer (signing herself "An Actress"), whose style is suspiciously masculine, presents the seamy side of the theatrical profession. Now, everyone knows that there are some young ladies upon the stage whose progress is hardly justified by their talents; that there are others who cut a surprising figure upon the meagre salary they receive for posing in the front row of the chorus. One knows these things just as one knows that there are village maidens who are not so simple as they look. If the article in the *Grand Magazine* had been titled "Impressions of One Side of the Profession," it would have been true, but not sensational. Titled, as it is, "Why I Failed on the Stage" (her virtue was the cause, you understand), it is sensational, but not true. A writer might as well deal with a few cases of village maidens who are no better than they should be, and expect us to accept his article under the title, "Why Purity is a Dead Letter in Rural England."

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Fortunately for the stage, catch-fourpenny articles, such as that in the *Grand Magazine*, do it no harm. Gross exaggeration has generally the opposite effect to that intended by the employer. After reading "Why I Failed on the Stage" the sensible man will take joy in the thought that the English stage should be such an excellent field for the ambitious, talented girl of unimpeachable morals. To bolster up his preposterous case the writer in the *Grand Magazine* resorts to the stale old dodge of misrepresentation by the artful quotation of extracts. In one passage he says:

> Clement Scott, some years ago, declared that "no woman could succeed on the stage without sacrificing her honour."

Clement Scott made no such statement. Anyone who takes the trouble to turn up the files of *Great Thoughts* will find that this falsely worded extract is totally at variance with the general tenour of that celebrated article in which this passage occurs:—

> There are thousands of good women upon the stage.

Into the manifold causes which provoked the outburst of indignation against my father I do not propose to enter. Since his day, stronger statements regarding the temptations of the stage have been received by the public with the utmost calmness. I will only say this—that if Clement Scott had drawn as false and foolish a picture of the stage as the writer in the *Grand Magazine*, he might have deserved the abuse which was heaped upon him.

GARRICK THEATRE

"The Walls of Jericho"

This is an interesting revival. It brings home to one the cardinal factor in Mr. Sutro's success as a play-writer. He has that faculty without which a man will never write successful plays, though he study the best models and lives to three-score and ten years—the faculty of hoodwinking the public into accepting and even relishing preposterous situations during a period of three hours. Young critics may rage against Mr. Sutro in the monthly magazines; they may denounce him as a sham moralist; they may expose his artifice; yet there remains to Mr. Sutro, despite the railings of the critical, the blessed knack of conceiving situations which are theatrically effective, and dealing with them in language which brings them straight over the footlights to the understanding (misunderstanding, if you like to put it in that manner), and to the hearts of his audience. Honest Jack Frobisher's fearful tirade against his Society wife loses none of its effectiveness for being heard a second time. It ranks high among stage curses, and is all the more real that we are made to feel that Frobisher has been bottling up his natural aversion to the ways of his wife for a long time.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh repeats her clever performance of Lady Alethea. If anything, she handles the character with an even surer touch. Especially good is this Lady Alethea in her manner of using her charm as a means of irritating her husband. She knows him to be in a very serious and aggravated humour, so employs little laughs, light caresses, half endearing, half contemptuous tones to bait this bear with a sore head.

Mr. Eric Lewis is seen for the first time as the contemptible old Marquis of Sleventon, whose hatred of the middle classes is about balanced by his love of their money. To say that Mr. Lewis failed in the rôle would not be correct, for the actor was successful in making the audience laugh at the follies of the old peer. For the rest, Mr. Lewis caricatured, rather than played, the part. In farcical comedy his Marquis of Sleventon would have been an excellent and amusing bit of characterisation. In Society drama it was quite out of place. Perhaps this sense of unsuitableness was aggravated by the actor's make-up. He evidently intended to give us the impression of a very smart, fixed-up old gentleman who dyed his hair. In this attempt Mr. Lewis was not happy. His wig was too much in evidence. One followed it round the stage with amazed eyes.

E. C. S

Photo *Hana*

"The Follies" as galleryites in the burlesque of a music-hall entertainment at the New Royalty Theatre

"The Follies" have returned to the Royalty Theatre with the programme which so amused playgoers quite recently. In the above scene they provide their own gallery on the stage, and the remarks made by those impromptu "gods" about their colleagues are not always flattering

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"The Girls of Gottenburg" at the Gaiety

Miss Gertie Millar and Mr. Edmund Payne

In a song and dance which brings down the house

Mr. Edmund Payne and Mr. George Grossmith

Mr. Payne poses as a special envoy from the Emperor, and exacts respect in accordance with his rank

Photos *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Violet Halls **Mr. Robert Nainby** **Mr. Payne** **Miss Gertie Millar**

An Al Fresco Meal with Interruptions

Mr. Payne, who has run away with the Burgomaster's daughter, a lady of opulent charms, discovers that he is known by the occupants of the next table. He carries off the situation by a display of audacity

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CONTINENTAL CHAT

Elegant Majesty and Dowdy Excellency

It is a long time since Paris has had an opportunity of welcoming a Northern King, and it is quite delighted with their Norwegian Majesties. The presence of Queen Maud has added great interest to the visit, although, it must be confessed, the enthusiastic shouts were nearly all for "the handsome King, with the good, kind face." Queen Maud has made no secret of the fact that she would have preferred to visit Paris *incognito*, taking photographs of the places that interested her most. The presence of Mme. Fallières showed Queen Maud in a very favourable light. Rarely have I seen the President's wife so badly dressed as at the Hôtel de Ville reception. It seemed as if she had selected her most ordinary home-made clothes for the express purpose of accentuating the simple elegance of Norway's Queen. In the days of Grévy, the President's wife never appeared officially. It is a pity this rule is not still in force. Mme. Fallières, judging from her preoccupied appearance at all these public functions, would be the last to complain.

Photos

The King of Denmark

Sonne

The Queen of Denmark

Now on a visit to London and Paris, which latter city their Majesties will visit for the first time

* * *

The King of Denmark Refuses to be "On Show"

Scarcely before Paris has had time to recover from the festivities in honour of King Haakon, preparations are being made for the reception of his father. The official programme of the fêtes is not yet published, but it is doubtful whether the Danish Monarch will be welcomed with the usual round of gaieties offered to crowned heads: reception at the Hotel de Ville, luncheon with M. Fallières, gala at the Opera, and a drive to Versailles—for even more than his son—if possible—the Danish King detests pomp and ceremony. The Queen, however, is particularly anxious to see Versailles.

The demonstrations in honour of King Frederick are to be chiefly naval reviews, for the Danish Monarch strongly objects to be taken round the city of Paris "on show." M Trefu the Marine Minister's able deputy, started North last week to superintend the rehearsals.

* * *

Her Majesty's Dislike of Travel

I am not sure whether this is the first visit that King Frederick has paid to Paris—he may have come here in the days of his youth—but certainly the Queen has never seen the gay capital, and has expressed no desire to see it. As a matter of fact, she dislikes travelling altogether, and had some other method of returning France's courtesy to her husband been possible, she would gladly have welcomed it. The thought of journeys such as her sister-in-law, Queen Alexandra, has undertaken only made her feel happy that she was not obliged to do likewise. Several times she has been invited to Greece; again and again to Sandringham; always she has refused, preferring to meet her brother-in-law and Queen Alexandra at the Danish Court.

From her Swedish home, the Queen has brought two great characteristics: piety, which shows itself in giving up the best part of her time to works of charity, and a taste for Swedish drill. This taste was promptly instilled in her children and grandchildren, who were given permission to convert the chairs of the palace into vaulting-horses. When once they went to stay with the Prince of Wied, great was their astonishment to find their athletic exhibitions were not appreciated by their hosts as they expected them to be. The Queen attends to the smallest details of her household in the manner of the simplest *bourgeoise*, arranging the menus for the dinner and even superintending the cooking. Many people admire this accomplishment in a Queen, but the large majority, I think, will maintain that a Queen should be a Queen, unless necessity forces her to become a *chef*. Quite recently, however, thanks to Queen Alexandra, she has a new accomplishment—taking the keenest interest in Bridge.

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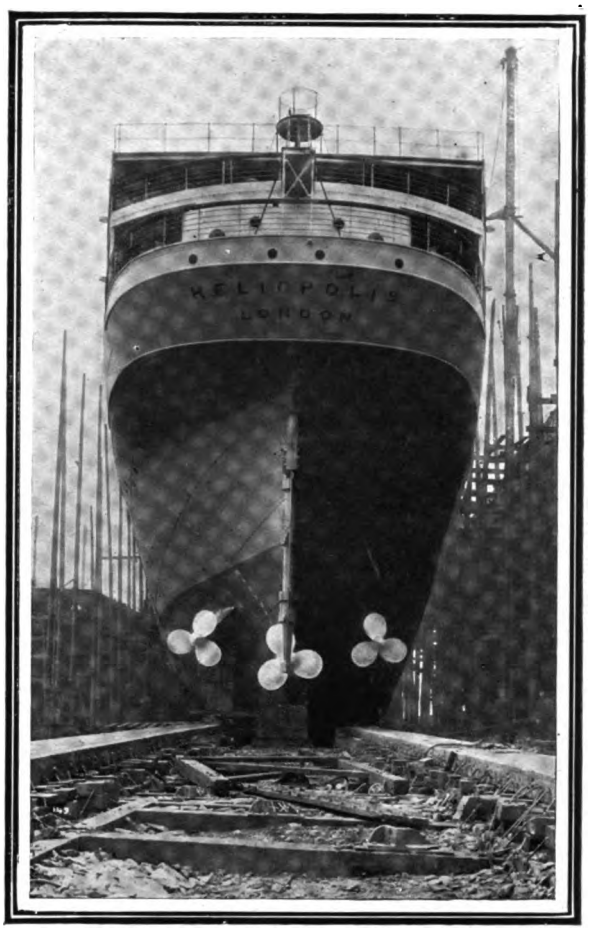
Her Crowned Son, Haakon

To her son, the King of Norway, the Queen has always been particularly attached. She felt bitterly sorry for him, thinking the younger son of a King deserved a more glorious career than that of a sailor. When he married, she hoped he would return to Denmark, but again she was disappointed, for most of his time was spent in England. Now, however, although he is not living in Denmark, the mother has found consolation in the fact that her son is a King, even of a country like Norway. Morally, King Haakon resembles his mother; physically, there is a great contrast, for not even the most gallant of men could describe the Danish Queen as beautiful. What impressions, I wonder, will the *ville lumière* have for the "Northern Queen"?

* * *

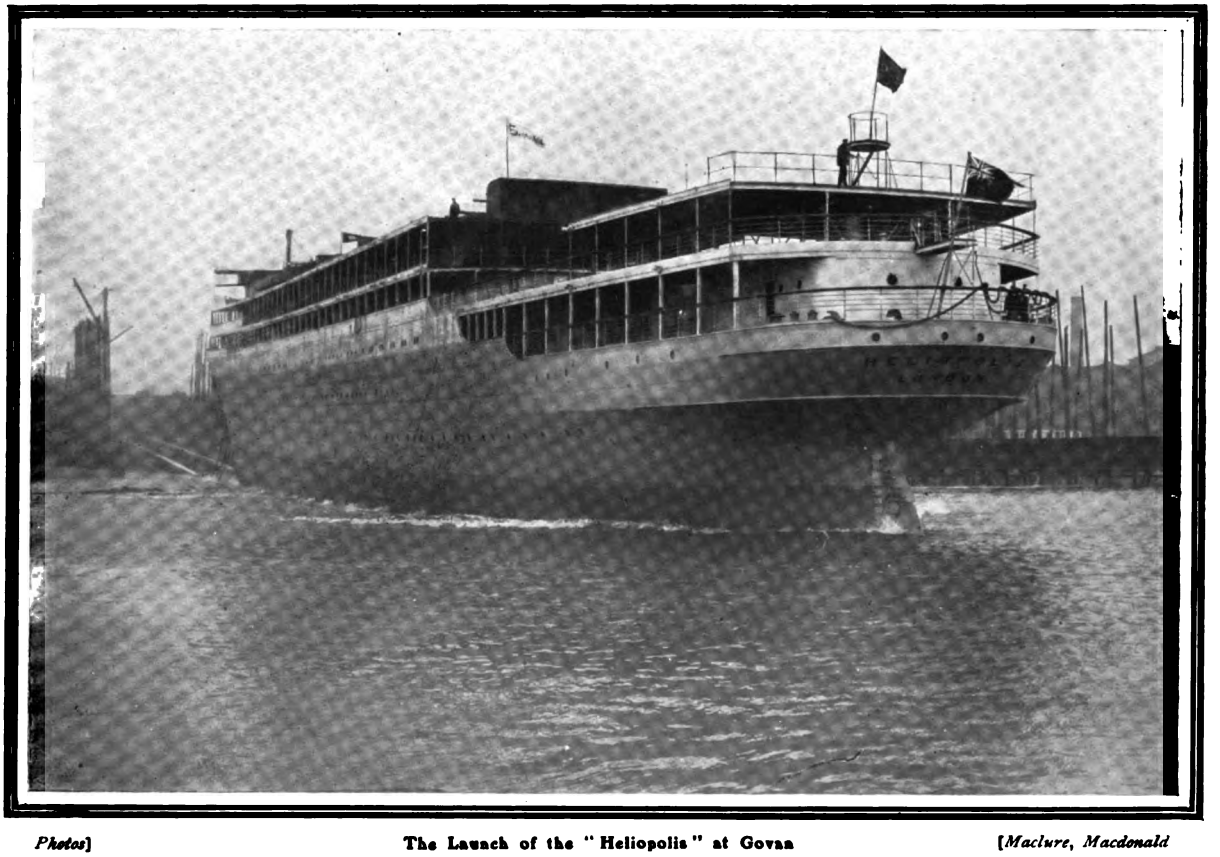
The Plague of Grand Dukes

Judging from the extra police vigilance that has been required lately when Russian Grand Dukes have taken their walks in Paris, M. Fallières, President of the French Republic, like Henry II. of England, may feel inclined to exclaim: "Who will rid me of these tiresome knaves?" There are so many Russian Nihilists in Paris to-day that the presence of these Royal personages at any public function makes the audience nervous, to say the least of it. The Châtelet Theatre, during the dress rehearsal of *Salome*, was suggested as being a place where the victims could easily be caught; indeed, so certain was the director of the theatre that everything was in readiness for action, that he politely and firmly requested the Grand Dukes to leave the house. "We cannot sacrifice all these people for two," he



The s.s. "Heliopolis" on the stocks

She is the first boat of the new passenger service shortly to be inaugurated between Marseilles and Alexandria



Photos] **The Launch of the "Heliopolis" at Govan** [*Maclure, Macdonald*

The new passenger service between Marseilles and Alexandria will be a great boon to Egyptian visitors from this country who have hitherto had to play second fiddle in outward and homeward-bound liners to those taking longer journeys. These new boats are all fitted in the latest and most luxurious style, and perform the sea passage in three days

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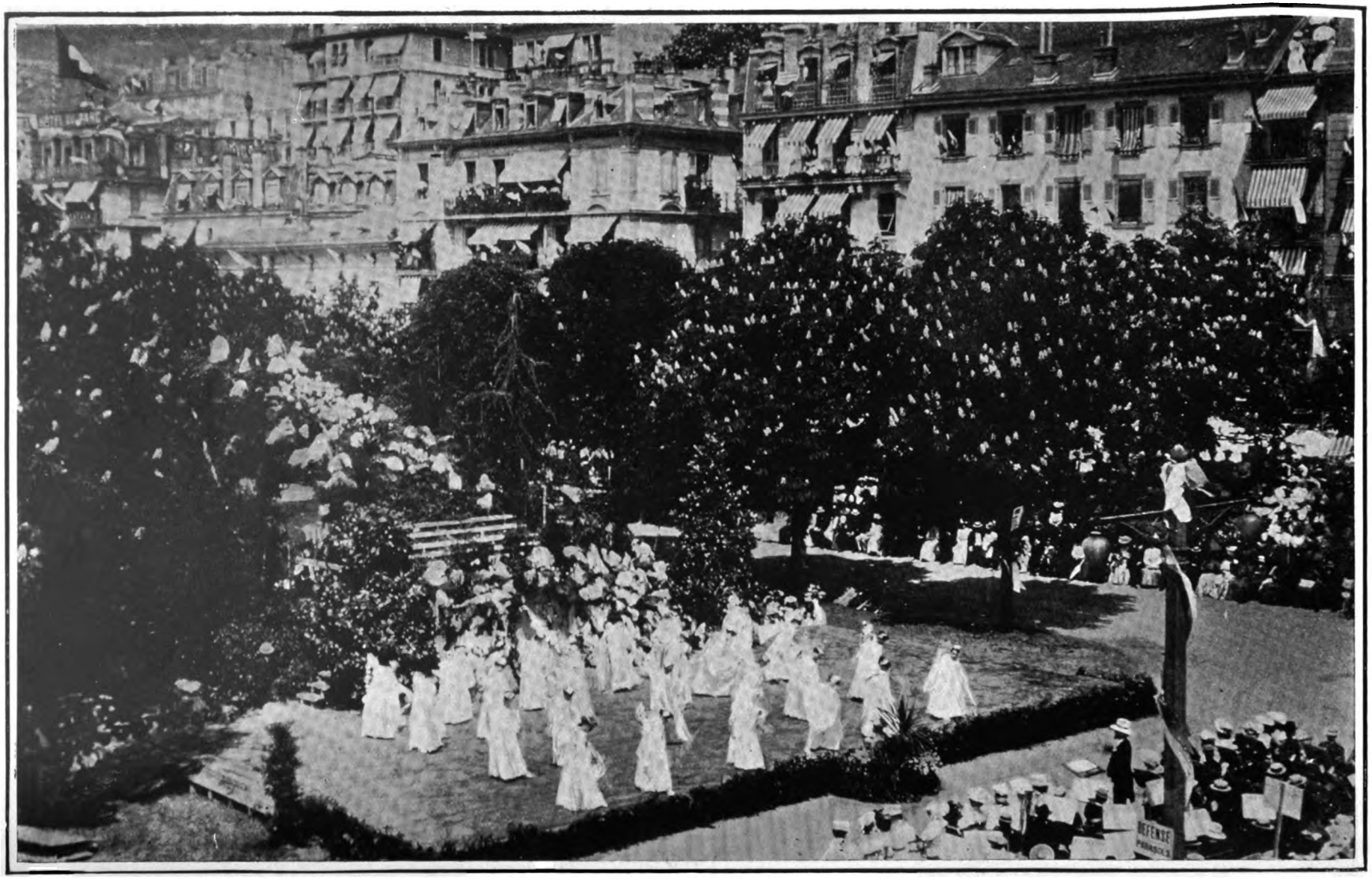

Photo THE FÊTE DES NARCISSES AT MONTREUX [*Guy Rawlence*

Montreux has just celebrated its eighth Fête des Narcisses, which took place during the last days of May. The slopes of the surrounding mountains are, at this season, covered with masses of wild narcissus, and the fête is rapidly becoming famous for its beauty and originality. The chief item of the proceedings is a charming spectacle and ballet, for which, each year, songs and music are specially written

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added, as the Grand Dukes walked away. At a concert given a short time ago by Jean de Reszke, again, everyone was prepared for an attack; policemen in uniform and plain clothes were in readiness, but, fortunately, nothing happened.

During the concerts of Russian music given last week at the Opera, demonstrations were expected, especially during the fifth and last evening. Yet, in spite of warning, the house was well filled. It was one of the events of the social season I should least have chosen to miss; music such as everyone should hear once in a lifetime—melodious, yet at the same time wild and fascinating, like the Russian character itself. That the presence of the Russian Grand Dukes is a source of danger to Paris, Paris knows only too well. As politely as possible, they have been requested to seek hospitality elsewhere, but, so far, they have paid little heed to the invitation. And how is Paris to act? Unless they do something outrageous, which is hardly possible, they cannot be conducted to the frontier; and, after all, it is only natural that they should seek protection in the land of their oldest ally.

* * *

A Russian Royal Scandal

But, speaking of Russian Society in Paris, a terrible scandal has this week come to light. Prince Serge Ouroussoff, cousin of the Tsar, has been condemned to two years' imprisonment and forbidden to return to France for at least ten years. At present, the Prince cannot be found, and I sincerely hope he has not put into execution his threat: "The day I have to consider ways and means I shall blow my brains out." The Prince is about thirty years of age, and husband of the Turkish Princess whose portrait we published a fortnight ago. During the last two years he has squandered a fortune of over 15,000,000 fr., and owes money—heavy sums, for which only a Prince could obtain credit—all over Paris. In his list of creditors figures the name of a well-known furrier, to whom 25,000 fr. (£1,000) for three months is owing. The Prince lived for some time in a very handsome house in the Avenue Hoche, and here the Empress Eugénie must have lived, seeing her name is engraved on the walls. The house is Turkish in architecture and design, and, except for Turkish chairs and tables, little furniture is required. Exactly why the ex-Empress should have lived in such Oriental surroundings I cannot tell; perhaps she, too, objected to having furniture.

* * *

The Bagdad Railway and the "Heliopolis"

Travel to the near East is no longer a matter of returning to the very Simple Life in the way of primitive modes of locomotion. All the most comfortable and up-to-date means are now, or will shortly be, available. The Germans have almost completed their railway to Bagdad, a fact which must be borne in mind by this country, as it opens up a new and favourable trade route, unfortunately not under British control. The other new route is the line of British steamers which will shortly start running from Marseilles to Alexandria, solely for the passenger traffic of Egypt. The two photographs on another page show the launch of the first of these boats, the *Heliopolis*, at Govan the other day. Marseilles is conveniently reached from London, and from thence the sea passage is only three days. These magnificent boats are fitted in the most up-to-date and luxurious style, and will tempt many who before have not considered the feasibility of a holiday in the near East to make the experiment.

Germany's Eastern Aims: The terminus of the much-talked-of Bagdad Railway

The Konia Station, the terminus at the Turkish end of the Bagdad Railway, which is now in course of construction. The completion of the line will, doubtless, have a tremendous effect on the trade in the East, opening up a new and valuable route, under, unfortunately, a control scarcely likely to favour British interests

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The Dramatization of Death: A Mag

Photo

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as St. Theresa in the death scene of "La Vièrge d'Avilla."

St. Theresa is the central figure in a most successful play, produced in Paris last autumn, entitled *La Vièrge d'Avilla*, in which the title-rôle was taken by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. The saint was born of noble parents, in 1515, at Avilla, a small town in Old Castile, and, after living a short life of gaiety, she retired to a Carmelite convent in her native town. It was not, however, until she had experienced more than twenty years of conve an extraordinary height of asceticism, so tha wide. She established a new convent un additional and stricter observances. After M. Georges Clairin's picture of the final

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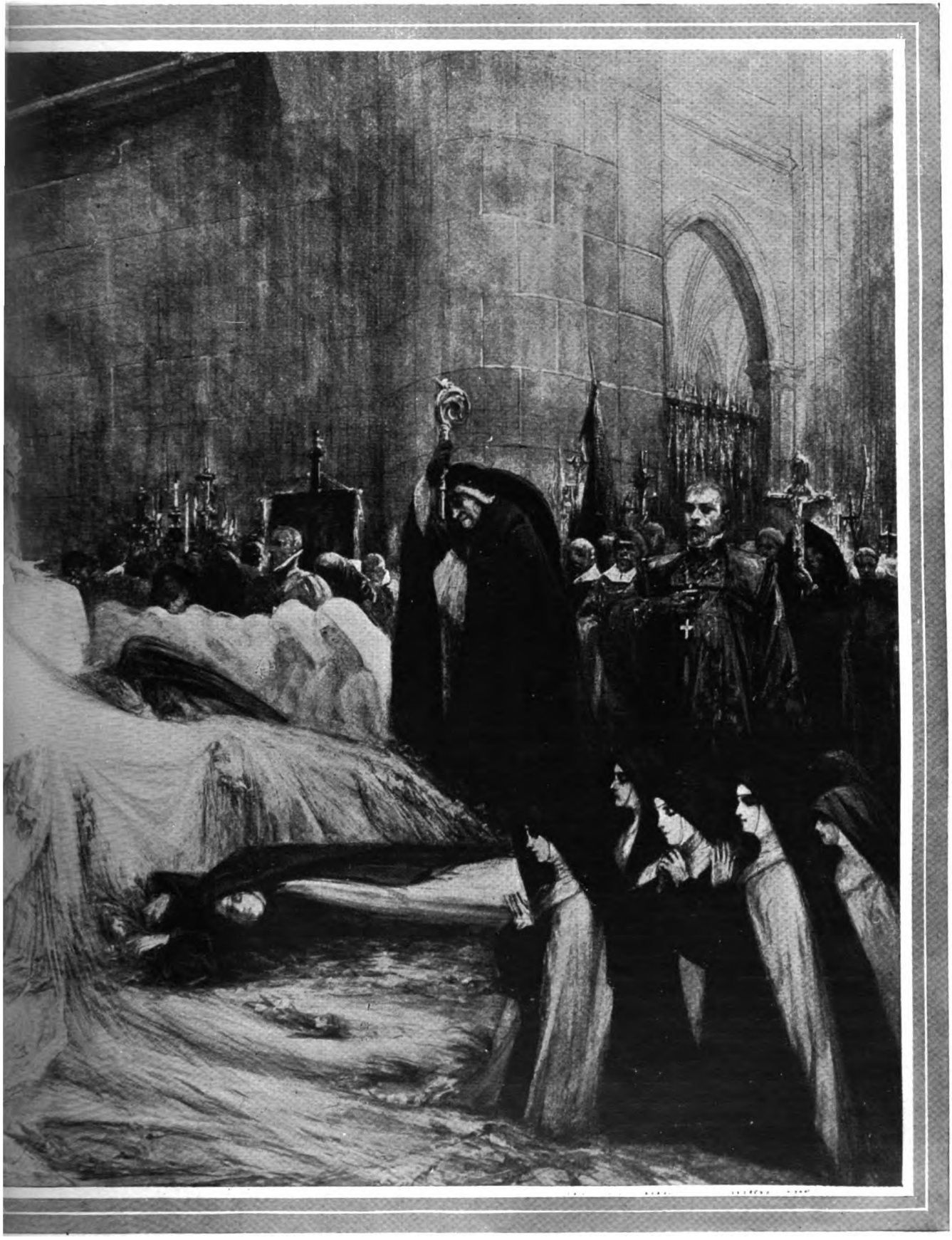
icent Tableau in "La Vièrge d Avilla"



Campbell-Gray

ainted by M. Georges Clairin, and now being exhibited at the Grafton Galleries

ual life that her religious exercises reached the fame of her sanctity spread far and er the original Carmelite rule, with even her death, in 1582, she was canonised. cene in the play is probably the most dramatic representation of a death scene ever painted, and is certainly one of the most striking pictures in the exhibition of the work of French artists which has been organised by M. Eugène Cremetti, and is now being held at the Grafton Galleries. The picture is the property of, and has been specially lent by, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

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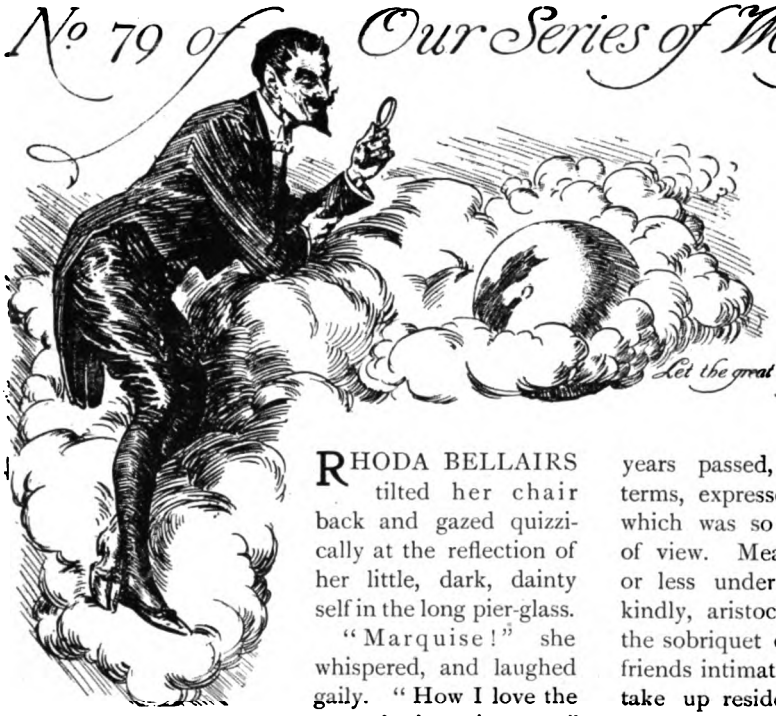
No. 79 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



Who Shall Judge?

By NOEL JOCELYN

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

RHODA BELLAIRS tilted her chair back and gazed quizzically at the reflection of her little, dark, dainty self in the long pier-glass.

"Marquise!" she whispered, and laughed gaily. "How I love the name he has given me," she said to herself. "It was quite dear of him. Nicknames are so absurd, as a rule. Marquise! Yes, I know I look it. If there is any doubt about it, I have only to produce the miniature of a dear little French great-grandmother."

Rhoda brought her clasped hands behind her neck and restlessly fanned the air with the tip of a satin shoe. Her thoughts whirled on. "And to-night, if I choose to let him, he will say that I am the most provoking, irresistible, dearest dear of a Marquise, and will I marry him?"

A look of pain clouded her face for a moment. "No ugly thoughts to-night," she murmured; and, starting up from the chair, went over to her dressing-table and, opening her jewel-case, took out an emerald marquise ring and slipped it on her finger. Presently, Hortense, her French maid, entered with a white gown upon her arm. When she was dressed, Mrs. Bellairs caught up a white fan, rested it for a moment against her violet-black hair, made a *moue* at herself in the glass and went downstairs.

Mrs. Bellairs was giving one of her much-prized "small dances." Though quite the youngest, she was by no means the least influential among the leaders of the social world. The marriage of the big guardsman with the *petite* beauty, Rhoda le Fanu, some four years back, was remembered when more important unions were forgotten, owing to the ridiculous disparity in the heights of the contracting parties. Besides, Bellairs, with his huge rent-roll and his evil reputation, had filled the minds of match-making mothers with mingled thoughts of admiration and distrust.

The soldier turned out, as he had promised, a quite impossible husband, and upon his death in a motor-car accident during manœuvres, people inwardly thought of the widow of twenty-two as an exceedingly lucky young lady. They said that, after a decent interval, Mrs. Bellairs would, of course, marry her old and very constant admirer, Jerome Heseltine. Two years passed, and the world, in rather pointed terms, expressed its wonder at the delay in a union which was so eminently suitable from every point of view. Meanwhile, Rhoda sheltered herself more or less under the wing of Aunt Margot, a shrewd, kindly, aristocratic old lady, whose beauty won her the sobriquet of the "Picture Aunt." Some of her friends intimated to Rhoda that Aunt Margot should take up residence with her. Rhoda, with her own ideas upon the value of independence, thought differently. The two women did the round of the country houses, and travelled abroad together. During the season they maintained separate establishments, though the devoted aunt was always at the call of her niece.

Of course, for the small dance Aunt Margot was in attendance. On this occasion, Rhoda, in her privileged and unblushing fashion, laid the burden of entertaining almost entirely upon her aunt's shoulders. She was enjoying one of those golden hours which come but seldom in a lifetime. The *joie de vivre* shone in her hazel eyes, so bewitchingly set off by deep-toned eyebrows and long-curved eyelashes. She was in no mood to withstand a wild impulse which swept over her while she was sitting out with Jerome Heseltine.

"I say, Jerome," she said, leaning towards her partner, "I want a serious talk with you."

Heseltine, struck by her tone, glanced at her swiftly. He knew her very well, and his voice was quite even as he replied, "My lady fair, I am yours to command at any time. When shall it be and where? Not here, of course?"

"Not here, but to-night."

"To-night?"

"Yes. In about half an hour's time Aunt Margot will be going. Directly she has gone, go to my boudoir. I shall have sent Hortense to bed. Lock the door of the boudoir and wait for me."

"All right," he said.

Then she rose, and he gave her his arm. No further reference to the appointment was made by either of them.

. . . . .

Heseltine opened the door to a delicate tatoo. Mrs. Bellairs entered and sank into an armchair.

"Thank Heaven that's over," she said, and took a cigarette from the case he proffered her. He took her hand. She clasped his for a moment, then lightly waved him away.

(Continued on page 566)

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The Esmonds—not Thackeray's

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. H. V. Esmond and his Wife (Miss Eva Moore) and their little Son

Mr. H. V. Esmond, the well-known actor and dramatist, married Miss Eva Moore in 1891, and the latter has since acted in several of her husband's pieces. She is now playing the chief part in *John Glayde's Honour* at the St. James's

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(Continued from page 564)

"Distance, please," she said, "we can argue better apart." He laughed slightly.

"You are a witch, and were made for the eternal torment of men."

"And you," she said, suddenly relapsing into seriousness, "are too good to be made a victim."

"Too good! After what has happened?"

"What has happened has taught me to know you better."

"Look here, Rhoda. I'm still desperately in love with you. Why won't you marry me? Why won't you?"

"My dear Jerome! We are very fond of each other, we respect each other, but there is that between us which is an eternal menace to our respect for each other." She turned to him quickly. "Confess now. Haven't you been really happier since—since we parted?"

"No. A thousand times, no. Any other woman but you would have married me after he died."

"Jerome, I had begun to chafe under the meanness and wrong-doing of it all long before he died. I can't help it. It's my nature to purchase a little joy at the cost of much pain. I have always been the same since I was a little girl. I acted on impulse when I asked you to come up here."

"Don't misunderstand me," she went on quickly, before he could speak, "it is not you I fear, but those who might see you. But I felt I wanted a good talk with my greatest friend in the world. It is something to be such friends after what we have been, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said.

She went over and laid her hand on his shoulder. "Now for what I have to tell you."

"I know what it is. You are going to marry Halifax."

"Yes. That's it."

He broke the silence that followed.

"I saw this from the very beginning. I will do what is usually done in these cases—offer my best wishes for your future happiness." He could not keep a slight harshness out of his voice.

"Be nice," she urged.

"I am being as nice as I can. Please don't forget that I am the rejected suitor. In the old days fury and revenge were the weapon of such as I. We moderns are mild-mannered by comparison, but women should not grudge us the display of a slight feeling of bitterness."

A half sigh escaped her.

"Very well, Jerome."

"I will treat the subject as lightly as I know how. But just consider for a moment the subtlety of the feminine mind when engaged upon a simple question of morality. You will not marry me because of what we have been to each other. Our secret raises a barrier between us. Yet you have no scruple about marrying a man who thinks you—who knows nothing."

The look of a frightened child swept across her face. He was not looking at her as he continued. "Has it ever occurred to you what would happen if he knew about us?"

"Yes. It would kill his love stone dead. But he must never know. He believes in me." She laughed, with a catch in her voice. "Ye gods! How he believes in me. His faith in me is his life. At first I was almost frightened at this. Then I grew to love it for the beautiful thing it is."

"Yes, your Indian Bridge Builder is rather the primeval sort of man. Strong instincts and passions, and not much sense of humour."

"Sense of humour!" Her eyes blazed. She sprang up and paced the room. "I'm sick to death of the phrase. It's a mere excuse for weakness and cowardice. If a man is kicked and reviled, he takes it lying down, because he has a sense of humour. If he is robbed and cheated by a stronger man, he goes smirking round asking to be praised for the way he takes it. Sense of humour, indeed!"

"Bravo! What a dear delightful spitfire you are, and how pretty you look when you are angry."

A laugh escaped her before she could stifle it. In a twinkling the stormy look in her eyes vanished. She put out her hand. He took and kissed it lightly.

"O, Jerome," she said, "now we are friends again, and you won't scold me any more, and you will wish me all sorts of happiness, and we will be friends for ever and ever!" She paused for breath. He rose, still holding her hand, and looked down at her fondly.

"Dear little child-woman, I wish you every kind of happiness—happiness without a cloud upon it, happiness without after-regrets. Better than any man in the world I know you, and I say there is no man in the world for whom you are not too good." Again he raised her hand to his lips. Then they left the room.

. . . . .

Clement Halifax, among the last guests to leave, started to walk home from Mrs. Bellairs's dance. It was a perfect June morning. Coming after the exotic atmosphere of the ball-room, the fresh morning air touched the cheek like the caress of cool lips. The sky was streaked with faint washes, the only pronounced hue being the after-glow of red in the East. The trickster Dawn was casting a mantle of beauty as well upon the stonework of the streets as upon the verdure in the Park.

Halifax plunged his hands in the pockets of his overcoat and strode forward, carrying the image of Rhoda Bellairs with him, he knew not whither. As he walked, the tumult of his thoughts carried him over the border-line of happiness to the land over which a nameless, indefinable sadness broods.

"Bah!" he muttered to himself; "I am growing morbid. Just one more look at her window, and then home." He looked at his watch. He had been walking for almost an hour. He paused to take in his whereabouts, and found he had been wandering more or less in a circle before skirting the Park. By making a wide detour, he could pass her house on the way back to his flat. His imagination played round the situation, and he smiled happily at the notion that any journey, however long, could be arduous which led him to her. A sense of joy in the divine folly of his notion pervaded him. True, he was a romantic idiot for allowing himself to be possessed with this desire to gaze at a window which might not even be hers. But the lover in him was in no way abashed by the epithet. He argued the matter whimsically with himself. "If any ordinary

(Continued on page 568)

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The Swallow Dive

R. L. Ede, a well-known amateur diver, taking a 60 ft. swallow dive

Now one of the best-known members of the Amateur Diving Association, Mr. Ede was, a few yea s back, a familiar figure on the cycle track, and was known as the "Pocket Champion," being only 5 ft. in height. This dive, taken from the pier at Clacton, is probably one of the greatest swallow dives ever undertaken by an amateur

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(Continued from page 566)

citizen," he said to himself, "suffering from sleeplessness, were to put his head out of the window to see if the day broke fine, and saw me gazing fatuously up at her house, he would think I was either drunk or loitering for the purpose of committing a felony. This affrighted citizen might even be tempted to give an alarm. In that case I must either move on, or, putting my fingers to my lips, call in a voice clear enough to reach him, yet not loud enough to wake the neighbours, 'Whist man, I am in love!' Whereupon the citizen would show by his behaviour what manner of man he was. The only man I could ever make a friend of would call back, in tones as thrilling yet as cautious as my own, 'So was I once,' and would softly lower the sash."

Halifax smiled at his own fancies, and walked briskly to his goal. Arrived at her street, he slackened his pace, and kept a good look-out for chance wayfarers or a policeman. It was five o'clock and broad daylight. The window-boxes, blazing with geraniums, and the morning sun playing on the stained glass of the hall doors, gave an almost festive air to the big drab houses. He came to her house and stopped on the pavement opposite.

"Such a big house and such a little girl," he mused.

For a few seconds he paused, and there flashed in his mind the vision of his Marquise, with a delicate flush on her cheeks, stirring with the soft breath of sleep the violet-black curls which tumbled over the cambric pillow. Halifax was turning away when the door of her house slowly opened. A man in evening dress with his coat-collar turned up came out. Someone within softly closed the door after him. As he came down the steps, Halifax saw it was Heseltine. For a moment the two men, motionless, stared at each other.

In that moment a fiend was born in the soul of Halifax. He started forward towards Heseltine, then checked himself, and walked rapidly in the other direction. A wave of excitement and temptation swept over Heseltine as he watched the retreating figure.

"Halifax!"

He had called out almost before he was conscious of victory over the evil notion which assailed him.

"Halifax!" he called.

Halifax turned and waited for him to come up. His face was very white.

"What does this mean?" he asked in a strangled voice.

"I've come to tell you," rejoined Heseltine quietly.

"Is she in the habit——"

Heseltine seized his arm roughly. "Stop!" he cried. "Not a word until you have heard me through."

In a moment Halifax had regained mastery over himself. "You're right," he said. "I was upset. Forgive me."

The two men walked on together. "You have just seen something," began Heseltine, "upon which an ordinary man would place a totally wrong construction. I have been idiot enough to compromise a lady, and in order to clear her name it is necessary to go rather into details. Mrs. Bellairs and I are very old friends. You have not been back from India long, so you may not know that I have known her since she was quite a little girl. I have always had the run of the house. It may have been imprudent of Rhoda to let me do so much as I liked, but then she has the personality to do things which would be impossible for other girls."

He broke off, and then continued in a deliberate manner. "To-night, or rather this morning, I begged Rhoda to let me stay behind, as I had something I very much wanted to tell her. She consented. So when all the guests had gone we went to her boudoir. It seems ridiculous to explain such a simple matter. I have been to Rhoda's boudoir hundreds of times. But your seeing me come out of her house at this hour puts things in a light which neither Rhoda nor myself had thought of for a moment. So I owe this plain statement of fact no less to her than to you."

"Thank you for the explanation," said Halifax. There was no mistaking his tone.

"Look here, Halifax. I can't let matters rest like this. You literally have got to believe me. At present, you think I am lying to save the honour of a lady, as you or anyone else would do. It is not so. Man alive, I swear to you that if you let unworthy suspicion get the upper hand you will bitterly regret it. You must be great."

Halifax said nothing.

"I am going to make my last appeal. If I fail, I know I shall have done my best to put matters right. After that, pardon me for putting it so, but you may go to the devil in your own way. You force me to disclose what I would have preferred to keep secret. I had an important reason for asking Rhoda to let me stay behind. I asked her to marry me. Her refusal, and the reason for it, made up the interview which I have just had with her. She refused because she loves another man—you."

An exclamation burst from Halifax. "Heseltine," he said, hurriedly, "I am a beast for having doubted her even for a moment. But when I saw you coming out of her house, hell seemed let loose in me. It was awful. My first instinct was to get right away. If you had not spoken I don't know what I should have done. I owe you a debt of gratitude which I never can pay."

He held out his hand. The two men shook hands and instinctively parted.

Halifax strode forward with the song of Marquise in his heart.

Heseltine stopped and abstractedly lit a cigarette.

"What have I done?" he muttered. "Pray Heaven the right thing, but who shall judge?" NOEL JOCELYN.

An Exhibition of Spanish Art

At a time when Spain is particularly in the public eye owing to the birth of an heir to the throne, art lovers and the public generally will be glad of an opportunity of seeing an exhibition of Spanish art which is now being held at Waring's Antique Galleries, 181, Oxford Street. In this exhibition, an effort has been made to bring together examples of the decorative and pictorial arts of Spain in illustration of the development of artistic achievement from the fifteenth century to the present day. The collection includes many pieces of gorgeous tapestry and embroidery, and also many interesting ecclesiastical vestments. Carved ivory, needlework, tapestry, woodwork, inlay and marquetry, lace, Cordovan leather, Hispano-Moresque lustreware, glass, etching on mother-of-pearl, jewellery, medals and orders, lacquering and gilding are all shown, while an important collection of modern Spanish pictures is hung on the walls of the galleries.

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"Bystander" Readers in Many Lands

(**10s. 6d.** *is paid for every photograph published of readers in out-of-the-way parts.*)

On an Argentine Plantation

Miss F. K. Rimmer, "Esmeralda," Buenos Ayres, Argentina, says: "I think it can safely be said that this photo was taken in an out-of-the-way part, for the plantation on which the picture was taken is situated in the interior of the Argentine, twelve miles from the nearest township and railway. Note the luxuriousness of the vegetation"

In the Australian Bush

The sender, Mr. H. W. Horn, "Sorala," Morton Street, Sydney, says: "This photograph of myself and two friends was taken in the Australian Bush. We were staying at Gingkin, about 160 miles from Sydney. Our bag mostly consisted of rabbits, and was gained before breakfast one morning within ten minutes' walk of the homestead"

"The Bystander" in West Africa

A native boy at Axim, Gold Coast Colony, disporting himself behind a copy of one of our posters. Sent by Mr. A. F. Smith, 12, Goodmayes Avenue, Goodmayes

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Golf Notes and Notions

The Amateur Championship: The Runner-up

Pressure of time and space prevented my dealing at sufficient length last week with any players other than the champion himself. But I feel that a special word of praise is due to Mr. Palmer, who made such a gallant fight against Mr. Ball in the first round of the final. Mr. Palmer, though a veteran in point of age, is a comparative chicken if one reckons the years since he first took to golf. Like a great fore-runner, Mr. C. Hutchings, he only began the game when well past thirty, and in the short space of thirteen years he has achieved his present position. I was much impressed by the display he gave when playing with Harry Vardon in the Open Championship at St. Andrews in 1905. He has not got a pretty style. He has a curious manner of addressing the ball, poking his club once or twice high up in the air. But there is nothing awkward about his method of hitting the ball, which he does very truly and very sweetly. On the day of the final, with greens sodden with continuous pouring rain, his putting was at a discount. But I am told that in his previous rounds his handling of his queer gaspipe-shaped putter was truly masterly.

His Great Mistake

In the morning round he practically held his own with Mr. Ball, for he ought to have finished that round all square, having had the sixteenth and seventeenth holes at his mercy. In the afternoon he made a grave mistake at the fifth hole. He had brought Mr. Ball back to his original two up by winning the fourth hole. Both players had driven good tee shots, and Mr. Palmer had to play the odd. He elected to go for the gloves, and endeavoured to carry the green in his second, where sound policy would have enjoined a safe iron shot to the foot of the bunker in the side of the hill. The result was that he banged the ball straight into the jaws of this bunker; while Mr. Ball, playing the like, played a safe, short shot, and won the hole. This was the turning point of the match, and Mr. Palmer was a practically beaten man from that moment. Still, he has covered himself with glory, and added lustre to the title of Midlands Champion, which he won just previous to this competition. He is a player who will always take a lot of beating, as he possesses the right temperament and nerves for a stout match player. His great shot with a heavy American cleek at the eighth hole in the second round, where, in the teeth of a raging north-east wind, he put the ball within two yards of the hole, will long live in my memory.

Mr. Guy Campbell and Mr. Graham

My near relationship to Mr. Guy Campbell would, under ordinary circumstances, preclude me from expatiating at any length upon his performance. But there was such a unanimous consensus of opinion about the extraordinary brilliance of his play, and such an agreement among good judges of the game as to the future lying before him, that I am constrained to do violence to my family modesty and to go at some length into the qualities of his game. First and foremost I must take his driving. It will give my readers some idea of his length when I say that in his match with Mr. Blackwell the latter had to play the odd after the tee shot nearly every time. He has a really beautiful style, and has the same trick of lifting himself to his tee shots as Mr. Graham. Possibly they both get their great length out of this wonderfully timed heave. Then, besides this enormous power off the tee, he has an extraordinary control of the ball. In his matches against Messrs. Barker, Lincoln, and Blackwell, I never saw a tee shot out of the true line, while his short game, whether in approaching, running-up, or putting, is as good as could possibly be wished. Mr. Hilton remarked to me that what pleased him most about Mr. Campbell's play was that he played every shot as it ought to be played, and generally brought off the shot. I am much mistaken if in him we have not got the future Tait, and the emulator of Messrs. Ball's and Hilton's great feat of the double championship. I imagine that the struggle of the future will be between him and Mr. Barker, and in this impending duel he has got his rapier home first in the preliminary exchanges. But Mr. Barker, if he remains in the ranks of Amateur Championship seekers, will prove a serious rival, and the critics were much impressed with the display he gave at St. Andrews. Mr. Harris is so well known in London golfing circles that no description of his play is required from me. Mr. Graham again had the bad luck to be put out at the winning-post of a match by a player (Mr. Blackwell) holing a long putt and getting a hole in one under par, where Mr. Graham had a sitting four. It was a replica of his defeat by Mr. Barry at Prestwick in 1905. But, in spite of this, he remains a leader of the amateurs. Surely his day must come at last?

A Little Story

Much more could I write of various players whom I watched. But space fails me. Let me note, with pleasure, that no untoward incident occurred at this tournament. All the arrangements worked smoothly and admirably, in spite of huge crowds, while the course reflected the greatest credit on the skilful care bestowed on it by Hamilton. All were delighted to see dear old Tom about, comparatively hale and hearty, and still interested in the game of his long life. Let me finish with a pretty little story.

Mr. Alec Tait and Captain MacAllan, who acted as fore-caddies in the final, secured the ball with which Mr. John Ball won the match, and are having it mounted on an ebony stand, with a suitable inscription on a silver shield describing the great event, as a gift from them to him. Might I suggest an added line to the inscription on their charming gift to the great player? "Age cannot wither him nor custom stale his infinite variety." For it may most truly be said that if ever a golfer deserved that quotation it is the winner of this year's Amateur Championship.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

Cambridge Summer Eights, First Division: First Trinity, who were bumped by Trinity Hall, now head of the river

LAWN TENNIS

'Varsity Prospects

From personal experience I can vouch for the fact that Oxford are a decidedly strong side this year, and from hearsay I gather that Cambridge are rather below the average, although daily improving. Of the six who have been playing most regularly for Oxford, it is interesting to note that the three new men, Fleet, Winston, and Reynell (in addition to Paterson, the Old Blue) are Rhodes Scholars. In their match with a strong Gipsy team, which included Roper Barrett, Green, Bentley, and Ward Frost, they only won one of the six Singles, but did remarkably well in the Doubles, and were only beaten by the odd event, Barrett and Frost having to scratch their third match in order that the former might catch a train. Cambridge have had a similarly close match with Chiswick Park, losing only by the odd event, but the Chiswick team was by no means as strong as the Gipsy team which beat Oxford. On June 1 a rather weaker Gipsy team beat Cambridge by 8—6. An East of Scotland team has played both Oxford and Cambridge, losing to the former and beating the latter; while Yorkshire have also played both 'Varsities with identically the same team. After beating Cambridge fairly easily by 8—1 they lost on the following day to Oxford by 3—8. This shows that Oxford are appreciably stronger, and on May 28 they gave further proof of their excellence in Doubles by drawing with an All-England team consisting of H. L. Doherty and Hillyard, Eaves and Ball Greene, and A. E. M. Taylor and Timmis. They won three matches and scored one walk-over (Eaves having to leave before the third round) as against four won by the A.E.L.T.C., and the remaining one had to be left unfinished. The feat of the afternoon was performed by the Oxford third pair, Winston and Reynell, who beat Doherty and Hillyard 6—4, 6—3. Of course, this was not true form, but still, a pair must be pretty hot

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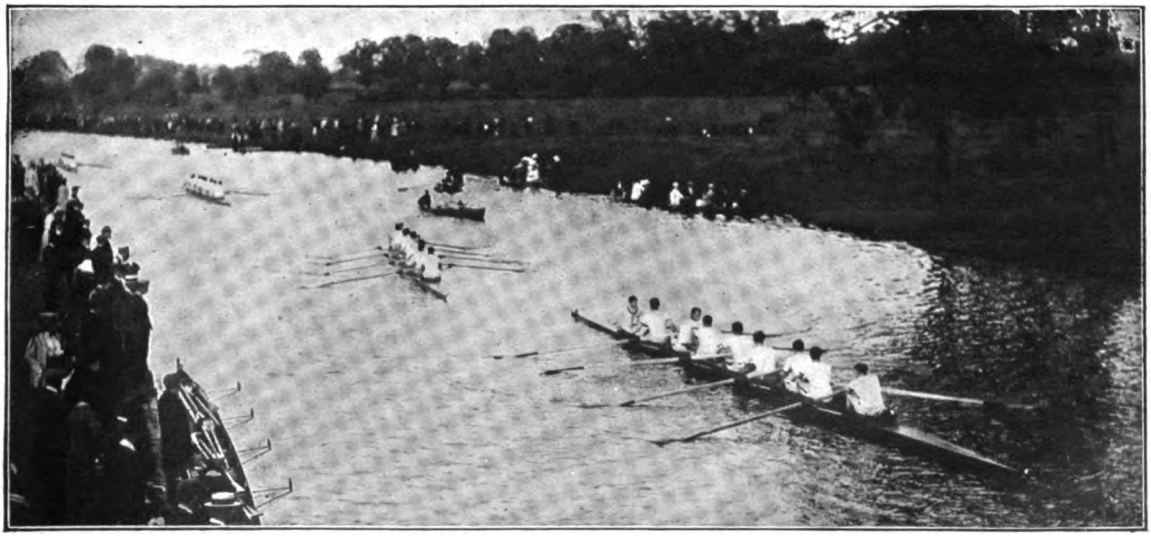

The "Mays" at Cambridge: Corpus leading Trinity Hall

In the May races at Cambridge, which finished on Saturday after four nights' racing, Trinity Hall left off head of the river. Third Trinity, who started head on Wednesday, were bumped that evening by First; on the next night the Hall also caught Third, and on Friday the Hall took down First, remaining head on Saturday. Third went down a place every night, succumbing to Jesus and to Lady Margaret I., as well as to the two already named, and the final order of the first six was Trinity Hall (1), First Trinity (2), Jesus (3), Lady Margaret (4), Third Trinity (5), Christ's (6)

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to beat "H. L." and Hillyard, even when they are having an "off" time. I understand that, after the match, Fleet, Winston, and Reynell were given their half-Blues, and that they, with Paterson, A. H. Lowe, and Crowder, will form the team against Cambridge on Friday and Saturday, when I expect to see the Dark Blues win.

A Record—of a Kind

I can only recall one other instance of a lawn tennis tournament being as badly flooded out by rain as was the Leicester tournament last week. I am strictly accurate in saying "last week" because, although it was advertised to take place on the last three days of the week before, hardly anything (as I have already recounted) was done on those three days, and the committee accordingly decided upon an extension of the time — inwardly congratulating themselves on their forethought in having reserved to themselves the right so to do in their prospectus. However, as it turned out, they might almost as well have shut up the shop on Saturday evening. Sunday was fairly fine, with a nice drying wind from the North, but on Monday morning it chopped round into the South and the rain came on again, fitfully at first, but after midday almost continuously. The tarpaulin-covered court was alone playable, and some matches in the two Open Double events were decided on it; but by four o'clock it, too, had become thoroughly soaked, and after the final of the Gentlemen's Doubles—the one solitary event which was finished—was over, it was quite evident that the only thing to be done was to abandon the tournament for good and all. Even if the next day had been fine, the ground would hardly have been fit to play on. And so one of the best meetings of the season came—in the classic words of Mr. Mantalini—to a "demmed, demp, moist, unpleasant" end.

Fine Play Under Difficulties

And yet it is a positive fact that, despite the absolutely vile conditions, what little play there was reached an extremely high level of excellence. I have seldom seen better mixed matches than Brookes and Mrs. Hillyard *v.* R. F. Doherty and Miss Eastlake Smith. Some of the things that those four people managed to do with a ball weighing (figuratively speaking) about a ton and a half were quite wonderful. Doherty made some delightfully daring shots; Miss Eastlake Smith returned Brookes's service almost as a matter of course; Brookes himself dug up impossible balls out of the mud and converted them into even more impossible returns; while Mrs. Hillyard, though perhaps the least brilliant of the four, really won the victory for her side by the unfaltering steadiness with which she kept her end up and played into her partner's hand. Scarcely less exciting was the defeat of Hillyard and Miss Sutton by Eaves and Miss Lowther. In this match, Eaves, who is certainly in fine form this year, performed prodigies of valour.

Middlesex Lawn Tennis Championships

Miss M. E. Brown, who unexpectedly beat Miss A. N. G. Greene in the Singles at the Chiswick Park Tournament, and thereby qualified for the final, where she was beaten by Mrs. Lambert Chambers

Photo *Fisk-Moore*

A Remarkable Feat

Blythe, the Kent slow bowler, achieved a remarkable performance against Northamptonshire, taking all ten wickets for thirty runs. In the second innings he dismissed seven batsmen for eighteen runs

Sound Finance

The weather incidentally proved the advantage of having a set of tarpaulins for the principal court and a covered stand overlooking it. People knew that there would probably be play, and that they could watch it in some comfort, and so they rolled up, especially on the Saturday, reckless of the rain, in goodly numbers. Nor shall I be surprised to hear that their half-crowns have saved the tournament from the financial crisis which a spell of rain usually entails. In short, the Leicester Tournament illustrates the soundness of the somewhat paradoxical maxim that in order to save money you must spend it.

The "Driva" Racket

I noticed Mr. M. J. G. Ritchie, at the recent Surbiton Tournament, playing with a "Driva" racket. The "Driva" racket is a beautifully balanced implement, and if players realise how much depends on having a good racket, they would insist on possessing a "Driva." Last autumn, at Brighton, I was playing at a covered court with a friend. Both players were pretty nearly matched, and the only rackets we had there were a "Driva" and one other first-class make. Both players wanted to get the "Driva," as it was considered worth half fifteen, and the only way to solve the difficulty was to toss for it before every set. The price of the "Driva" is 27*s.* 6*d.*, and it can be obtained from Messrs. Benetfink, Cheapside.

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By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The Utility of the Tourist Trophy Race

During the last few days a good deal of nonsense has been written about manufacturers objecting to the continuance of the Tourist Trophy Race, "the game not being worth the candle," in fact. To those who are successful there is little doubt about the value of holding the Trophy. This week, for example, the Rover Company's premises have been attended, I had almost said besieged, by crowds of inquirers wanting Rover cars, and other manufacturers who have done well, value their successes at some thousands. A well-known concessionaire, whose car did well in a certain race, remarked to me after the race, "I reckon that race is worth many thousands to me," and he is not a gentleman given to boasting. Naturally, a certain amount of disappointment is felt by people who have spent a good deal of time and money only to experience a stroke of bad luck at the last moment, and being but human, they are apt to grumble at the race.

* * *

Should Reliability Trials be Substituted?

I do not say that the conditions of the Tourist Trophy races are perfect. I see that Mr. Massac Buist, in the *Morning Post*, suggests that the Royal Automobile Club should organise a touring car or chassis race on cylinder capacity, and with a prescribed height for the driver's seat—a system that is proving very popular abroad, in that it puts all competitors practically on even terms with regard to their motors. Other people favour a race pure and simple, such as the Grand Prix or the Kaiserpreis. Many manufacturers deprecate races at all, and desire to see a British Reliability Trial on the lines of those held in Scotland and Ireland. But, speaking as a journalist, whose business it is to attract the attention of the public at large—and not merely a small motor clique—I say that, quite apart from the conditions imposed on competitors, the Tourist Trophy races give an enormous impetus to the motor industry. Reliability Trials are excellent and thorough tests in their way, but they are unable to capture the public imagination.

* * *

The Triumph of the British Car

Why not, then, you ask, hold a race free from all restraining conditions? Well, for my part, though the Tourist Trophy races cannot compare with the Grand Prix or the Kaiserpreis, they certainly do not cost manufacturers anything like the same expense, while they are a great deal more reliable as a guide to you or me as intending purchasers. For, after all is said and done, what does it mean if So-and-so wins the Grand Prix with a racing car built regardless of expense, and with an engine of 100 h.-p. or so, and capable of covering a speed of 100 miles an hour? I grant that it proves the design is excellent, as, indeed, it must be, considering the strong competition it has to beat. But the same remark applies to the Tourist Trophy, with the addition that the winning car has to be identically the same pattern as the manufacturers undertake to sell to the public. The British-made motor-car, so far from being inferior to Continental makes, has gradually won its way into the very front rank, in spite of certain drawbacks, such as our speed-limit and our lateness in starting with the industry. But with orders for British cars abroad steadily increasing, and foreign-made cars in England, on the contrary, steadily declining, a sufficient testimony is at hand, were it needed, to bear out my statement. A good deal of credit is due to the Tourist Trophy races, and I hope, even if the conditions are altered, the races will continue.

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The two Napier Cars competing for the Herkomer Trophy

The cars are being slung on board the Channel steamer bound for Boulogne. They will be driven by Mr. Cecil Edge and Miss Dorothy Levitt

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A. J. W.

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The 18 h.-p. Reo Car

Major Cotesworth, who is seen in our illustration on his 18 h.-p. Reo car, is an enthusiastic motorist, who formerly held the post of Commandant of the Mounted Infantry Schools in India and did good work in South Africa during the war. My readers will admire the Reo Company's new type of car fitted with a semi-tulip, side-entrance, English-built body. It looks very smart, and is not dissimilar to those fitted to the Siddeley car. The smooth engine-running of the 18 h.-p. four-cylinder model is very noticeable, as it may almost be compared to a steam car for silence. The car can attain a speed of forty miles per hour, while there are few hills it cannot climb on top gear. At the same time, as was demonstrated at the recent flexibility trials, the cars can be driven in the thickest of traffic on top gear. The price of the Reo car like Major Cotesworth's, complete with paraffin lamps, acetelyne head lamps, tools, and in fact all accessories, is £300. The Reo is the most wonderful car at anything like the price I have seen. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Car-icature—No. XXX.: Mr. Charles Friswell
He has two paramount claims to recognition among automobilists, namely, as the pioneer of motor auction sales and as the successful defendant in the action taken by the British Motor Traction Company in regard to their patent rights in carburettors. He is a keen sportsman and a good shot
(BY ALICK P. F. RITCHIE).

Miscellanea

The latest attempt to secure a record over the course between Monte Carlo and London was made on May 26 and 27 on a four-cylinder Itala Car, and the distance was accomplished in 29 hrs. 26 min. This is a good performance, but fails by 6 min. to equal the time of the Mercédès Touring Car which, fitted with Dunlop tyres, put up such a splendid performance on May 1 and 2 last, when it covered the course in 29 hrs. 20 min., beating the previous best by no less than 4¼ hrs. The value of the Mercédès record is enhanced by the fact that Mr. A. G. Brown, who drove the car, did not engage a special boat for crossing the Channel; extremely bad weather, too, was encountered throughout.

The Rover Car that won the Tourist Trophy Race, and its sister car, were the same cars that were shut out of the race last year through being a few minutes late on the day prior to the race when all cars had to be in the enclosure for weighing, etc.

On the occasion of the Corpus Christi festivities recently held at Vitoria, Spain, an interesting competition, specially reserved for touring cars, was held on the road from Vitoria to Bilboa and back. The race was organised under the patronage of *Les Sports*, and was brilliantly won by Lomas on a 20-28 h.-p. Darracq. The driver covered the 145 kilomètres in 2 hours 8 minutes, which, considering the number of steep hills to be climbed, is excellent time. The second was Prado, also on a Darracq; time, 2 hours 11 minutes. Third, Louis Alonso, on a Fiat, 2 hours 14 minutes. Fourth, Dumay, on a Renault, in 2 hours 55 minutes. This meeting, the first to be held in that part of Spain, was favoured with brilliant weather.

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Major Cotesworth on his 18 h.-p. Reo Car

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DAIMLERS made First and Second Fastest Times.

May 25th, 1907.—DERBY, NOTTS, LEICESTER, and MID STAFFS. A.C.'s INTER-CLUB HILL CLIMB at Oakamoor.
DAIMLERS made First and Second Fastest Times.

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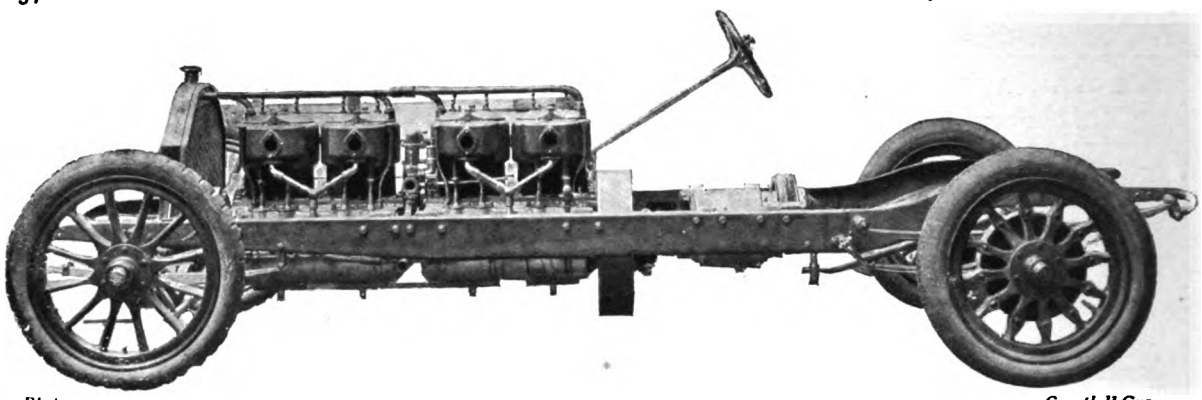

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

The Chassis of the 80 h.-p. eight-cylinder Weigel Car, competing in the Grand Prix next month

The Weigel is one of the British cars entered in this race. The engines are nominally 80 h.-p. at 1,000 revolutions, the bore is 130 mm., and the stroke 140 mm. The number of cylinders is eight, but as two cylinders work together the two engines are really in tandem. The ignition is by low-tension magneto, and the car is driven through a cardan drive on a live axle

The absolute interchangeability of Gladiator parts was strikingly demonstrated in the Isle of Man, the gears of the heavy Gladiator car being damaged actually on the way to the club enclosure, so that they had to be removed, and some of the parts taken out of a Standard touring car. The work of refitting was actually done in the official tent, and so exact was the interchangeability that the car—as is now well known—took second place on speed, first on consumption, finishing the Heavy Touring Car Race with 232 oz. of petrol to spare.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XXX.: Mr. Charles Friswell

Mr. Charles Friswell has two paramount claims to recognition among automobilists. He was the pioneer of motor auction sales, whereat one can dispose of a discarded car, or pick up, perchance, a good bargain second-hand; and he was the defendant in the famous action taken by the British Motor Traction Company in regard to their patent rights in carburettors. Mr. Friswell, after many anxious moments, gained a verdict, and so saved the industry a sum variously computed at from five to ten millions sterling in royalties. At the celebrated Auction Mart in Albany Street, Regent's Park, some record motor sales have been held, perhaps the most notable being that when all the four-cylinder stock of a well-known make—now identified with the six-cylinder principle—went under the hammer for some £7,000. Mr. "Charlie" Friswell, like many motoring celebrities, is a keen sportsman, and a good shot. In business he is one of the shrewdest men in the trade, while his social instincts and genial personality have gained him hosts of friends. D. M.

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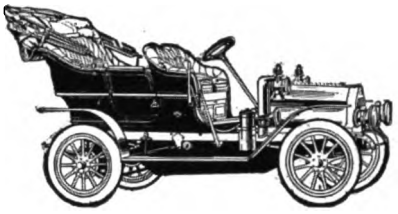

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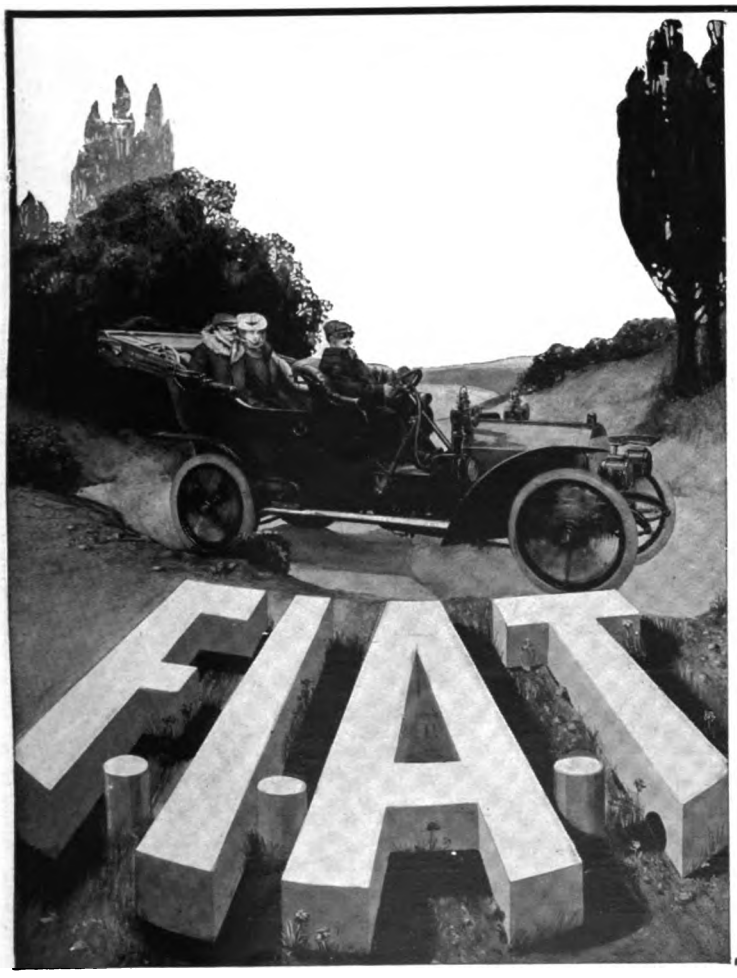

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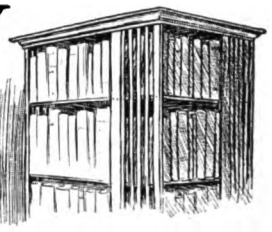

Books to Order This Week

"The Lonesome Trail." By John G. Neihardt. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"Richard Elliott, Financier." By George Carling. (Sisleys: 6*s.*)

The Importance of Being Anonymous

Nowadays, to omit your name from the title-page of your novel is in no sense to run the risk of inattention. Rather does it attract favourable notice to your book if the reader be spared the irksome task of mastering your name, wondering if, where, and when he has previously heard it; whether you are man, woman, or suffragette; young or old, aristocrat or base-born churl, untaught, or a 'Varsity man. You are anonymous. You may be any or everything. No matter! What is your *book* like? If good, then with double vigour and enthusiasm will it be proclaimed good, because you will be suspected of the modesty of true genius. True, with your next novel, your name will probably be disclosed, and will, therefore, attract twice its normal meed of attention; but once suspected of modesty, it will take æons of egoism on your part to dispel the kindly suspicion.

An Exception

Sometimes, of course, one finds a writer who persists in anonymity. In cases such as "Junius," and "Historicus," and the like, it matters not so very much. You know the *kind* of person who is writing, and perhaps prefer your surmise of his identity to its revelation. Again, when it is a "Ouida" or a "Rita" that writes, curiosity is only mild, because the sex and personality of the writer are as clear to you as, or clearer than, though their names, with the dreadful prefix "Mrs.," had been from the first avowed. In other cases, however, the omission is annoying. Particularly is this so when you have liked book number one, adored book number two, but—have been intensely irritated with book number three. In this case, wishing to be a candid friend, it is distressing to be compelled to fulminate against a nameless abstraction.

Photo *Wm. Crooks*

A Popular Novelist: Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin

The versatile and charming writer, whose new story-book is shortly to be published

"None So Pretty"

For instance, there was an anonymous book, called "A Discrepant World," published last year, about which I, in common with some thirty other selected critics, waxed mildly enthusiastic. There was a "quiet humour," "delicate characterisation," "charm of atmosphere," "observation," "pathos," "satire," "tragedy"—all the virtues rolled up into one volume. Well, in due course has come from the same anonymous author, *None So Pretty* (Longmans: 6*s.*). Now here is the same hand at work, but seen to very much less advantage. The theme is a simple enough one. A man infatuated with the vision of one girl, thinking he had forgotten her, marries another out of kindness and sympathy, coupled with the consideration that she is an heiress. Very soon the original girl reappears, and the "hero" discovers himself still infatuated, and more so; also, his wife takes a lover unto herself, and there are passionate incidents culminating in the shooting of the hero (Walton) by his rival (Menzies), and his subsequent death, ostensibly through a railway accident. Incidentally, the "other girl," Chloe, turns out not to have loved Walton at all, but yet another man, and so on. It is a succession of loves between "other" women and "other" men, assisted by somewhat coloured and melodramatic episodes, unnecessary here to specify, save, perhaps, to indicate that Chloe turns out to be the daughter, by a youthful intrigue, of a highly respectable baronet introduced early into the story. This story is entertaining and readable—though rather too long drawn out—because of the author's undoubted charm of style and humour. But he is not at home, evidently, in a story of general life, of broad emotions and sensational sequences. His touch is too refined. He lacks the smack and vim of the melodramatist. Local colour and characterisation are his staple gifts, and I hope that his successive books will be, like the teetotalism of a well-known Radical M.P., "strictly local."

The Financial Novel

Finance seems to be exercising a fascination over some writers as the field for the employment of the modern hero. Minute and technical descriptions of the means whereby fortunes are made would not seem exactly thrilling, and it is all the more creditable, therefore, that one should be able to pronounce as even readable a volume of this kind. In *Richard Elliott, Financier*, by George Carling (Sisleys: 6*s.*), the story is told of how a

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young stenographer, actively eavesdropping at Board Meetings, manages to raise the wind to lay the foundation of a financial career, and later on to develop into a sort of Carnegie. It claims to lay bare the shameless methods of the Trusts, and to present the truest picture of American money-madness that has ever been drawn. There is a sentimental interest in the book which may rub off the edges for women-readers. In this connection, perhaps, I may include Mr. Edgar Jepson's *The Four Philanthropists* (Unwin: 6*s*.). This purports, I suppose, to be a humorous book, as have several of Mr. Jepson's other recent works. It tells of a scheme whereby four adventurous and imaginative gentlemen adopt finance as a means to philanthropy. They form a concern entitled "The General Philanthropic Company," the object being to remove, not crowned heads and statesmen, but wealthy men of business, one after another of these being "marked down" for "removal." Here, again, there is the needed sentimental touch to soften the action for the feminine reader. Mr. Jepson's humour need, of course, have no terrors for this type of gentle reader. It is not strong enough even to be stigmatised by her as "silly."

Whitewashing Burton Again

One of the very few inconveniences of dying with a reputation for wickedness is the rush there will surely be, among the good people, to be the first to whitewash you. Some chance word or deed of quite unintentional worthiness which has escaped you in some unguarded moment, is quite enough to assure you of a wholly spurious post-mortem reputation for domestic virtue and homeliness of habit. A case in point is poor Sir Richard Burton. Ever since "Ruffian Dick" died, a stream of books in his defence has issued forth to prove that he was, really, a fine character. So he was, doubtless, in some respects. Exactly how his memory will, however, be preserved by Mr. W. P. Dodge in *The Real Sir Richard Burton* (Unwin: 6*s*.) I am rather nonplussed to know. The facts and stories about Burton, his escapades, his romantic marriage, his paltry treatment by successive Governments, and the intrigues and scandals of which he was the victim, are all of them familiar. Mr. Dodge, however, has set them forth in a style so deadly matter-of-fact, and shorn so entirely of picturesque description, that one puts the book down with one's impression of Burton hardened rather than softened. One does not want bare facts about such a man as this. One wishes him legendised. Nobody without an imagination should attempt the task of his biography. The author is of the Middle Temple, a barrister, an F.R.G.S., and dedicates his work to President Roosevelt—facts which speak for themselves as to the extent to which he is likely to possess that needed attribute. Really, it is time that Burton's family requested his would-be whitewashers to take their pails and brushes away for a while, or it will become a matter of common humanity and respect for the dead to bring along a little tar or black-lead and retaliate.

A Tale of the Wild

"I wonder," says an "old frontiersman" in one of Mr. J. G. Neihardt's stories in *The Lonesome Trail* (John Lane: 6*s*.), "if the railroads haven't taken some of the iron out of the blood of men." The saying is notable, and if corroboration of it is needed, Mr. Neihardt's wonderful stories afford it. These are mostly of the wild—tales of the life in Missouri, before the railroad penetrated, when St. Louis was little more than a trading-port for French furriers. I can compare Mr. Neihardt to Rider Haggard and to Rudyard Kipling in the splendour of his imagination, and power of absorption of native folk-tales, while, in style, I do not know that he is not finer than either of them. There is a real breath of the wild in his stories — the loneliness, the tragedy, the fierce emotionalism of Indian and trader life is manifest and thrilling. Unlike some others who have affected the "wild" school of fiction, there are no linguistic excesses, no orgies of dialect and slang from beginning to end. The author's prose is singing and musical; to read it is almost as though one were listening to the strains of the "New World" symphony. His power of "atmosphere" is extraordinary; his Indians are the most wildly realistic that have whooped and hunted and feasted, wept and laughed and moaned, since the gentle Hiawatha. Decidedly one of the finest short-story books Mr. Lane has issued of late.

VIVIAN CARTER.

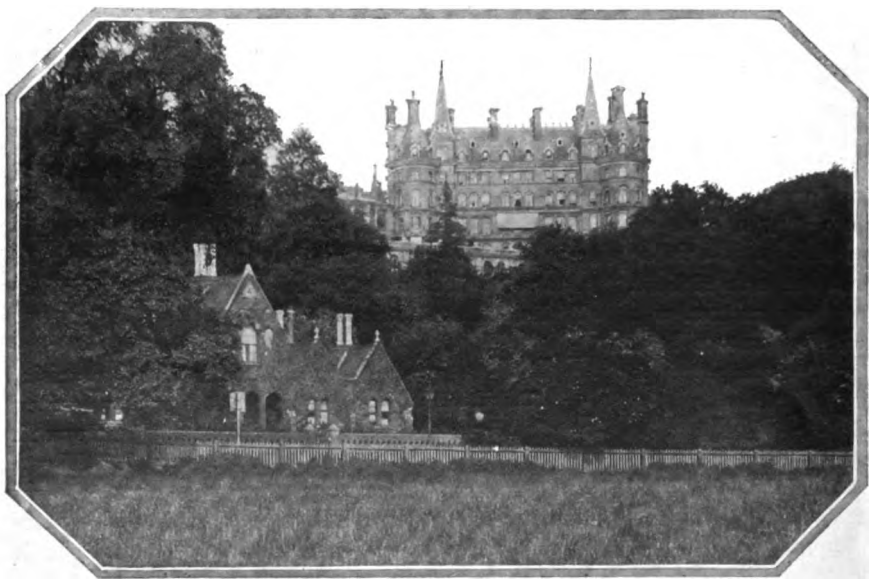

Photo *Bunnett*

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Patterns and Price List (Illustrated by Actual Photographs) will be sent Post Free on application. It should be stated for which garment the patterns are required.

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4	4½-5	5½-6	6½-7	7½-8
4/6	**4/9**	**5/-**	**5/2**	**5/6**

Larger Sizes in proportion.

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3	3½-4	4½-5	5½	6
3/2	**3/6**	**3/9**	**4/-**	**4/2**

Larger Sizes in proportion.

Write (mentioning "The Bystander") for Catalogue "P," which illustrates and gives full particulars of Phat-Pheet Footwear.

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Gown lined Silk throughout, and veiled Chiffon, in Ecru and White only.

Price 9½ Guineas.

VERE ST. and OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

As I write we are all, with amazing courage, endeavouring to defy the elements and exploit summery attire in arctic weather. The pinafore bodice, kimono or *fichu* style, which exacts the supplementary addition of lingerie chemisette and sleeves, is perhaps the most trying we could have devised, the exposure of the white accessories, on which so much of the effect depends, being essential. Dear as dress is to me, I fear I lack courage before this shivering demand, and incline to the services of some light-weight, picturesque cloth wrap, which reminds me I have a mission to talk about

Miss Marie Löhr's costume in "My Wife"
(SKETCHED AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

The Dresses at the Haymarket

They are really quite remarkably good are the clothes worn throughout this most amusing light farcical comedy, *My Wife*, and afford a clear index as to the mood of *La Mode*. It may perhaps be prejudice, but it seems to me that a good many of the tempered situations are saved by the emphatic Parisian dressing. Take the Baroness Granclos, in the second act. One realises immediately the sort of lady she is. No other would have dared that remarkable toilette of white cashmere, a tailor-made —*bien entendu*—the fitting coat closely defining the exuberant figure, ornamented with broad bands of a chintz cretonne. Then the extravagance of her hat, a large drooping affair of dead white chip, the brim bound black velvet, while over the crown there are flung literally crowds of white lilac and pink roses, one brobdingnagian bloom accentuating the front.

Representative Examples of the Tailor-Made

Delightfully representative examples of the tailor-made, of not so necessarily extravagant an order, are worn by Miss Joy Chatwyn as Mme. Dupré. Every woman desirous of realising the last development of the Chinois sleeve, should go to the Haymarket and see Miss Chatwyn's grey and white striped cloth. How this is worked into a long-basqued, close-fitting coat no mere words can describe, the fronts opening with long black taffeta lapels on the ubiquitous double lingerie frill, lacking which no tailor-made is accounted quite *comme il faut*. Her small hat is of *cannelle* straw, packed at one side with faded pink and green roses, a cluster of ospreys toned to the same shade falling over the other. The most notable feature of Mme. Dupré's second effort of biscuit cloth is one of the new broad-pleated skirts, which is worn with a cut-away jacket, modelled on the lines of a man's morning coat, trimmed with exceedingly broad silk braid of harmonising hue, the toque accompanying this being a study in autumn tints. In the dressing of charming Miss Marie Löhr, Redfern—who, by the way, *vide* the programme, is responsible for both dresses and hats—has been especially happy. Miss Löhr makes her first appearance in a very delicate biscuit checked cloth, relieved by touches of palest blue cloth. The coat, one of those impertinently short semi-sacques, is unclosed to show a vest of blue. The skirt, which is a genuine *trotteuse*, is adorned with a profusion of flat silk braid, and when she first makes her appearance Miss Löhr carries one of the above-mentioned short cloth cloaks, lined with satin.

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Some Charming Hats

Every hat worn by this clever young actress is a dream, the one surmounting the foregoing costume being of lustrous straw in a greenish grey tone, the brim brought down low and close to the head at the back, a mass of white wings with a head, the which, though never seen in bird life, is highly effective from a millinerial point of view.

Infinitely charming also is the *chapeau*, of which all too short a glimpse is gained in the third act, and which is included in our sketch. This, of pale-grey straw, is showered with long-stalked flowers, like cowslips, that issue from beneath a big black taffeta bow at the left side, and accompanies a sweet frock of pale-grey *marquisette*; the full, slightly high-waist skirt is inlet with a broad *entredeux* of grey *filet* lace, outlined above and below with a close embroidery of fine silk braid. The latter is again repeated in the graceful Japan corsage, together with the *filet* lace, a novel note occurring in a piping of cowslip-pink satin about the armholes and tiny V *décolletage*, a tucked chemisette and picturesque frilly sleeves of net and lace affording the necessary lingerie note. As surely is *My Wife* a sartorial as it is a histrionic triumph.

Stoles and Ruffles

There was a distracting moment when tulle ruffles trembled in the balance of favour; but the crisis is safely passed and our favourite summer neck-fitment reinstated. In the form of *piissé* Toby frills, they are selling extraordinarily well—too well, perhaps, from the point of view of those exclusively minded, who are advised rather to seek out a brobdingnagian ruche arrangement of doubled tulle, divided in the centre by a twist of *souple* ribbon that resolves in centre, back, and at either end into large out-spreading bows. There is a most significant run, moreover, on short marabout stoles—not necessarily the best marabout, since it is frequently augmented with tulle or short ostrich strands, the whole consummating an exceptionally full, rich appearance.

Another dainty ruffle is of tulle, hemmed *bébé* ribbon, and finished with little floral clusters tucked into the folds of the transparency. And while the thought is with me, at one representative house for chiffons of every description, they are showing a hand-plaited straw belt, that closes with a straw buckle, and is as effective in wear as it is novel in idea. In the choosing of belts this year I would urge much caution. There is such an influx of cheap stuff on the market, that is inevitably tempting, and as equally inevitably disappointing, that it behoves one to have care. A suède belt, dyed exactly the tone of the skirt, makes all the difference in the world to the general appearance, when a lingerie slip concludes the story. And these correct suède belts may be known by the sign of an appreciable price.

A Stylish Millinery Mode from Paris

The milliner responsible for this dressy *chapeau* is Marie Crozet, the picture disclosing the extravagant lengths reached in ostrich feathers, while a scheme of colouring that suggests itself pleasantly, comprises a cinnamon straw, with shaded feather, starting from a soft full rosette of oak-leaf green satin.

Photo *Henri Manuel*

A Stylish Millinery Mode, by Marie Crozet, of Paris

Truefitt's, 13-14, Old Bond Street

This old-established firm is always among the first to exploit the fresh vogues laid down by Parisian headquarters. They have that spirit of adaptation which is, above all things, necessary where the Englishwoman is concerned, and are at the moment well prepared with the happiest evolvement of the approved Greek chignon, fashioned with an entirely new disposition of cluster curls. The *toupée* they advise is a broken pompadour, while there is a significant uplifting of the hands before a suggestion of the dip that is entirely *démodé*, according to Truefitt and the highest authorities.

The *postiche* work turned out here is irreproachable, and is, consequently, not to be lightly passed over. In response to an almost general demand for coiffurial accessories, nowadays accepted and worn without protest or apology, the market is flooded with a great deal of cheap meretricious stuff, whereas reliable *postiche* work cannot, on the face of things, be cheap in the accepted sense of the definition.

What one would, I suppose, call a side issue, is Lysonia, although this series of powder, perfume, sachets, and soap has attached sufficient fame unto itself to entitle it to be called a big issue. A tiny booklet, to be had for the asking, gives all details anent Lysonia, together with the prices, one acceptable little adjunct being Lysonia felt, a soft absorbent material embodying the perfume that is highly efficacious placed in handkerchief and glove sachets.

Truefitt's new lilac scent, also, is the finest, most subtle essence of the flower it is possible to imagine.

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NOURISHES BRAIN & BODY

IMPROVES DIGESTION

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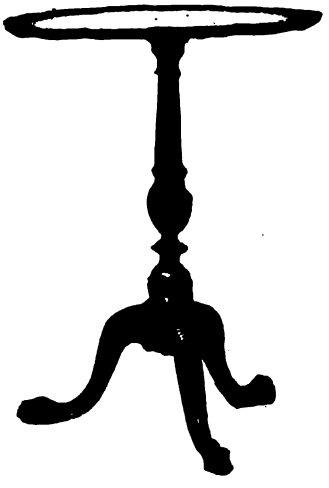

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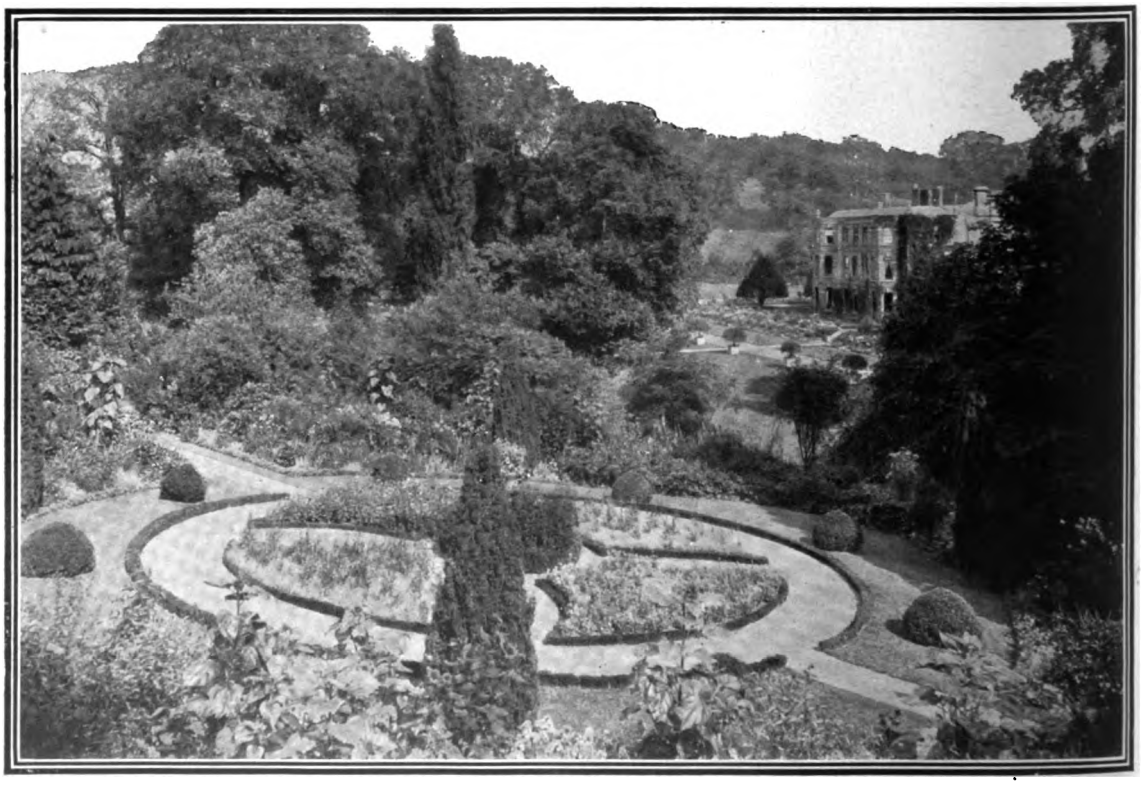
Plans for Bedding

In the Southern counties, at any rate, all bedding plants, unless they are exceptionally tender, may now be put outside. It may not be safe just yet to transfer some of them to the beds, nor is it advisable to do so, for they should be gradually accustomed to full exposure to sunlight and air. If they were planted out straight from the greenhouse, their foliage would turn yellow, and growth would be checked for a time. A cold frame, with the lights off, except in very inclement weather, is the best place for them; but if one cannot be spared for the purpose, a sheltered and fairly sunny corner will do quite well if there is some means of hanging matting round them in case frost should threaten. Of course, the bedding arrangements should be mapped out beforehand. The most frequent mistake is the mixing of crude and incongruous colours. Harmony is not only safe, but also more effective than contrast, and for small beds, if not for large ones, an artistic blending of different shades of the same colour is far more beautiful than a harsh combination of different colours. The old plan of lines of blue lobelia, yellow calceolarias, and scarlet geraniums, has been abandoned in most gardens, but there is still plenty of room for improvement, as a stroll in almost any of our public parks in summer will show.

Formal v. Natural Bedding

During the last quarter of a century much has been written against formal gardening of any kind, and though it still has many adherents, they have certainly shown some signs of wavering. One of the best known among them advises that, to break the stiffness of outline, the plants at the edge of the bed should be allowed to ramble out among the grass. There cannot be much doubt that the advice is wrong. If put into practice, it does not add to the naturalness of the arrangement; it merely makes the bed look untidy. Between formal gardening and natural gardening there is no possibility of compromise. But that is no condemnation of the former. Rightly used, it has its value. It is in its proper place when brought into juxtaposition with the stiff outlines of architecture, and there it serves as a sort of introduction to the more natural garden beyond. Indeed, it may have had something to do with the improvement of that garden. For the idea of bedding is to provide masses of colour, and that idea has been applied comparatively recently to the mixed border, which formerly was very mixed, all manner of plants being dotted about singly. Now we arrange them in large groups, and the gain in effect is great. This may be one of the lessons which bedding has taught us.

H. C. Davidson.



A Fine Specimen of Formal Bedding

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No. 185.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 19, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo] OUR FUTURE QUEEN AND EMPRESS [*Lafayette*

The latest portrait of the Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness, though not at present in the best of health, has, to everybody's delight, been seen much more in public during the present season. The Princess is just now more popular, and, in looks, dress, and manner, more charming than ever. As one of the most travelled and one of the most observant and intelligent Englishwomen living, as well as one of the best of mothers, the nation has every reason to be proud of the Consort of the Heir-Apparent

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No. 185.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"Red Rubber." By E. D. Morel. (Unwin: 1*s.* net.)

"The Holiday Whitaker." (Whitaker: 1*s.*)

"The Judge." By Elia W. Peattie. (Everett: 6*s.*)

"King Leopold's Soliloquy: A Satire.' By Mark Twain. (Unwin: 1*s.* net.)

"The Call." By Desmond Coke." (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

"The Enlightenment of Olivia." By L. B. Walford. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

"*The Car* Road Book and Guide." By Lord Montagu. (*Car Illustrated*: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Crimson Azaleas." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Roads Made Easy." By Lord Montagu. (*Car Illustrated*: 5*s.* net.)

The Albany Review. (John Lane: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Badminton Magazine. (Watson: 1*s.* net.)

St. Nicholas. (Warne: 8*d.*)

"The Lady Trainer." By Nat Gould. (John Long: 6*d.*)

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"The Secret Woman." By Eden Phillpotts. (Collins: 6*d.*)

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday June 19, 1907

A pleasant feature about our entertainment of foreign Royalties is the way we greet them in their own tongue. English people are not great linguists. We do not expect our Lord Mayors to talk Danish, or Hindustani, or Magyar, at a moment's notice. But we do like our guests to feel at home. So we look up one of their own words and stick to it while they stay with us. Last week the word was *Velkommen*! "Rum language—Danish; rum word—*velkommen*. Never mind, *velkommen* by all means. That is the way we go. Can't chat to you in your tongue. Don't want to. But — *velkommen!*" Thus London might be pictured as addressing their Danish Majesties, and I'm sure their D.M.'s were highly gratified. Heartiness is the great thing.

* * *

Motorists are reported to be getting quite "horsey" as a result of the Olympia Show. "What I want is something stylish, not exceeding 15.3. Must be a sharp mover—clean-legged. Nothing that'll get clayed—what?" as a young gentleman was overheard to observe to an astonished motor-manufacturer. "Are you looking for a Suffolk Punch, sir?" the latter inquired. "Hang it, no," the young man returned; "it must drink petrol. I'm not a Yankee millionaire."

Only One Place for Him!

RECRUITING SERGEANT: "Now, me lad, come along o' me and join the 'Old Slashers'"

IRREVERENT YOUTH: "Why? Is the Colonel dead, guv'nor?"

* * *

Speaking of American millionaires, President Roosevelt has just been advocating the establishment of death duties on the European model, in order that these gentlemen may be taxed more successfully. So much importance nowadays is attached to anything the President says, that it can only be a very few weeks before a Trust for the Evasion of Death Duties is formed.

* * *

What a pity that Mr. Harry Orchard, of Idaho, whose cool testimony during the famous murder trial has been evoking such admiration in the States, is not a native of Russia. He is lost in the backwoods. Over at Moscow, he would be invaluable. As an earnest of our *entente*, we offer the hint to the Russian authorities, if they really want to dissolve the Duma and do the thing thoroughly.

"Commons to shoot the Lords" was a sensational head-line in the *Daily News* a few days ago. We fancy it is a case of the wish being father to the thought. Or it may have been only the halfpenny way of referring to the rifle-match that is to come off at Bisley.

* * *

Herr Hauslian, an Austrian, who for the last five years has been wheeling his wife and daughter round the world in a perambulator, hopes to arrive at Vienna by the end of July. We hope he will, too. There is a capital asylum there.

* * *

That a womanly woman is best is probably the verdict of the burglar who entered the room of a certain Miss Kidd a few nights ago with a jemmy. Miss Kidd behaved with such an unladylike vigour, that the poor man was forced to jump from the window, and has not since been heard of, though the police have looked everywhere for him.

* * *

New England seems to indulge in cycles of modesty just as California indulges in cycles of earthquakes. At present, Mrs. Reilly, of New York, is claiming £2,000 damages from Mr. Samuel Nelson, of that city, for having been kissed by him against her will. We suppose Mr. Nelson's defence will be that a kiss from him is not worth that sum. But how will the jury decide what an unwilling kiss from Mrs. Reilly is worth? Will they have to try? And if so, will Mrs. Reilly's retiring nature insist on the jury being one of matrons? They will hardly be so likely to put a high price on the commodity. It is a complicated matter, but we trust justice will be done.

* * *

We are indebted to the *Daily Mail* for the information that the smart Englishwoman will not go to a dinner unless her Pekinese or Pom is included in the invitation. It is pleasant to hear that the Smart Set—so often derided—are capable of sacrificing their own appetites for the sake of their little pets. At the same time, readers of the *Daily Mail* should not be deterred from asking their lady friends to dinner when so inclined.

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Commissioners of Assize

The Government have attempted to relieve the congestion of business in the Courts by appointing two Commissioners of Assize—Lord Coleridge on the Midland Circuit and Mr. H. G. Shee, K.C., on the South Wales; and no doubt matters will have improved before the Long Vacation, though the Attorney-General's prophecy that all the arrears in the King's Bench Division would disappear by the end of July can hardly have been seriously meant. There is a popular rumour that both Commissioners are to be raised to the Bench very shortly—possibly even before this page appears in print—and I hope, but do not at all believe, that this will turn out to be the case.

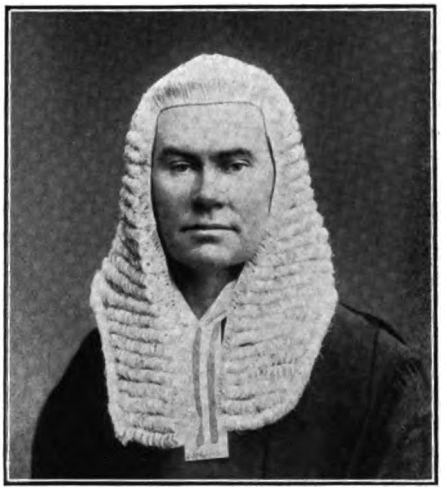

Photo *London Stereoscopic Co.*

Mr. H. G. Shee, K.C.

Recently appointed Commissioner of Assize on the South Wales Circuit

Red and Black Judges

The practice of appointing Commissioners to relieve the regular judges is cheap and convenient, but is open to two very serious objections. In the first place, it is unpopular. The Commissioner sits in a black gown instead of the judicial scarlet and ermine, and the occupants of the public gallery at the Assize Courts resent the sight almost as much as a Roman Catholic or Anglican would if he saw a priest officiating without his vestments or surplice. It has several times happened that criminals have publicly expressed their objection to be tried by anyone but a "Red Judge," and this may occur again this summer, since each of the Commissioners is going to a number of places where he will sit alone, and consequently will have to try a great many criminal cases. It is only fair to say that, in the present instance, this is only a sentimental objection, for both Lord Coleridge and Mr. Shee (unlike some former Commissioners) have had plenty of experience in criminal work.

An Expensive Dignity

In the second place, the practice is very unfair to the Commissioners themselves. The appointment is a public compliment which can hardly be refused, but which often causes great pecuniary loss to its recipient. A Commissioner receives a fee of five hundred guineas, besides the usual daily allowance for expenses, and if his practice is not a large one, he would not be very much out of pocket if, after completing his judicial duty, he could take his ordinary work at the Bar up again at the point where he left it. Unfortunately, this is impossible. During his absence his clients have had to employ other men, and are not only unwilling to make a second change in the course of a few weeks, but often think that, as their former counsel will probably be raised to the Bench very shortly, it is not worth while going back to him, and he consequently has to spend the next year or two in building up a new practice. It would be interesting to know how much Sir F. Bosanquet and Mr. English Harrison lost by their Commissionerships a few years ago. If Lord Coleridge is not made a judge, he will have a very real grievance against the Lord Chancellor, for he has been Commissioner on the Midland Circuit for two years in succession, and his practice must have been almost destroyed.

Crowded County Courts

The congestion of business in many of the County Courts is quite as bad as it is in the King's Bench Division, and some of the judges, notably Judge Edge at Clerkenwell, are constantly complaining of overwork. The Government propose to get over the difficulty by appointing temporary assistant judges to the most crowded courts; but this expedient is open to the same objection as the Commissionerships of Assize, for few properly qualified men could afford to accept the position unless it were accompanied by a promise of a permanent judgeship at the next vacancy. As a matter of fact, the judges referred to ought to regard their very legitimate grievance as a compliment, for it means that they are respected and trusted by those who practise before them. The number of cases tried in a County Court depends upon the ability of the judge, and it is constantly found that a good judge succeeding a bad one doubles the work, while a bad judge succeeding a good one halves it. Judge Edge is one of the best judges in the London district, and therefore has to sit early and rise late; while others, who shall be nameless, lead a life of dignity and ease, and finish their day's work in time for tea, if not for lunch.

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Its Probable Past

Overheard at the Academy

ARTISTIC LADY: "Why ever did they hang *that* picture, I wonder?"
MATTER-OF-FACT GENT: "I expect it killed somebody on the way here!"

BY G. L. STAMPA

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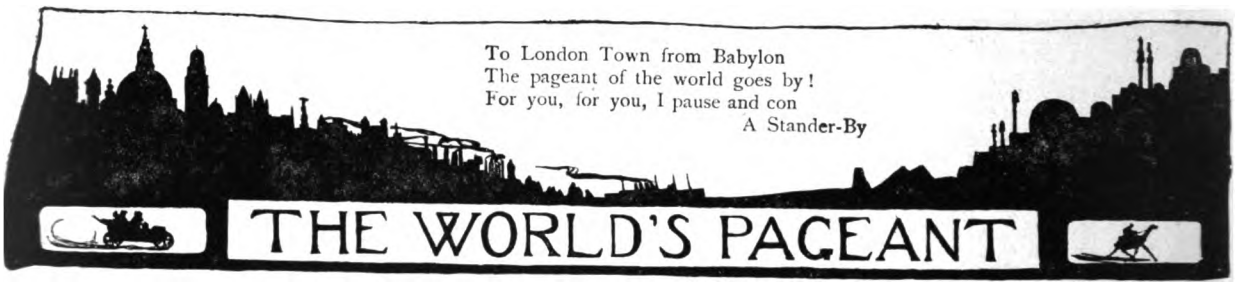

"Out of Town"

To the quiescent bystander Ascot week in Town invariably presents amusing reflections. Everyone with any claims at all to social glory must, of course, be seen at Ascot. Should circumstances prevent, or should one have set one's heart on a place in the Royal Enclosure and been refused a voucher by that hard-hearted Lord Churchill, then there is but one thing to do. One must be ordered—"positively *ordered*, my dear"—a rest-cure. For the whole of the week one must be "not at home" to callers and "telephoners." One must not walk down Bond Street, drive in the Park, or pay calls, for to do so is to prove oneself out of the very thick of the social "scrum." Retirement from the world is, therefore, the discretionary part of valour, which is worse than useless.

* * *

Royal Ascot

Last year, Ascot proved no very great social event. The Court was in mourning, there was no State procession, only a man's party was entertained at Windsor, and Frogmore was closed, as the Prince and Princess of Wales were in Norway for the Coronation. This year, if only Pluvius stay his hand, the Royal Ascot Meeting should indeed prove glorious. At Windsor, the house-party includes, besides the King and Queen of Norway and the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, the Duke of Richmond, Count Mensdorff, and the Marquis de Soveral. At Frogmore, at Bagshot, at Cumberland Lodge, and at every house within driving or motoring distance, large house-parties are assembled, and altogether we are promised a record Ascot.

* * *

The Royal Enclosure

Applications for vouchers admitting to that sacred spot, the Enclosure, have exceeded by some eight thousand the number possible to be allotted. The Enclosure is a small stretch of grass, divided from the course only by a light iron railing, and there are no chairs, but only some of the hardest wooden benches on which it was ever my lot to sit. There are three stands, the Royal, the Jockey Club, and that for the occupants of the Enclosure, a tiny corner of which is divided off for the use of Lord Churchill. That is all. But it is the Mecca to which all good *mondaines* aspire. Bribery, strategy, even threats, are resorted to in order to obtain the coveted vouchers. This year one lady wrote that her husband had lately sent a thousand guineas to such and such a charity, another that her husband would do likewise were the vouchers forthcoming, while many ignore the recognised price of the tickets—two guineas for a lady and four for a gentleman—and offer any money.

Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

ASCOT WEEK: THE ROYAL PROCESSION UP THE COURSE

One of the former glories of Ascot which King Edward has revived, much to the delight of thousands of race-goers

* * *

A Carefully Censored Enclosure

"I'll send you my bill of fare," said Lord Bolingbroke, trying to persuade Swift to dine with him. "Rather send me your bill of company," answered Swift.

Owing to the long dissociation of Queen Victoria from social affairs of this nature, it is well known that the Royal Enclosure at Ascot was, for many years during the latter part of her reign, by no means so difficult of access as it is at present. So easy was it, indeed, that at one time it seemed as if all the right people had been excluded and all the wrong included. To-day, it is the King himself who passes the "bill of company." Vouchers are given or withheld solely at his Majesty's pleasure. No one, not even a duke, has a right to admittance. The Guards, the racing peers, and the King's personal friends, have their names on a permanent list—but even their entry is by favour, not by right. In only one direction is a slight bias of allotment observed. Members of the Government in office receive, as is only just, rather more consideration than those of the Opposition. The spoils are to the victors after all.

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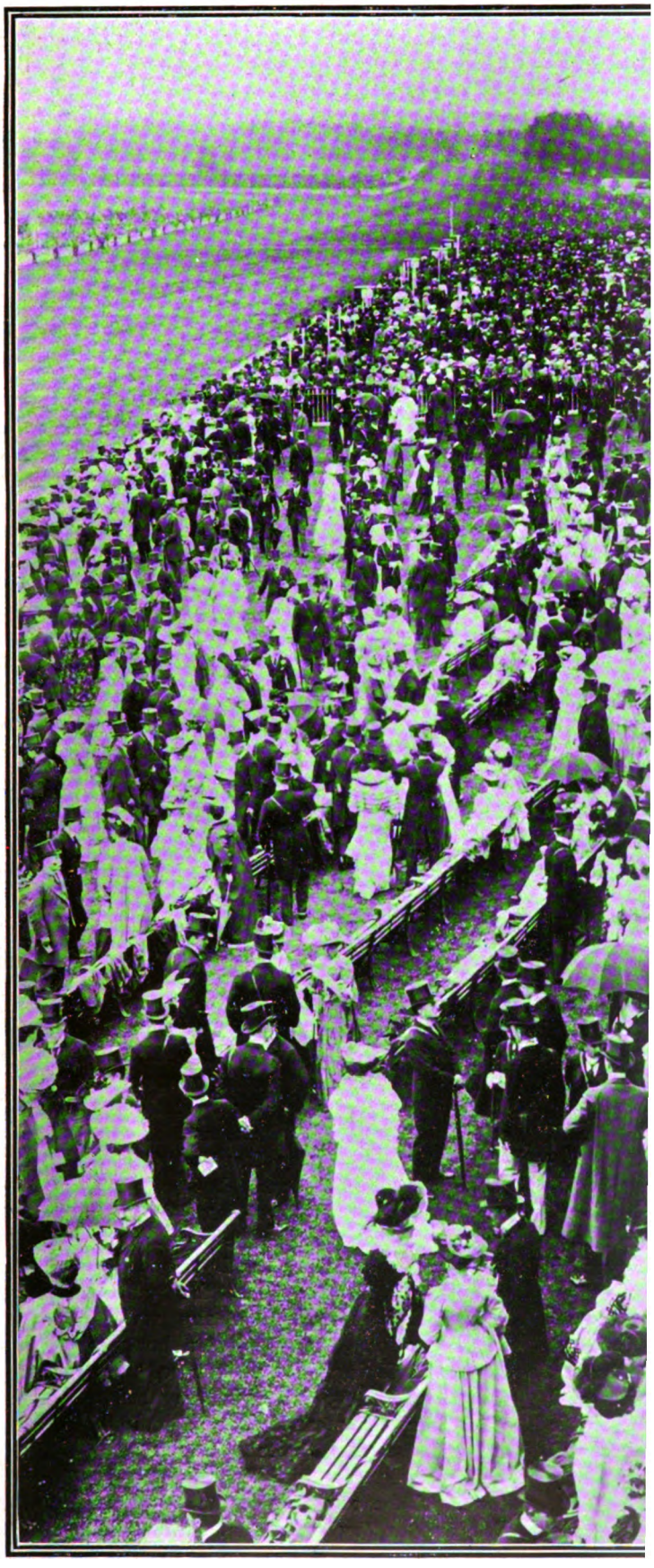
The Social Sanctum

THAT MOST EXCLUSIVE OF PLACES. THE



General View of the Lawns on

So increasing is the demand for admission to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot—regardless of applicants have had to be refused. The Enclosure is not, in itself, luxurious; on the only a light rail. It is, further, only provided with hard and comfortless seats. Howev be seen there is a privilege for which the *nouveau riche* would p

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Gala Night at the Opera

The Queen at the Opera

Many beautiful women, uniforms of varying magnificence, a blaze and glitter of diamonds, wonderful gowns, and a charmingly decorated house, served to make the Gala Performance last week in honour of the King and Queen of Denmark a memorable occasion. One figure stood out from the rest, exquisite, gracious, a perfect type of queenliness. Queen Alexandra has never looked so beautiful. Her vivacity drew all eyes, her diamonds dazzled them. She wore an all-round diamond crown —newly set, I believe, by Cartier—great pearls in her tiny ears, and a necklace the equal of which for size and glittering glory I have yet to see. Her diamond-sewn Paris gown was worn slipping off her exquisitely shaped shoulders; the only touches of colour lay in her Orders and in the lovely old Spanish fan she carried. She talked much to her brother, the King of Denmark, on her right, and once, so full of spirits was she, that she set the long line of Royalties off into a fit of laughter, which the Queen of Denmark seemed to have difficulty in restraining. Her Majesty, indeed, was the talk of the house. Crabbed age and youth united in her praises, and when she left, graciously bowing, sweetly smiling, and entirely lovely, quite a sigh of affection and admiration followed her.

* * *

The King

It was very hot in the Opera House that night—for the men, in their gorgeous, high-collared uniforms, almost unbearable. The King, in a Danish Hussar uniform, looked warm, and a good deal older than when in ordinary evening dress. He sat between the Queen of Denmark and the Princess of Wales, and talked very little to either of them. The Princess of Wales looked rather white and fragile in comparison with the Queen's brilliancy. She wore a tightly swathed blue satin frock, many pearls, and her small diamond crown. The Prince of Wales was in naval uniform, and very quiet, only speaking when his mother addressed him. The King was not informed until the close of the performance of the tragic death of General Sir Arthur Ellis, which occurred in the Opera House just as the Royal party entered their box.

* * *

The King and Queen of Denmark

Both the King and Queen of Denmark are very pleasant-looking people, though the former is somewhat of a contrast to his Royal sister in the matter of personal good looks. Dressed in white, with the broad blue riband of the Danish Family Order across the front of her white satin gown, the Queen of Denmark wore far fewer jewels than Queen Alexandra. She was the tallest person in the box, and her arms, even for a tall woman, are preternaturally long, their length accentuated by the funny little puffed sleeves and short white gloves she wore. She seemed pleased and happy and gratified, and looked a good deal older than her husband, King Frederick, who wore the Riband of the Garter across his scarlet uniform.

Photo *Russell and Sons*

The Late General Sir A. Ellis

For forty years Equerry to the King. His death occurred with tragic suddenness during the Gala Performance at the Opera last week

* * *

The House

Immediately below the Royal box were the Indian officers and princes, gorgeous in uniforms of indescribable magnificence. On one side the Corps Diplomatique were seated, and on the other a row of some of the highest ladies in the land. In the centre sat Lady Londonderry, her huge, upstanding diamond crown and enormous necklace making her the most noticeable woman in the house. On her right was Lady Crewe in a very delicately made crown, and on her left the Marchioness of Lansdowne, sweet and gentle, and also in a lightly poised tiara. The Duchess of Norfolk's jewels were not particularly noticeable; but the Duchess of Devonshire, seated next to her, literally blazed with diamonds. Her low-cut white gown was completely hidden by them, and on her head she wore her famous heavy diamond "fender." Of the people in the auditorium it is almost impossible to particularise. All the usual Opera set seemed to be present; the whole floor space was one dazzling blaze of light and colour. There was, of course, no applause, the audience being far too distinguished for any such display of vulgar emotion. Many of them however were not apparently distinguished enough to know that it is unusual to get up and rush away before the end, when the King and Queen and their guests are still seated. Queen Alexandra, I noticed, raised her glasses with surprise when she saw it done, and the occupants of the boxes stared aghast. But after a few dozen had disturbed the whole house, a Beefeater was stationed half way down the middle aisle to prevent any more of such unseemly behaviour, and complete quiet reigned until the end of the scene.

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An Irish F

Photo

Viscountess Massereene

The daughter of Mr. John Stirling Ainsworth, the Liberal Men in 1905, and is well known as a sportswoman. Viscount Ma novelist, and owns two beauti

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Mr. Pierpont Morgan a Convert?

Photo *Thomson*

Count Benckendorff

Russian Ambassador in London, now engaged on negotiating a treaty with Sir Edward Grey—much to the concern of the Socialists in Parliament

The Royal Gold Plate

The Royal Gold Plate, a feature of Windsor house-parties as contrasted with those at Sandringham, went down to Windsor by special train under special guard last week. Much of the gold and silver plate used in the King's household is Georgian—George IV. never tired of collecting it—and large additions to the gold pantry were made at the Diamond Jubilee, when every Principality and Power sent gifts of gold or silver or precious stones. Queen Victoria left all the gold and silver plate to the Crown, and the famous gold punch-bowl, jewelled peacock, and tiger's head, never leave Windsor. Of sporting trophies, the huge Lincoln Gold Cup, won by the King, and the Royal Agricultural Show Cup, won by Queen Victoria three years in succession, are important features.

* * *

The Royal Garden-Party

The King, it seems, is determined to revive in full the former glories of Ascot. The State procession gives pleasure to thousands of people who, though race-goers, are not of the classes which "enclose" themselves. Their Majesties' garden-party, especially under a Liberal Government, is also rather a democratic affair. Seven thousand guests have been invited, and though some of them will be in residence for the races at houses in the neighbourhood, the great majority, being not exactly of the Royal Enclosure kind, will come down in special trains from London. A very large official element has been invited—the wives of the Labour Members are up to their eyes already trying to get Saturday's cleaning and baking and tidying done in advance—and for the amusement of the guests, two bands, the Grenadier Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, have been commanded.

* * *

Diplomatic Changes

One is reminded, seeing that the diplomatic representatives of Austria and Portugal are among their Majesties' guests this week at Windsor, of the very great change which has come over affairs diplomatic from a social point of view during the last few years. Formerly, the representative of a foreign Power in London led a far less pleasant social existence than he leads to-day. Then, the one thing an Ambassador had *not* to do was to form ties or make friends in the country to which he was accredited. At the present day, the Ambassadors and Ministers to England are not only allowed, they are actually encouraged, to make friends, and to earn popularity in their allotted spheres.

* * *

The Russian Ambassador

They visit everywhere, they own country houses, they rent shootings in Scotland, they hunt with English packs, they even marry English women. Count Benckendorff, the Ambassador for Russia, to take only one instance, is as popular and as sought after in England as he is trusted and admired in St. Petersburg. Yet Russia was once, diplomatically, the most suspicious of countries, and not so very long ago two distinguished Russian diplomats were recalled for no other reason than that they were too popular in England. Count and Countess Benckendorff are an exceedingly interesting couple. The Count, who owns enormous estates in Russia, is almost as artistically inclined as his wife, who is a friend of the Duchess of Rutland.

* * *

Mr. Morgan's Alleged Conversion

At the age of seventy, men very often do strange things. Alter by one stroke of the pen the whole course of their affairs, undo with a word the deeds of a lifetime. At seventy, the "fair humanities of old religion" appeal as they appeal only in early youth. There may, therefore, be some slight modicum of truth in the very latest thing in American rumours about Mr. Pierpont Morgan. In New York, in ecclesiastical circles, it is averred persistently, and, as yet, without contradiction, that the great financier is

Photo *Mendelssohn*

Mr. Pierpont Morgan

It is rumoured that the great multi-millionaire is about to enter the Catholic Church. The news has created great interest in Church circles, as the advent of a member with such vast wealth means much to the Vatican

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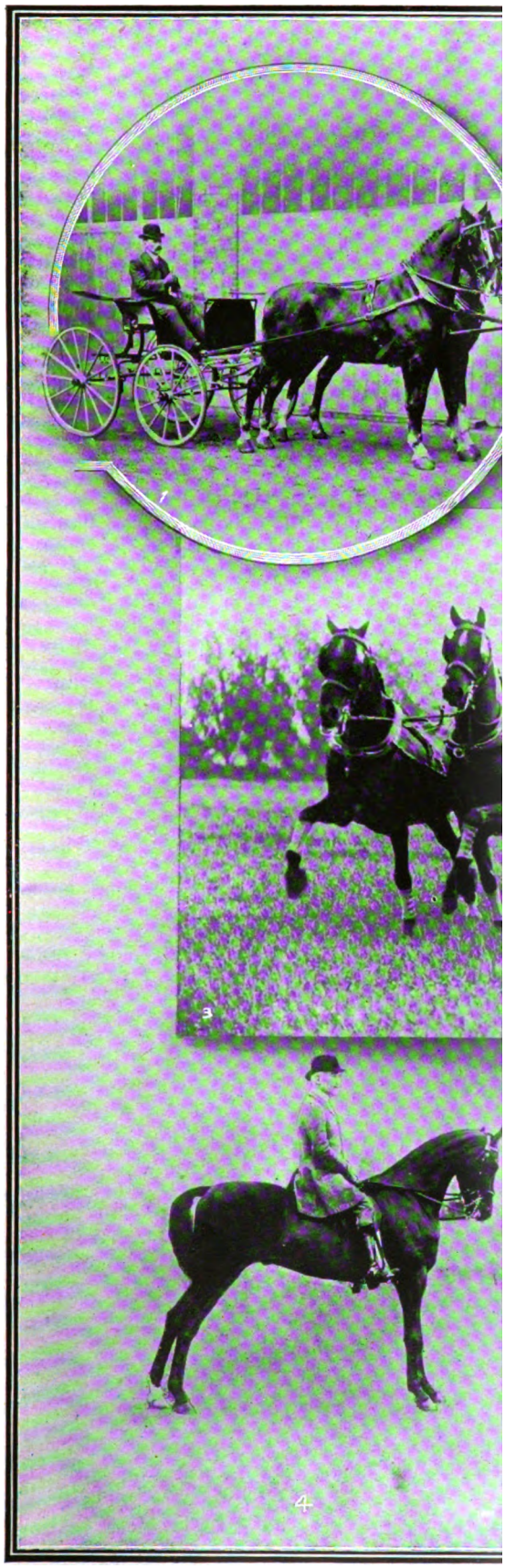
International Hor



(1) Mr. H. le Marchant driving Chieftain and The Only Wi
(2) The First Prize Polo Pony in the Three Years and Ove
(3) Mr. Walter Winans driving his four-in-hand, the prizew
(4) The Champion Riding Horse: Mr. Walter Winans' Bea
(5) The Champion Donkey, which paraded before the King,

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The Coaching Competition at Olympia

about to become a Roman Catholic. From Rome itself I hear that, wishing to become a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Mr. Morgan began negotiations with the Vatican, offering ten million francs for the title. The Vatican authorities thought the amount sufficient, not to say generous, but intimated to Mr. Morgan that his Holiness could only confer so high a title of nobility on one of the faithful. Mr. Morgan is, therefore, if report be true, now endeavouring to come to a decision in the matter. His relations with the Vatican are friendly in the extreme, and as a reward for returning thereto the famous cope of Pope Nicholas IV., which was stolen from the Cathedral of Ascoli, the Pope has ordered that the financier's name be embroidered on its sacred folds.

* * *

Horse Show Week

Horse Show week is over, but the good, for once, is not interred with its bones. At Richmond and at Olympia quiet reigns where, last week, history was made. The horse, we insular English liked to think, was a pre-eminently British product. The Horse Show at Olympia, a combination in itself of the interests of all the horse-breeding nations of the world, has proved that other countries too can do passing well in this direction. Only *we* have come out top, and it is rather nice, even though we knew it, of course, all the time, to have the fact made known to all the world. And the Horse Show at Olympia last week was but the beginning of things. Arising from it there is to be a permanent International organisation, in which Canada, the States, and Europe, including even Turkey, Russia, and Arabia, will take part.

* * *

Coaching

On the last day the Prince and Princess of Wales were in the Royal box to watch the meet of the Coaching Club. Fourteen coaches, loaded with gaily-dressed ladies and keenly interested men, turned into the well-arranged arena. Lord Desborough, the president, Sir Edward Stern, Sir Lindsay Hogg, Captain Quintin Dick, and Mr. S. Hope Morley, were among those who tooled their own coaches. Some splendid driving was seen, and it was no easy matter driving eight four-in-hands at full road speed in the small space at disposal. The Princess of Wales was full of enthusiasm, and the Prince watched every movement with the keenest interest. Some little disappointment was felt by the public that they were not allowed a fuller inspection of the whole of these fine teams and well-appointed drags. The arrangements for the visit and judging were made by a small committee of the club in conjunction with the managers of the Show, and these gentlemen decided that only a certain number of the coaches should be kept in the ring for examination by the judges. On what principle the selection was made the committee alone know, as, in the general estimation, two at least of those who immediately left the ring, after putting down their passengers, were worthy of being shown in almost any four-in-hand class that has appeared at Olympia.

Olympia Horse Show: The Coaching Competition for the Gold Cup

The contest was an interesting feature of the closing day. There were eight coaches competing, and the Gold Cup for the best-horsed, the best-turned-out, and best-driven coach was awarded by the Prince of Wales to Mr. Budgett's team of bays. Mr. Colston and Sir Lindsay Hogg were next in order

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Show Week: Winner

Judging the Harness Horses: The winner, Mr. Burnell Tubb's Gonge

Two of the Judges: Prince Francis of Teck (in centre) and Mr. Romer Williams

Mr. Va

Photos] Mr. John Jones driving his Cherry Bay, winner in the Sing

The second great Horse Show held in the course of last week, the of attendance, although the weather was of anything but a favourable natu were again to be seen, though the Continental competitors at the former Show we at the International Show were reversed, notably in the Trotting Class, when M by Mr. Frank Howard's Blue

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A Warrior in the Van

The Duke of Cambridge Memorial

Fortunately for future generations, King Edward has not inherited even slightly from his august mother that passion for modern and discreetly draped statuary which caused her late Majesty positively to pepper the country with uninteresting and generally inartistic statues, chiefly of the Prince Consort. The King, though he found time amidst all the multitudinous duties of last week to unveil the statue of the Duke of Cambridge at the War Office on Saturday, is well known to take little or no interest in monuments of this description. He is not, however, so bored with them as to be unable to detect errors. Last year, he unveiled a similar memorial to the former Commander-in-Chief in the Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks. Having done so, he himself inspected it, and immediately pointed out several mistakes in the inscription. One would have thought one blunder of this kind would have been sufficient. But no! A few weeks ago, a daily paper, referring to the unveiling, expressed the hope that this latest statue, at any rate, would be free from errors. The comment prompted someone to inspect the memorial. And sure enough, another mistake was found there. "Born 1819—died 1903," ran the inscription. The Duke died in March, 1904.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

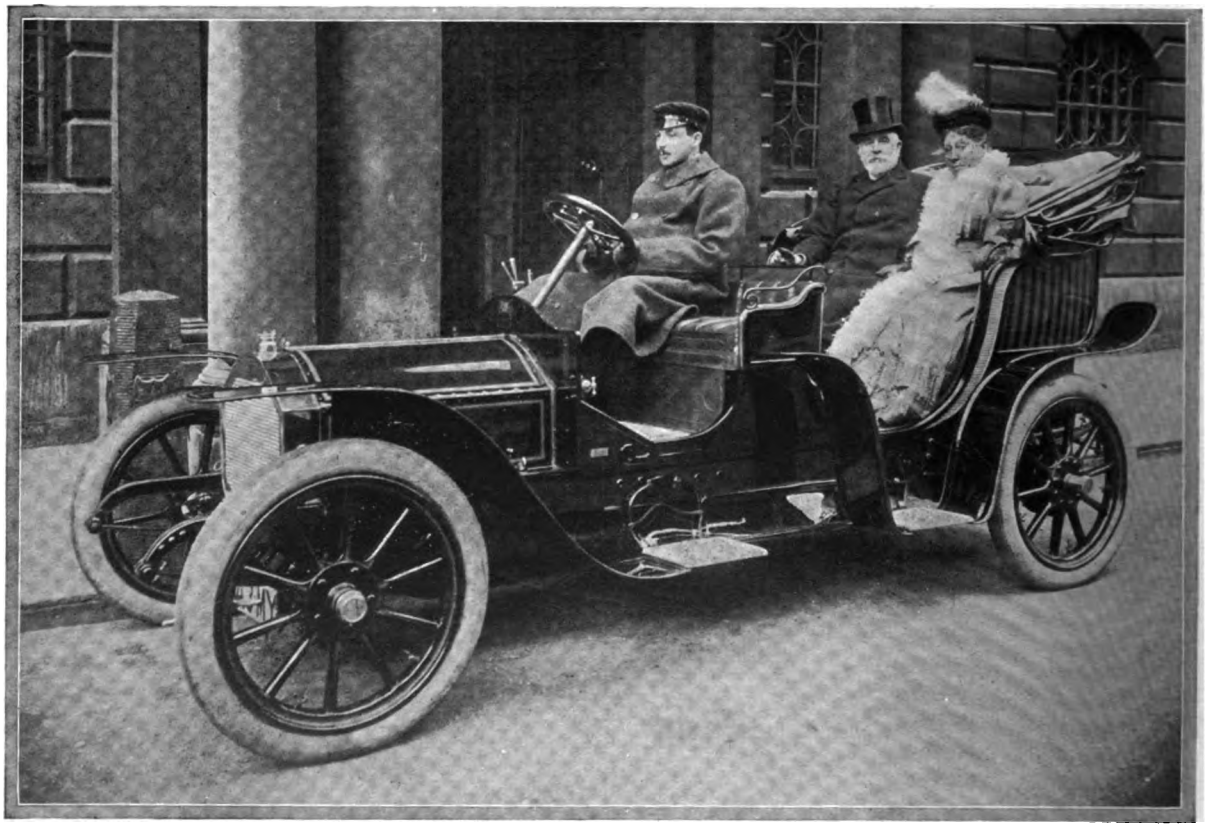
Statue of a Warrior (in the van)

Sculpture's version of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge leaving the foundry at Thames Ditton. As will be noted, it is an imposing and majestic image of the veteran Commander-in-Chief. One of the greatest attractions of the statue is the mistake in the inscription, which gives the year of the late Duke's death as 1903 instead of 1904

* * *

The Queen's Fête

The Queen's Fête in aid of the Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund is, as it were, a *fête accomplie.* Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess Victoria, graciously performed the opening ceremony on Thursday afternoon, and received from the hands of many small children, headed by a small girl on crutches, "purses" containing substantial amounts for the Charity. The Queen was looking sweet in a deep shade of violet, and allowed Mr. B. Kronstrand, who was busy all the afternoon doing his wonderful lightning drawings, to make a charming



Photo] **The car which was sold for the Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund** [*Dover Street Studios*

Sir William and Lady Treloar in the six hundred guinea Hills-Martini motor-car presented by Lady Gunter for sale at the Queen's Fête in aid of the Lord Mayor's Cripples' Fund. This generous gift was made in consequence of the tombola having been vetoed by the authorities. The car had to be taken to pieces before it could be set up for view at the Fête, as it was found impossible to get it up the stairs of the Mansion House owing to its size and weight

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To Alms

THE QUEEN'S CHARITY FÊ

The French Embassy Stall

Specially noticed by the Queen, and patronised by her Majesty, who bought several articles there

Photos

H.M. the Queen's Ar

Queen Alexandra's interest and sympathy in all that concerns the unfo the Fête held last week at the Mansion House in aid of the L which many titled ladies had stalls. On Friday and Saturday the ope respectively, and on each day the Fête was crowded w

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Three Midsummer Brides

Photo *Bacon*

Miss Saltmarshe

To marry Lord Deramore on the 26th

sketch of her. The chance of spending one's money in a sporting way by a harmless gamble in the form of a "Tombola," all prizes and no blanks, was knocked on the head by the powers that be. Among the promised prizes was a six hundred guinea Hills-Martini motor, which Lady Gunter presented to the Lord Mayor, to be sold to the highest bidder. Very nice, but not the same as winning it for ten shillings, as all who had taken their tickets hoped to do. So many beautiful saleswomen, clad in *such* dresses and *such* hats, were positively bewildering; and the reposeful manner of Princess Elizabeth of Bentheim-Steinfurt at the Duchess of Albany's stall soothed spectators as she sold a quantity of Whitefriars glass to would-be buyers who were losing their heads, and did not know *what* they wanted. Mr. Graham Browne and Mr. Edward Terry (who was wearing a huge Malmaison carnation, stuck under his chin by a fair damsel) were responsible for a *free* theatrical entertainment, and programmes thrown in, given by well-known artists; but a gaily decked tambourine, held by a sweet-faced lady at the door, collected any little contributions as the audience passed out, just to remind them they were still being amused in the cause of "Charity." Among the sights on the way out (no extra charge) was a policeman, 7 ft. high, standing so still and immovable that he looked like a Mme. Tussaud's figure; and a fire-engine tearing past reminded one that the world was jogging on as usual outside this wonderful old Mansion House.

* * *

A Slack Marriage Market—

Marrying and giving in marriage seems this season to be almost entirely out of the movement. No great Society wedding has taken place. No important engagement, such as the Graham-Hamilton alliance of last year, has been announced. Yet not for a long time have so many eligible young men been on the market. Mothers of daughters must try harder. America has snatched yet another prize from their hands in the person of Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, heir-presumptive to the Duke of Roxburghe. Ascot, the beginning of the end, is with us. Soon it will be Goodwood and Cowes, and the knell of another season's chances will be sounded.

Photo *H. Walter Barnett*

Miss Leathem

To marry the Hon. R. L. Pomeroy, the second son of Viscount Harberton

But Encouragement Elsewhere

Two peers already this season have entered, or are about to enter the wedded state for a second time. Lord Downshire, who married, a few weeks ago, Miss Evelyn Foster, was formerly married to the lady who is now Mrs. Laycock; and Lord Deramore, whose marriage to Miss Blanche Saltmarshe takes place next week, was first married to Miss Lucy Fife, of Lee Hall, Northamptonshire, who died six years ago.

* * *

Back to the Conquest

The future Lady Deramore, who is the daughter of Colonel Saltmarshe, of Danesbury House, Yorks, will, when she marries, take up at one and the same time the duties of stepmother and wife. Lord Deramore's little daughter, the Hon. Moira Faith de Yarburgh-Bateson, was the only child of his first marriage, and is nearly ten years old. The Yarburghs, to which family Lord Deramore's mother belonged, are a very ancient race, and can trace an authenticated male succession from the time of the Norman Conquest.

Photo *Stéphanie Maud*

Miss Muriel Tryon

The only child of Captain and Mrs. Henry Tryon, of Devizes, who is to marry Mr. Ronald L. Charteris, son of the late Captain R. N. and Lady Louisa Charteris

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Pantomime at

THE "HUMOROUS" BOXING MATCH

A Boxing Match: The arm of the law t

A Tug-of-War: The intervening polic

Though Saturday's military sports at Ranelagh were carried out under peculiarl
march past, Cossack riding, mounted vaulting, tent-pegging, etc., etc., were
an unexpectedly large number of spectators. The above farcical interlude in o
the damp and depressed occupan

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Polo Facts and Forecasts

Polo at Its Best

If you want to see polo players at their keenest and the fascinating game at its best, you will find no better opportunity than in the tournament for the Champion Cup at Hurlingham this week. I cannot remember a better entry all round, or one promising such finely contested ties. The one unfortunate feature of the tournament has been the inability of Captain E. D. Miller to turn out for Rugby, whose Champion Cup record is unexcelled among modern polo teams. Lord Shrewsbury, though not in his best form this season, is still extraordinarily keen for a man of forty-seven. Nor has Mr. George Miller retained that vigour and dash for which he was noted a few years back.

* * *

Will the "Dark Horses" Win?

The "dark horses" of the tournament are the Woodpeckers. Every man is a Recent Former. And every one a rare tryer, certain to be as keen and as dangerous to the opposition at the end of a hard-fought game as at the beginning. Aubrey Hastings is a regular demon at No. 1—the hardest hitter for his size that I know. Bertie Wilson at No. 2 is a little erratic, but how brilliant when his eye is in! Then at No. 3 the Woodpeckers have that notable Army player, Mr. M. L. Lakin, whose grand work for the 11th Hussars sent the crowd into a frenzy of excitement at the Inter-Regimental Final last year. The team is completed by Captain Hardress Lloyd, undoubtedly one of the steadiest and best backs in the Kingdom. And I think it will be generally agreed that, on paper, the players give you the impression of immense force. But can they combine well enough to win the Champion Cup? That is what the Old Cantabs are going to find out in the final on Saturday.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

His Highness the Maharajah of Alwar

Photographed after attending their Majesties' Court on June 6. He is a great polo player, and his team won the Open Cup at the Delhi Durbar. His troops, half a century ago, took part in the Relief of Lucknow

* * *

A Superb Player from India

We have heard so much of the Maharajah of Alwar's superb polo in India, where he is quite the finest of all native players, that his appearance in the Champion Cup has been awaited with vast interest. But I am afraid the team in which our distinguished visitor finds himself is not destined to carry off the championship, however grandly he himself may play. The Duke of Westminster and Major Hobson are not quite strong enough for the defences opposed to them in this great tournament, but they will probably have vanquished the Tigers. At the last moment I hear that it is by no means certain that the Maharajah will turn out. By the way, Major Hobson's team was to have been called the Magpies, but on the night of the draw a formal objection against the use of that title was made by the captain of the regular Magpies. So the necessity arose to find a new name. What should it be? Nobody was seized with an inspiration, until, at last, one ingenious soul bethought him of the fact that the colours of the team are black and white. What more natural, therefore, than to christen the black-and-whites the "Buchanans"? And so they are known.

* * *

What of the Old Cantabs?

I wonder whether the Old Cantabs will justify their favouritism? Certainly Messrs. Buckmaster and Freake are an enormous power in the centre, but isn't the team a little weak at the ends? Mr. Bell has played one or two fine games this season, and Lord Wodehouse is improving. But there may be a different story now that they come to tournament polo. The youngsters may lose their heads in the most strenuous moments. Roehampton, their opponents in the first round, are very strong all round save at No. 1. The brothers Nickalls are playing their usual forceful, dashing game this season, but even with Mr. Garland's beautiful stud to draw upon they are rather short of first-class ponies. Ranelagh are represented by a well-balanced team. What joy will reign at Barn Elms if this combination wins the Cup; but I am afraid it is an off-chance, and they will have a big handful in Mr. Grenfell's team in the first round.

* * *

Mr. Grenfell's Good Team

If there is to be a surprise in this tournament, I believe it will be brought about by the Grenfells. The twin brothers—I defy you to tell t'other from which—are assisted by the Duke of Roxburghe and Captain L. C. D. Jenner. There is no denying the excellence of this combination, and if they meet the Woodpeckers on Thursday, the tie should be one of the best of the week. I expect the **Woodpeckers** will win the Cup outright, but this is by no means the general opinion at the polo clubs. All of which goes to prove the unusual interest and strength of the tournament. Given fine weather, the fight for the Championship of Polo will be worthy of the best traditions of Hurlingham. A. W. C.

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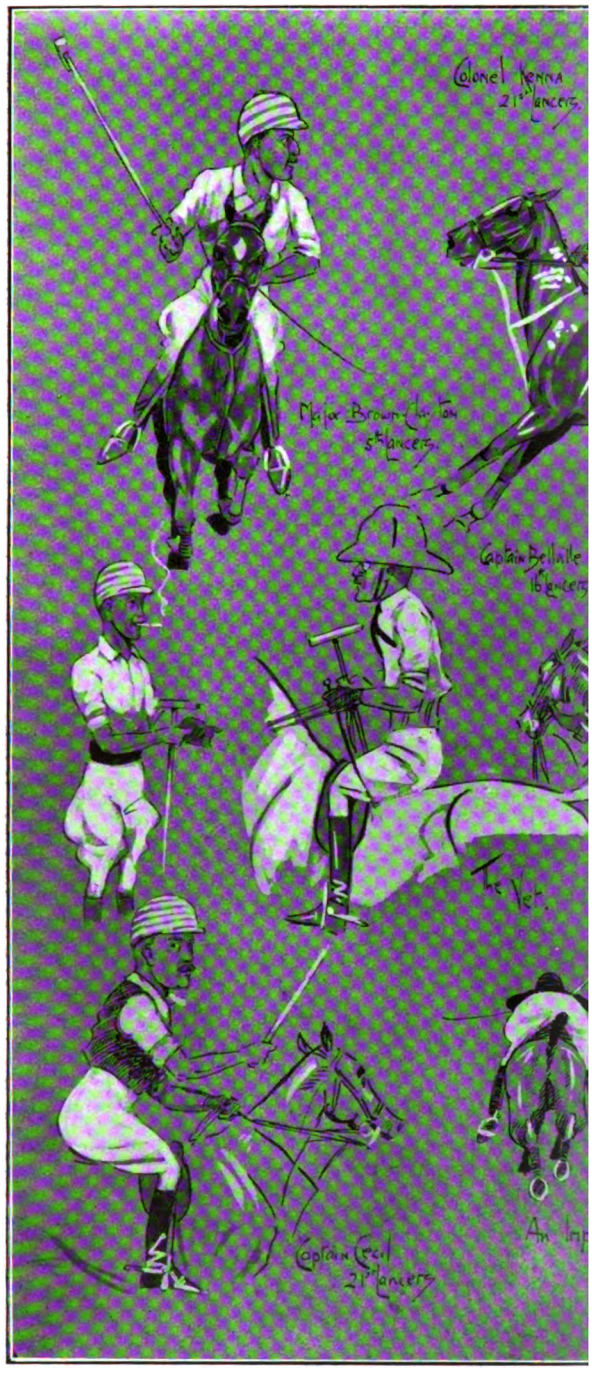
Polo at



IMPRESSIONS OF THE FIRST CAV

Players in the Command

There are so many polo players in the Command that it is no matter for wonder that the Aldershot Polo Club is in a very flourishing condition. This purely military organisation, in the honorary secretaryship of which Captain R. E. Cecil, 21st Lancers, has this year succeeded Major R. Browne Clayton, is the largest Service club in the country, and has two full-sized boarded grounds on the Queen's Parade, one a very fine one, equal to any polo ground in England. The season was to have started at Aldershot in the middle of April, but the heavy rains greatly delayed the opening, and it was not until the latter part of May that match play was possible. Polo is well regulated at Aldershot, there being four

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

DALY'S THEATRE

"The Merry Widow"

eorge Edwardes plays for high stakes. When the wrong horse (I speak metaphorically) eavy loser. He never hedges. It is win or him. At times he is slightly irritated when s against him. On these occasions he ipathy from the public for the expenses it to and the salaries demanded by star is. He hints lovingly gingly, too, at the nd - sixpenny stall. e are mere trifling sing ebullitions of On the whole, he d loser. So when all London and the rejoice. It never t it pours. Hard heels of *The Girls berg*, one of the best iows in recent years, nother great success, *rry Widow*. With Daly opera it is a he composer, Franz irst, and the rest And now, if you we will drop the 's of the Turf.

Score's the Thing

I could pay a tribute to the excel- he score. In default ility to express my- usical terms, I can that the score tickles the emotions of age man with a good ear. There is feeling in the love passages; there are s which really express the sentiments of - singing hero, Prince Danilo; there ary march which would make a Jingo of a Member; finally, there is a waltz measure to of temptation, alluring, haunting, and tinged such a strain of sensuousness as appeals English people, which is passionate despite, ps, because of, the climate. The score's in the opinion of any man musician enough inate between the good and the meretricious. etto is concerned with intrigues which are ed and not very interesting. It contains, scenes which call for greater powers of an are usually demanded from the cast ic opera. Of such scenes the best fall to Mr. Joseph Coyne and Miss Lily Elsie, the non-singing hero and his old love, the "Merry Widow." These two are very much in love. Whenever they are together, the desire of each to cast aside feelings of pique, "to kiss and be friends again," is almost irresistible. They hover upon the borders of a "make-up," as children say. There is but one method of playing such scenes—to steer the difficult course between the humorous and the pathetic. Too much bias towards either side and the scene is ruined. Mr. Coyne and Miss Elsie came through the ordeal with flying colours. In the spirit of true comedy they juggled with the situation, evoking now sighs, now smiles, and never too many of either. Mr. Coyne, a comedian of somewhat eccentric proclivities, was forced to be rather more serious than is his wont; Miss Elsie to supply a light acting side to a dramatic singing rôle. They met on common ground and shared a triumph.

Photo *Rita Martin*

A Rising Young Actor?

Mr. Fred Wright, Sen., and his grandson. Mr. Wright, who is the oldest actor engaged in active work (he is now at the Adelphi with Mr. Martin Harvey's Company), is the father of Huntley, Fred, Bertie, Haidée, and Marie Wright. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that the promising young gentleman seen in the photograph will also grace the boards upon which his relations have won much renown

A Wealth of Comedians

Too many cooks may spoil a broth, but it does not necessarily follow that too many comedians spoil the fun of an entertainment. Mr. Coyne, Mr. Pawle, Mr. Berry, Mr. Graves, Mr. Kaye—five comedians in one cast! It speaks well for them and for the producer that these five mirth-provoking gentlemen never got in each other's way.

Mr. Graves was in his best form—rich in his humour, and with a distinctly funny and quite Gravian make-up — high, bald forehead, carefully brushed sparse locks, drooping moustachios, and a purple-mottled face.

Mr. Lennox Pawle had so little to do that his demeanour was one of deprecating apology for being present upon the scene at all.

Mr. Berry and Mr. Graves employed funny mannerisms which have done duty before, but we are by no means tired of them.

Mr. Evett and Miss Nina Sevening sang delightfully. The authors (or the adapters) might have written in the sub-plot in which they are concerned with rather more skill.

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SKETCHES OF "THE ME

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ADELPHI THEATRE

"Great Possessions"

In spite of the brief reference to him in the New Testament, the rich young man who "went away sorrowful" seizes hold upon the imagination. For many years the censor has stood between the aspiring dramatist and the rich dramatic field of the Scriptures. The notion, and a very right notion, existed that the Scriptures must never be exposed to the shafts of levity or irreverence. Karl Rössler's play, if it does nothing else, proves that a play based on a biblical incident may be written and acted in such a manner as to give offence to no one. Beyond allaying a fear which, though not often actually expressed, has been felt by many people, *Great Possessions* is not of much account. The author, Karl Rössler, has departed from the plainly expressed meaning of his scenario. His hero, so far from turning away sorrowful, is inclined by temperament to cast aside the burden of his riches and to embrace the doctrines which set the poor in such a strange light. The young man of the play, Nathaniel, is not the young man of the Scriptures. The curse of riches is exemplified, not in his case, but in that of his father, the rich Asarja. Hated by the poor, who know that he has practised the detested crime of usury, Asarja pays dearly for his sins. He is struck down by the brother he has robbed. Later he learns that his wife has been unfaithful, and that Nathaniel is not his son. Chilled and disgusted by his avarice, Asarja's wife had turned to the warm loving and pagan nature of the Greek Spintharos. These are materials for a play, but they are not germane to the incident which the author has chosen. Nathaniel becomes a secondary figure. He is a poor-spirited creature at all times. Mr. Martin Harvey accentuates the melancholy and retiring nature of the character by playing it with measured voice and a dejected manner.

The opening of the play promises more than the subsequent acts fulfil. We are always expecting a fierce dramatic struggle between the love of wealth and the desire to follow in the footsteps of the new Master. This struggle never takes place. True, a woman, Ruth, the widow of Nathaniel's brother, is introduced to represent the World against the Word, but the situation is robbed of all dramatic value by the character of Nathaniel. He is such a mean-spirited creature that we lose interest in his doings.

E. C. S.

PALACE THEATRE

The Palace is, undoubtedly, a model music-hall, and provincial managers desirous of raising the social status of their halls, and thereby catering for better-class people, would, I am sure, get great assistance from a visit. On the night of my visit it was an old-timer who showed the way to the top of the bill, Mr. R. G. Knowles, fresh from his trip round the world, of which he told us many stories. His second song, "Every little bit added to a little bit makes a little bit more," quite captivated the audience, and is certain to be a success. Miss Evie Greene, who was well received, sang very sweetly. The Great Goldin performed many marvellous tricks, some with a lady assistant, who disappeared at will.

T. C. F.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

The Marriage of Miss Kitty Loftus to Mr. Warren Smith at Thundersley Church, Essex

At this pretty country wedding, the bride was given away by Mr. E. F. Benson, in whose company she, like so many other players who have afterwards achieved distinction, enjoyed the early benefits of all-round training in Shakespeare and old comedy. Mr. Warren Smith is the son of the well-known chairman of the Argyll Motor Company. Both he and his bride are ardent golfers

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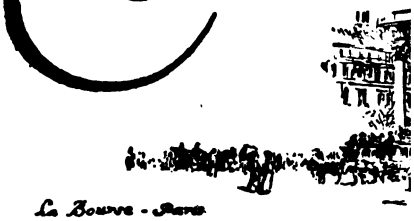
CONTINE



La Bourse - Paris

Imperial Marriages at Yil

The Sultan of Turkey is arrangin three of his daughters—Chalié, Aiché, are respectively eighteen, nineteen, a old. One of them, it is said, is to be Prince Mahomed-Ali, brother of tl Egypt; but this seems hardly credib case, the Sultan would be obliged to renounce his parental rights, and allow his daughter to come under British jurisdiction, and to this he would certainly never give his consent. He is terrified, too, that all the mysteries of his harem may be revealed, and arouse indignation. Egyptian ladies are allowed a great deal more liberty than Turks: they travel without Imperial permission, their sphere is wider, and to all these concessions the Sultan strongly objects. His second and favourite daughter, Naimé, a cultured, intellectual, and fascinating woman, the most charming of all the Imperial Princesses, was married to Kemaleddin Pasha, son of Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna. But after suffering as few mortals are called upon to suffer, the marriage was annulled.

Besides a palace, a hundred slaves, rich embroideries, and jewels, the Sultan is only giving the brides £50,000 (Turkish money)—a third of his usual dowry. He prefers to keep his daughters in reserve as compulsory Court officials who may be entitled otherwise—at his hands.

* * *

A Future Queen of Por

The present unsettled state of a lends interest to the latest rumour ment of Princess Beatrice of Cobu Prince of Portugal, it is said in Berli young lady; but as the chief groun seems to lie in the fact that the Duch mother, has lately had private audien the announcement should be taken The Crown Prince, who, by the wa a tour of the Portuguese colonies i

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The aged Emperor also celebrates this week the fortieth anniversary of his Coronation as Apostolic King of Hungary, an event which is of more than national importance. The whole kingdom has been *en fête*, Mass was celebrated everywhere, and loyal Hungarians have returned thanks for the peaceful reign of the King of their choice. With the example of Servia ever before them, how delighted they must now be that Fate ordained that a foreign dynasty should rule them. Never has Hungary been so prosperous. Finance, railways, art, education, and social reforms have all steadily advanced, and for some time the people have been wondering how best they can show the aged Monarch their gratitude. When the matter was put before the King, he replied, "Something that will tend towards the welfare of my people—the founding of a hospital, or a church in preference."

* * *

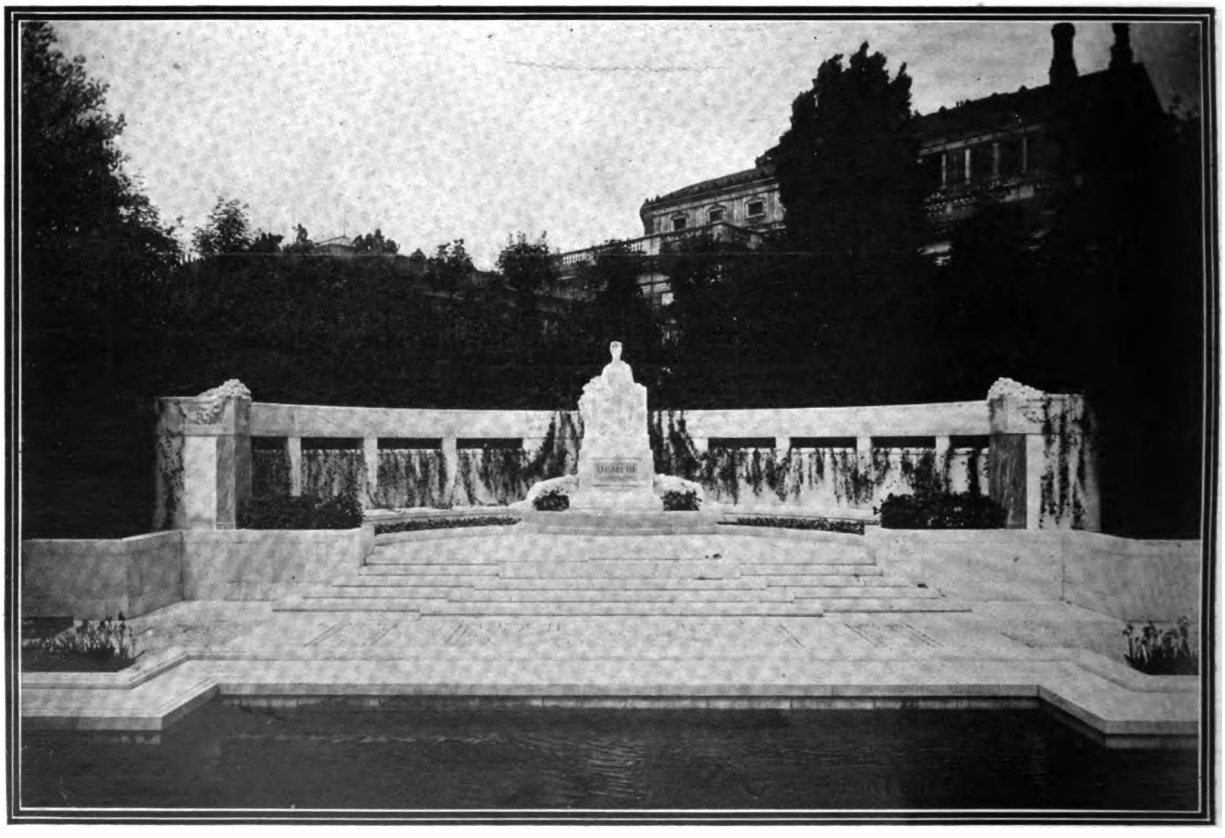
Some Forthcoming Revelations

In spite of his eighty years, in spite of the bitter agony he has been forced to endure, the Emperor of Austria still believes himself the incarnation of the Divine Will. The Emperor is a miracle of fortitude, considering that many of the Sovereigns of his ill-fated race have fled before visions and fears that seemed at times to make the very blood curdle in their veins. The Emperor, it appears, is very much upset at the thought that Princess Stéphanie's Memoirs are shortly to appear. These will naturally create a great sensation, and at last we shall hear the truth of the terrible tragedy of Mayerling, which the Emperor would have preferred to have kept in darkness. All his life has been one terrible struggle to uphold the laws and traditions of the House of Hapsburg; for them he determined to sacrifice everything, and to-day circumstances seemed to have combined to take their revenge. Francis Joseph still reserves for himself the right of arranging the marriages of his family; and yet, within the last twenty years, how many times have his Royal wishes been frustrated, his Royal pride wounded! When his favourite grandchild, Princess Elisabeth, daughter of the Archduke Rudolf and Princess Stéphanie, married Otto de Windischgraetz, the blow nearly killed him. Yet, for the sake of his beloved Rudolf, all has been forgiven. By the way, it is announced that the Pope has consented to allow the Princess to recover possession of the Island of Lacroma, which was left to her by her father's will, and which was presented by the Emperor to the Dominicans of Ragusa. The Princess was given £100,000 as a compensation.

* * *

An Enchanted Island

It was only after her marriage that the Princess heard the contents of her father's testament, and she has left no stone unturned to recover her lost inheritance. Naturally, she does not intend to return the compensation! Enchanted with the wild charms of the island, Prince Rudolf made, quite by chance, the acquaintance of Lacroma, and purchased it almost immediately. He had towers and bastions added to the Abbey, and was careful that the marvellous cloistered courts and magnificent ruins of the Benedictine Church should remain untouched. Princess Elisabeth is graciously allowing foreigners to visit her lovely island home.



Recently Unveiled by the Emperor of Austria: The monument to the late Empress Elisabeth in the Volksgarten, Vienna

The ceremony was attended by much pomp, and the streets were thronged with cheering crowds as the aged Emperor passed. The monument is a beautiful one, and was erected at the national expense as a tribute to the memory of the lady whose death took place about nine years ago under such revolting circumstances

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Photo]

TRIXIE EVERSLEIGH (*Miss*
GERALD EVERSLEIGH (*Mr.*
TRIXIE: "Yes—always"

For purely financial reasons, Gerald Eversleigh marries his pretty yo
the experienced playgoer might

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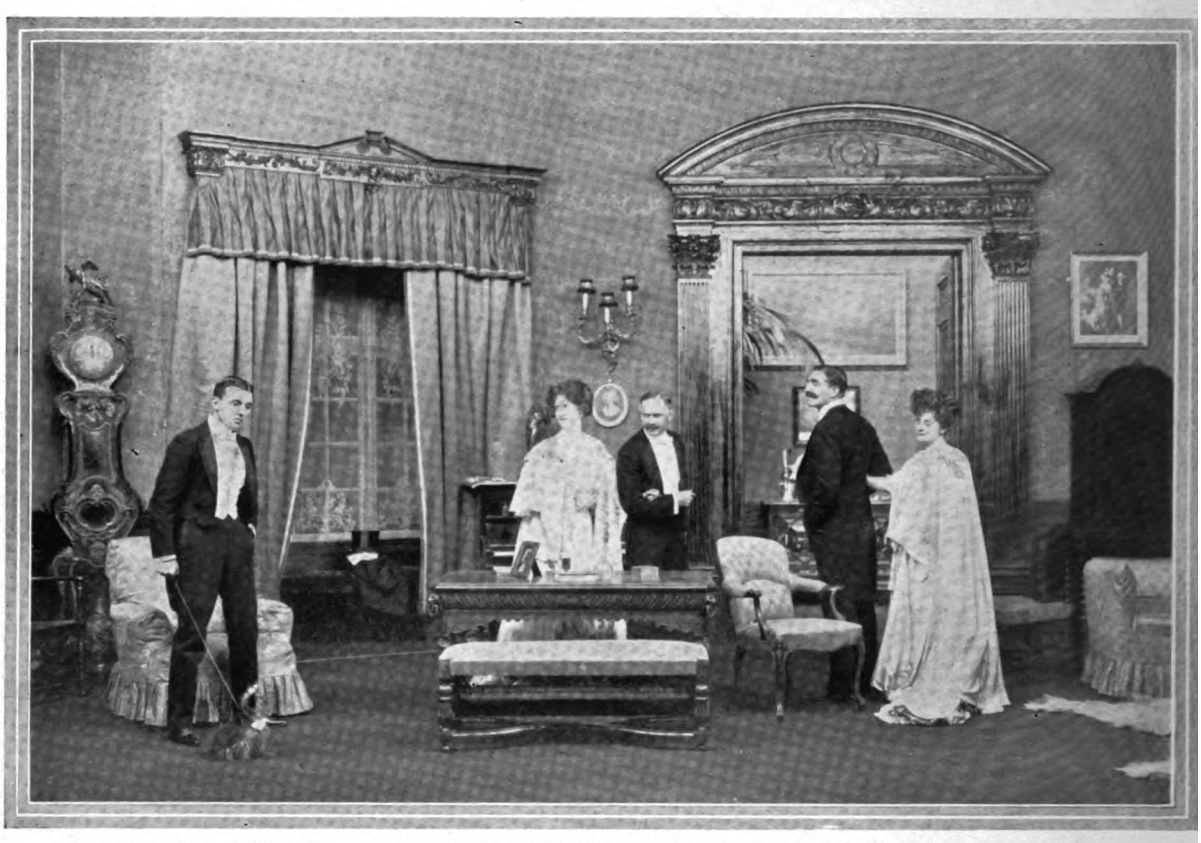
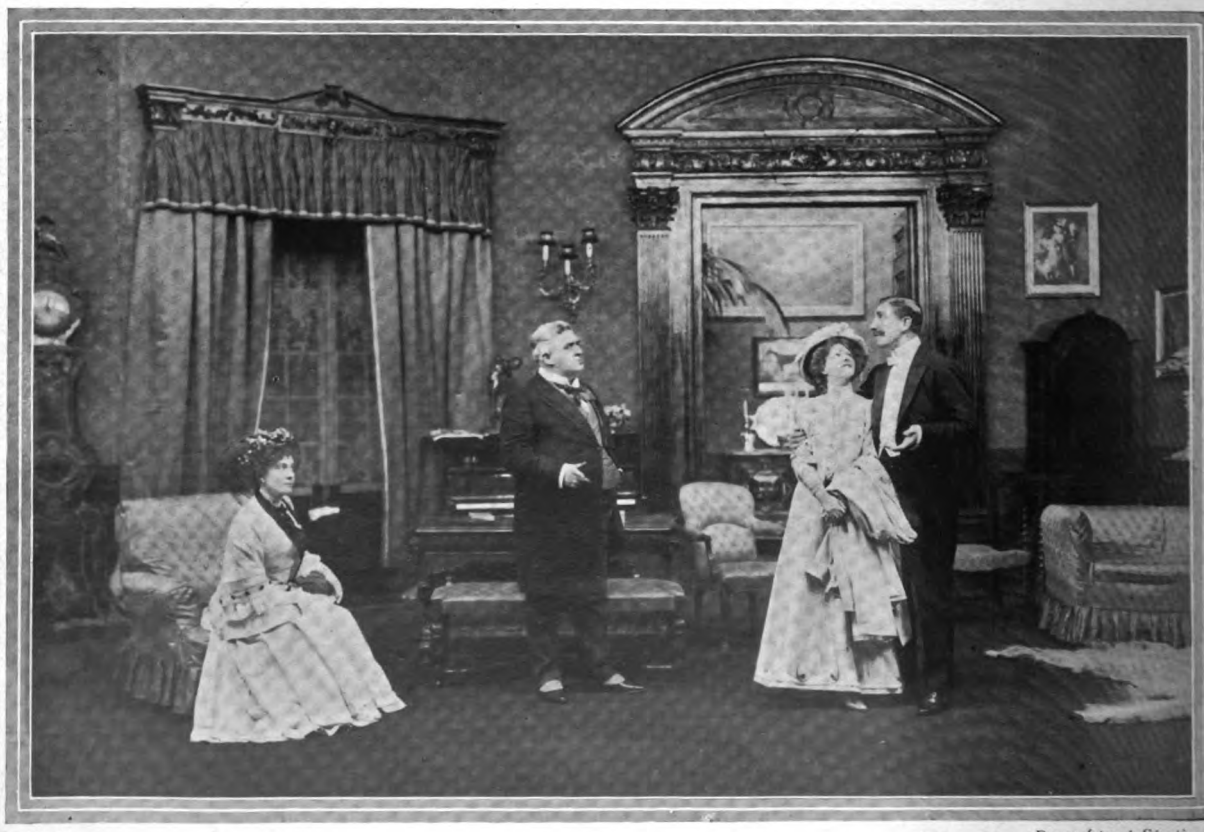


Mr. A. E. Matthews (*"Gibby"*) **Miss Gordon Walker** (*Mrs. Durham Lane*) **Mr. Aubrey Smith** (*Gerald Eversleigh*) **Mr. E. W. Tarver** (*Captain Fosby*) **Miss Millie Legarde** (*Miriam Hawthorne*)

GERALD: "Gibby, you bring the dog"

The first illustration shows the supper-party in Gerald Eversleigh's flat. Gerald is a gay bachelor, and has no idea of the complications in store for him. "Gibby," a delightfully humorous creation, becomes, in the hands of Mr. A. E. Matthews, of inestimable service to the brightness of the piece. Upon poor Gibby falls the burden of Gerald's troubles. Note the look of injured innocence on Mr. Matthews' face



Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Joy Chetwyn (*Mme. Dupré*) **Mr. Fred Lewis** (*M. Dupré*) **Miss Marie Lohr** (*Trixie*) **Mr. Aubrey Smith** (*Gerald Eversleigh*)

GERALD: "My dear Dupré, I will explain" TRIXIE: "Yes! He'll tell you all about it"

Next we see the incident upon which the story of the play turns. Trixie, in order to gain an inheritance, must marry, and at once. The young man she would like to marry has to go off on a journey, so she prevails upon her guardian, Gerald Eversleigh, to become, *pro tem.*, her husband-in-name. Trixie's parents are astonished, but quite delighted at the notion

"MY WIFE" AT THE HAYMARKET

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Mr. Athol Stewart (*M. Valboure*) **M**

GERALD: "If you want to catc

Trixie, the flighty young wife-in-name, makes her husband engaging foreigner, the Marquis Valboure. Ge

Photos

DUPRÉ (*Mr. Lewis*): "But
GERALD (*Mr. Aubrey Smit*

Trixie's parents arrive on the scene and find the newly m back to his bachelor life in Town. But th

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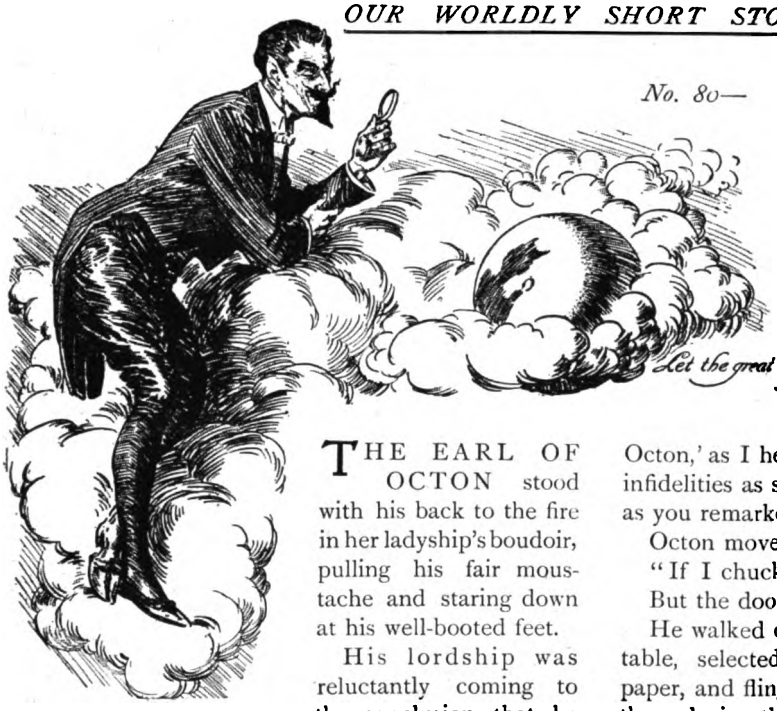
OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—Nos. 80 and 81



No. 80—

The Other Lady Octon

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

THE EARL OF OCTON stood with his back to the fire in her ladyship's boudoir, pulling his fair moustache and staring down at his well-booted feet.

His lordship was reluctantly coming to the conclusion that he loved his wife.

"But think of the disgrace," he muttered, savagely.

Lady Octon toyed with the lace on her teagown.

"Disgrace! My dear Jack! a separation will establish you with the set you have been so assiduously cultivating. A divorce would place you upon a pinnacle. I would enable you to reach that pinnacle, but——" her voice faltered slightly—"but for Muriel."

"I was thinking of you," said Octon, uncomfortably.

There came a bitter smile into the proud, beautiful face.

"Please don't be so unconventional."

"Damn!" growled the Earl, as he turned and stared moodily into the red blaze.

His wife rose and walked across to the window; she pulled aside the curtains and stared down into the dreary square, which a suburban housewife would have scorned but for its aristocratic address.

After a while she turned. Octon was still looking down into the fire. She moved quietly towards the door, and, with her hand on the handle, paused.

"I don't think there is anything more to say; your lawyers will, I presume, draw up the necessary papers?"

Octon swung round. His face was paler than usual, and the black rims round his eyes showed clearer.

"Why take this step, Irene?" he said, hoarsely; "we've got on very well, and——"

"Got on very well!" echoed the woman bitterly, the fingers of her left hand tightly clinched. "Do you think I can stand this life for ever? Do you think I will remain an object of pity and scorn all my life?"

She raised her voice hysterically.

"No, no! you've had your choice between your wife and the wife of the poor little Jew who calls you 'friend.' Go to her now, go to this 'other Lady Octon,' as I heard her called yesterday, but keep your infidelities as secret as possible—there's the disgrace, as you remarked just now."

Octon moved towards her.

"If I chuck——?"

But the door had opened, and then closed sharply.

He walked over to the small Chippendale writing-table, selected a sheet of the delicately perfumed paper, and flinging himself into a chair wrote rapidly, then placing the letter in an envelope, he sealed it, and rang the electric bell.

"Give this to your mistress," he said to the maid. "I believe she has gone to her room. Tell her I shall be back to dinner."

Then, with his brain in a whirl, he donned his overcoat and hat, and walked quickly towards Park Lane.

He preferred to walk.

Walking is conducive to thinking, and the Earl of Octon had to do some hard thinking before he reached the palatial residence of Joel Hagerstein, the millionaire.

. . . . .

Mrs. Hagerstein was in the drawing-room, and would be pleased to see his lordship, he was informed by the powdered footman in the startling livery.

A woman, clad in a loose, flowing, billowy dress, slightly altered her position on the settee and turned an oval face, surmounted by a cloud of almost red-gold hair, towards him as he entered.

"You're a naughty boy, Jack," she cried, playfully, wagging a slim finger at him; "you promised to ride with me this morning."

"Did I?" asked Octon, wearily. He did not seat himself, though the woman made room for him by her side.

Her blue eyes flashed angrily for a moment, then looked troubled.

"What's the matter, old boy?" she asked softly.

"Everything," growled the Earl.

Mrs. Joel Hagerstein rose and placed a soft, delicate arm round his neck.

"Do you want more money, Jack?"

"No."

As though unconsciously, he moved away from her. He was cursing his cowardice.

The woman crossed to a table and began to re-arrange some flowers.

"We've got to chuck it, Mab," cried Octon, after a short silence.

(Continued on page 618)

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Compleat Anglers in the Making

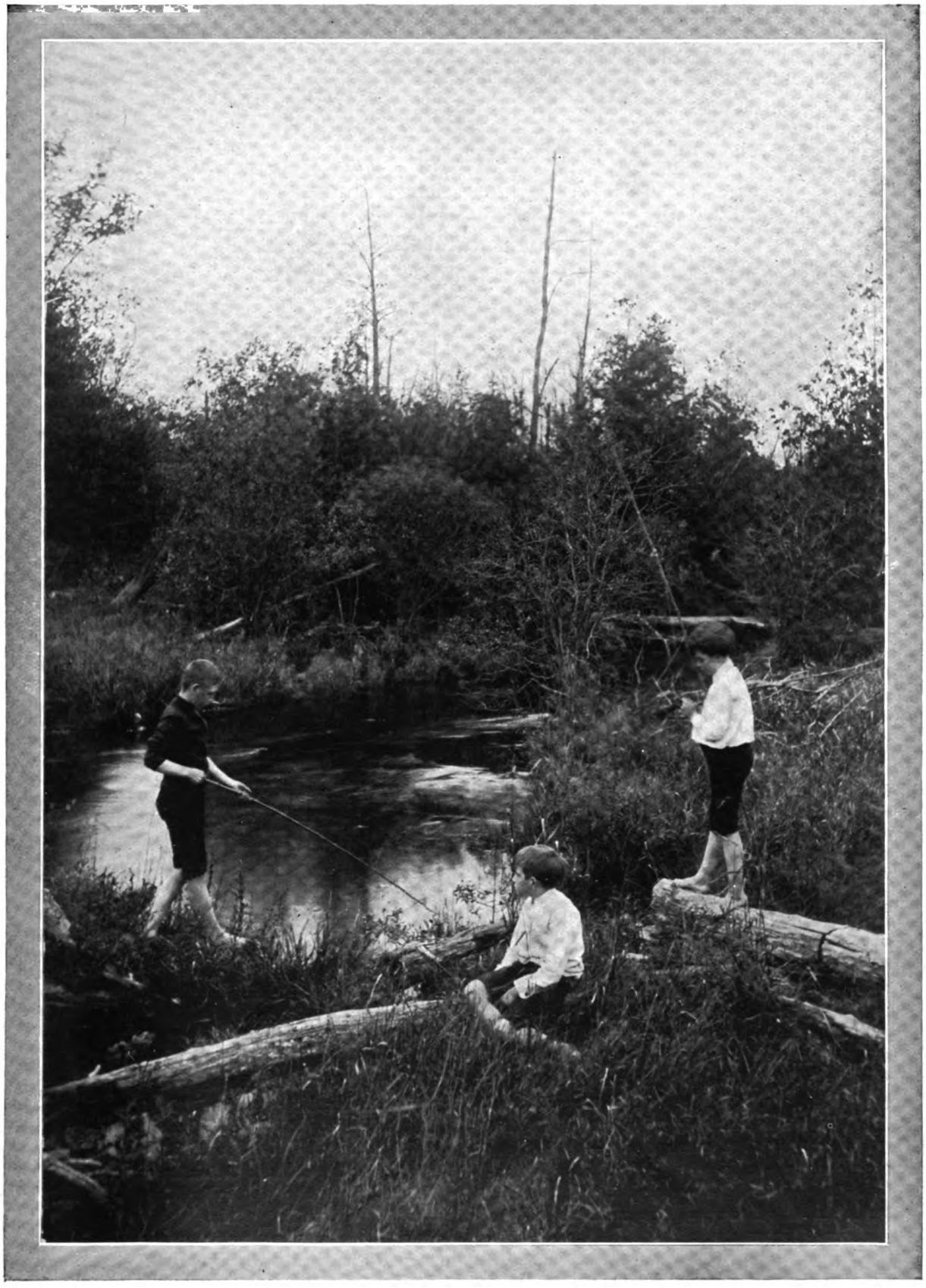

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

A FISHING STUDY

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(Continued from page 616)

Some flowers lay scattered on the table, the woman had paled, and her hands were trembling. She pulled herself together with an effort and spoke coldly.

"Is that your delicate way of expressing that we must part?" Octon nodded and kept his eyes averted.

"Then, perhaps, it will not be presumption on my part to ask you the reason for this sudden determination?"

"My wife has asked for a separation. It has come to be a question between giving up my wife or, or——"

"Oh! don't mind speaking bluntly; you were going to say me, I think."

Again the Earl nodded.

"Oh!"

The woman sat down rather heavily; there was a perplexed look on the childish, innocent face, the white forehead was puckered, and the big blue eyes seemed duller.

"I'm more than sorry," muttered Octon uncomfortably; "but it is, I suppose, inevitable. People have talked lately; you have been spoken of as 'the other Lady Octon,' and, and—my wife heard it."

"But she knew before!"

"Yes, but a woman will bear much in secret that she will not bear when it becomes public. Look here, Mabel, I know I'm treating you rottenly. I feel a damned cad, but there is no other course to take. I have made a discovery—I love Irene."

Mrs. Joel Hagerstein rose to her feet, and laughed bitterly.

"I see, at this interesting moment you suddenly find yourself in love with your own wife. It is extraordinary! Why, perhaps one day I may actually fall in love with Joel!"

Then, without warning, her bantering tone changed, her red lips parted, and her bosom heaved.

"Do you think you are going to play with me like this?" she cried, passionately. "I've sacrificed honour, everything, for you; I've even borrowed money from the man we both have wronged to pay your gambling debts; and I'm to be thrown off like an old glove because—because the poor fool who married you has sent in her ultimatum! I think not, my Lord Octon.'

Her rage cooled Octon; he had expected, and dreaded, tears.

"Then what do you propose doing?"

The woman was cool again now—the coolness of a rage too great to be expended in a passion.

"I hold your I O U's for something like twenty thousand pounds. Oh, I know it was a matter of form, but I don't think you can deny your signature, and I don't think you can conveniently pay. I shall hand those papers to a money-lender—oh, quite a respectable person—a friend of Joel's; he will undertake the collection. There being nothing left to mortgage, I'm afraid there will be a scandal in the noble family of Octon, after all."

The Earl strode towards her, his eyes blazing.

"You—you——

"Ah, my dear Lord Octon, it is an honour to have you here; we always welcome his lordship, do we not, my dear?"

A portly little man, with an aggressively shiny bald head and black tufty whiskers, had quietly entered the room, in which he seemed so out of place.

His wife merely nodded in answer to his question, and the well-groomed, good-looking nobleman, as he took the hot, flabby hand in his, had a feeling of shame that he had never felt before.

"By the way," continued Joel Hagerstein, standing by the fire (he never attempted to sit down in the drawing-room), "I was going to write you, my lord."

Octon started, the Jew's manner was pleasant, but in his present state of mind he dreaded something he could not quite explain.

"Yes," went on the Jew, "your lordship may remember that I advised you to put a little money into the Ratiffa mines a few months ago, and you were good enough to follow my advice and leave it in my hands. I'm glad to say that the five thousand you put in is now worth fifty, and I should advise you to sell. I have reason to believe," he added, with a wink, "that they will drop sharply in a few days."

Octon muttered his thanks, and said something about instructing his brokers to that effect.

Then there was an awkward pause. Octon tried to catch Mrs. Hagerstein's eye, but she kept her head averted from him.

Murmuring an excuse, he rose to go.

"Good-bye, Lord Octon," said Mrs. Hagerstein, languidly giving him her hand.

The Jew accompanied him to the door that a footman was holding open. "Good-bye, Lord Octon," he said. "I hear you are going on the Continent. Not true? Oh, that's a pity; I think it would be good for your health; I should certainly go." Then, lowering his voice, and with his black eyes fixed on the younger man's pale face, he added: "I don't like scandals; a man in the City has a reputation as well as a nobleman, my lord, but there must be no *other Lady Octon!*"

Then the Earl of Octon found himself in Park Lane.

. . . . .

Society was mildly surprised when they read that the Earl and Countess of Octon had, with their daughter, left for Nice, cancelling all their engagements.

Six months later Mrs. Joel Hagerstein read in the *Times* that an heir had been born to that ancient line.

She leaned back from the breakfast table and laughed—not a nice laugh.

"So that was the reason for the ultimatum," she said softly.

The great financier, who, for a change, was breakfasting with her, looked up from his paper.

"What ultimatum?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing." Then, in a half-defiant tone, "By the way, our friend, Lord Octon, has a son and heir."

"An ultimatum is generally backed by conscious power," said Mr. Hagerstein, gently tapping his egg with the crested silver spoon, "but it is well that interested parties often prevent open hostilities."

Then looking up and finding her husband's eye fixed upon her, Mrs. Joel Hagerstein did an unusual thing—she blushed guiltily.

C. Malcolm Hincks.

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Photo

This historic build
Crosby Hall was b
the Lord Mayors

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WORLDLY SHORT STORY.—No. 81.

The Last Chance

By NELLIE K. BLISSETT

Author of "The Wisdom of the Simple," "The Concert-Director," "The Bindweed," etc.

"IT'S so sweet of you to come," Miss Ferringham said. "So—so like you, you know. Dear, dear, when did I see you last? You're looking very well."

Montfort sat down with a sense of relief.

"It's so good of you to take it like this," he returned. "I've come on a graceless errand, I'm afraid."

Miss Ferringham sank back beside the tea-table and bent over the sugar-bowl.

"You've come about Archie?"

"I've certainly come about Archie."

Miss Ferringham selected a lump of sugar with care, and held it poised for a second over a cup.

"You take sugar—still?" she said softly. "Yes? I'm so glad you haven't grown podgy and taken to patent medicines—so many men do. And it spoils one's sentimental recollections, doesn't it? It's absurd, of course, but it's so difficult to feel sentimental about a person who is afraid of eating potatoes, and carries saccharine tablets in his waistcoat pocket."

Montfort accepted his tea-cup—a little doubtfully.

"I eat your bread and salt," he said, with a laugh, "but I come as an enemy."

"You couldn't come as an enemy. I refuse," Miss Ferringham declared, "to consider the remotest possibility of such a thing. You come as a friend—in disguise."

"The disguise," Montfort admitted, rather ruefully, "is a remarkably good one. My dear lady, I refuse to sail under false colours. Write me down the cruel father of melodrama at once, and let's have it over. You know you can't marry him."

Miss Ferringham looked pensively into the depths of her tea cup.

"That's what I tell him."

"Then why," Montfort demanded with reason, "are you engaged to him?"

Miss Ferringham sighed.

"Because he is a very obstinate boy. He reminds me," she added, with a rapt air of reminiscence, "of you."

"Of me?"

"You, too," Miss Ferringham reminded him, "were obstinate—at Archie's age."

"But I gave in—I listened to reason—in the end."

Miss Ferringham's eyebrows rose slightly.

"You're quite sure it was reason you listened to?" she said. "You didn't think so at the time, I remember. Well, well—I suppose we were young and foolish. Perhaps, it *was* reason you listened to, after all."

There was a hint of pathos in her tone, and Montfort felt uncomfortable.

"We couldn't have lived on air. Love and a cottage sound very nice on paper, but they don't go well together in real life."

"Perhaps," Miss Ferringham suggested delicately, "it depends a little upon the sort of love?"

"It depends more on the sort of cottage. How," demanded Montfort ironically, "should I have looked in a cottage?"

Miss Ferringham smiled at her tea-spoon.

"I'm sure you'd have looked very nice under any circumstances," she said politely.

"Thanks! You know perfectly well, Flo," Montfort ended, "that we should have quarrelled in a week."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Why refer to these impossible possibilities," she said lightly. "We didn't quarrel—we didn't have the chance. We listened to the voice of reason. We eschewed cottages—and love. I married my manager, and was wretched. You married your cousin, Lady Julia, who——"

She stopped abruptly. Montfort looked up.

"Who ran away with the footman—why don't you go on? It was the only kindness she ever did me, so you really need not mind mentioning it."

"We were neither of us very lucky."

"No," Montfort said curtly.

There was a moment of silence.

"And now about Archie. You expect me to give him up?"

"You can't marry him."

"I don't see what's to prevent it," Miss Ferringham said, with a touch of defiance. "He's of age. Of course, you can make things unpleasant—I realise that. But you can't prevent it. And—when you come to think of it—wouldn't it be better to be friends?"

"Better?"

"For you," said Miss Ferringham, with a spice of malice.

Montfort sat silent. He had a swift, brief vision of Archie as he used to be, before a dramatic passion for the star who had dazzled his father had put a new, unnatural enmity between them—Archie as a little boy in a white suit, with a toy cricket-bat in his hand; Archie, who had always looked upon him as his best friend—until now. And the vision hurt.

He looked quietly across at the beautiful woman sipping her tea with a fine air of unconcern.

"You mean, you can separate us?" he said.

There was a sudden hard sound in his voice. Miss Ferringham had, perhaps, heard it before. She nodded silently.

"I know that. Well, you must do it."

"You mean—if I've the heart," Miss Ferringham said softly.

"It's a question of—heart?" he asked. In the light of his former knowledge of the lady, it hardly seemed possible. "Why, he's a boy," he cried, with momentary exasperation. "He's young enough to be your——"

(Continued on page 622)

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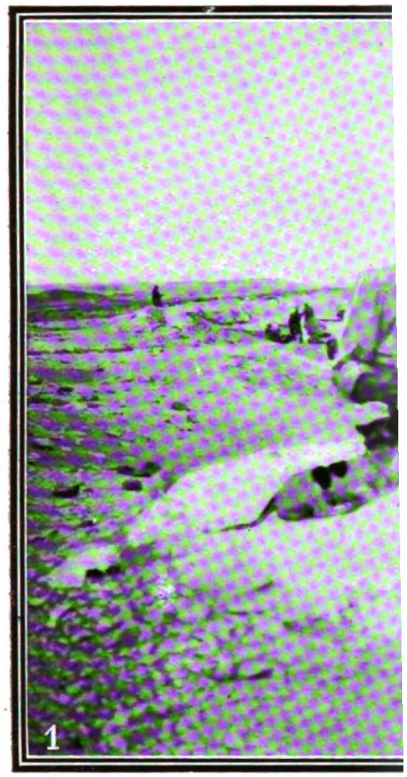
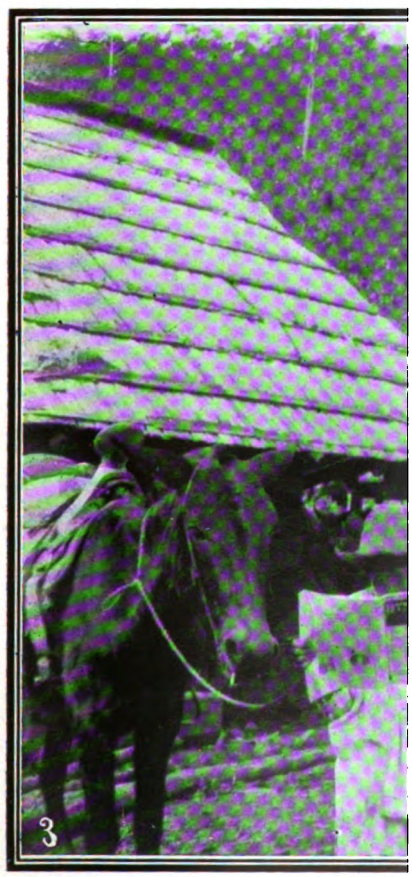


(1) In an Egyptian Des rt

Showing the construction of a railway across the desert from the Nile Valley to the Oasis of Tharga. This latter spot was in Roman times a centre of rich civilisation, but has



(2) One of Natal's Oldest Colc

The reader is a Mr. Reid, a colonist who came early 'fifties, when the land was in its primiti and elephants could be found close to one's dwe over eighty years of age, he still takes a keen int and especially the Old Country's, doings. Sent b 208, Church Street, Maritzburg, 1

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(Continued from page 620)

"My—son?" said Miss Ferringham. "Oh—I suppose he is. But is it quite pretty of you to say so? In my profession"—she spoke a little bitterly—"it's so difficult to grow old. Our youth means so much to us. The stage wasn't made for old women. And you tell me I'm old enough to be Archie's mother!"

"I'm old enough myself," he pointed out, "to be Archie's father. I have outgrown a boyish fancy for *débutantes*—if I ever had one. You and Archie can't have two ideas in common."

"We've one," she said. "Archie loves me. And I——"

She stopped. Not in any embarrassment—he felt that. Rather in a passing uncertainty as to the word she wished to use.

"You don't—you can't—love him," Montfort said, gravely.

She looked up at him. Her face was moved, and softened.

"I love his love for me," she said. "It's a passing fancy—I know that. It's foolish—I know that, too. And you've just told me what I knew before—that I'm old enough to be his mother. But he loves me—and I've done without that sort of love so long. I love him for caring about me in the kind of way I haven't found since you——"

She was silent. For a moment Montfort was silent too.

"I'm too old for him." she went on. "I know it—I've known it all the time. But it's a temptation—and I'm not strong enough to send him away. I listened to the—the voice of reason once; but it's too much to expect me to do that again. But you needn't be afraid for him. I'll make him happy—I'll practise all the arts of illusion. And he hasn't your brains, you know," she ended.

"You're marrying him," Montfort said, "because you—didn't marry me?"

"I'm marrying him," Miss Ferringham said frankly, "because he's the next best thing to you that I've met. Yes."

There was a long silence. And then Montfort put down his tea-cup.

"Flo," he said, "there's a chance for him still—the last chance. You might marry—someone else. Someone who listened to the voice of reason—and is deuced sorry for it."

"Someone?" she wondered, with the ghost of a smile. "'The last chance?' Archie's last chance—or yours?"

"Mine," said Montfort. "Let him go—he'll get over it. In six months' time he'll thank us for saving him from himself. But if we miss this, our last chance is gone, as well as his."

"After all," said Miss Ferringham, a moment later, "it's not my fault that I'm old enough to be his——"

"Step-mother," ended Montfort, promptly.

NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

En Famille

Miss Phyllis and Miss Zena Dare, with their mother, father, and brother at their bungalow at Herne Bay

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RACING NOTIONS

PROSPECTS OF ASCOT. By "CARBINE"

Promise of a Brilliant Meeting

Ascot, like all race meetings, depends largely upon the weather for its success. Such a wretched summer have we had so far that the seeming chances of an improvement are being greeted with universal joy. A wet Ascot is nothing short of calamitous. Socially, there is no event of the kind to compare with the meeting, and it is equally pre-eminent from the sporting standpoint. One thing we can unfailingly count upon, and that is the very cream of racing. We ought to see some magnificent contests, for nearly all the crack horses in training in this country are to be started, while France has sent a selection of her best stayers.

The Historic Gold Cup

Probably the most interesting race will be that for the much-coveted Gold Cup on Thursday. Writing these notions before the opening of the meeting, it is difficult to say which of the French candidates will be in the field, but after the stinging blows our Gallic neighbours have already given us this season, it is absolutely certain that we cannot afford to ignore anything in the nature of foreign competition. I suppose The White Knight will be made a good favourite, and who can wonder after the emphatic defeat he gave to such first-class horses as Troutbeck, Polymelus, and Polar Star at Epsom? And yet it will surprise me if Bridge of Canny does not put up a good fight against the Irish-bred horse, for Lord Derby's colt is a rare sticker. Then there is Beppo, who showed that he is now in fine form by the style in which he won at Manchester; while the Hungarian horse, Morpeth II., is also considered to be a danger. Add to these the names of one or two of the French stayers, and you have the makings of an extraordinarily interesting struggle. My idea is that **The White Knight** will win, especially if the race is run at a fair pace, and I say this because we have seen the Cup absolutely thrown away more than once during recent years. Recall, for example, the victory of Throwaway over Zinfandel and Sceptre three years ago—one of the greatest "flukes" in racing history. Halsey, however, ought, on Thursday, to make no mistake on The White Knight, and I think Bridge of Canny will prove the best of his opponents.

Will the Duke Win the Royal Hunt Cup?

There is sure to be a very large field for the Royal Hunt Cup to-day, yet I am afraid that those who wish to back Hillsprite will not get anything big in the shape of a price. I pointed out last week that Sam Darling held a strong hand for this race, and I am more than ever convinced that he will win it for the Duke of Devonshire. At the time of writing there is every reason to believe that Hillsprite will be the chosen one of the stable; but even if Marcovil were to be started instead, I should be almost as confident, as I was very much impressed by the way the colt ran in the Jubilee Stakes. My advice to readers is not to ignore Marcovil in any race for which he is started. Regarding Hillsprite's chance, I look upon him as having been very kindly treated by the handicappers, and it is significant to observe that they have put him much higher up in their later compilation for the Wokingham Stakes. Last week allusion was made to Kaffir Chief's prospects, but I see Lord Carton is to be substituted by his stable. I look to a popular win for the **Duke of Devonshire,** in all likelihood with Hillsprite, and recommend Andover "both ways."

Wednesday's Programme

Attractive races succeed each other with almost bewildering rapidity at the best of all race meetings, and as some horses are engaged several times, the difficulty is to foretell which of the events they will be called upon to contest. The rich Coronation Stakes, however, seems to be good for **Laomedia.** On last season's form, My Pet II. should win the "Ascot Derby," but he has run badly in France, and it will probably be safest to go for **Bezonian.** Another likely winner on this day is **Popinjay.**

Selections for the Two Concluding Days

With the usual State procession, and the certainty of an enormous crowd, the Gold Cup Day will be very brilliant if the weather is tolerably decent. Besides the great race for the historic trophy, we shall probably see **Slieve Gallion** win the St. James's Palace Stakes. **Woolwinder,** who picked up a nice stake at Hurst Park on Saturday, ought to secure his race on the Gold Cup Day; and what is to beat **Polar Star** in the Rous Memorial? Several dark two-year-olds will make their appearance in the New Stakes, and one hears best accounts of Royal Realm, who, said to be smarter than White Eagle, must be good indeed. Turning to Friday's programme, it is impossible to write definitely of the Wokingham Stakes until after the race for the Hunt Cup, but it should be remembered that Sophron is in excellent form just now. If started for the Hardwicke Stakes or the Alexandra Plate, **Beppo** should score, while **Anklang** is my fancy for the Windsor Castle Stakes.

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

LAWN TENNIS

A Triumphant Trio

Quite a lot of interesting things happened at the Beckenham tournament last week. Brookes was there, and so was Miss Sutton, to say nothing of A. F. Wilding, who, after that little trip on the Continent, which caused the *Daily Mail* such anxiety as to his whereabouts, turned up a fortnight ago at the Sheffield tournament and had a sort of exercise canter there in preparation for Beckenham. There were other foreign entries, too, including Sharp and Doust, the Australian couple, the former of whom had the bad luck to tear a muscle in the calf of his leg while playing a Mixed Double with Mrs. Hillyard on Friday; D. P. Rhodes, the American, and Miss Violet Summerhayes, the lady champion of Canada; while the home contingent included our lady champion, Mrs. Lambert Chambers, and several other players of repute. But the "aliens" had it nearly all their own way, and if Brookes and Wilding had not scratched in the final of the Doubles, these two, with Miss Sutton, would probably have carried off four out of the five open events. Wilding won the Kent Championship Singles (in which Brookes did not compete), and beat the holder, A. W. Gore, after a five-set match, wherein the New Zealander's superior stamina got him home at the finish; Miss Sutton won the corresponding ladies' event, beating, among others, the holder, Mrs. Chambers, and thereby reversing last year's Wimbledon result; Brookes and Miss Sutton won the Mixed Doubles. The Ladies' Doubles, in which Miss Sutton did not play, fell to Miss C. M. Wilson and Miss Boothby.

A Bad Look Out for England

From what I saw of Miss Sutton's play at Leicester, coupled with the fact that Mrs. Sterry has beaten her, and that both Miss Wilson and Miss Lowther have nearly done so, I did not expect her to beat Mrs. Chambers. But she has evidently been gradually approaching the top of her form, and must have got there about last Friday, on which day she fairly overwhelmed Miss Eastlake Smith. On the following day, Mrs. Chambers was added to the list of her victims. This result goes to show that the Ladies' Championship at Wimbledon is in just as serious jeopardy as the Men's, especially as I hear that Mrs. Sterry has been unlucky enough to sprain her ankle severely, though, of course, it is hoped that she will still be able to compete. Mrs. Sterry has been playing so well this season that I had put her down as the chief stumbling-block in Miss Sutton's way towards the All-Comers' final. I am sure all lawn tennis people will be sorry to hear of this mishap to one of our most popular players.

ROWING

A Teutonic Invasion

Apparently, there is to be a sort of Teutonic invasion of Henley, for four out of the five foreign entries at present announced are from Germany. There has been a regular rowing boom in that country for some years past, for which the Kaiser is partly responsible. He is very fond of attending the principal regattas, such as the one at Grünau, illustrated on page 626, and distributing the

Lawn Tennis at Beckenham: Studies in Expression and Attitude

Miss Toupie Lowther **A. E. Beamish**

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prizes. I think the Germans will soon be very formidable competitors, for they are very keen and painstaking, and their physique is magnificent, though, sometimes, a little too suggestive of Sandow. They are, almost invariably, good sportsmen and genuine amateurs, and no one ought to grudge them any successes they may gain.

Henley Extortions

I am very glad to see that the *Sportsman* and some of the University papers have taken up the subject of the extortionate charges levied by the inhabitants of Henley upon the competitors in the regatta. For years past, many of the College Boat Clubs have been unable to afford the inordinate expense of keeping their crew for ten days or a fortnight at Henley without sending the hat round among past members, and, consequently, have refrained from entering when they might well have done so. This seems a short-sighted policy on the part of the townspeople. It may be fair enough to charge the casual visitor Ritz prices for an attic in regatta time, but why give the same treatment to the man who has brought the visitor there? If there were more entries, the regatta would last longer; and, if fair prices were charged to the competitors, it might even be possible to fleece the spectators for five days instead of three.

The May Races

The shuffling which took place in the order of the leading boats at Cambridge was satisfactory as far as it went, but in the interests of University rowing I wish that one of the less distinguished colleges had come out on the top of the pack. For more than thirty years the headship has been held by either Jesus, Trinity Hall, or one of the two Trinity clubs, and, consequently, the other colleges have become discouraged, and many of their members have abandoned rowing for less strenuous pastimes—to their great disadvantage. Colleges like John's, Pembroke, Caius, and Emmanuel ought to supply far more rowing blues than they do.

Third Trinity

Third have fallen to a lower place than they have occupied for many years past. Confined as they are to Eton and Westminster men (and, since the abolition of "Water," practically to the former), they are one of the smallest clubs at either University, and despite their many successes, they have sometimes had some difficulty in getting a crew together at all. In 1888 they had only eight able-bodied rowing members—Muttlebury and seven other people—and upon one of the seven others being taken ill, had to bring in, at the eleventh hour, an untrained man weighing about 9 stone, who was put stroke and told to keep time with six as well as he could. He did his duty manfully, and, by dint of luck and Muttlebury, the crew kept its place as second on the river. The shorthandedness of those days was largely due to the fact that Dr. Warre used to persuade most of the Eton eight to go to Oxford, and I can only trust that Canon Lyttelton will prove an equally efficient crimp in the interests of Cambridge and Third Trinity.

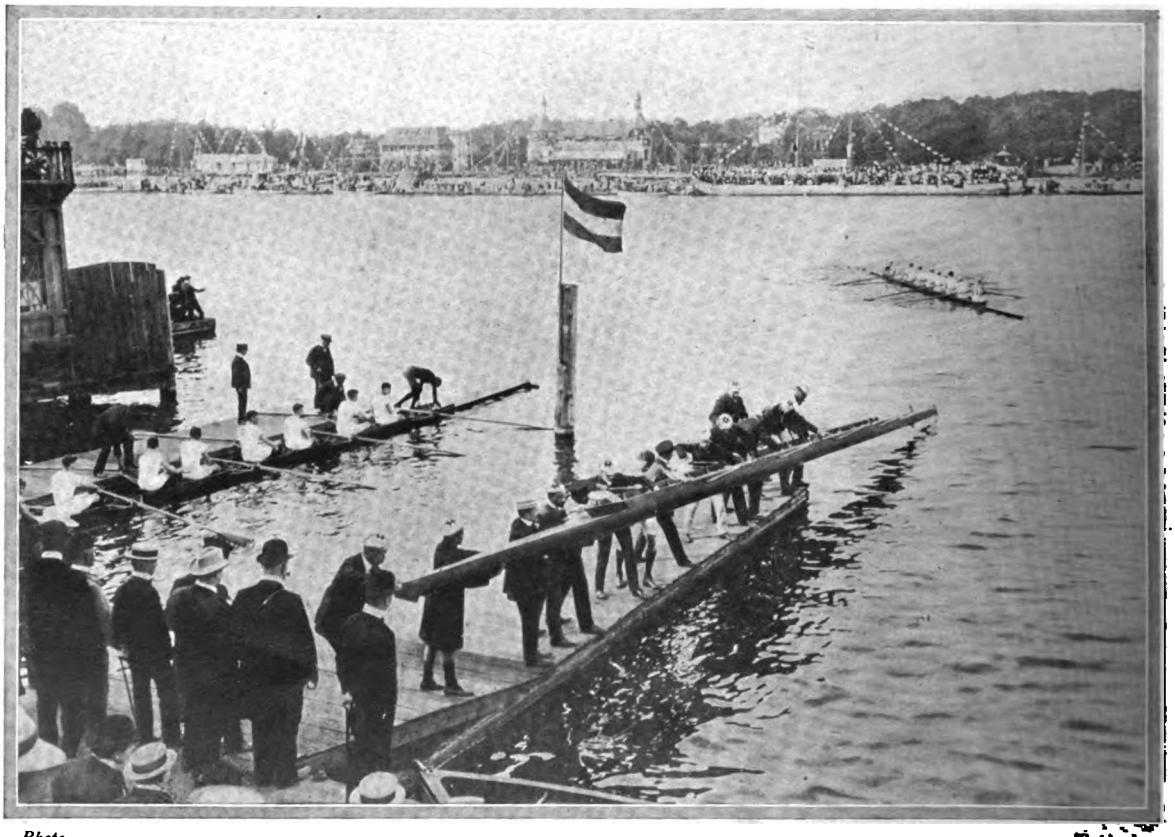

Photo *Topical*

The Regatta at Grünau, Germany, at which the Kaiser presented the prizes

There has been a regular rowing boom in Germany for some years past, for which the Kaiser is partly responsible, for he is very fond of attending the principal regattas, and frequently distributes the prizes

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The Darracq Company withdrew their cars from the Grand Prix as a protest against the conduct of a certain competitor who had, at the eleventh hour, purchased the services of their crack driver. Mr. Huntley Walker stepped into the breach, purchased the racer, and out of compliment for his excellent driving in the Isle of Man, invited Mr. Lee Guinness to accept the responsibility of guiding the Darracq to . . . . . shall we say, victory? Mr. Huntley Walker and Mr. Lee Guinness share between them all the world's motor records, while Mr. Lee Guinness is an amateur driver in the best sense of the word. Mr. Lee Guinness, by-the-by, is the nephew and heir of Lord Ardilaun, the brother of Lord Iveagh.

* * *

Races in Germany

Miss Dorothy Levitt, who drove a six-cylinder Napier in a non-stop run in the Herkomer Trophy, was awarded a special gold medal for efficiency when the prizes were announced in the aforementioned competition. I am very glad this plucky and charming lady was thus honoured, for not only was her non-stop drive of 1,818 kilometres, in competition with the best cars in the world, an achievement worthy of notice, but she is a magnificent driver, albeit as modest as can be And, unlike so many motorists of my acquaintance, she takes a keen interest in affairs mundane, so often outside the motorist's ken. A 50 h.-p. Benz car was awarded the Herkomer Trophy. The great event of last week on the Continent was the Kaiserpreis, which was graced by the presence of the Emperor himself, as well as by other lesser-known German reigning monarchs. The winner, as was expected by those who knew what complete preparations had been made by the Fiat Co., was won by Nazzaro, on a Fiat. The Kaiser received the winner in the Imperial box, shook hands warmly with him, and presented him with the golden bauble. Meanwhile, we in England have to be patient, and hope that the opening of Brooklands on July 7 next will give us our chance of a show. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Miss Dorothy Levitt

Who drove a Napier car in a non-stop run in the Herkomer Trophy Race, and was awarded a special Gold Medal for efficiency

Car-icature—No. XXXI.: Mr. Tom Thornycroft

Mr. Tom Thornycroft is the second son of Sir John I. Thornycroft, of Chiswick, whose inventions in connection with torpedo-boat construction are so famous. The word "sportsman" aptly describes Mr. Tom Thornycroft. Educated at St. Paul's School, he afterwards joined the Central Technical College of Engineering, South Kensington, better, perhaps, known as the C.T.C.—not to be confounded with the Cyclist Touring Club. On completing his course, he immediately entered his father's works, and, being an enthusiastic yachtsman, devoted himself to motor-boat construction. But the motor-car, with its overwhelming influence, claimed him, and his brilliant driving in the Tourist Trophy Race during the last three seasons has stamped him as a man of mark in the motoring world. Last year, about two days before the contest, he had the misfortune to sprain his ankle so badly that it was impossible for him to walk, and everyone expected that he would have to hand over the wheel to a substitute. But no! for though in great pain, he drove throughout the race, having made a make-shift rest for the injured ankle. Mr. Thornycroft leaves nothing to his mechanician, for that generally invaluable person on his car is an ornament rather than an assistant.

* * *

Miscellanea

I have received the following letter from Mr. Thomas Dixon, of 193, Oxford Street, and am glad to make the correction: "In the last issue of your journal I observe you make a reference to the recent announcement of the record by H. R. Pape from Monte Carlo to London. You state that the record in question had already been bettered by 6 min. on a Mercédès car, driven by Mr. A. G. Brown. If the time, as given in the Michelin Tyre Company's advertisement, had been correct, the record you refer to would have stood; but, owing to an error, the time was given as 29 hrs. 26 min., whereas it should have been 29 hrs. 16 min. The latter time, of course, beats the record which you have mentioned by 4 min.; and as the performance of Mr. H. R. Pape, which was accomplished on Michelin detachable rims and tyres, has been officially recognised, it is the standing record at the present moment."

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Photo *Topical Agency*

The Herkomer Trophy Race: The cars before the start from Würzburg

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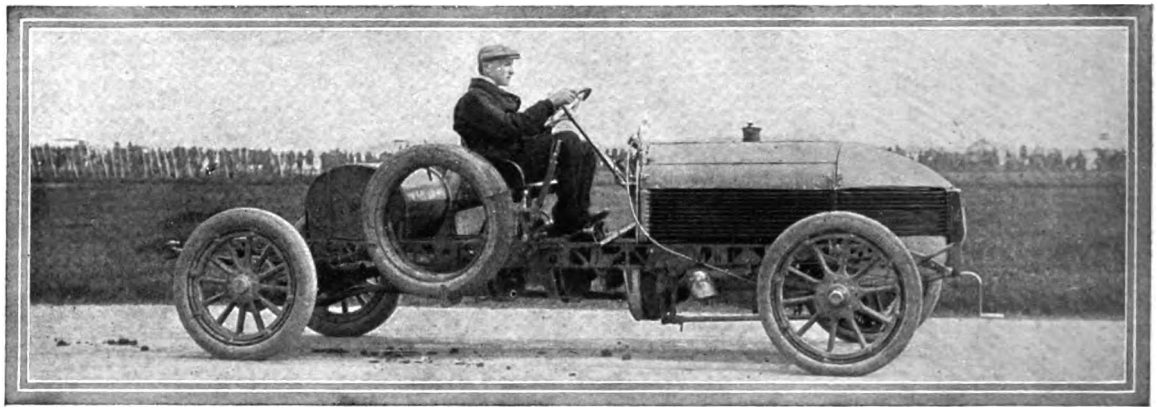

A British Competitor in the Kaiserpreis: Mr. C. A. Glentworth on his 60 h.-p. Napier

The Motor Union draw attention to the fact that the speed limit of six miles an hour, which has been instituted at Milborne Port, is illegally imposed. Motorists, therefore, driving through that hallowed district, may ignore the notices and defy the authorities.

The Hastings Automobile Meeting, organised by the Automobile Association, takes place on June 26, and the entries close first post on June 19. Any of my readers, however, who wish to enter for the Gymkhana can chance acceptance of their entries by telegraphing to the Secretary, 11, Havelock Road, Hastings. The day commences with a parade of motor-cars, for which a first prize of £10 10s. will be awarded for the car, not decorated, adjudged to be the best appointed, and handsome banners for second and third, while similar prizes will be given for the best florally decorated car. In the afternoon the Gymkhana takes place in the Hastings Cricket Ground at 2.30. The events are: Musical chairs, cleaving the Turk's head, a lady passenger's race, and, perhaps the most popular from the spectacular point of view, the obstacle race, where I am told there will be a carefully prepared police trap, and competitors will have to evade the policeman and execute other impossible feats. Amateurs can be assured of a very enjoyable time if the weather is fine.

Men's Suitings

A man's main concern in the matter of clothes is with regard to his lounge suits, in which most of his life is spent; and though such, as the name implies, allow a certain freedom, it is essential that no less care be bestowed on the material, cut, and finish than is the case with the smartest and most correct morning coat. One's tailor must, therefore, be a specialist, and Mr. J. M. Bult, of Fenchurch Street, is probably just the man you have been looking for for years past. Not only is he a practical tailor—the business has been in the family for three generations—but his large *clientèle* necessitates a large and varied stock of materials from which customers can make their choice. One of the most attractive and fashionable suitings at the present moment is Lovat Tweed. This may be had in several patterns and colourings, but the green patterns, of which there are many varieties, are some of the most suitable that I have ever seen, and when it is said that a perfectly cut lounge suit of Lovat Tweed is made by Mr. Bult for the sum of £3 10s., readers will realise the great claims he has on their custom. Space will not permit of an adequate description of the other varieties offered; suffice it to mention, however, that all the most fashionable suitings are kept well to the fore, a light snuff-coloured brown and a peculiar shade of blue being now particularly prominent.

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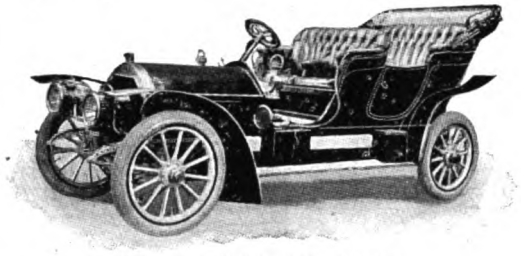

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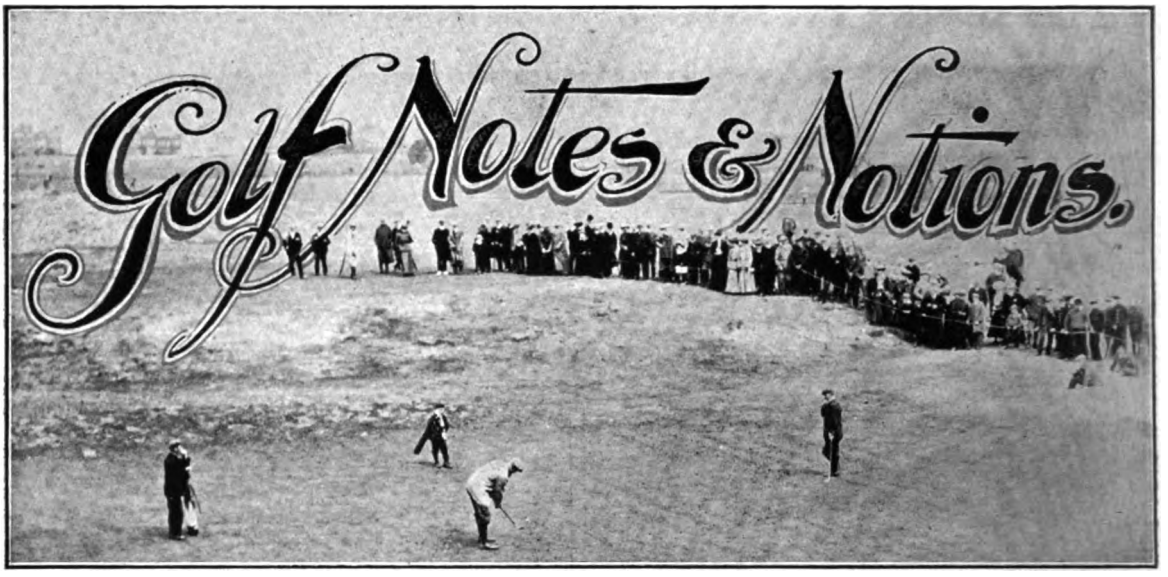

Where the Open Championship is being Played: Putting on the eleventh green at Hoylake

The Open Championship at Hoylake

This is the third occasion since the institution of the Open Championship in 1860 that the contest has taken place on the famous course of the Royal Liverpool Club, the two previous occasions being that in the year 1897, when Mr. Hilton won, and that in 1902, when Sandy Herd came in first. Most of my readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the Hoylake links, and will hardly need reminding that, in the opinion of many eminent judges, they rank only second to St. Andrews as a test of first-class golf. If any testimonial is needed by the course, it is amply provided in the persons of the great players whom it has produced, such as Mr. Ball, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. John Graham. In short, the man who means to win the Championship at Hoylake must be a thorough expert, and must be prepared to meet and surmount every difficulty with which a first-class golf course can confront him.

The New Regulations

This year a new set of regulations is being put in force, under which the contestants are divided into two lots, the first playing two qualifying rounds on Tuesday, the second two qualifying rounds on Wednesday. The thirty best scores, including ties of each of the two sets of players, will entitle their compilers to places in the competition proper, which starts on Thursday, the 20th instant. We shall thus have at least sixty players contending for the great prize by playing two rounds on Thursday and two rounds on Friday under the rules at present governing the competition. It will be interesting to see how this new system works, and whether it will have the desired effect of simplifying matters and solving the knotty problem of a plethora of competitors which afflicts both Championships. It is curious to note that it has fallen to the lot of the Royal Liverpool Club to inaugurate this new system, for they have been the pioneers in very many matters appertaining to Championships, whether Open or Amateur. That the competition will be conducted in the most admirable manner goes without saying, for the authorities of the Royal Liverpool Club are famous in this respect, while their Secretary, Mr. Janion, is a past master in the management of affairs of this kind.

The Competitors

I have said nothing as yet about the chances of the competitors, and I approach that part of my task with considerable reluctance and diffidence. For who would be so rash as to venture in these days of hordes of competitors on the thorny domain of prophecy? Golf is such a curious game, and the element of luck (thank Heaven!) still has such a strong hold of it, that it is almost impossible to predict with certainty who will come out on top. Still there are certain circumstances about this year's Championship which make it intensely interesting. *Imprimis*, Braid will naturally make an immense effort to equal the record of Jamie Anderson and Bob Ferguson by recording his third consecutive victory, and incidentally thereby equalling Harry Vardon's record of four wins. A victory this year would also give Braid the chance of equalling the most famous record of all, that of Tom Morris, jun., who achieved four successive victories in 1868, 1869, 1870, and 1872, no Championship having taken place in 1871. On the other hand, both Harry Vardon and Taylor will have a somewhat similar incentive to spur them on to defeat Braid's ambition. All these players have retained their brilliant form of last year, while in Vardon's case his improved putting considerably enhances his chances.

Of the younger division, G. Duncan is the likeliest man to make a raid into the territories of the great triumvirate, while my readers can, without my help, call to mind hosts of players who will be there or thereabouts.

Will History Repeat Itself?

Finally, it may be possible that history will repeat itself. In 1890, Mr. John Ball won both Championships, the Open, at Prestwick, and the Amateur, on his home green. He has made an auspicious beginning by annexing the amateur event on a Scottish green. Who shall say that he will not add fresh lustre to his laurels by securing this Championship on the course which is so absolutely identified with his name and great feats? If he fails, his club-mate, Mr. Graham, may quite conceivably keep the cup at Hoylake.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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The Secret of the **Perfect Complexions** of the noted beauties of the day is now disclosed; and the **Remarkable Preparations** which have produced and retained these **Extraordinary Results** are **at last obtainable by the General Public,** although for years they have been **exclusively supplied** by a Specialist solely to her private patients.

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CURIOS.

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

Despite pessimistic prognostications, the season is steadily crystallising to success. Events crowd quickly the one after the other, and since it is only fair to offer justice where justice is due, we may date the first really representative display of dress from the Horse Show at Olympia. Short of seeing with my own eyes and observing with my own wits, I frankly confess that some doubt might have arisen as to the accuracy of some of the reports. But two visits there provided me with modistic data which, if related at its due length, would absorb a good third of the entire BYSTANDER.

The Latest Aspect of the Court Gown
(DRAWN BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

Cosmopolitan Influence

The drawing of the invidious comparison is almost inevitable during the present influx of foreigners and Americans to our shore, and the surmise is safe that the great Race Week of the year will be one of the best-dressed Ascots ever experienced. For those who can afford the extravagance, the lingerie frock will prove irresistibly seductive, and because of a certain unavoidable similarity, the wearers of these *blanche* toilettes most likely to secure approbation and favourable criticism will find their gown sharing honours with a *chapeau* according to any of the following designs.

A novel combination for a hat is pale crushed raspberry pink and mole, the latter in the guise of a high, soft, Charlotte Corday crown of tulle, although the very latest neutral note is *La Puce*, much used in conjunction with black crin and lace hats, where, in a quiet, unaggressive way, it is most remarkably effective. And yet another telling colour contrast is the suddenly revived Bishop's purple—a rich, impressive shade that comes out well both in crin and clear striped or spot net; the latter, when boasting a down-turned brim, sheds the most becoming shade over the face, and seems to have a particular affinity with the medium shade of brown hair glinted through with gold.

Daniel Neal and Sons, 68-70, Edgware Road

I have postponed, all too long, a mention of the above firm, whose doings interest me to a very deep and intimate degree, as they certainly will all mothers who have their children's comfort and future foot welfare at heart. Briefly, Messrs. Neal have, by a process of careful evolution, produced a sandal-shaped boot and shoe for children, descriptively termed "Phat Pheet," that is admittedly the very best thing of the kind ever put forward. The craze for the sandal *pur et simple* is, happily, passing. Under latter-day conditions, for Town at any rate, these skeleton coverings were distinctly insanitary. And this is just precisely what Messrs. Neal have done: they have taken the identical sole-shape of the sandal, and modelled it up to the more desirable modern boot and shoe, maintaining the following characteristics and advantages.

Primarily, there is the width, which allows every tiny toe the room that Nature demands; then the undyed linings, which guarantee immunity from all foot disorders, so frequently prevalent

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with the children; and finally, all the models made in the "Phat Pheet" sandal shapes are stocked in half sizes, the range practically covering all periods of childhood from the first baby requirements to the time when the foot may be safely accepted as formed.

Every possible contingency has been foreseen by Messrs. Neal, and consequently, as specialists, it fulfils their purpose to supply undreamed-of fits and styles, all of which, however, are conscientiously based on the sandal shape. Let it be observed, moreover, with all speed, that these "Phat Pheet" shapes are exceedingly happy in appearance, as may be primarily gathered from a full and faithfully illustrated catalogue that Messrs. Neal will be pleased to send, post free, to anyone mentioning THE BYSTANDER.

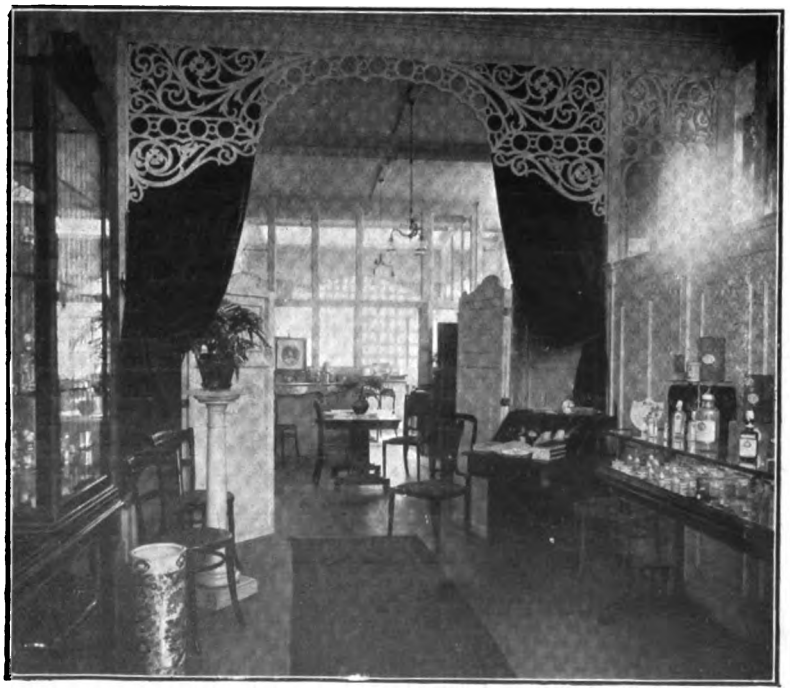
The Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street

In these days of rush and bustle, of quick apprehension and as speedy forgetfulness, I make no apology for extolling once again the merits of the Cyclax Company's preparations. Just to jog unretentive memories, let me explain briefly that these remarkable skin remedies have received the fullest possible testimony afforded by time as to their complete efficacy. In fact, the only comparatively fresh thing about them is the name "Cyclax," and that is now running on two years old, a period that has been accompanied by an extension of premises, in the shape of the ground floor at 58, South Molton Street. This has lately been transformed into three charming connecting *salons*, got up in an artistic scheme of delicate blue and white, with show-cases in dark wood frames, the end apartment of all providing a retreat where, every Tuesday and Thursday, the inspired organiser and renowned skin specialist responsible for the Cyclax specialities is installed to give private and particular advice, free of charge, as to the use of the preparations. Added to this is the postal system—exceptionally complete—through which each letter receives the individual attention of Madame herself, whose judgment is unerring as to the requirement of every client.

It may confidently be said that there is no ill that the skin is heir to that has not been considered, and ultimately provided for, in the curriculum of the Cyclax series. It would only tend to bewilder, if such a tyro as I were to detail the various lotions, creams, and emollients, the more so as the Company has recently revised and enlarged their booklet, entitled "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," a work which has only to be read to carry complete conviction that the leading virtue of the remedies is genuineness. And since that embodies all the other virtues, what more is there to be said? Then, very wisely, the Company only send this book on receipt of a demand, and the mention of some reliable channel such as THE BYSTANDER.

The firm is already far too much advanced in success, secured, be it said, through that best of all mediums, legitimate service, to need any circularising; but since the Cyclax Company has been formed with a sole end in view of providing a perfectly sound and safe home treatment for the skin, it is more satisfactory to all concerned to have the methods and various applications clearly and lucidly described. An intelligent perusal of these notes will leave no shadow of doubt in the reader's mind as to the avoidance of generalising, while, incidentally, much common-sense advice is offered as to what to eat, drink, and avoid. In a word, the simple *régime* of life dictated by Nature is set forth, which is just the very last resource to occur to the civilised world.

One lotion, however, there is, "The Special Lotion," that obtains universally good results, a difference in the skin becoming clearly apparent after a week's application. Then another dread indicator of advancing age is the loosening of the muscles of the throat, which is completely obviated by the Cyclax Company's Throat Lotion.



The Cyclax Company's Consulting Room at 58, South Molton Street

The Latest Aspect of the Court Gown

Both the final Courts of the season have been notable for the favour extended to white, embroidered in silver or gold. The Josephine period, as I foretold in these columns, has found faithful record, evidence of this being afforded in our design, where the fiddle-shaped train represents the modern adaptation of that worn in the First Empire. This appendage is of rich, soft, white satin, heavily embroidered in dull gold, and thickly corded about the edges, and accompanies a high-waist frock of double chiffon, lightly worked in an upward trailing design of fine gold thread, the tiny bodice a mass of the heavy gold stitching.

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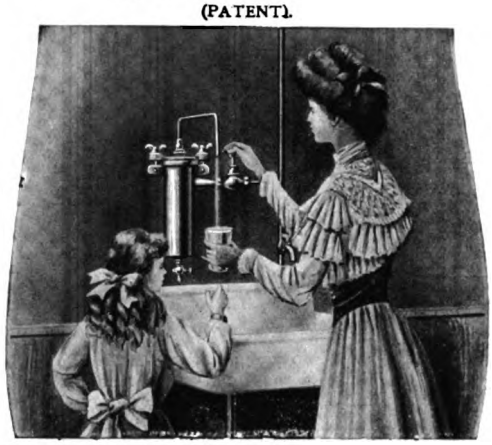

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At this point Benger's Food digests as it cools. The longer it stands the further the process of digestion is carried.

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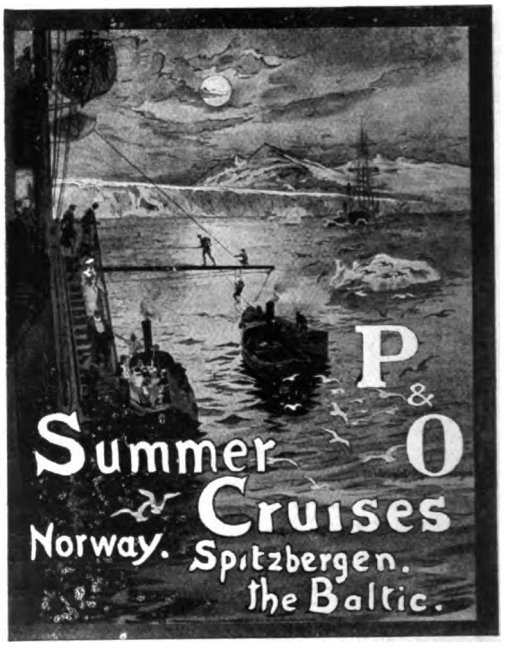

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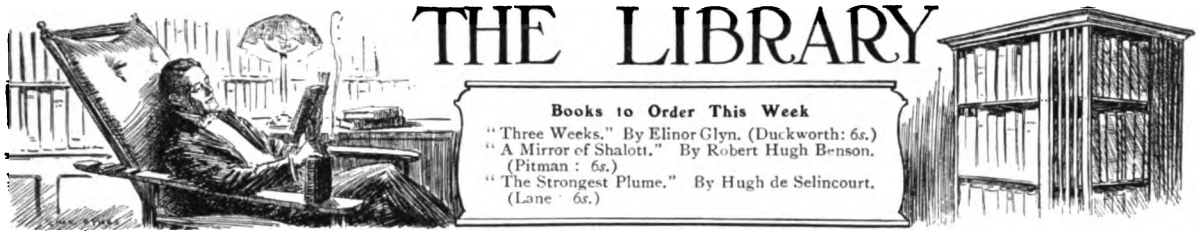

The Reviewers Shocked Again

With many apologies, I confess myself quite unshocked by Mrs. Elinor Glyn's *Three Weeks* (Duckworth: 6s.). Yea, even though, originally, its publication was withheld by its author herself out of fear for the proprieties; even though, now that it has appeared, several daily reviewers have greeted its appearance with hot, blushing denunciation. It is the old, old story. Mrs. Glyn has chosen to write of a passionate and a beautiful love episode between persons who have not previously been married. That is her offence, and for it, of course, she must suffer the abuse of those most trustworthy of Mrs. Grundy's spokesmen — the daily reviewers.

Mrs. Glyn's Offence

The law which guides these gentlemen, apparently, is that while a novelist may write of a love affair of this description if she choose, she may not write of it artistically or sympathetically. Dare to show in any other than an odious light the conduct of such a couple, and damnation is yours. Of course, Mrs. Glyn's lovers could not *possibly* have got married. The man was a young English aristocrat; the woman a reigning Queen *incog.* They had met at a Swiss hotel, and fallen in love. The passion was a pure one and she yielded to it, her justification, ethically, being that her husband was a dissolute blackguard who had not even presented an heir to his Queen and his suffering people. An heir was the one thing needed to establish the dynasty; to give it birth, the very natural and very laudable ambition of the Queen. If ever an "intrigue" had justice and rectitude embossed all over it, that of which Mrs. Glyn writes had. Again, I repeat, the story is a beautiful one, which tells of a pure and a romantic passion, leading to a great grief and the killing of a man's soul. It is sickening that it should meet with the puny and the stupid reception it has from a supposedly intelligent Press. If any excuse be wanted for the young man's conduct in the affair, it is furnished, in full measure, by the frontispiece—a portrait of the Queen herself. I fail to see how any properly brought up, healthy minded young man—alone, and dull, in Lucerne — could have dared to do anything else but fall in love with this witch-like person—with such far-reaching green eyes, in which (according to the author) "the history of the whole world of passion seemed written—slumberous, inscrutable, their heavy lashes making shadows on her soft, smooth cheeks."

Mrs. Elinor Glyn

Who has shocked the critics again with her new novel, *Three Weeks*—the story of a young man's love affair with a reigning Queen, travelling *incog.*

Barrister as Novelist

It might be expected that, of all men fitted to write a story of crime and the law, a barrister would be the most competent — provided he had the needed imagination. Therefore, picking up *The Average Man* (Routledge: 6s.), and discovering it to be a murder mystery with a strong legal and detective interest, the fact that it was written by a barrister (Mr. A. G. Fox-Davies) naturally led me to expect much. But the story —bad in any case from the point of construction, and incredibly crude in characterisation — seems weakest of all in the part where it might have been strongest. Imagine, for instance, a great K.C. — Ashley Tempest — having secured an acquittal from the murder charge, proceeding, immediately afterwards, to proclaim, publicly, his belief in his client's guilt! And then Mr. Fox-Davies's detective. He has a clue to the real murderer in the shape of a letter written to that personage by a woman in America. After diligent search, he finds the supposed writer. Here is his method of confirming his suspicion of her identity:

"I think your name is Alice, is it not?"
"It is."
"Will you please tell me if you wrote this letter?"

Masterly! And had the lady been an accomplice, and said "No!" to both questions, what would have been our wonderful sleuth-hound's next resource?

Injustice to the Detective

The detective of modern fiction is, it seems, either a Sherlock Holmes, plain or coloured, or an absolute idiot. But one expected a man of law to produce something a little fairer to Scotland Yard, which, after all, is a highly efficient office. As to the story, as with all murder mysteries, it is one which, once begun,

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must be read to the finish. Two men have quarrelled over a woman in her flat; weeks after, a dead body, unrecognisable, is found in the next apartment by its occupant, a war correspondent just back from the front. First, this gentleman is arrested for the crime, of which he makes very excellent copy, and is acquitted. Next, one of the quarrelling men is arrested, the supposition being that the body is that of the other man, whom he has killed. He is, as above mentioned, in turn acquitted. Finally, it transpires that the body is that of somebody altogether different—a stranger to the story, and that the real murderer is——. But, however weak Mr. Davies's story, there is no need to reveal the end of the mystery, except in so far as I do so when I protest that a description of the hanging of a woman is both a needless and an offensive way of concluding even the most melodramatic of murder stories.

A Plea for Sweden

Englishmen who may have been disposed to sympathise with Sweden over the matter of the Norwegian secession of a year or two ago will not thank Mr. Anders Svenske for a book, just published by Mr. Unwin, entitled *Sweden's Rights*, which attempts to throw discredit on the Norwegians for their action in declaring their independence. If the book be officially inspired, it is rather a pity arguments more likely to appeal to us were not suggested. Those of this book are completely unconvincing. Norway is condemned for her swollen-headedness in aspiring to, and attaining, National independence, for her ingratitude to Sweden for benefits conferred by the Union of 1814, and for her unwisdom in risking the experiment of independence in face of possible Russian seizures on her Arctic coasts. Englishmen will be the last to upbraid Norway for the moral enormity of "righteously"—and bloodlessly—"struggling to be free." That she has any reason to be grateful to Sweden is not, again, proven. Mr. Svenske's contention that because Norway was, before the Union, a Danish province, and because, under the Swedish alliance, she attained some national dignity and commercial importance, therefore she should always have remained united to Sweden, is even less convincing, as the element of gratitude can scarcely be seriously expected to handicap States in their national aspirations. Lastly, as to Russian aggression, it makes us smile, in view of the results of the recent Far Eastern War, to be asked to quake and tremble on account of anything the Russian Navy may please to attempt so closely within range of our fleet as the Norwegian coasts; especially as the Norwegian Monarch happens to be a son-in-law of our own King.

Father Benson Waxes Occult

The experiences of occult phenomena, as recorded, in turn, by members of an assemblage of Catholic priests in Rome—French, English, Italian, Canadian, and German respectively—form the material for Father Hugh Benson's new volume, *A Mirror of Shalott* (Pitman: 6*s.*). The stories must appeal rather to the student of occultism than to the mere story-reader, for, purporting to be actual facts, they necessarily lack romantic power. To the spiritualist, however, and to the religionist, they are of value as testimony, from unimpeachable quarters, in favour of a belief in spirits; for, of all religious bodies, probably Catholics are the most predisposed in favour of occultism. Priests as story-tellers are, further, notoriously gifted. *Ergo: A Mirror of Shalott*, if not of exceptional value in a literary sense, is certainly a book to be scanned by those interested in its subject. VIVIAN CARTER.

A Special Interest in "The Bystander"

Operatives at Messrs. Swain's Process Works critically scrutinising THE BYSTANDER on the morning of publication, to see the published result of their week's labours. It may be a revelation to readers to know that such keen interest is taken in a publication by those who are so intimately concerned with its production

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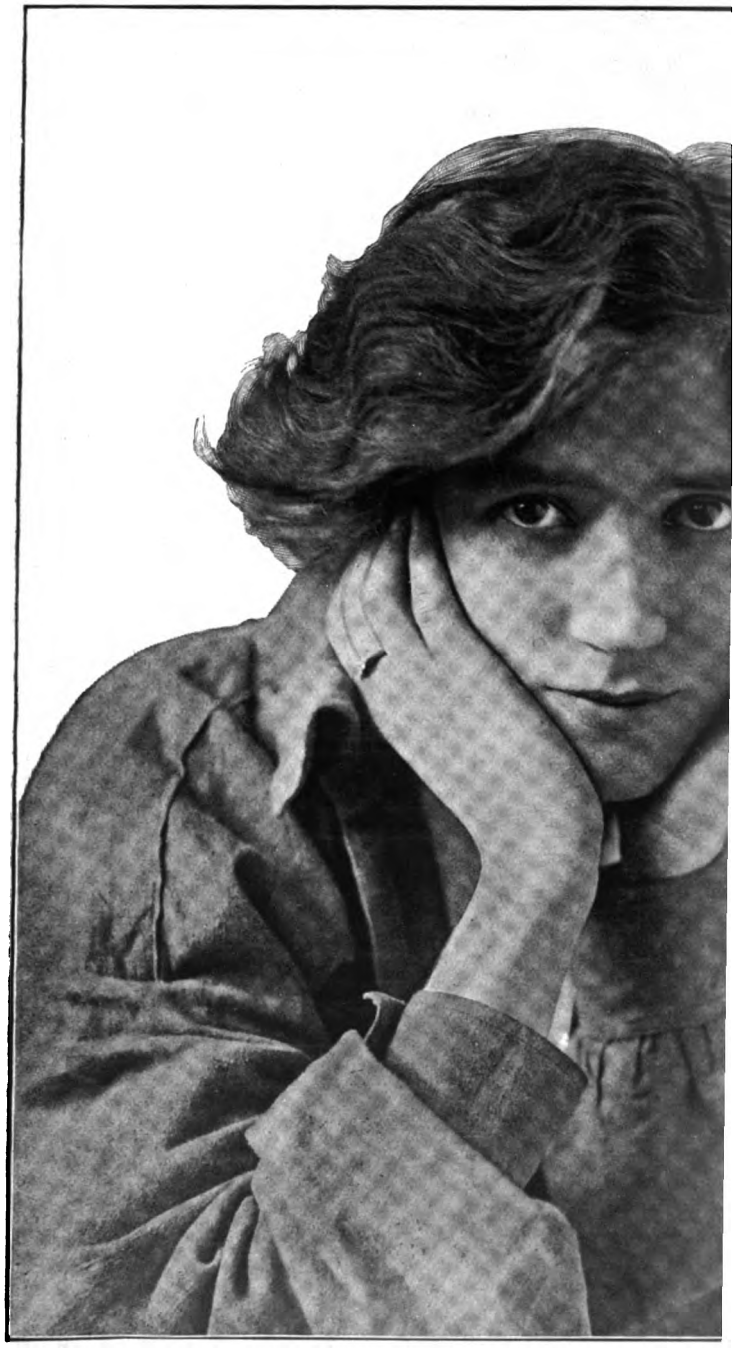
The BYSTAN

No. 186.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday,



Photo

THE LATEST OF THE T

Miss Olive Terry, niece of Miss Ellen Terry—the latest recruit to the st
renown upon the boards

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No. 186.—Vol. XIV. Wednesday, June 26, 1907

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"The Pursuit of the President." By William Caine. (Routledge: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"Memories of Famous Trials." By Evelyn Burnby. (Sisleys: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Emancipation." By Arthur Beckett. (Sisleys: 6*s.*)

"A.B.C. Holiday Guide." (Wentworth Publishing Co.: 6*d.*)

"Rock and Alpine Gardening." By H. Hemsley. (Cheal and Son: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Court of the Tuileries." By Le Petit Homme Rouge. (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay." By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan: 6*d.*)

The Winning Post Summer Annual, 1907. (R. S. Sievier: 1*s.* net.)

The All-Story Magazine. (Munsey: 6*d.*)

"The Miner's Right." By Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillan: 6*d.*)

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Bystander

London: Wednesday

It is too bad the way we are treating American millionaires. According to a contemporary, there are so many of them over here and so few hotels, that in some cases they have had to camp out all night in cabs. We have never tried this plan ourselves, though sometimes, in a four-wheeler, we have expected to. But it cannot really be comfortable. And it is impossible to regard the morning tub at a cabman's rest as luxurious.

* * *

If many more millionaires are coming over, and apparently they are—in shoals—they had better bring camp-stools. Dotted about Bond Street on camp-stools, they would look picturesque, and be within easy reach of the shops. Or they might try the empty barrels in Covent Garden, which used to be a favourite sleeping-place for some people. These barrels have an old-world flavour which would be agreeable. And they are less draughty than the arches of bridges—that other resort of the houseless.

* * *

Personally, we consider that the Government ought to make an effort in the matter. Why should not the Tower of London be fitted up as a hostelry for American millionaires only? Prices double those of the Ritz or Carlton. Beefeaters included as valets for anyone taking a suite of rooms. Crown jewels on hire for the night. Chambers with blood stains extra. The Chancellor of the Exchequer might be able to bring forward an Old Age Pensions Bill, if something of this sort were tried.

* * *

A change seems to be coming over the German attitude towards us. They no longer accuse us of hypocrisy in the matter of disarmament. One German newspaper has even gone so far as to hint that we may be genuinely desirous of reducing our war strength, and this at a time when Mr. Haldane has decided to retain the services of the Militia. We sympathise with those Militia officers who have been rendered indignant by this ill-timed change of face. If the German waiters should rise in arms at a given signal, it is pretty certain that the Militia would be invaluable.

* * *

The price of peace—at The Hague—is considerable. Commissioners are reported to have to pay about half a crown for a ham sandwich, and champagne costs about what it did at the Siege of Paris. This is abominable. Here are a number of men of all nations met together in the friendliest spirit to chat about things in general, and they cannot stand one another a drink without feeling robbed. It would be a proper retribution if the Conference ended by

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The latest movement of the L.C.C. education authorities is to teach housewifery, and for this purpose girls are to live in a real house, be given real housekeeping to do, and real housekeeping money to do it with. The only unreality about the thing will be that they won't have real husbands, who, as likely as not, would be out of work and wages. But no doubt they will get them as soon as they are properly qualified.

* * *

Hats, according to a writer in a contemporary, occasionally get bad-tempered, and it is then perfectly useless to hit or smack them ; they must simply be left alone. We understand, however, that some ladies' maids believe in pinching them.

* * *

We trust that no one anxious to acquire a fortune by the comparatively simple method of asking for it will be disappointed on the arrival of Mr. Pook, of Kyneton, Melbourne, who is reputed to be anxious to fulfil the scriptural injunction and dispossess himself of his very numerous worldly goods. Mr. Pook may have yearnings that way, but we feel it our duty to point out that most of the millionaires who have been similarly advertised might more aptly have been named Spook.

* * *

The *Daily News* has been suggesting that telepathic communication may exist between men and animals. "Perhaps"—says our contemporary—"it is not the word of command uttered to his dog by the keeper or the poacher that ensures obedience so much as the strong wish for obedience that accompanies the word." This is a charming theory, and we hope the *Spectator* will not be jealous.

* * *

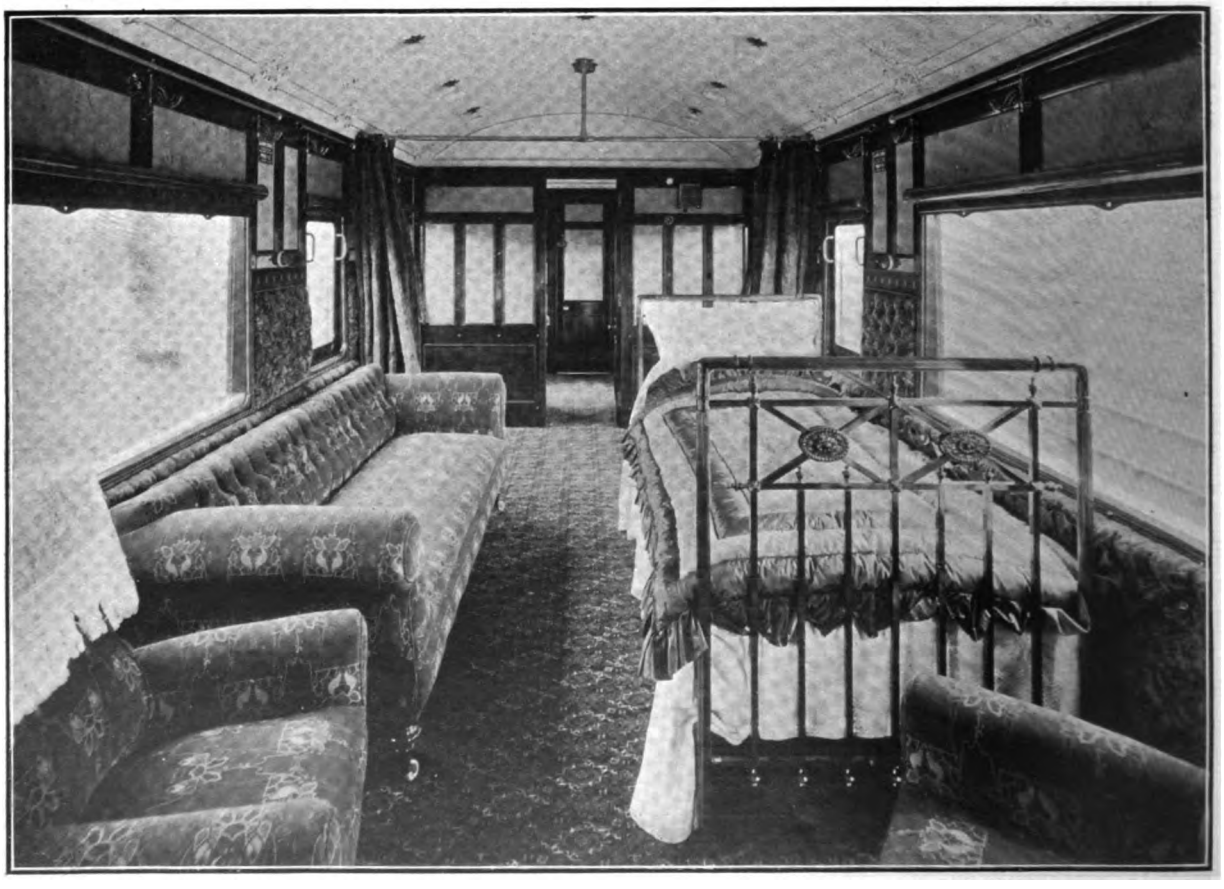
The only difficulty about it is—why does the poacher utter the word when it is really so unnecessary? And will the poacher of the future be content just to stand on the edge of the wood with a sack and wish hard, while his dog pursues the rabbits? Or will he dispense with the dog altogether, and just hold his sack open, while he directs his attention to the ground game?

* * *

Young women are becoming very venturesome nowadays. We trust that Fraulein Wilhelmina Rasmussen, aged twenty, who is about to undertake an Arctic exploration with her brother, in order to find a tribe of Eskimo who are said never to have had communication with the civilised world, will succeed in her quest. The Eskimo will be so interested to hear about Miss Pankhurst and Women's Votes, and the House of Lords, and Mr. Bernard Shaw.

* * *

"Foot-work in Cricket" is the title of an article somewhere by Mr. C. B. Fry. Suppose it will be followed in due course by "Finger-work in Footer" and "Toe-work in Tennis." "Tongue-work in Golf," also, might provide fresh and vigorous copy, if what one hears of it could be faithfully recorded.



Comfort for Travelling Invalids: The latest innovation on the London and North Western Railway

Always on the look out for anything whereby the comfort of their passengers may be increased, the London and North Western Railway have just constructed a special saloon for the use of invalids. The carriage is fitted with an ordinary bedstead, and everything which will tend to the convenience of the passenger. The carriage can be ordered for any destination on the usual notice being given

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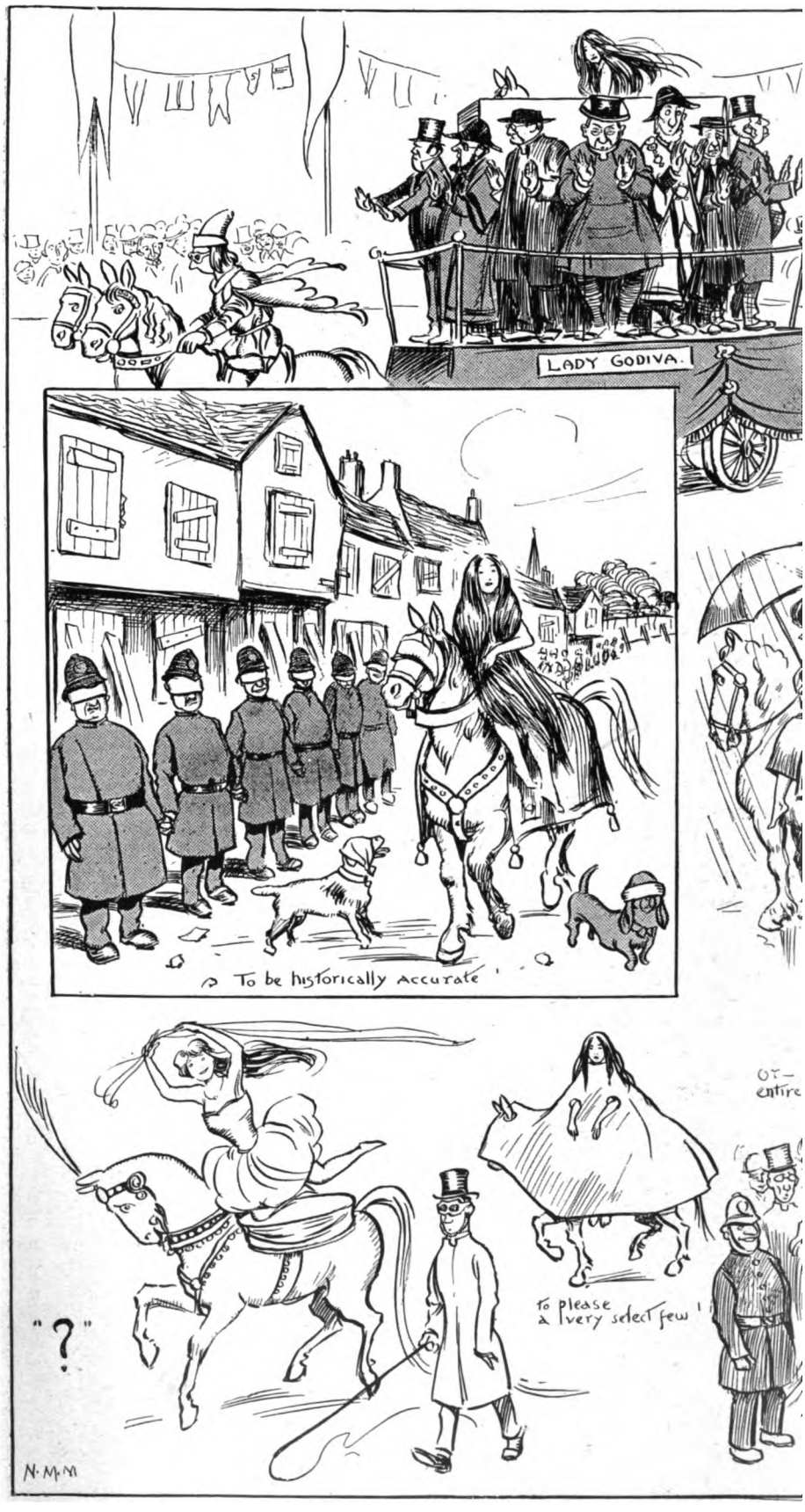
The "Lady Godiva" Proble

SOME MEANS WHEREBY "LA MILO" MIGHT HAVE MANAGED
COVENTRY PAGEANT DIFFICULTY



DRAWN 1

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The Earl of Lonsdale, President of the Brooklands Club, and the Earl of Carlisle

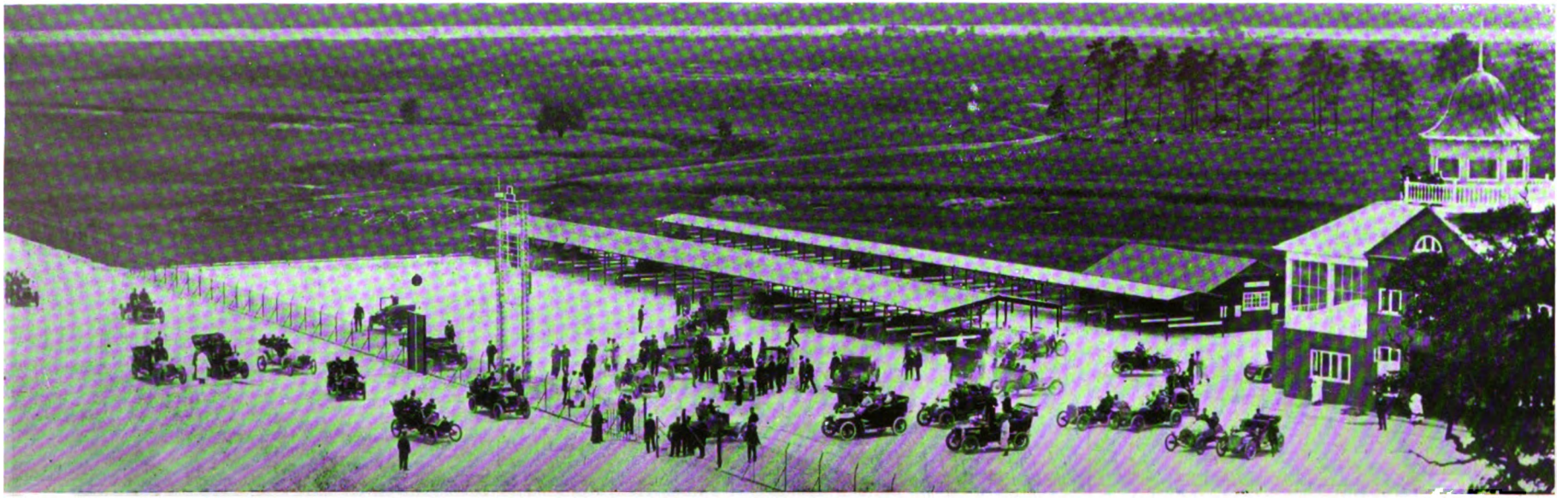

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Inauguration of the World's Greatest Motor Track: A General View of the Paddock at the Brooklands Course, Weybridge, on the Opening Day

The wants of the motorist who desires speed before all else have been met by the construction by Mr. Locke King of the Brooklands Motor Track on his estate at Weybridge, which was formally inaugurated on the 17th, though the first race meeting will not be held until July 6. The construction of the course, which is nearly three miles round, has been a stupendous undertaking, and has cost over £150,000. In the open space in the centre is situated a vast paddock for the accommodation of cars, and a well-appointed clubhouse for members of the Club. The course should have a magnificent future before it

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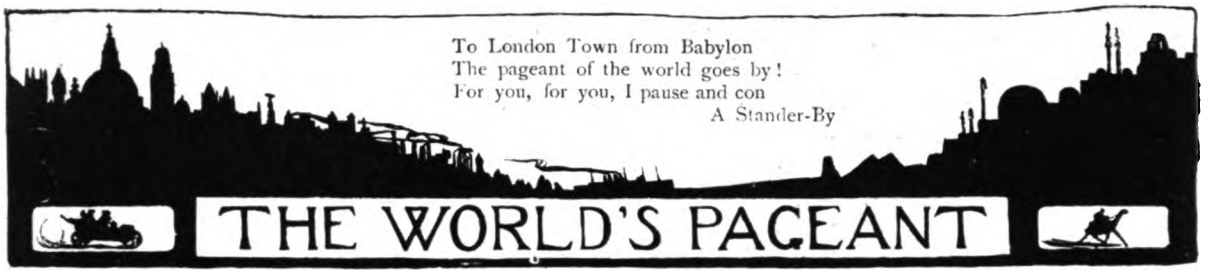

A Birthday

The King celebrates one of his birthdays on Friday. Not his "foreign stations" birthday, nor his real birthday, which is in November, but his London birthday, on which the troops, if fine—nearly always it is wet—troop the colour on the Horse Guards' Parade, and the Ministers give banquets and receive at the Foreign Office. When one is King, one rather scores in the matter of birthdays. Presents, I believe, are as much *de rigueur* on one's official as on one's personal birthday—they are thankfully received on both occasions. And with care, one can, or could, were it not for the estimable Burke, quite successfully confuse one's admirers on the subject of one's age. Two or three birthdays a year soon teach them to ignore completely the passing of years.

* * *

At Lincoln

To-day the King visits the Royal Agricultural Show at Lincoln, and, ignoring ancient superstition, passes through the city. Lincoln, historians tell us, was, to the Kings of the late Saxon and early Norman period, a forbidden city.

The first crowned Prince that enters Lincoln's walls,
His reign proves stormy, and his glory falls.

Stephen, soon after his coronation, rode, diadem on head, into Lincoln. From that time forth until his death, in 1154, his life was a series of misfortunes, and the superstitious, who were many in those days, did not fail to account for his misfortunes by his foolish intrepidity in braving ancient prophecy.

* * *

The Centre of the Universe

This week London is once more the centre of the social universe. Ascot is a thing of the past, but the July meeting at Newmarket looms in the immediate future, and Goodwood, not far off, marks the beginning of the end. The return of the Court to Town, the amusing struggle 'twixt "unreformed Lords" and "uncontrolled Commons," a rapid succession of balls and dances and dinners and crushes, all serve to concentrate on London the attentions of the world *qui s'amuse*. The second Bachelors' Ball at the Ritz on Monday was the first to start rolling; to-day, a less *chic*, but equally popular, attraction is the Ascot ball at the Wharncliffe Rooms; while chaperons, for the ball at Hurlingham on Monday, are surpassing themselves in the awful struggle to "get men."

Photo *Annie Bell, 92, Victoria Street*

Miss Elliot

Daughter of Lady Harriette Elliot, and granddaughter of the first Earl of Ravensworth and of the second Earl of Minto

* * *

Ball Hostesses of the Week

The Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Ridley, and Countess Benckendorff, are the big dance-hostesses of the week. Only once since she married has her Grace of Norfolk thrown open her Town house for such a purpose. She and the Duke much prefer the joys of domesticity in ancient Arundel to the social obligations entailed by a sojourn in Town. But *noblesse oblige*. With the exception of the Duchess of Devonshire's dinner to the Queen on Derby Day, ducal entertainments this season have been conspicuous only by their absence. It is only right, therefore, that the premier Duke should step into the breach. Lady Ridley's ball is to be a second housewarming, for their lovely new house is now quite completed, and Countess Benckendorff's entertainments at the Russian Embassy are always the last word in elegance.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Fitzgerald

Daughter of Sir G. Fitzgerald, one of this season's prettiest *débutantes*

* * *

A Royal Hostess

Lady Londesborough, who is now entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales at Blankney, Mr. Henry Chaplin's former residence, and a place celebrated more for its comfortable interior than beautiful exterior, is to give a ball next week, to which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and that very keen

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The Anglo-Indian Ascot

dancer, Princess Patricia, are invited. Lady Armstrong is reappearing on the social horizon with a party in Eaton Square to-night, and two concert-givers of the week are Mrs. Christie-Miller, who has Donalda and Coquelin *cadet* on her programme, and Mr. Waldorf Astor, who is a past-master in the art of concert-giving, and whose *musicales* in Carlton House Terrace are among the most splendid of the season.

* * *

The Inventor of the Private Concert

Mrs. Ronalds, of course, takes credit for the invention of the concert as a private function. She is an American who finds London more congenial than, say, Boston, and who carries still the remains of a beauty which years ago marked her out in Paris at the Court of Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie. Mrs. Ronalds gives her musical parties on Sundays, and one meets there all the youthful musical talent of the day. Like most of her countrywomen, Mrs. Ronalds loves to pose as a patron of the arts, and her house has more often than not proved a stepping-stone to fame. As a girl, she herself had a glorious voice. She sang as one inspired, and Tosti, Sullivan, even Rossini, all thought she could have become the greatest singer, either amateur or professional, of her day. But for work's sake, no American woman loves work. Better to be a patron than an aspirant for patronage, so Mrs. Ronalds never even thought of becoming a professional. She has manners which are *chic*, and her good nature, within due limits, is proverbial.

* * *

Society in Simla

That scorning of delights and living of laborious days so earnestly recommended to us by the poet forms no part at all just now of life in Simla. The good old round of Anglo-Indian frivolities is in full swing, and garden-parties, balls, gymkhanas, picnics, polo, lawn tennis, and flirtation are the whole order of a Simla day. An almost unearthly propriety fills the air. Simla may be smart, but it is not sinful; and if any of those gay grass-widows and hill-captains of whom one reads in books really exist, then they must be at some other hill-station, for they and their like are far from Simla. The two *burra lât Sahibs*—the genial Viceroy and the glum Commander-in-Chief—walk, and talk, and ride together daily. They seem singularly untroubled by that "Unrest in India" of which Anglo-Indians get fullest particulars when the home mail comes in, and Lord Kitchener, though it is a part of his pose to *look* so cross, unbends in Simla as he never unbends elsewhere. Last Monday was his birthday, his fifty-seventh birthday, and that event, when it occurs in Simla, is not allowed to pass unnoticed. Last year the ball given by the Chief at Snowdon was the event of the season. It takes a confirmed bachelor, as everyone knows, to give a really successful ball, in which *Kalah juggas* abound, and at which men are in such lavish abundance that a girl has to be cajoled, and petitioned, and implored before she finds she can spare even half a dance.

A Chat with the Viceroy

The Earl of Minto engaged in conversation with Mrs. Mahon at the Simla Summer Races on May 28, 1907

* * *

The Return of Sir Denzil Ibbetson

By the way, I suppose the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab will be home this week, if he is not already here. Lady and Miss Ibbetson were settled in Simla for the season, when Sir Denzil, very much knocked up after some strenuous weeks in his turbulent province, appeared almost unexpectedly on the scene. He had a long interview with the Viceroy, and it was announced almost immediately that the popular Lieutenant-Governor was off home on the sick list, an operation, though not a serious one, being necessary. He will be missed in Simla, where he is one of the most popular of men, but it is probably he will take only the shortest possible leave. Affairs in the Punjab will not bear his too long absence.

Photos] **"K" as a Race-goer** [*Pittar*

Lord Kitchener in the race-course enclosure at the Simla Summer Races. The Commander-in-Chief is remarkably genial on social occasions in Simla

WELL-KNOWN VISITORS AT THE SIMLA SUMMER RACES

* * *

On Hats (Without Prejudice)

"*Sans chapeau ni coiffure empêchant de voir*," I read on the back of a voucher entitling me to a stall in the new Théâtre Réjane over in Paris the other day. I heaved a sigh of relief. For in London hats and hair of late had gone stark staring mad. For weeks aigrettes and curls run riot had impeded my view at the theatre, and out-of-doors hats grown into cart-wheels had sadly jarred my sense of proportion. As usual, Paris, having well launched the millinery craze of the moment, has made a *volte face*. At Chantilly the smartest women wore their hats tilted so far forward that one could distinguish only a shadowy mouth and chin. At Ascot, and on the river on Ascot Sunday, English women (not the

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In Dublin's Fair City

Foreign and Home Products

Some of the "Sights"

DUBLIN has afforded inspiration to our artist, and a glance at the above pictures will convince readers that the Irish capital is rich in humorous personalities. Perhaps the richest of these is "Endymion," on the right, a notorious personality. His real name is known but to a very few. His attire is a rimless brown hat, a white rain coat, eyeglasses, and small leggings. He always smokes a cigar, and his greeting for everybody is generally: "Hello! old chap. How the divil are you?" Occasionally, he indulges in sabre exercise in the middle of the street. He always carries two sticks, an umbrella, and an old sabre. He has a "season" for the Exhibition, and is devoted to music. Altogether, a most charming eccentric.

BY OSWALD H. CUNINGHAM

SOME HUMAN SIGHTS FOR SIGHTSEERS AT THE IRISH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

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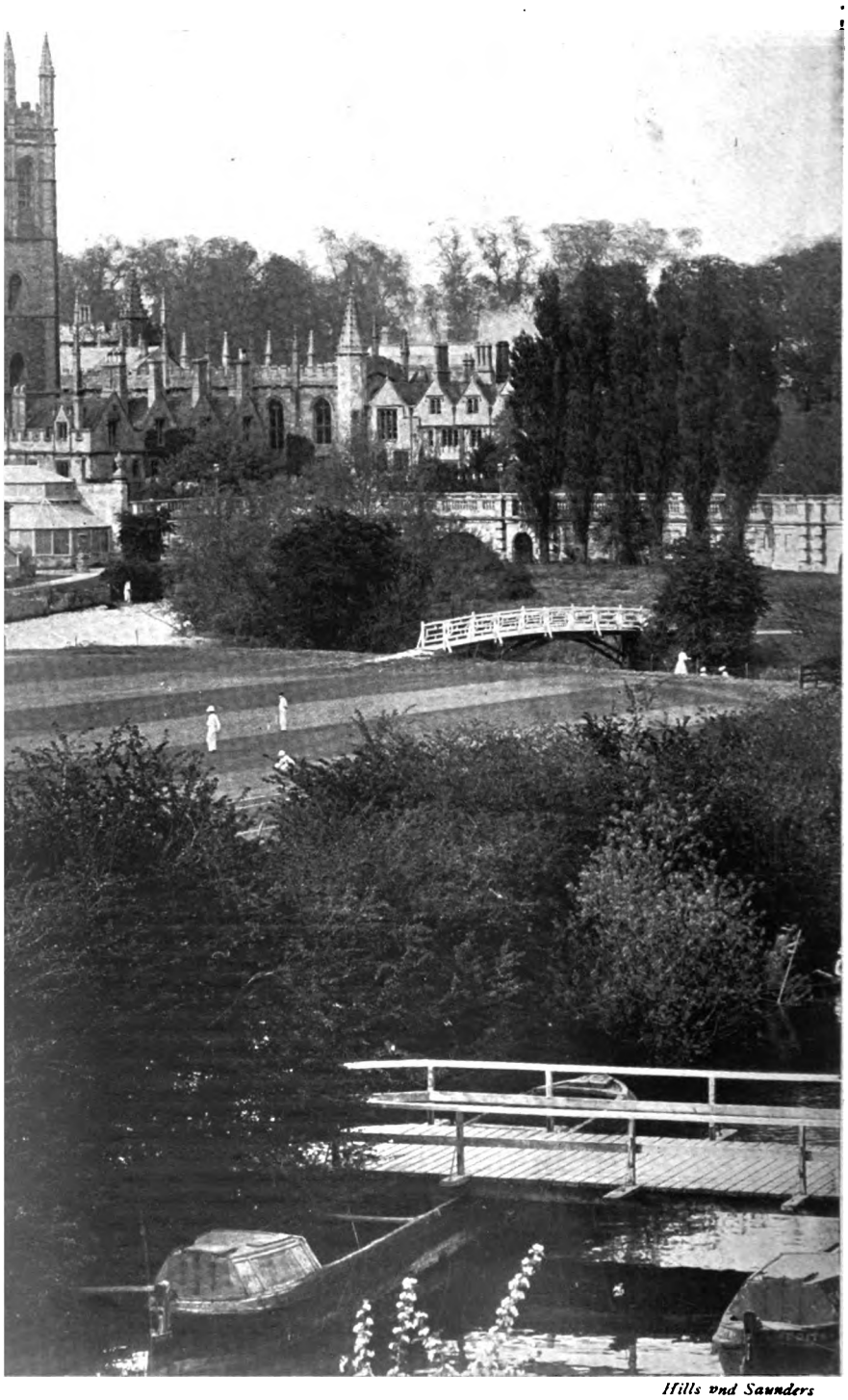
ature as Stage-Manager

SCENE OF THE OXFORD PAGEANT, NOW IN PROGRESS



Hills and Saunders

River Cherwell (Magdalen in the background), the beautiful spot whereon is now being al Pageant. The winding tree-lined reaches of the Cherwell have enabled the organisers asing aquatic entries and exits. Further, there being nothing architecturally modern the Pageant conveys an enviable impression of reality. The scene is one in which the crowd is the only anachronism

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Cricket Week at Tonbridge

smartest) wore their hats slipping off the backs of their heads. Sometimes it was rather nice. Generally it was dreadful. I never thought it possible to reveal so much front hair and still wear a hat; but you never know what women can do until they try, though if they are true Britons you may be pretty sure they will exaggerate.

* * *

The Cult of the Pageant

It has been left to the provinces to evolve the latest cult—the cult of the pageant. Provincial towns, one after another, have succumbed to the charm of pageantry, and now, no sooner does one come to an end than

A second lion gives a louder roar,
And the first lion thinks the last a bore.

Warwick and Sherborne and Mr. Louis Parker have much to answer for. They introduced pageants into the land, and, like rabbits in Australia, they threaten to overrun us. Pageants are all right so long as they manage to avoid that perilous borderland—the Ridiculous. Mayors and Milos and Millinery (or the lack of it), too much pinchbeck and pasteboard, and that eminently British phlegm which refuses to lose sight of its own dignity and regards the picturesque with suspicion, threaten with the bane of absurdity the cult of the pageant. But some weeks ago I announced my conversion to the Pageant idea, so perhaps I had better pull myself up lest further reflection should bring on a relapse. Besides, in my next issue, I shall have to record my personal impressions of the Oxford function, which is now in full progress by the Cherwe'l waters (see illustration on opposite page), and what these may be I have not, at the time of writing, the ghost of an idea.

Photos The Marquis d'Hautpoul — *P.P.A.* Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox

Two well-known members of the Bachelors' Club, whose second annual ball—one of the smartest affairs of the season—took place on Monday, Midsummer Day, at the Ritz

* * *

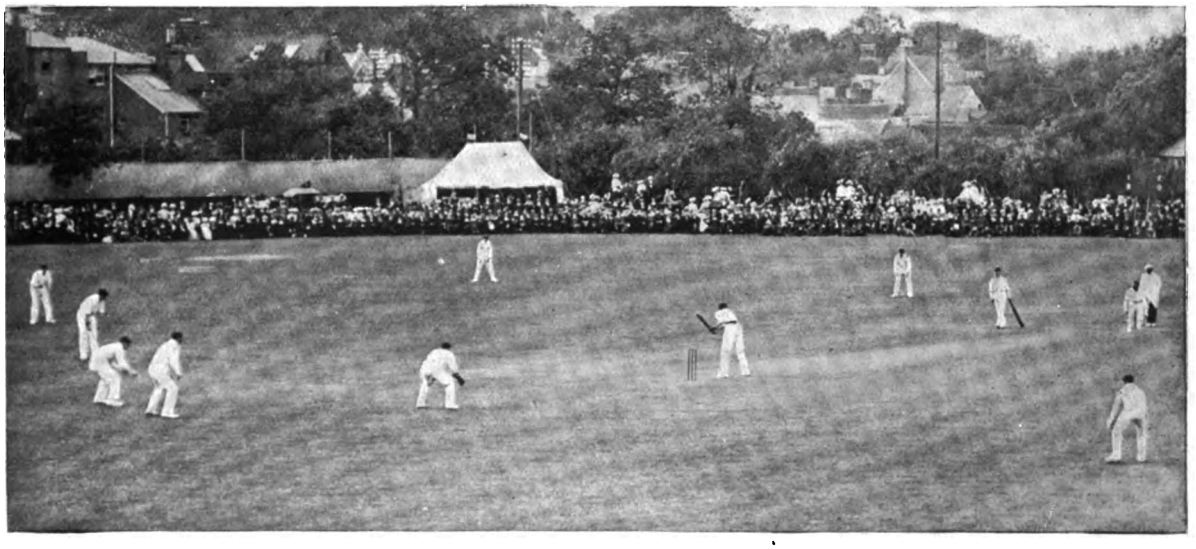
Cup Day at Ascot

The Gold Cup day at Ascot was perfect in weather and brought together a huge crowd. Motors lined the road outside the stands for a mile, and facing the stands, on the course, coaches and carriages of all sorts abounded. The Royal procession arrived shortly before the first race. The King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Victoria, were in the first carriage, and the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Connaught in the second. The Queen was again wearing a becoming hat (as she did on Tuesday) instead of her usual toque. It was composed of her usual favourite shade of mauve, and suited her to perfection.

* * *

A Memorable Race

The race for the Gold Cup was full of incident. First, the Cup was stolen in a mysterious fashion on Tuesday. "All the fault of sensational plays like



Cricket Week at Tonbridge: The Kent v. Hants match

Last week was the famous Cricket Week at Tonbridge, celebrated by matches with Middlesex and Hampshire. Middlesex beat Kent by ten wickets on Tuesday, while Thursday and Friday were occupied by the Hampshire match. Our photograph shows Smoker (Hants) bowling Woolley (Kent)

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Some Ascot Impressions

Raffles, which put ideas into people's heads," remarked a grey-haired oid fogey, who should have had more sense. The race itself, which was looked on almost as a certainty for The White Knight, resulted in a "dead heat" with the French horse Eider. Before the excitement had cooled down, an objection was laid against the latter on the score of bumping, and the verdict was given in The White Knight's favour. The incident caused a little unpleasantness, especially with some of the "bookies," who had unwisely paid out before the "all right" had gone up.

Photo *Dixon*

AT ROYAL ASCOT: THE CROWD IN THE PADDOCK ON CUP DAY

* * *

People in the Enclosure

The paddock, during the better part of the lunch-hour, was so crowded that it was impossible to take notice of all the beautiful "clo."; while the horses were not even thought of. One lady remarked, "How much nicer Ascot would be with no horses"; to which her companion answered, "How nice it would be with no smart females blocking the view!" A white chiffon, painted in large poppies with black centres, and touches of black on the bodice, with black gloves and black hat, was one of the most beautiful dresses to be seen. A cream "punch" lace dress and old-world fichu of blue silk trimmed with platinum lace, was a dream. Mrs. Aspinwall looked charming in a pale yellow cloth, and a large picture hat with a blue velvet bow and white plumes. Mrs. Dick Cunyngham was in black and white. Lady Gosford was for some time seen talking to Georgiana, Lady Dudley, who was looking most picturesque. Prince and Princess Christian brought a party from Cumberland Lodge, Lady Londonderry one of them. She was talking to Lady Ilchester. Princess Patricia and Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Francis of Teck, and Lord and Lady Crewe were all near together chatting. The Royal procession, on the return journey after the last race, was greeted with hearty cheering all along the course, which re-echoed till the red coats of the grooms had disappeared from view.

* * *

Chefs and Their Publishers

When an ordinary man writes an ordinary book, no one takes any particular notice, least of all his publisher. But when a *chef* writes a book it is different. A few days ago, to celebrate the publication of Escoffier's (the Carlton *chef*) great cookery book, the publisher, Mr. Heinemann, gave a dinner. It was small, but select, and what it lacked in numbers it made up in culinary appreciation. The food was, of course, superb. A *gourmet's* dream. A poem. A rapture. M. Escoffier himself superintended the repast—an honour seldom vouchsafed even unto Kings—and one which, towards the end of the meal especially, all but overcame the guests so greatly honoured.

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The First Sunday after A

IN THE DOLDRUM'S AT BOULTER S LOCK

After Ascot, *everybody* takes to the Thames, for at least one sacred Sun "immovable" one, in one sense at any rate, for, once arrived at the fan may as well be abandoned. Such a scrimmage as never was! Skiffs, pu for hours, and should the sun be only moderately genial, heat will be one's the soothing contents of the bottles which will have been provided by all

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Paderewski's Continued Popularity

The Fashion for Food

If it is true that, as a nation, we have only one sauce, then is it doubly true that, as a nation, we have but one form of entertainment, and that the eating of food. Nothing can be begun, nothing continued, nothing ended, without gastronomic aid of sorts. The only way to get a man to come to a dance is to dine him first, and then to dangle supper before his eyes. And the fashion in dining is, like the fashion in clothes, ever changing. Just now, it is the turn of the small restaurant and of French cooking. At Jules', for instance, in Jermyn Street, one meets "everyone"—it is the fashion. M. Jules always makes you believe that you, and you alone, are the one person he really does like to see eating his dinners and drinking his wines.

* * *

Paderewski

Paderewski is not, of course, quite the name to conjure with that once it was. Hair has, for some years, ceased to be the only determining factor in public musical criticism. The artistic merits of a performer—even if he be a violinist—have a knack nowadays, as doubtless they had a generation ago, of gaining consideration. Paderewski played, as usual, some Beethoven, some Liszt, some Chopin, and some self. At the end of a valse by the last named but one, there was the usual vulgar rush by the females in the audience to the platform for a handshake, or an autograph, or something of the kind, and encores were yelled for. I wonder, by the way, when *virtuoso* pianists will vary their programmes? The knowledge that one will hear the same old Beethoven sonata, the same Liszt Rhapsodie, the same batch of Chopin valses and nocturnes is effectually bringing this style of entertainment into disrepute. I say nothing against Beethoven—but I do feel that it is time the twentieth-century note in pianoforte music were accentuated and that of the nineteenth kept in its proper place. Liszt and Chopin are, to put it mildly, a little threadbare; and, as to the latter named, I should pass away happily if I concluded my life without hearing another note of his music.

PADEREWSKI
The Polish *virtuoso* reappeared for one recital in London on Tuesday last
(By B. Kronstrand)

* * *

A Home for Millionaires for Sale

The late Mr. George Herring's name will long live as that of one of the most open-handed and practical philanthropists this country has seen. In fact, his name is now far better known after his death than during his lifetime, for, though he delighted to second his gifts, notably to the King's Hospital Fund and the Salvation Army, with a personal interest in the ways in which they were utilised, the general public were almost ignorant of his personality. As the story has it, he started life as a waiter—or less—in an eating-house in Newgate Street. His benefactions, however, did not cease with his life, for, in accordance with his will, his residence at No. 1, Hamilton Place, Park Lane, is to be offered for sale by auction by Messrs. Grogan and Boyd, the sum realised to be handed over to the King's Hospital Fund. This splendid mansion, which was for many years the residence of Lord Eldon, the famous Lord Chancellor, and remained in his family till purchased by Mr. Herring in 1891, occupies one of the most delightful positions in the West End. It has splendid views of Hyde Park, and is within a stone's throw of Rotten Row. Though little used by its late owner for the purpose, it is admirably suited for entertaining, for its accommodation is of the most spacious and convenient character, and we may expect to see it become, in the near future, most favoured as a Society rendezvous.

* * *

The Roof-Garden

Among the American notions which refuse persistently to "catch on" over here, perhaps the roof-garden is the most obstinate. Try as we may, summer after summer, we fail to induce it to take up its residence in this climate. I cannot shed any tears over the matter. London can, to my mind, get along very well without roof-gardens. A city so rich in parks and squares, which has green pastures in the thick of its busiest quarters, could well afford to despise the puny artificialities which such a bare and pastureless city as New York has to institute in order to "see green." So situated is our city, too, that it is not necessary for us to ascend twenty storeys to get a breath of air. The Embankment, St. Paul's Churchyard, Trafalgar Square, the Park, and the wonderful desert isle of mystery which lies between the East and the West Strand, are areas airy enough and windy enough to satisfy the hottest of city toilers. As to the joys of open-air feeding,

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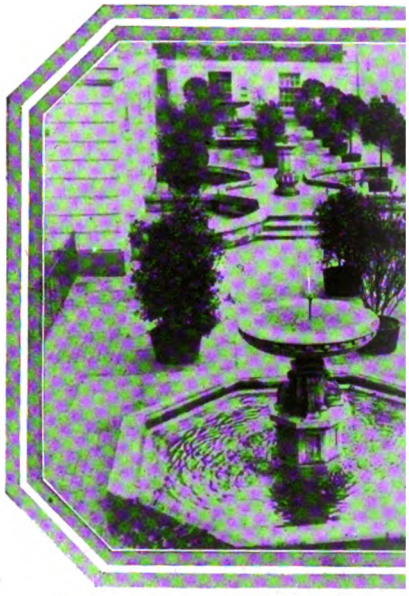
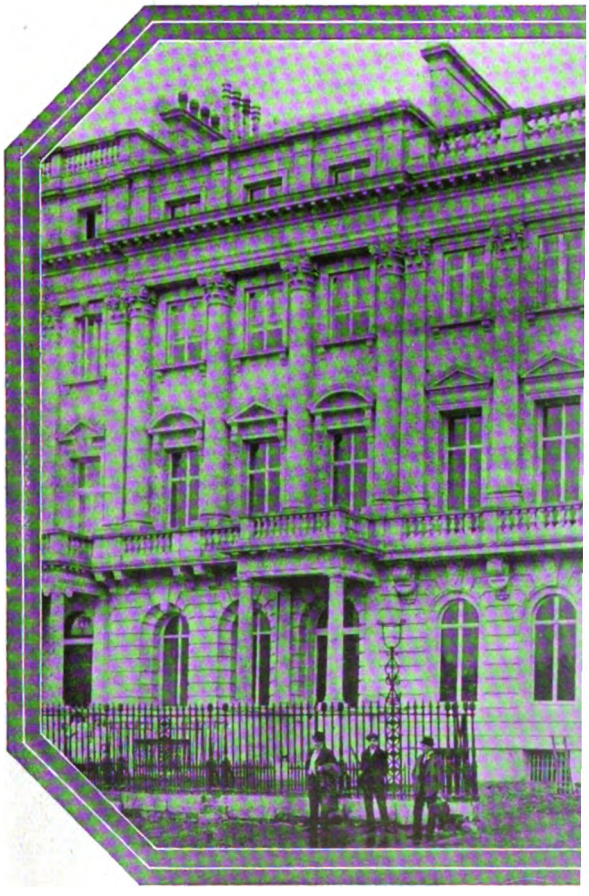
The Roof-Gard

great though these be, given a tolerably settled climate, the present "Summer" has been quite sufficient to chill and damp, for years to come, any *al fresco* enthusiasm that we might have brought back from our last Continental tour. Rank ruin would certainly have been the lot of any *restaurateur* who had been so rash as to start the terrace system in the Strand or Aldwych. For, probably by the time the clerk of the weather has awakened to the fact that it is summer, we shall, most of us, have fled from these shores until warm October or genial November shall have come to make London life again endurable.



A Roof-Garden
A pleasing adjunct to the Thornton Court build garden, containing trees, fountains



Photo] **To be sold to benefit th**

The late Mr. George Herring's mansion at No. 1, Hamilton Place, l accordance with his will, the whole of the proceeds a

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Racing: The Ascot Meeting. By "CARBINE"

An Ill-Advised Objection

How much better it would have been if Mr. W. R. Wyndham and Colonel Kirkwood, the joint owners of The White Knight, could have resisted the impulse to object to Eider after the extraordinary dead-heat for the Gold Cup. I am neither squeamish nor unduly sentimental, but I do think that one of the grandest attributes of the Ascot meeting is the general desire of owners to race there on the truest and best lines of sport. It has come to be regarded as bad form to lodge an objection at Ascot, save for some particularly glaring infringement of the rules, and it is the only meeting in the Kingdom where many bookmakers will pay over their losses without waiting for the familiar "All right!"—surely the highest compliment that could be paid to Ascot racing. I grant you that it is useless to have elaborate Rules of Racing and Stewards unless you are prepared to abide by them, yet the unwritten law against objections is something which raises the racing at Ascot far above the average plane—something, too, which must make individuals think of the Turf in a higher and better spirit. Thus I observed with deep regret that the owners of The White Knight thought it best to adopt the "win, tie, or wrangle" policy. Watching the race carefully from a lofty perch, I saw that Eider did actually swerve from the rails and knock into The White Knight. But for this it is possible that the favourite would have won by something like a neck, and I suppose the Stewards, in their strict duty of interpreting the law, had no alternative but to disqualify the French horse. It was sad to see Eider, after his magnificent struggle, relegated to last place in the race; and considering that The White Knight did not himself keep too straight a course, he was rather lucky to get the race.

A Brilliant Week's Racing

With the exception of this Gold Cup fiasco, this has been one of the most pleasant Ascots of recent years. Favourites did not, of course, win every time, but perhaps the greatest surprise of all was the downfall of Little Flutter on Friday. In the majority of weight-for-age events form was tolerably well borne out. Polar Star showed that he has gone utterly to pieces by his inability to make a race of it with Sancy, and I wonder whether we shall ever see Mr. Hall Walker's colt again in that remarkable form which he displayed in the Kempton Park Jubilee. Slieve Gallion, Wool Winder, White Eagle, and Troutbeck won their respective races easily enough, but Lord Rosebery's Popinjay was rather disappointing, and the French visitors got back some of their losses over Eider when Monitor, a strapping colt, won the Windsor Castle Stakes. But the smartest two-year-old seen at the meeting was undoubtedly Prospector, a colt owned by a nephew of the late Mr. Jack Gubbins, and this gentleman bids fair to repeat his uncle's marvellous racing successes.

Some Notable Winners

Torpoint, at one time reckoned to be a hopeless cripple, rewarded his trainer by winning two of the richest races of the meeting, and another notable winner was **Lally**, whose return to his best form has been remarkable in its rapidity. When we saw him win the Royal Hunt Cup we recalled his display at Lingfield about six weeks ago, when he could scarcely go fast enough to keep himself warm. Truly, the differences in form of some thoroughbreds pass all understanding.

Selections

The chief meeting of the present week is being held over the fine course at Gosforth Park. In the Northumberland Plate to-day, Beppo is scarcely likely to be pulled out after his Ascot exertions, and, in his absence, I incline to **Gourd.** The Seaton Delaval Plate on Thursday may be won by **Little Goose.** At Sandown Park on the following day I hope to see the King very appropriately win the Sandringham Stakes with **Slim Lad,** and the New Stand Handicap may be taken by **Mildew II.** On Saturday my selection is **Araminta** for the British Dominion Race.

At Ascot I tested a pair of Messrs. Aitchison's Victor glasses (price £5 5s.), which behaved splendidly. I was able to distinguish the runners the other side of the course with ease, which is saying a good deal. Racing men might do worse than pay a visit to any one of Messrs. Aitchison's numerous branches.

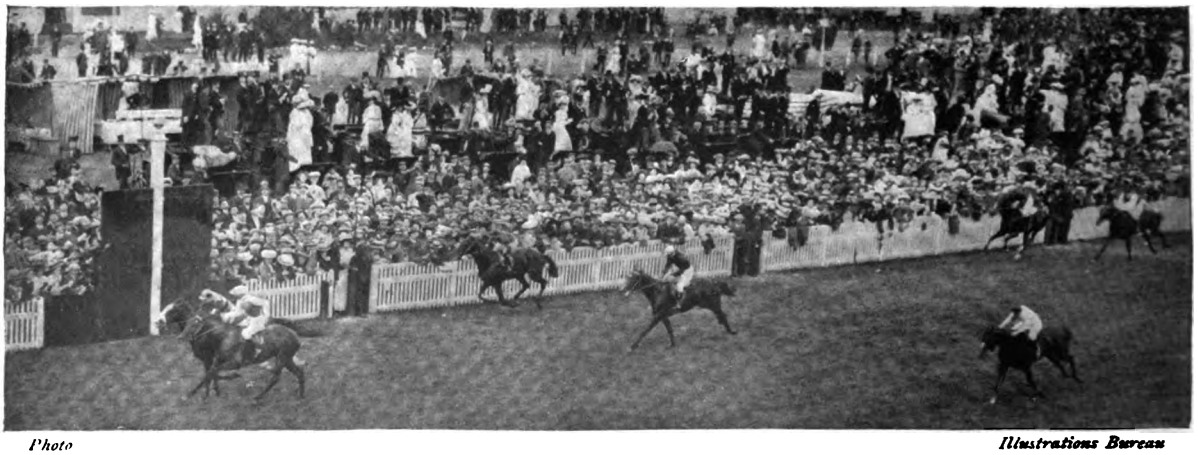

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Dead-Heat for the Gold Cup at Ascot: The White Knight (on the left) and Eider finishing neck to neck

This year's race for the Gold Cup at Ascot was frought with two, happily, exceptional incidents. Firstly, the Cup itself was stolen and has not yet been recovered, and, secondly, the race ended in a dead-heat between the favourite, The White Knight, and the French horse, Eider. An objection was lodged against the latter, however, with the result that he was disqualified

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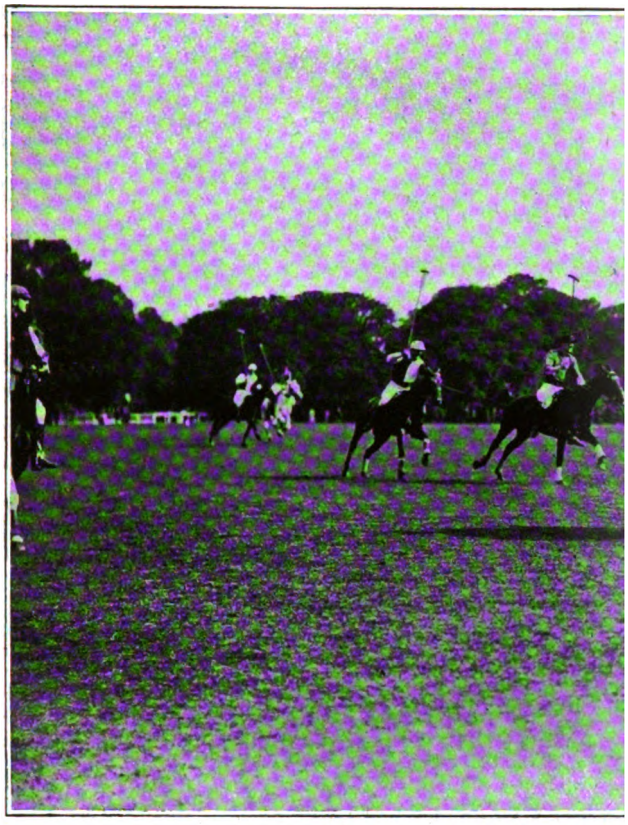
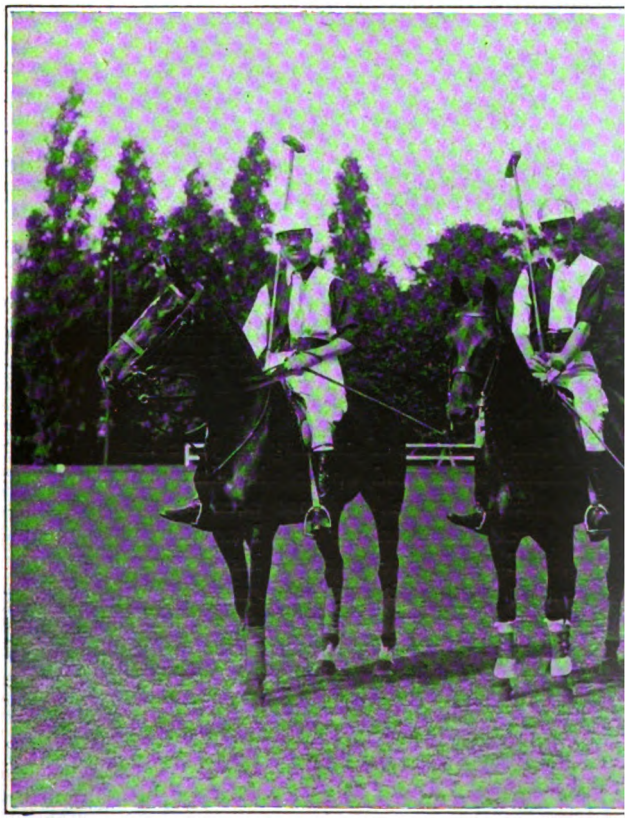
An Exciting I

FREEBOOTERS WIN THE CHAM



An Exciting Run D



The Winning Freebooters (Captain Jenner, Mr. R. A. Grenfel

Despite such other attractions as the Windsor Garden Party, polo enthusiasts match for the Champion Cup between the Freebooters and Roehampton. At their four goals "right off the reel." Towards the end, however, Roeham Freebooters were at the top of their

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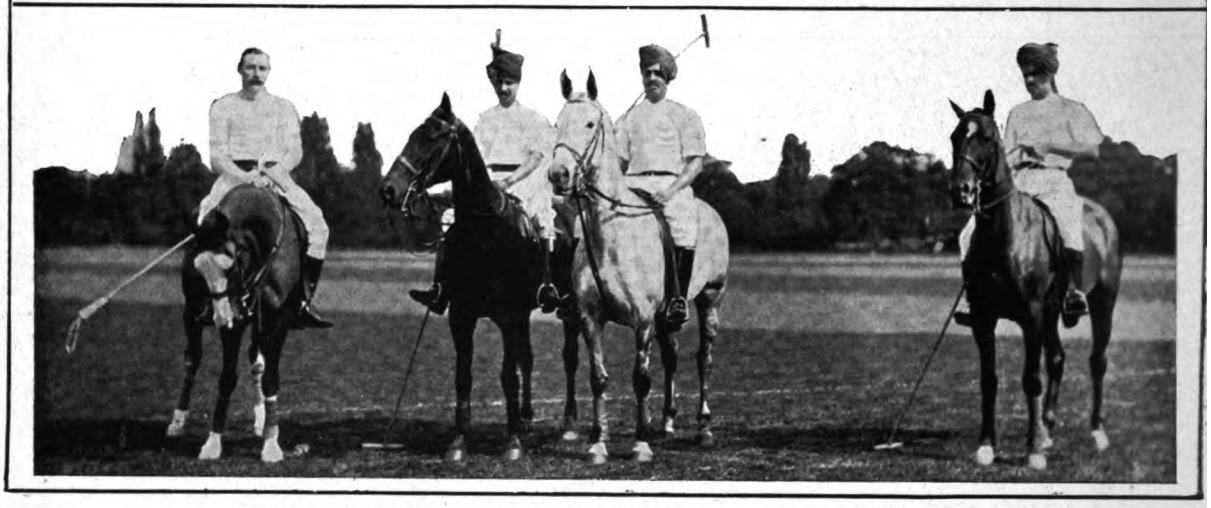
POLO: Fine Play in the Champion Cup



The Maharajah of Bikanir's Team which beat the Spanish Team at Roehampton

Our treacherous June proved, however, too much for the Maharajah's health, and his place was taken in this match by Captain H. T. E. Guest

How the Woodpeckers Went Down

Those who observed in last week's issue of THE BYSTANDER my expression of opinion that the Woodpeckers would win the Champion Cup can readily imagine the feelings of blank dismay with which I watched them gradually going down before Rugby in the very first round. Never did a Champion Cup team give a more disappointing show than these Woodpeckers. On the other hand, Rugby's brilliancy was a supreme delight to their friends. Another surprise in the first round was the defeat of the Old Cantabs, who gave a much better display than the Woodpeckers, yet were unable to withstand the extraordinary dash of the brothers Nickalls. It was once remarked that these youngsters were of little use together without the restraining influence of a player like Mr. Buckmaster or Captain Lloyd. But they have utterly disproved that by getting into the Champion Cup practically "on their own."

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Foreign Players at Roehampton

The match between the Spanish and the Maharajah of Bikanir's team

* * *

An Interesting Tournament

I cannot recollect a more generally interesting tournament for the Champion Cup. Every tie was worth going a long way to see, and the struggle between the Buchanans and the Tigers, while not productive of the finest polo, was intensely exciting. The Buchanans were not to be intimidated by the fearsome tiger with a "real glass eye" which was embroidered on the jacket of each of their opponents, and they gradually wore the Count de Madre's team down. Everyone was sorry that the Maharajah of Alwar could not turn out for the Buchanans, but, as a substitute for him, we were introduced to a player who steps at once into the front rank of English polo. I refer to Captain L. W. Sadlier-Jackson, the 9th Lancers' man, just home from India.

Teams in the Final

In the semi-finals, Roehampton and the Freebooters won the right of way into the last stage of the tournament. The Nickalls' again proved simply irresistible, and knocked the Buchanans out of the tournament in most uncompromising fashion. But the Freebooters had tough opponents in Rugby, and it was only the latter's inability to go the full course that lost them the match. In other words, the Freebooters beat them for stamina. The Duke of Roxburghe, who last season was rather off his game, has come right back to the top of his form, and he was very reliable and splendidly consistent all through this match. A number of the same teams are taking part in the Open Cup at Ranelagh this week. Roehampton have got back into the same order as last season, and they ought to repeat their success.

* * *

Bikanir and Alwar

The chilliness of an English June has upset the Bikanir team, and up to the time of writing the Maharajah himself had not been seen in a match. But one afternoon last week I saw the Bikanir team, with Captain Guest playing instead of their absent leader, in a capital game against Madrid at Roehampton. It was obvious that, on their own grounds and ponies, the Bikanirs must be a capital lot, and I think they will always beat Madrid. They are marvellously quick on the ball, and get plenty of power behind their strokes. But for real big hitting, you should see the Maharajah of Alwar, who was also playing at Roehampton last week. He made some extraordinary drives. Once, with his pony at a standstill in the centre of the ground, he scored a remarkable goal with a mighty stroke. His power of wrist must be tremendous.

A. W. C.

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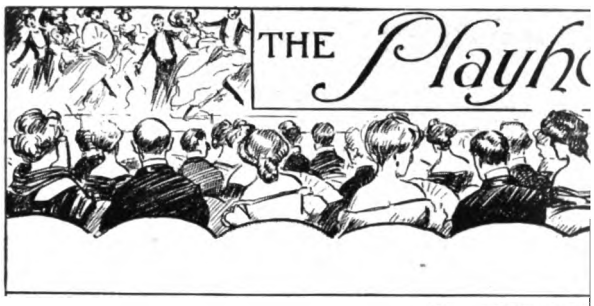

By ERIC CLE

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

"Divorçons"

The gentlemen who make adaptations from French plays are compelled to use the blue pencil very frequently. It would seem as though, from mere habit, they wielded the blue pencil at times when there was small necessity for it. This may explain the fact that never before have we seen a version of *Divorçons* so near the witty and irresponsible original as that which has been prepared by Miss Margaret Mayo. In its present form the play is very welcome. Apart from the fact that it turns upon a law which "dates" it, the play bears few traces of age. This question of age is no more to be explained in the case of plays than it is in the case of women. Some women and some plays wear well. We accept this pleasing state of affairs with gratitude, untinged with curiosity.

Tradition is often apt to act as a bogey. Miss Grace George, the new Cyprienne, does not appear to have troubled herself either about the performances or the reputations of her celebrated predecessors. She has read the part carefully. The reading has called up smiles upon her lips, and has suggested a

Miss Grace George, Mr. Frank Worthing, and Mr.

Miss Grace George and Mr. Frank Worthing, the husband and wife in love each other. *Divorçons* is the latest version of Sardou's play, a Cyprienne is excellently and originally rendered by

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being French. He, like Miss George, would appear to be blissfully unconscious of the performances of his predecessors. Mr. Max Freeman raised many laughs as the Head Waiter at the Café Grand Vatel. But he played the rôle as though he had financed the company and were the ground landlord of the site on which the Duke of York's Theatre is built. Taking full advantage of the surprising licence allowed him, Mr. Freeman marred a most humorous performance by exaggerated touches. The play is full of quaint "Sardouisms," those stage tricks which, whether they are used to make the audience laugh or to keep the plot a-moving, seldom miss the effects which they are intended to create. The present version of *Divorçons* ranks high among the merry and diverting entertainments now to be seen in Town.

THE CASTIGATION OF SHAW

(In Blackwood's Magazine)

There is a type of boy at school who is feared by his fellows. Very often puny in stature, and seldom of any account at games, this youth, by sheer cleverness, manages to gain a remarkable ascendancy over his comrades. He has a way of "saying things" which is more dreaded than the soundest licking. A sneer here and a cutting remark there are all that is required to keep subject to his will a group of boys, each one of whom could pick their leader up by his breeches and thrust him through a class-room window. Yet he inspires more respect than any bully. A boy will "cheek" a bully and be willing to pay the price. A few sentences of fierce invective against the tormentor before an appreciative audience are worth the physical pain that must inevitably follow. But revolt against the "clever" tyrant is a rare occurrence. It is hopeless to fight him with his own weapon—the tongue. He is too small to be chastised. For these reasons the clever tyrant sits upon his throne in reasonable security. But a throne occupied by a tyrant can never be an entirely secure sitting-place. And so it comes to pass in the fulness of time that some lusty young Philistine, stung to madness by taunts, retaliates with strong, unpolished terms of abuse, and proceeds to administer to the tyrant a most unmerciful drubbing. The world is but a larger school. For a decade or so, Mr. Bernard Shaw has tyrannised, by sheer force of intellect, over a considerable portion of the English-speaking world. He has exposed our follies (for this we thank him). But he has gone farther. He has jeered at our deep-seated principles, at our sense of decency and of reverence. As an iconoclast, he has done greater damage than all his tribe. He has smashed the image of Shakespeare, and mounted in its place the image of—Shaw.

These things are hard to forgive. So, when a lusty Philistine, hiding his identity under the letter "Z," castigates Shaw in *Blackwood's Magazine*, we cannot refrain from merriment. The fierce invectives contained in this article recall those earlier days of letters when the pen was used as a bludgeon. The cartoonists of Grub Street hit no harder than "Z." And yet instead of grieving at this onslaught we are compelled to laugh—and again to laugh. There is much human nature packed into the terse phrase, "The biter bit."

Copyright *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. Seymour Hicks in a "Miner" part

During his recent tour with the *Beauty of Bath* Company, Mr. Seymour Hicks (in the centre) paid a visit to Colonel Allen's coal mine at Cudworth, near Leeds. He is here shown when about to make the descent down the shaft, which is 2,400 ft. deep. Despite his disguise, however, he could not possibly be mistaken for anyone but Mr. Seymour Hicks

LYCEUM THEATRE

"The Midnight Wedding"

The present lessees of the Lyceum Theatre continue their career of prosperity. They have a well-defined policy, the chief object and aim of which is to provide novelty and yet again novelty. The ordinary manager, having acquired a success, runs it to death. Messrs. Smith and Carpenter realise that changes of bill attract new patrons. So *Her Love Against the World*, while still drawing well, has been replaced by *The Midnight Wedding*. Here is good rousing melodrama with thrills galore. In one scene, the villain, Captain Rudolph von Scarsbruck, climbs up on to the balcony leading to the Princess Astrea's chamber, and the hero, Paul Valmar, climbs rapidly after him. As I saw them grope for the "rungs" hidden by the ivy I fell into a reverie. A small boy I was, watching with breathless excitement Bill Terriss clambering down the rocks (or was it up?) in *Harbour Lights* by means of these same useful aids to stage climbing. Even in those days one had an unholy curiosity to know how it was done. For when breath returned to me it was to say, "There must be something there for him to hold on to."

The new melodrama is effectively played—rather too effectively in some cases. This style of play calls, of course, for broad methods. But the same rules hold good in melodrama as they do in tragedy or comedy; as they do in running a distance race, in any prolonged effort where stamina is required. The golden rule in these cases is: Do not force the pace at the start. If Miss Norah Kerin had borne this maxim in mind she would greatly have improved

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the artistic value of her performance. I in the very first scene she gave us all the power possessed. Not that for this reason she was left w insufficient energy to play the subsequent scenes, that if she had held something in reserve we sho have been more impressed by her exposition of po in the later scenes.

Mr. Norman Partriege was mercifully l "robustious" in his methods than the usual h of melodrama. The comic relief, it is a pleasure record, was really comic. The episode of three brave Red Hussars, all in love with the sa young maiden, is capitally played by Messrs. S. Ma Jones, Harry Barford, and Mr. Gus Oxley. T "business" of these three gentlemen evoked roar laughter. It is a pity that they should have spun their first scene to such a length. There is just a li too much of it. Mr. Oxley has the chance of a fine with the bouquet and chocolates bought for the innkeeper's daughter by his discomfited comrad who are compelled to stay behind on guard. delaying this exit, he loses the full effect of it.

ADELPHI THEATRE

"A Tragedy of Truth"

Not lightly does one hurry through the last sta of dinner for the sake of the ordinary curtain-rai But those playgoers have been short-sighted w have missed seeing *A Tragedy of Truth*, by M Rosamund Langbridge. It is an exceedingly str little play of Irish life, so realistically written almost to have caused a riot upon its production Dublin. It tells of a young man forced to the s of a girl by the black arts of her mother. The s cast upon him hides from his sight the red hair plain countenance of his betrothed. The spell fa and the deceived lover kills the girl with the k with which he had cut the wedding-cake. It i

Photo

Miss Lily Elsie, who has scored such a great succ

Since Londoners first saw her as the Princess in *A Chinese Hon* of the piece, she has been eminently successful in all the rôles Lally

The Kaiser as a Greek Landlord

The Kaiser is to be congratulated on becoming the possessor of the beautiful Achilleon on the island of Corfu, which belonged formerly to the Empress Elisabeth. There are persons who suppose that political reasons prompted him to make this purchase; but, were this the case, surely he would not have taken so long to make up his mind? After the death of the late Empress, Francis Joseph decided that this summer residence should never again be used by his family, and he suggested that the Castle should be converted into either an hotel or a sanatorium. Fortunately, this is not to be, fc the ill-fated lady dearly loved her island home, and, especially towards the end of her life, she prolonged more and more her visits there. It was the only method of escaping from the Court etiquette from which she suffered so constantly, and the terrible sorrow which won her the epithet of "Martyr Queen."

* * *

Its Late Owner

The Empress rarely had guests to stay with her at Corfu; she liked to see as few people as possible. Accompanied only by the Greek secretary who recently published her life, and who revised her poems, the Empress used to take daily walks about the island, and to speak Greek to her companion. Rarely did she ride in Corfu. Her favourite excursion was to the Rose Valley—a wide dell, where olive, lemon, and orange trees, covered with roses, grow to profusion, and at the end of which stands, almost at right angles, Mount Pelleca. The Empress's Palace is at Gastouri; it stands very high up, but the garden descends in terraces to the sea. It was decorated and furnished according to the Royal lady's taste. She seems to have turned to Greek mythology for most of her inspirations, although in several of the rooms—the dining-room especially—angels holding coloured lights are to be seen. In the park which surrounds the castle are several marble busts: there is Heine in the pavilion, erected to the memory of the Empress's favourite poet; there is Achilles, and the beloved Rudolf—a magnificent piece of work. After the terrible death of the son and heir, this bust was sent back to Austria. The King of Greece also has an estate on the island of Corfu, "Mon Repos," where several members of the Greek Royal family stay every year.

* * *

The Peace Conference

The third Peace Conference opened last week at The Hague. Every Government in the world except two South American Republics have sent representatives, and 140 delegates are, together, endeavouring to get rid of the terrible scourge of war. To-day, all those interested in the peace of the world have their eyes turned to the city of which Dutchmen are so proud. The calm, quiet town looks as if it had suddenly awakened from a long sleep, and had found an army besieging it in the name of Peace.

Photo *Hamilton*

Sir Henry Howard

British Minister at The Hague, where the Peace Conference is now being held

I notice that people are again, in their pretty, prattling way, talking of the Peace Conference as a novelty among Utopian ideals. Dear, dear! As if the dream of Peace were not as old as the lust of war itself. It is war's inevitable corollary, and has been so in every age. Did not the great Napoleon himself babble of peace? Did not the third Napoleon say, "*L'Empire, c'est la Paix*," which lent itself brilliantly to *Punch's* famous gibe, "*L'Empire, c'est l'Epée*"? Had we not a surfeit of Pacificism in the early days of Victoria, which took the form of the terrible Crystal Palace and of the Manchester school of politics, that eternal bugbear of the Empire? Oddly enough, too, it was in the very year 1870 that a French Foreign Minister, Count Daru, tried to summon a Peace Conference, and even to invite Bismarck's co-operation therein, with a measure of success that the next few months made terribly apparent. It is an unpleasant thought, but one which history justifies, that only too often has much talk of peace been the prelude to years of war. Heaven send that the present gathering at The Hague is no such evil harbinger!

The Conference this year is to be held at Binnenhof, which is very much larger than the "House in the

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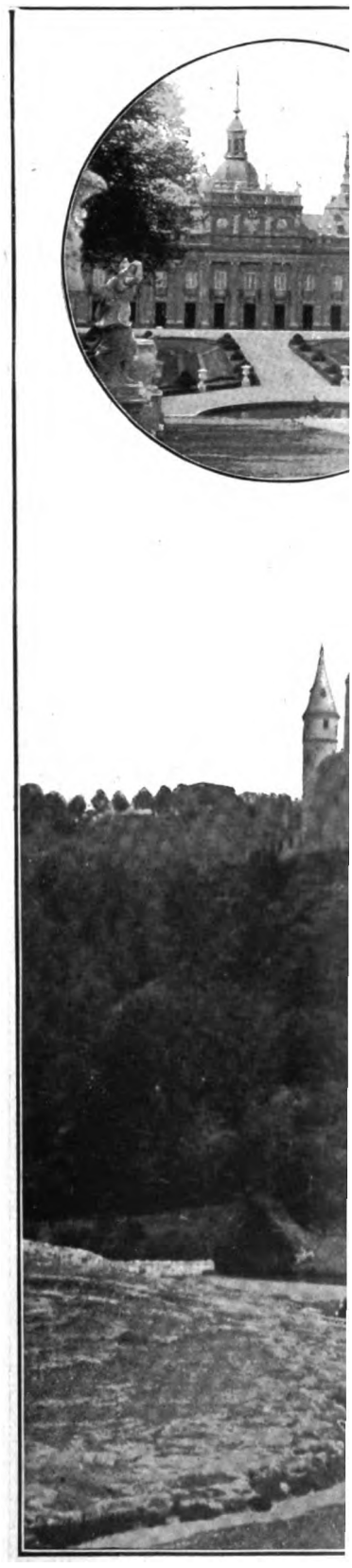
SEGOVIA—WHERE QUE



THE ALCAZAR AT SEGOVIA

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Wood," where the delegates sat in 1905. The building is of rather a curious shape, having a *corps de logis* greatly resembling a church. In the park surrounding the castle is to be seen a fine large pond, and on it swim some of the finest swans in the world. Queen Wilhelmina returned to her palace at The Hague in order to welcome the foreign delegates, and after having given a reception, to which they were all invited, M. Van Goudiaan, Minister of Foreign Affairs, opened the Conference in her name. It is difficult at present to say exactly how the different delegates will employ the time that is not spent at the Conference. Dinners will be given by most of the diplomats, the Marine Minister and Dr. Kuyper, who are two of the best-known hosts in the town. It is doubtful whether the Scheveningen Golf Club will be patronised as much as was expected. Dr. Kuyper takes no official part in the Conference this year, and considering his great intelligence, the fact is regrettable. He has one of the most brilliant and fertile minds in Holland to-day, but both his opinions and his manner of expressing them are so decided that for the sake of diplomacy his great capacity has to be overlooked. On religious questions, temperance, and many other subjects, he is fanatical, and in order to show his Puritan ideas to Society, his daughters must always attend smart evening parties in high-necked dresses.

* * *

The British Element at the Conference

Sir Henry Howard, the popular British Minister at The Hague, who has the largest house in the city, assisted by Lady Howard and his two daughters, is to entertain a great deal, and there is just the chance that after the Conference the latter may not remain unmarried very long. The Russian Ambassador in Paris has been elected President of the Assembly. It is possible that the Pacificists will grapple with and not evade the difficulties as they did at the first Conference. Of the British delegates chosen this year, Lord Reay is probably the only one who has any special knowledge of the questions which will be submitted for adjustment. Sir Edward Fry is a distinguished English jurist. Sir Ernest Satow is a diplomatist and, possibly, our leading authority on the Far East. His appointment to represent his country at The Hague Conference, however, is one of those riddles which British appointments often suggest. Why are there no "Specialists"? A number of men well known in connection with International Law Reform, and who are perfectly "safe," might have been chosen, including Sir Thomas Barclay, Professor Westlake, and Sir John Macdonell.

* * *

The Smartest of Paris Sportive Meetings

Without doubt, the Drags' Meeting at Auteuil is the smartest sportive meeting of the year. Taking place on the Friday before the Grand Prix, it is patronised by the *élite* of Parisian and Cosmopolitan Society, and one has not to put up with the terrible inconveniences of the Sunday crowd. The toilettes, too, are just as smart. The great attraction at the Grand Prix this year was the presence of the King and Queen of Denmark, who gave a certain *éclat* to the assembly—the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the great race in Paris. Among those present were the Duc de Noailles, Duc de Luynes, Princesse Murat, Comte Henry d'Yanville, Prince Orloff, Duc de Morny, Princesse de Broglie, Duchesse d'Uzès, and many others. With the Grand Prix ends the Paris Season; already many have left the Gay Capital.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Coaching in Paris: Starting for the Drags' Meeting at Auteuil, the smartest sportive meeting of the year

The festival takes place on the Friday before the Grand Prix, and is patronised by the *élite* of Paris Society

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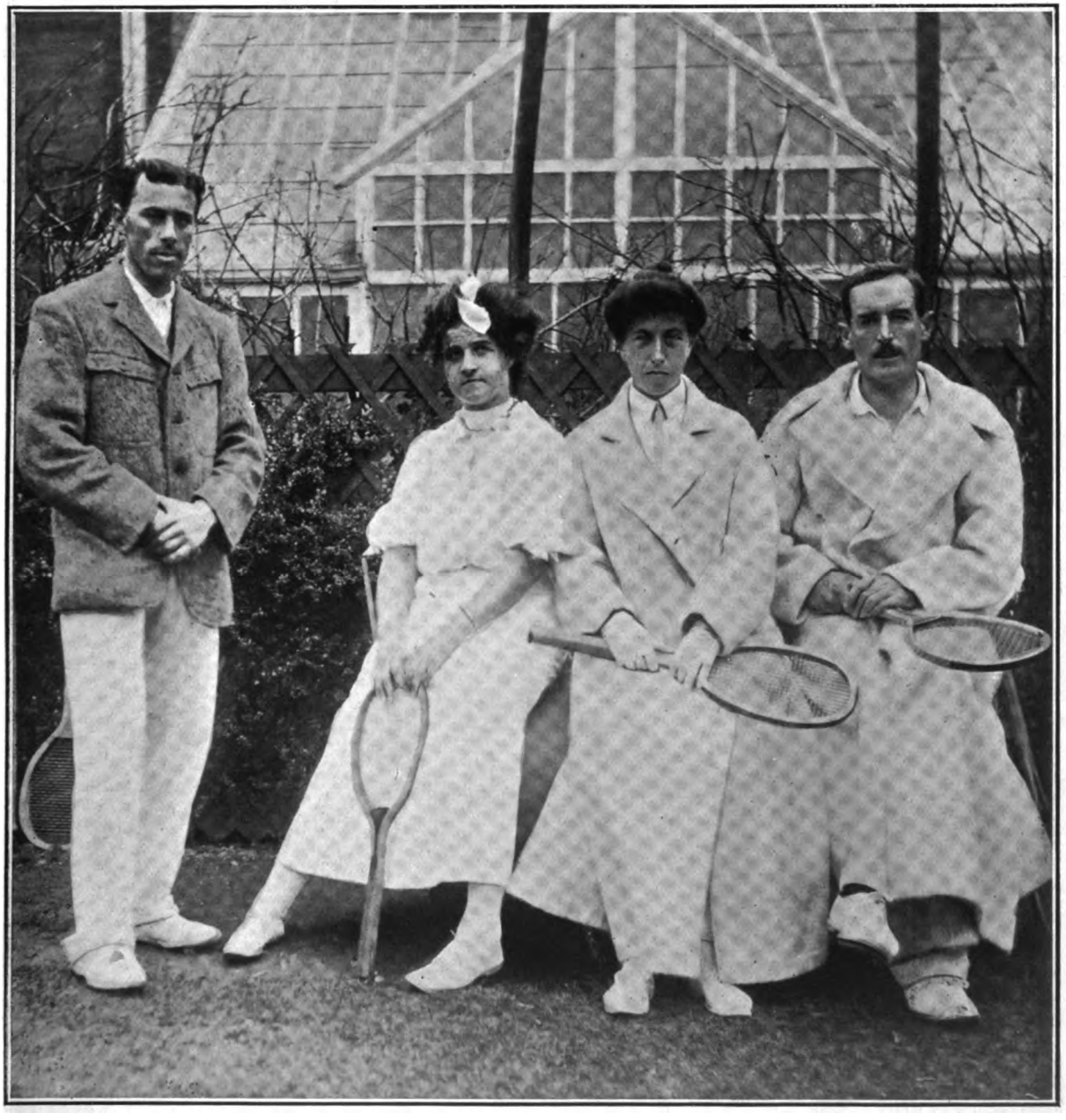
THE ALL ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS

An Illustrated Supplement on the leading Lawn Tennis Meeting of the World, now being held at Wimbledon . . . .



AN INTERESTING GROUP AT THORPE SATCHVILLE

Mr. Norman Brookes, Miss May Sutton, Mrs. Hillyard, and Mr. Hillyard at the Leicestershire home of the last named

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THE F. H. AY

"CHAMPIONS

LAWN TENNIS BALL (

USED AT THE ALL-ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS AND THE PRINCIPAL TOURNAMENTS FOR UPWARDS OF TWENTY YEARS. SUPERIOR TO EVERY OTHER BALL IN ACCURACY, ELASTICITY, DURABILITY, AND FINISH, AND HAS MAINTAINED THE PREMIER POSITION SOLELY UPON ITS MERITS.

THE LEADING BALL AND THE BEST.

The "WIL

LAWN TENNIS

Made to the exact instructions of A.
with which he has won many import
of a special composition are made
besides considerably adding to
superfluous the usual gut or other
Only the finest material and the mo
are employed, and the racket is used
by, most of the leading

THE "UNIVERSITY," "CAVI
"CHAMPIONSHIP" POSTS, AND A
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A FEW POINTS

By H. S. SCRIVENER

This article, which sums up the form and chances of the more prominent competitors, will be found a useful guide by visitors to Wimbledon

Lawn tennis is a game which has spread so rapidly all over the world that the presence of Colonial and foreign players at Wimbledon has come to be regarded as a matter of course.

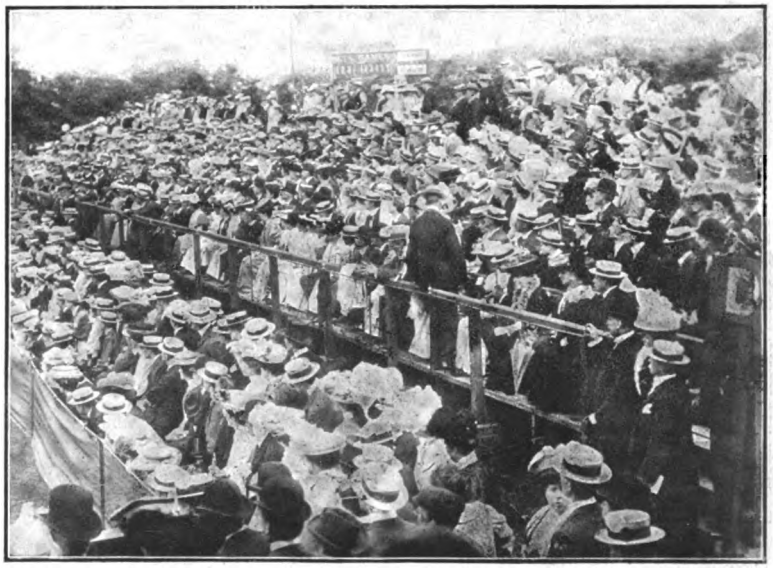
Two years ago, Norman Brookes, the Australian Champion, won the All-Comers' Singles, and was only beaten by our own Champion, H. L. Doherty, in the Challenge Round. This year, in the absence of H. L. Doherty, it is only natural that Brookes should occupy the position of first favourite. His chief source of strength is his service and the subtle way in which he varies its pace, and the nature of the spin which he imparts to the ball; added to which he is a powerful and persistent volleyer. Off the court you can tell him by his blue blanket coat, and on it by his little trick of twiddling his racket round in his hands while waiting for the delivery of the service. A player of much the same type is Beals Wright, another fine server and volleyer. Two years ago they met—not in the Championship, but in the Davis Cup—and Wright, then U.S.A. Champion, was the winner, after a long and very tight match. It remains to be seen whether Wright has recovered sufficiently from the set-back occasioned by his last year's accident to hold his own against an opponent who, if anything, has improved in the meantime. Behr, another American, is making his trial trip to England, but enough is known about him to show that he cannot by any means be ignored. Moreover, he is an all-round athlete—a good man at several other things besides lawn tennis.

A. F. Wilding and the Austrians

It is difficult to realise that New Zealand's youthful, but distinguished representative, A. F. Wilding, is not one of ourselves, for we have had him with us (more or less) for several seasons past, and in these days, when the Rhodes Scholars of Oxford are so much to the fore in all games, Cambridge can at any rate claim to have fostered a lawn tennis International who might, if the Fates had otherwise willed, have been a cricket Blue as well. He is a fine server and a hard hitter; while his ground strokes are rendered extremely difficult to cope with by reason of the forward spin which he imparts to the ball. It is two years since I last saw the two Austrians, Kinzl and Von Wesseley, play. They made a distinctly good pair in Doubles, but in Singles their game was a little too dashing to be really sound. However, if they have steadied down a bit in the meantime, they will have to be reckoned with.

This Country's Representatives

With our own men I must, of necessity, deal more briefly. It is a pity that H. L. Doherty, Smith, and Riseley—to say nothing of R. F. Doherty, who would probably, in any case, only play with his brother in the Doubles—are all absentees, for I regard them as our three best. We are really relying on our second strings, and of these I am inclined to take Gore, Roper Barrett, and Ritchie as the best. Gore is really a marvel. He has been playing—and playing well—for quite twenty years, and the wonder is that he stands where he does to-day. Like Smith, he is a living example of the efficacy of really sound base-line play. He is a bad beginner, and the effort entailed in making up for this in the middle of a match often proves his undoing in the end. Roper Barrett is (like Gore) a busy man, and, at the time of writing, it is uncertain whether he will be able to compete. If he is, he will go into court short of practice, perhaps, but equipped with all the armour of an old campaigner. Barrett, unlike most lawn tennis players, invariably wears a cap while playing. Ritchie is, and probably always will be, an unknown quantity. He is one of the few men who have beaten H. L. Doherty, and yet he has been beaten by men who couldn't beat "H. L." In short, he is a man who is likely to realise our hopes rather than fulfil our expectations. Lastly, let us keep an eye on Dr. Eaves, an essentially clever player if ever there was one. Although nearly as much a veteran as Gore, he is playing this season as well as he has ever played in his life, and at Leicester the other day he only just had the worst of a three-set match with Brookes.



A Typical Crowd at the All-England Championships

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Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

S. N. Doust
(Australia)

The centre illustration shows a match between H. L. Doherty and Norman Brookes, with Doherty making one of his characteristically neat backhanders. Round the margin are four of the most noted of our foreign invaders

Beals C. Wright
(Ex-champion U.S.A.)

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EDON WEEK :

. MATCH IN PROGR

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Norman Brookes: The Man and the Player

BY A. WALLIS MYERS

Of all the bright stars shining in the Wimbledon firmament during the present week, none will draw so many telescopes as that baldly labelled, in the programme, "N. E. Brookes." Other players have come to the homeland from the Colonies with reputations almost as great as his; they have not sustained them, or, at any rate, they have not proved superior to their English opponents. Norman Brookes is quite different. He first came to this country in 1905, almost untrumpeted. A few who had visited Melbourne within the past five years had spoken eloquently of his prowess; but they had not prepared us for the sensational *début* which the dexterous left-hander was to make on English courts. "Over-raters" are not uncommon in the lawn tennis world, but here was a clear case of an "under-rater." Only the incomparable Doherty could stop his victorious career at Wimbledon in 1905, and that was at the last trench of all. Who will check him this year I am not prepared to say, and I should like to meet the man who is.

In his native Victoria, Norman Brookes is known as a "Cabbage Gardener." Do not imagine he has a municipal allotment near Melbourne, and goes about without a collar. Brookes is a "Cabbage Gardener" because he plays (and wins) for Victoria in the Inter-State matches against New South Wales, the members of whose team are known as "Cornstalks.' Another little-known fact about the potential champion is that he is related by marriage to Mr. Deakin, the Commonwealth Premier — or rather his brother is. The latter married the Prime Minister's daughter; but this fact has nothing to do with the keen attachment, both socially and politically, which exists between the Deakin and the Brookes families.

Watching this stern-jawed, imperturbable Colonial in court, the onlooker might well get the impression that he never thaws—that life to him is a very serious occupation, trimmed with no frivolity or romance. But get him to yourself in a motor-car or a private billiard-room. He will not bubble over with mirth, it is true, and there is just a touch of austerity and even aloofness in his manner; but the mantle of reserve falls off by and by, and a frank and genial personality is revealed. Self-confidence he possesses to a marked degree—it is his key-note. He believes he can win the Lawn Tennis Championship at Wimbledon just as strongly as he believed he could win the highest honours in Australia, and he is pretty sure about the Davis Cup too. Arrogance, you say! Not at all The man who steps into a lawn tennis court convinced that he will win—well, it means half the battle. The other half Brookes can supply with his own prowess with the racket.

As to that kicking service of his, do not imagine he has always possessed it. Its acquisition cost its owner months of inexorable practice — the striving after, and the perfecting of, an ideal. When he first leapt into fame he was a pyrotechnic player, chiefly celebrated for a dynamic fore-hand drive—a reckless, stormy stroke that either scored or soared. His service then was hot, but it was baked with a flat racket; moreover, it was a one-brand service. Enterprise and determination have worked the change. Instead of one stock, he can now command four or five, and each is as efficacious on the one side of the net as the other. How many aces Brookes has won outright by his "devilish" deliveries no one could say, but they are probably greater in number than those captured by any other player in the world.

"Tell me," I once asked him, "about your grass courts in the South. Are they as good as ours here?"

"Much about the same. Our best are as good as your best. Your next best are a little better than our next best. Those at Melbourne, where the Inter-State Championship is contested, are quite sound and true—yes, as right as Wimbledon. But bear in mind we play on hard courts much more than we do on grass. Right up to the Championships we hammer each other on asphalte. You express surprise? Well, we manage to get into pretty good trim, we never get a false bound, and we are practically indifferent to the weather. That is a great deal."

I gathered that tournaments are not the weekly carnivals they are in this country. The long distance which separates one tennis centre from another militates against a big fixture-card, even were it not a fact that the Colonial's innate desire for competition finds its happiest realisation in team matches—in collective rather than in individual effort. Perhaps the greatest event of the Australian lawn tennis year is the match between Victoria and New South Wales, held alternatively in Melbourne and Sydney. Norman Brookes has been a shining light at these keen fights for many years. Indeed, in Melbourne, they speak his name with bated breath. He may not be as popular with the crowd as "Gus" Kearney—the merriest and truest sportsman in Victoria — was; for there is not the same mental sympathy with multitudes about Brookes. But the other "Cabbage Gardeners" revere his powers, and they are pretty well convinced that he is the greatest and most versatile exponent of lawn tennis that ever lived.

The second golfer in Victoria, soon to be the first; a deft cueist, an excellent shot; perfectly easy in the saddle, and on intimate terms with horses and dogs; a man with decided views on many subjects, of swift decision, and warm blood; a hater of shams and idle fancies; a non-smoker and practically a teetotaler; a friend unyielding in devotion, but not a man to make friends quickly or even eagerly; a man with "fight" in every fibre—such is Norman Brookes.

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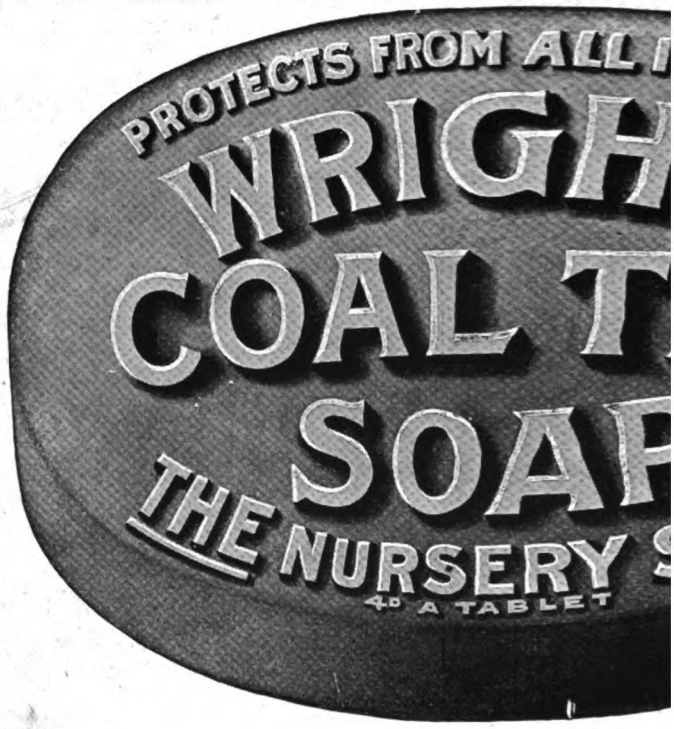

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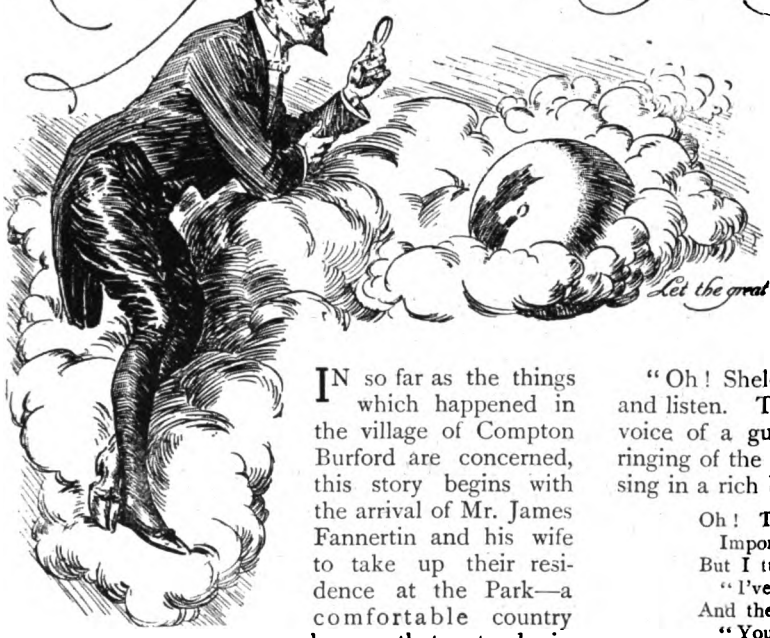

The Woman Who Would Have Forgiven

By BERTRAM ATKEY

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

IN so far as the things which happened in the village of Compton Burford are concerned, this story begins with the arrival of Mr. James Fannertin and his wife to take up their residence at the Park—a comfortable country house that stood in some twenty acres of grounds and park-lands.

Fannertin was not more than thirty-five. He seemed to have money and a decent disposition, which is all that can reasonably be expected from most men. And his wife was perfect. Of the ivory-complexioned, dark-haired, slender type, she took immediately and unostentatiously a seat on the top wave of local popularity. She was a little reserved and quiet, and there could be no doubt that she was very much in love with her husband—which was pleasant. She was accustomed to drive a dainty little runabout car, and the poor of the place worshipped her. So throughout the winter. After Christmas they went away to travel, and two months later Fannertin reappeared alone. He discharged no servants, but gave them to understand that Mrs. Fannertin would not return. Then he abandoned all friendships, save that of one Ricardo Wattle, a student at the Compton Burford Agricultural College, a worldly youth of some twenty-three summers who was loafing in the country until a tantalising inheritance should fall to him at twenty-five.

Nearly a year after his first appearance, Fannertin, riding a wild-looking horse along the road to his house, encountered Wattle lazily cycling towards the place where they foolishly aspired to make a passable estate agent of him.

"Ah, Fannertin!" said Ricardo, stopping, "been on the downs?"

"Look at the *Oaf*, my Ricardo." Fannertin indicated the foam on his horse.

"I see." Wattle shrugged his shoulders, looking narrowly at the dark, brooding face of the other.

"I'll come and have dinner at your place," he continued. "D'you mind?"

"Hate the thought of it—but you'd be so thundering miserable alone that the very thought of you would spoil my dinner anywhere."

"Come on, then." Wattle swung round his machine.

There was a cottage half hidden by trees ahead of them, and from somewhere under these trees there came suddenly, like the sound of some little live thing laughing to itself, the wiry giggle of a mandoline.

"Who's that?" asked Fannertin quickly.

"Oh! Sheldon Lee. Don't hurry. Stop a second and listen. There goes Everard!" The measured voice of a guitar swept leisurely after the agitated ringing of the mandoline, and then someone began to sing in a rich baritone:

Oh! The desert wind it called behind,
Importunate after me,
But I turned my head and I laughed and said,
"I've a call to cross the sea!"
And the desert wind it crooned behind,
"You know not what you'll lack,
But you will learn, and so—return!"
And—the next year I went back!

Two voices swung into a buoyant chorus:—

Man values not what he has got
Until it's thrown away,
But when it's gone he'll ponder on
Its beauties night and day;
Till he will wake to his mistake
And grievously bemoan
For that, through haste and heedless waste,
His cupboard lacks a bone!

The mandoline giggled self-consciously and the guitar drummed. It was like a grave and austere man pursuing a particularly frivolous girl. Fannertin's hand dropped heavily on Wattle's shoulder.

"That's Henry Everard—the war correspondent—singing. He's staying with Lee," volunteered Wattle, turning; and then he saw that his friend's face was the colour of pearls—of black pearls.

"Oh, I say! What frightful luck! Don't mind, old man; it's only some doggerel of Lee's festooned with his own idea of an accompaniment. Everard's just back from some howling wilderness, and I suppose it's specially knocked up in his honour!"

"But it is *true! 'Man values not what he has got'—how* does the infernal thing go?" His brows were like a great black paint-mark across his forehead. The voice of Everard was joyously uplifted:

The blue sea cried "Now stay beside
These coral cliffed lagoons,
The palms——"

"Oh, I'm sick of this——" said Wattle, impatiently. "Let's ask 'em for a drink. We can't go up the road with that stuff trailing after us. I know 'em. They're good chaps, and—it'll stop 'em." He opened the gate and Fannertin got down, hitched his bridle over the gate-post, and followed him into the garden.

Two collarless men sat on a patch of sere lawn in folding chairs that were drawn up to a very second-hand iron *café* table which bore a pitcher of beer and tumblers.

"I've brought in a man who owns a motor," announced Ricardo Wattle, serenely. "He's frightfully thirsty—and he hardly ever uses the motor. His name is Fannertin, and he lives at the Park. He is fond of beer—if it's cool!"

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"Sit down, Mr. Fannertin." A fair, thinnish individual in shirt-sleeves got up, putting his mandoline on the table. "My name is Lee, and I am *always* glad to meet a neighbour who owns a motor—which he rarely uses." He waved a brown hand towards the singer, a man of about Fannertin's own age, "'This is Henry Everard—'The Man of the Moment!'"

"A thirst," said 'The Man of the Moment,' "is an asset—a motor is a liability. Let us dwell upon Mr. Fannertin's assets rather than upon his liabilities!" There was a twinkle in Everard's eyes that Fannertin liked.

"You'll get on with these people—with luck," commented Wattle, pouring out two tumblers of cool beer.

They laughed and drank.

They talked for a while as men, meeting under similar circumstances, usually talk, until presently there laboured from the house a reasonably stout old lady with a clouded brow, whispering:

"Beg pardon, Mis' Lee, but th' beer's out an' Ford 'as not yet brung th' fresh bar'l from th' station. Moreover, young Brown 'as fergot th' lettuce again—no salad." Her sorrows lifted her voice, for she prided herself upon her housekeeping, so that Fannertin heard. Wattle was already looking at him through the dusky sunset.

"Then I wish very much that you men would try your luck at my house to-night? Wattle's promised, and—there will be salad!" said Fannertin, a little eagerly.

Henry Everard rose, calm, portly, relieved.

"You are the second edition of the Good Samaritan. A man must have salad these days," he said.

. . . . . .

"This is the hour which God had in mind when He mapped out the Universe," said Everard, "the other hours He hurried over in His enthusiasm."

The four sat on a broad terrace overlooking a smooth stretch of lawn. They had dined, and three cigars and a cigarette gave up slow, grey smoke that wove gauzy patterns in the moonlight.

"A man dreams of his youth on a night like this," he continued.

"Depends on the youth he spent," suggested Lee.

"Misspent, you mean." Wattle lazily handed out his correction.

There was a well-fed silence, broken anon by Lee, drowsily humming—

Man values not what he has got
Until it's thrown away——

Then Fannertin turned round and said, speaking thickly, for he had been drinking, "That is the only true song I ever heard in my life!"

"Thrown away something, then?" asked Everard, lightly, and Ricardo Wattle rose from his chair stiffly, like a mechanical thing.

"*Only my wife!*"

Lee suddenly stopped humming. The resentful pain in Fannertin's voice was unmistakable; it was as though an angry woman had sobbed behind his chair. Henry Everard leaned forward, each hand gripping a chair arm, and looked very intently at his host.

"My dear chap, I beg your pardon. I had no idea—oh, Wattle should have dropped a hint——"

Fannertin swung out his arm heavily.

"Don't mind," he said, and helped himself to whisky. "Don't mind—but fill up!"

"What queer devils you writing people are," said Fannertin, suddenly. "You seem to deal with truths that everybody knows and few realise."

"Stock-in-trade," murmured Lee, and Fannertin turned glowing eyes upon him.

"*You*, for instance—you can't be more than twenty-four, and yet you appear to have realised a truth that a few months ago I had not noticed. Realised it so thoroughly that you have written a song round it. It's queer——" he drooped his head. Then he looked up suddenly, speaking passionately to Everard.

"You know, if I'd heard someone singing that song a few months ago there would have been women with us to-night—my wife among them." He gulped his whisky thirstily, as Everard rose. "No, sit down—because I want to tell you how it happened." There was that in his voice which sounded very like entreaty.

"Wattle—a good old chap—Wattle knows, and says it will end like the fairy stories—happy ever after. I want to know what you think—you have seen so much death, so many terrible things—have done things. Look here, what do you think about it? Did you ever have a mistress?"

Silhouetted against the gold light of the billiard-room, Lee shrugged a shoulder.

"Yes, yes!" Everard's voice was suddenly gentle. "How many men—sufficiently wealthy—have not at some time of their lives?" Fannertin made a queer gesture with both hands, spreading them out, palms up.

"Well, then, you will know how difficult it is to break with her when the time comes—if a man is not just a hound. *You* know." It was strange to see how he took Everard's knowledge for granted. "It is not only just—money—after all—if the girl really does like you; for afterwards, when you are married, and you love your wife more than—well, more than any other woman, you think about her crying all alone in the flat, eh?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" said Everard, softly.

"Of course, it's just pity—but you hate yourself for it, all the same; and a man's a hound who doesn't wish to—who doesn't make an effort to make some sort of amends, though God knows how," drearily. "But it's all right—all right—if you don't go near her. Never go back and tell her you are sorry, or you're done—done for. And I went back—to tell her how I felt about it—to try and help in some way other than just money. Quite deliberate, level-headed, I was; but she gave me some sweet, devilish wine—she asked me to toast her, don't you know—for the last time—and she cried. God! how she cried. I—I seemed to go exactly at the dangerous moment—at the perilous time. She had on a loose tea-gown sort of thing—red silk. . . . And I—it was the wine, for I loathe sweet champagne—the wine, and the tears—I was done for. Weak—weak—weak as water!" He threw back his head, and his eyes blazed in the moonlight. "And I am not a weak man—by God! I am not a weak man; but that woman in a red silk thing made a little kid of me—a little weak kid. And I did not love her—I was only sorry for her—she cried and gave me wine!"

Fannertin's voice grew hushed. "Well, you know, my wife saw me no more that night—and some kind friend ferretted out the facts and told her. Look here!" his hand leaped out like a leopard's claw, "if I knew who told her—man or woman—I'd kill them. She never meant any harm to my wife. I looked at her in the dawn—sleeping—so helpless. *She* never meant any harm. It was just me. What she could

(Continued on page 676)

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The Understudy Case

Photo *Dover Street Studi*

Miss Ethel Newman, who was awarded £300 damages in the recent understudy case

Miss Newman, who had been understudying Miss Edna May in *The Belle of Mayfair* at the Vaudeville, contended tha when Miss Edna May relinquished her part, it should have been given to her, instead of which it was assumed by Mis Phyllis Dare. The jury decided that a breach of contract had occurred, and awarded the plaintiff £300 damages. A stay of execution, however, has been granted pending an appeal

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(Continued from page 674)

see to love in a black, louring thing like me, I don't know. But my wife went away when I spoke the truth—the naked truth. I thought she would understand. What was the good of lying? I've been North—Helen, my wife, went North—and I've written scores of times, but she won't come back. She will never come back!" It sounded lamentably like the wail of a distressed child.

Everard stood up, throwing away his cold cigar.

"But, my unlucky old chap, she will! She will return—be very sure of that!" He glanced for the fraction of a second at the decanter at Fannertin's elbow. "Be worth it," he added in no more than a whisper.

. . . . .

Noon of the following day found Lee and Ricardo Wattle lounging at a little wooden table under the big chestnut tree that shadowed the porch of the Bull Inn.

They were watching Fannertin and Henry Everard riding towards them. Fannertin seemed to desire the friendship of Everard, and had pressed him to have a gallop on the downs that morning.

The two came up, and, after greetings, were quenching their thirst, when a big Lanchester car, borne grandly on a swollen cloud of white dust, sailed down upon them and eased up at the door of the inn. There were four women aboard her, and a leathern chauffeur.

"Hold that horse," shouted someone, for Everard's mount was fretfully expressing his disapproval of cars, and three men rushed to persuade him that all was well.

So that they did not see how James Fannertin stiffened as he watched the girl in the front seat step to the ground; how her glance under the big motor hat changed to a still, white, intent scrutiny; how her gloved hands moved out, circling effetely and without purpose; nor hear her dry whisper, "You!"

The woman recovered herself first, of course, and before her friends were out of the car she was advancing upon him smoothly.

"Mr. Fannertin! Are you *real?*" They shook hands. "Ah! I feel that you are real flesh and blood, and no provincial ghost!" Her low laugh was very strained, but none save Fannertin heard the pain in it.

She introduced her friends, all actresses. A chorus rose.

"Isn't that Mazeppa called Henry Everard—why, and Sheldon Lee. Oh! I say, this is altogether too silly! There are ghosts. This is not Compton Burford—it's London. Come hither, come hither, my little rustics. Have you not big brothers in London town named Sheldon Lee and *Mister* Henry Everard? How do you do? How are you? Oh! this is absurd. We have run down from town and have ordered lunch here—at the Bull Inn, of Compton Burford. But how do *you* happen to be here?"

Beauty in excitement craved particulars, but could not stay to hear them.

'Please wait, and tell them to serve lunch for one, two, three—four," Ricardo bowed, "eight altogether," said a copper-haired vision, and vanished into the inn. Everard turned to Fannertin, who smiled gravely.

"Strange! Strange, isn't it, how you meet people you know—on the road?" said Fannertin, with an effort.

"You know them, too! That's queer—under the circumstances, I mean."

"Only one. Miss Serrier. I know her."

Presently a superb woman leaned from a window overhead, calling to Everard that lunch was ready. The four men went in.

Now, that was a merry luncheon. Charles, the waiter, affirms that he will not forget it for many years. They heated him at the beginning, for they made him strip the big mahogany centre-table and set four smaller ones, so that Ricardo Wattle and Lee lunched in a far, cool corner with the disturbers *pro tem.* of their souls' peace; Henry Everard with the perfect creature who had called to him from the window, and they paired magnificently; and Fannertin was *tête-à-tête* with the lady he had called Miss Serrier—she who had recognised him as she stepped from the car.

The wildest mirth came from Ricardo's table, as was only to be expected.

Everard and the voluptuous beauty that matched him found that it was well with them, playing smoothly with phrases that were delightful as long as one parried them. They were old friends there.

But it was at Fannertin's table that the whispers burned like flame; and eyes glowed in faces that were perfectly colourless. Their low, tense, breathless talk was wholly of a magic and wonderful "then" that was past and dead and done with. *Then—then—then*—it came again and again and yet again, passionate, scorching, like puffs of wind coming across a desert.

For this was the woman who, on a time, had worn a "loose tea-gown thing," flung up from the machine of a sardonic Fate into the very arms of the one man least fitted of all men to face her, in the one hour least fitted of all the hours wherein to talk with her—and, talking, he drank the sweet champagne that he could not stand as it might have been water.

The revellers at the large table in the corner, and the suave, smiling word-fencers by the window, heeded nothing.

And Fannertin saw the gulf open before him, and straightway forgot it, striding on. Pictures of that mad, illicit past; the passion of kisses given long ago; music and mirth that were dead; sorrow and tears that were gone; she drew them from the limbo of finished things with a whisper, and he lived them all over again.

A long time after they began to call up the phantoms of the past, a long, long time as it seemed to the man, she breathed two words.

"And now?"

He answered nothing, only staring at her, staring, every vein in his temples standing out.

She whispered again, and it came to him like a bayonet through his heart.

"*Now?* Do I love you less now than I loved you then? Do you think I love you less now than then?" She quivered. "Ah! If I had not loved you so much then I had not fought to become what I am now. When you went away while I slept——"

She became aware that a sudden silence had fallen upon the room, and so she spoke newly, in her ordinary tone.

"Yes," she said, "it is a wonderful play. When it is produced, you must come to town and see it."

In her own ears, it sounded flat and absurd and futile, but the gossip broke out again behind her, and she knew that it was well.

A chair slid back, and the copper-haired enchantress announced her intention of permitting Mr. Ricardo Wattle to take her out in the canoe for an hour.

Fannertin spoke with an effort.

"My place, the Park, is near here. There is a lane—a short cut. Would you like to see it?"

(Continued on page 678)

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Not a Poaching Foray!

"TRANSFERRING" SALMON IN THE WATERS OF THE TEIGN

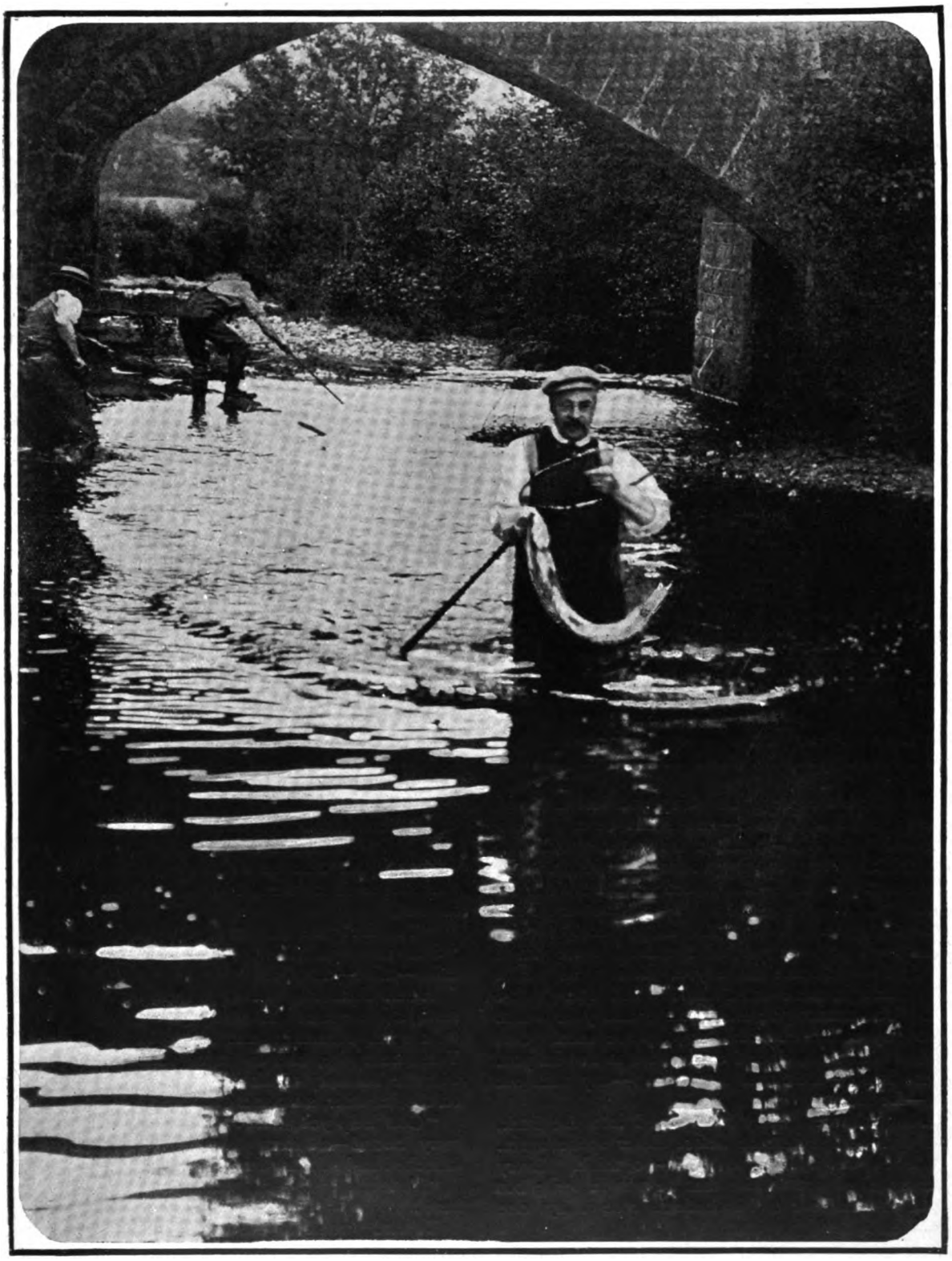

Photo *F. G. Aflalo*

Mr. Price, having just caught a ten-pounder, is taking him to clearer water

At first sight, with what seems the dim presentment of two salmon-snatchers beneath the archway, this looks as if a well-known angler had lent himself to the photographing of a deliberate poaching foray. This is not, however, the case. Mr. Aflalo explains that when, in the hottest time of the year, the salmon on the upper Teign get left in stagnant pools, the hard-working secretary of the Association, Mr. Harold Michelmore, issues a whip to members. These then assemble, with every landing-net that they can muster, and walk in line up and down the water, catch gradually all the salmon and sea-trout (peal) in the low water, and then run with them across a field to the clearer pools above. In the photograph, Mr. Price, an enthusiastic angler, has just caught a ten-pounder

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(Continued from page 676)

"Your wife?"

"Left me when I left you last, and has not returned."

"Ah!" She rose.

Then Lee's companion expressed an intention of driving the car up to his cottage, and seeing precisely what the back-to-the-land theory looked like in practice.

Everard and his companion chatted on in the old-fashioned window. Half an hour later Charles brought them iced coffee, and, questioned, stated that Mr. Fannertin had taken Miss Serrier to see the Park.

Presently a bicycle bell rang silverly from the road opposite the window, and one Doctor Ivor rode past. He saw Everard and came back, a gleam of excitement in his eyes.

"Have you seen Fannertin?" he said, at the window. "Is he there? If so, you might tell him that a runabout car, driven by a lady, has just gone into the Park. His wife."

Henry Everard's hand crashed down on the bell before the last word was free from Ivor's lips.

"Get out one of the horses, quick, and *move!*" he said to Charles, and Charles understood that speed was necessary, and sped.

Everard spoke swiftly to his amazed and startled companion, and was gone.

. . . . .

Once more the spell was upon Fannertin, and as the woman walked with him towards his house she strengthened that spell.

He saw only that she was more beautiful than he remembered her to be; but she saw that he was more pliant than she had ever dreamed him to be.

And, since it was her sorry fate to love this man, she put forth all her powers.

Upon the embers of the passion he dreamed was cold and dead she breathed, and—they were no more embers, but flame.

"Look at me," she said, compellingly; and he looked at her where she stood, and saw that she was glorious.

"Where is the grey, pale thing you left at dawn, sleeping? She is dead—and *I* am here. Was it chance?" she said—"chance that we met to day, do you think? Why, it was certain, certain, from the beginning. Listen"—she placed her hand upon his arm. "I have risen—risen. I am famous. I am desired by many men. All in so short a time. Wealth—if it were wealth I craved, there are a hundred would come before you. If it were wealth with marriage, there are a score would come before you. You cannot give me marriage, and your wealth is poverty compared with that of some men. Oh! all that is nothing, since I am content to be with you. There is not—there has never been—any man but you—for me!"

A long silence. They had passed into the Park, and were on the terrace before either spoke again. Fannertin was striving to think—to think. Every instinct called out to him that he was in peril; but above the clamour of his instincts rose always one small, cold, devilish voice.

"Helen has not treated me very well."

They all said—Everard, Wattle, all of them—they all said that his wife would return, and he would be glad of that. She was sweeter, gentler, than this fierce, irresistible one at his side. But she was not back yet—and besides, "she had not treated him very well." Oh! she had been cruel—cruel—those gentle women *could* be cruel and cold and cutting! But this passionate one—who loved him so—*she* was not cold and cutting—but furious and fierce, and he, too, was like that. He was fitly mated with her, if that was all. This tigress—ah! that was what she resembled—a tigress, cruel with love, and she had come seeking her mate terribly, as tigresses go through the jungle—and, therewith, all that which abode latent in his soul sprang to life, calling—roaring. He looked at her, and she quailed for a second at the passion in his eyes—recovered, and then literally sprang at him. Their kiss was like a snarl.

He thrust her away, roughly—as a tiger may thrust away his mate—and spoke to her in a frightful roaring whisper, pointing to the casement.

"Through there—through there—is the drawing-room. Over the mantel hangs one little miniature—of the woman who was my wife. Bring it—bring it—to break—destroy——" She vanished suddenly into the house, and the curtains that swung behind her were as jungle grasses closing behind a lithe animal.

It occurred vaguely to Fannertin that he heard the stamping of hoofs from the drive, where it curved before the main door—but he took no heed, staring only at the curtain by the casement.

Then there came softly round the corner of the house on to the terrace a slender woman, who half checked as she saw him. Her face was pale and sweet and beautiful, and her eyes seemed to be full of tears. She came forward again, stretching out her arms to him, with a strange, blind, pitiful little gesture.

"Well," she said, "I have come back—you see—after all—to forgive you—and to be forgiven!"

And his face set hard as steel, and his eyes flamed under a bitter black frown.

And the curtains swung back, and through the casement glided the man's mate, bearing the miniature.

Mrs. Fannertin stopped stiffly.

"Who—who—is this?" she said, in a new voice.

"This lady, madame, is my wife," answered one suavely at the casement, and Everard stepped on to the terrace, lying desperately, for it was in his mind that he was not too late to save Fannertin.

"Oh!" Mrs. Fannertin would have gone to her husband, but that he stood away—and swiftly laid the last brick to the hell he had helped to build for himself.

"You liar!" he said, savagely, glaring at Everard. "She is no man's wife—but, nevertheless, she is mine—mine—all mine."

Helen Fannertin leaned against the stone balustrade, and her face was deadly pale. Henry Everard went up to Fannertin, and looked long into his eyes. Then he spoke, and his voice sounded almost gay with the intensity of his rage; he tapped Fannertin on the shoulder, slow and deliberate.

"God help you, man!" he said, "for you are a sorry hound—a sorry hound!" And Fannertin blanched and said nothing.

"Take me away—oh, please take me away from here!"

Everard turned to the wife, and suddenly he was gentle and kind as any woman.

"Come, then," he said, with infinite tenderness, "let us go. I will take you wherever you want to go."

Blindly she went with him, along the terrace, and turned towards the drive. And the two behind stared after them—as animals, suddenly startled, may stare after those who have unwittingly disturbed them.

BERTRAM ATKEY.

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GAMES & PASTIMES

LAWN TENNIS

Young Germany and Young Austria

The youthful Oscar Kreuzer, who is playing at Wimbledon this week, is about the best player in Germany—leaving out Count Voss, who, though he still keeps up his tennis, seldom finds time for tournament play. Last year, O. Froitzheim was regarded as the best of the Germans, but handicappers did not recognise any considerable difference between him and Kreuzer, and this year I am informed that when the two have met, Kreuzer has, more often than not, had the best of it. He commenced tournament play when quite a small boy, and some years ago at Homburg, when he seemed very little bigger than his own racket, I spotted him as a promising "colt." Last week, at Queen's, he gained a set from the redoubtable Wilding and pressed him hard in another. A striking figure on the courts is the young Austrian, C. von Wessley, by reason of his fine sturdy frame and his ample head of hair, which becomes delightfully tossed as the game proceeds. He appears to have "come on" since I saw him over here two years ago. The Misses Klima, likewise Austrians, were one of the attractions at Queen's last week by reason of their tender age. Everybody said what a good game they played—for mere children—and the swing of the racket in the accompanying photo shows that they have been well coached, or else that they have a natural aptitude for the game. Note the height to which the ball is thrown for serving as compared with the height of the server.

Miss Willy Klima

A young Austrian player, of only fourteen years of age, who made her *début* in England at the Queen's Club meeting last week

The Lady Players at Wimbledon

As there is no space in our Wimbledon Supplement at my disposal for comments on the lady players at Wimbledon, I propose to say a little about them here. At the time of writing there seems, after all, a slight chance that Mrs. Sterry may be able to play, but it will probably not be known for certain until this issue is in print. Up to the time of her accident she was showing such good form that I was quite inclined to make her my tip for the Championship, for, in addition to experience, she possesses any amount of pluck, a commodity with which our crack ladies, speaking generally, are by no means overburdened. There are several finer players in England than Miss Sutton, but Miss Sutton wins as often as she does because of her greater physical strength, and also because of her undaunted pluck and determination. You often hear an English player say of another player, with whom she is handicapped level, "Oh! I *can't* beat Miss So-and-So; whenever we meet, she *always* just wins." And so, when she goes into court against that other player, she is beaten before the match begins. There is, therefore, nothing surprising in the fact that Miss Sutton often succeeds in establishing a funk, just as a crack bowler does at cricket when the ground helps him; and Mrs. Sterry, fit and well, is the player on whom I would rely to stop a "rot" of this kind. But I have also great faith in Mrs. Chambers—especially as she enjoys the advantage of standing out and playing a challenger who has borne the burden and heat of many rounds. It is no certainty—at any rate it ought not to be—that Miss Sutton will be her challenger, but, if she is, I expect a close match, and a repetition of last year's result, although I must confess to a feeling of some concern at the news that Mrs. Chambers has again been feeling that old sprain in her wrist.

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

A German Competitor at Wimbledon

O. Kreuzer, of Frankfort-on-Main, one of the best players in Germany. He is competing at Wimbledon this week

A Ray of Hope

The one little crumb of comfort for those of us who are beginning to despair of England's chances in the Davis Cup was the victory of Gore and Roper Barrett over Brookes and Wilding in the Invitation Doubles at Beckenham. The match served as a sort of International trial, and it seems to indicate that even if we cannot count either on the Dohertys or on Smith and Riseley, we have still something to fall back upon, and I venture to prophecy that if Barrett's business engagements do not hinder him from devoting the necessary time to practice and training, he may yet prove very useful in the threatened emergency.

A Leg Up for Ireland

The only Englishman of note at the Irish Championships was M. J. G. Ritchie, and, after his brilliant

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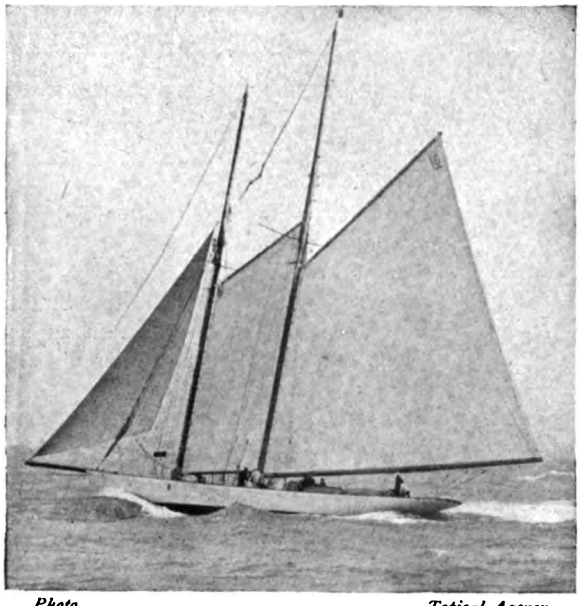

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Heligoland Cup Winner: Herr Huldschinsky's "Susanne"

The *Susanne*, which was splendidly handled by Robert Wringe, of Brightlingsea, beat Captain Dixon Johnston's ketch *Cariad* by 65 seconds. The prizes were presented by the Kaiser at Kiel on Saturday

defeat of Gore at Chiswick, he appeared to have both the Irish Championship Singles and the Championship of Europe (which was allotted to Dublin this year) at his mercy. But in the latter event he was beaten by J. C. Parke, the Irish International Rugger three-quarter, who, as a lawn tennis player, has hitherto been only regarded as a man of great possibilities, which have, somehow, failed to materialise. Parke's victory may have been a bit of a fluke, but, anyhow, it should give the fillip to Irish lawn tennis which it sorely needs.

YACHTING

The Cruisers' Race for the Kaiser's Cup

The Heligoland Cup, which is the short title of the annual race from Dover to Heligoland for a Cup and other prizes presented by the German Emperor, was instituted in order to commemorate the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and the chief prize is, therefore, naturally much coveted by yachtsmen. Usually it is a silver cup; but in the Diamond Jubilee year and the "longest reign" year the generous donor "ran to gold." Originally the race was confined to British yachts of 60 tons or over, but in 1902 the minimum tonnage was raised to 80 tons, and two years ago the event was thrown open to the vessels of all nations. They must, however, be cruising yachts, and must sail with a cutter and dinghy on board and without any paid hands, over and above their ordinary crew, except a pilot. The race is a sealed handicap, and those in charge of the yachts are enjoined not to open the envelopes in which are particulars of the starts allotted until they are well on their way across the North Sea.

"Susanne" Wins on Time

This year's race, for which there were eight starters, began at 10.30 on the morning of June 15, and with a favouring wind was very quickly sailed. The scratch boat, Herr Watjen's beautiful yawl *Navahoe* (232 tons) led the fleet all the way, and finished at two o'clock on the Sunday afternoon, after a passage of 26½ hours, which is a record for this race. The second boat to finish was Herr O. Huldschinsky's schooner, *Susanne* (154 tons). She was beautifully sailed by her English skipper, Wringe, of Brightlingsea, and she and *Clara* (schooner 185 tons), owned by Herr Max Guilleaume, had a capital race all the way across, the smaller boat finishing about three minutes ahead, and about an hour and a half behind *Navahoe*. Fourth came Mr. C. T. Cayley's schooner *Adela* (224 tons) a good two hours behind the other two schooners, and fifth Capt. Dixon Johnston's ketch *Cariad* (129 tons), three minutes behind *Adela*. This was the actual order of finishing, but the handicap disclosed a different state of affairs. *Navahoe*, fast as she had gone, had not gone fast enough to win. *Susanne*, with an allowance of 2¾ hours, was first, but she only saved her time by 65 sec. on *Cariad*—one of the "[illegible]" boats with the useful allowance of five hours. This placed *Cariad* second, with *Clara* third. This is the second time *Susanne* has won this race, and her owner is to be congratulated on having one of the smartest cruising schooners ever seen in British (or German) waters. The prizes, I understand, were presented by the German Emperor in person, at Kiel, last Saturday.

London and North Western Railway

The London and North Western Railway Company announce that, commencing July 1, numerous and important additions will be made in their train services to a large number of provincial towns, including Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, as well as to Scotland and Ireland. New corridor trains, with luncheon and refreshment cars, and sleeping-saloon expresses, will be provided for the convenience of passengers.

THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY AT WINDSOR
SEE THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC"

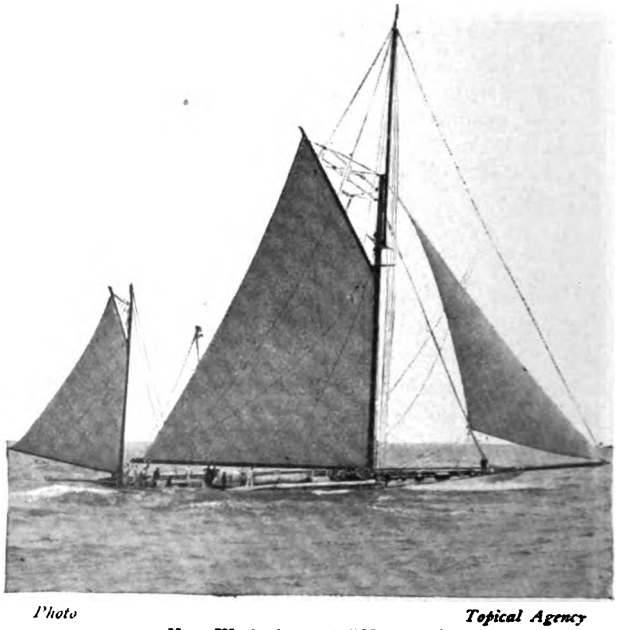

Photo *Topical Agency*

Herr Watjen's yawl "Navahoe"

Which finished first in the Heligoland Cup Race after a passage of 26½ hours, a record for this race. The winner, however, was the schooner *Susanne*, which had an allowance of 2¾ hours

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Golf Notes and Notions

The Open Championship: Victory of Arnaud Massey

The Championship of 1907 will be known to history as the French Championship. Arnaud Massey has carried off the prize, and has verified the promise of the last few years. Early this year he came out first in the competition arranged by the Grand Duke Michael at Cannes, when he beat the pick of the professional ranks. Last year, at Muirfield, he was already much fancied, and finished sixth. He is a native of Biarritz, where he used, I believe, to carry for Mr. Eric Hambro and his father. He had a natural genius for the game, and those who watched his early steps in his golf pilgrimage prophesied a great future for him. He has now reached the full maturity of his game, and a finer, freer, more accomplished player it would be difficult to find. He has a most taking style, and hits a very long ball, whether with or against the wind. Like his great rival, J. H. Taylor, he takes very little time over his shots, and gets the ball away with the smallest amount of preliminary flourish. A match between these two players would require a very well-trained crowd to keep up with them. In addition to his great length, Massey has complete command of the short game, and is a master of the art of putting. The only shot in which he seemed to be slightly deficient was the long, low, running-up approach. I may have been unfortunate, but I cannot call to mind a really satisfactory shot of this nature throughout the rounds which I watched him play. He may have had his reasons for avoiding this shot. But on several occasions I saw him play a dangerous high shot where the low runner would have been far safer, and would have paid better. I saw most of his four rounds of the Championship proper, and he looked a likely winner all through. His weakest moments occurred during the first half of his third round, but after taking forty-two to go out, he recovered magnificently by registering thirty-six for the last nine holes, and securing a seventy-eight for the round.

Arnaud Massey
Winner of the Championship

His last round was a treat to watch, and the struggle between him and Pulford, the latter only four strokes behind him with three rounds played, produced a magnificent duel. But Massey was not to be flustered. He knew pretty early in his last round that he only required a seventy-eight to beat Taylor, his nearest opponent, and he practically ensured victory by going out in thirty-eight, leaving himself the comfortable margin, for a player of his calibre, of forty for the last nine holes. His only mistake during those last nine holes occurred at the fifteenth hole, where a faulty second found the bunker on the right, and the hole cost him six strokes. But who that is mortal can be expected to play perfect golf with a seething and excited mob of onlookers rushing and jostling to see the next stroke? I have had experience of a good many golfing mobs, but the one which followed Massey's fortunes will take a lot of beating in point of activity and joyous ignorance of the game. Massey is now professional at La Boulie, the links of the Paris Golf Club, and I can well imagine the pride with which the ruling genius of that club, M. Paul Deschamps, will welcome the victory of his fellow-countryman. He has won at an auspicious time, and has forged a fresh link in the chain of the *entente cordiale* between his country and ours. As he so aptly said in his short and pithy speech of thanks, after receiving the prize, "*Vive l'entente cordiale!*" and no better support for that good understanding can be given than by friendly and sportsmanlike rivalry in games between the sons of the two great nations. I have left myself but little space for the mention of other players. I must condole with Taylor in that, as was the case last year, the Championship was wrested from his grasp when he seemed to have it in his possession. I know that he does not grudge Massey his victory, for he is a sincere admirer of that player's powers. Indeed, he told me after the preliminary eliminating rounds had been played, that he thought Massey would win. He did his best to upset his own prophecy, and, if things had gone a little more kindly for him in his last round, I fancy he would have put together a grand total which even Massey would have failed to equal. But the goddess of golf was like a will o' the wisp during that last round. Now he seemed to hold her, now she was gone again. He could not quite catch her, and she ended by eluding his grasp with mocking laughter. Possibly if Taylor's and Massey's positions had been reversed and the former had drawn the first day of the qualifying competition instead of the second, the result might have been different. Six continuous rounds of scoring are a much severer test than six rounds with a day's rest between the first two and the last four. But as to this I shall have more to say later on.

Space fails me for more at present than heartiest congratulations to the authorities of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club and their splendid secretary, Mr. Janion, for the smooth way in which they worked the difficult new system and for their magnificent handling of the most trying crowd in the golfing world.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Car-icature—No. XXXII.: Mr. A. C. Hills

"Right as a Rifle" is the motto adopted by the firm of Hills-Martini, Ltd., of which the subject of this week's Car-icature is managing-director. Mr. "Charlie" Hills, as he is universally known, now controls the output of the famous Martini cars—so far as Great Britain is concerned—which emanate from the equally famous factories in Switzerland where Martini rifles were first produced. As a long-distance racing cyclist, Mr. Hills won renown and many cups and trophies in the days when the North Road Club, of which he was one of the earliest members, was a power in the land. Associating himself with the motor movement some eight years ago, Mr. Hills' early efforts were in the direction of perfecting the pneumatic tyre, and in that department of automobile activity the result of his labours is well known to-day. A few years ago Mr. Hills joined forces with Captain H. H. P. Deasy, and when that gallant officer decided to become an "All British" exponent, Mr. Hills took over the Martini concessions, which he has since exploited with conspicuous success. At the Piccadilly Circus Garage, in Great Windmill Street, the firm of Hills-Martini makes a speciality of putting-up the cars of suburban residents who motor up to Town for the theatre and other Metropolitan attractions. A patent turntable enables a large number of cars to be housed, and—what is more important—despatched at a moment's notice, and the garage is replete with dressing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and ample accommodation for chauffeurs. Quite recently, Mr. Hills' firm supplied a handsome Martini car to the order of Lady Gunter, which vehicle was presented to the Lord Mayor of London in aid of his lordship's Crippled Children's Fund, the fête at the Mansion House in support thereof being graced by the presence of her Majesty Queen Alexandra. D. M.

Car-icature—No. XXXII.: Mr. A. C. Hills

Mr. "Charlie" Hills, who was one of the original members of the famous North Road Cycling Club, first associated himself with the motor industry about eight years ago, and he is especially known in connection with his improvements effected in the manufacture of pneumatic tyres. He is now the managing-director of Hills-Martini, Ltd., and controls the output of the famous Martini cars in this country

(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

* * *

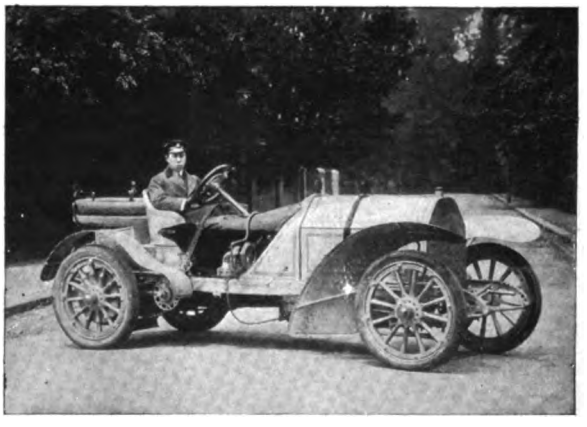
Opening of Brooklands

The Brooklands Club Motor Track was opened with *éclat* recently, a crowded "special" from Waterloo bringing down a great number of celebrities, while as many others preferred to motor down. The fact that the track is all but complete came as an agreeable surprise to many of us, as the date of July 6 having been fixed for the opening meet one expected to find the track still in the hands of the builders. After the luncheon, where we were all entertained by Mr. H. F. Locke-King, the owner of the property, the assembled cars made a run round the course, led by Mrs. Locke-King. In spite of the fact that visitors were asked to parade in line, the "speed fever," to which Mr. Locke-King alluded in welcoming the guests, attacked several present, with the result that they started racing. The course itself is oval, and is intersected by a straight finishing run at one end, where stand the club-house and Press accommodation. As a provision for the anticipated high speeds, the course is banked up to a considerable angle wherever curves occur.

* * *

A Motor "Speedway"

A very complete system of telephonic communication has been established to safeguard cars while on the course, and any occurrence can be at once telephoned to headquarters. The most curious fact that struck me about the course was the illusion of low speed created in the mind, while, in reality, cars were travelling at a very high rate indeed. This is due, I suppose, to the monotonous continuation of the immense concrete track, on



A Japanese Competitor for the Montagu Cup

Mr. K. Okura intends to compete for the Montagu Cup, which takes place on July 6 on the Brooklands track, with his 120 h.-p. F.I.A.T.

6 H.-P. ROVER, 1906, hood, two acetylene lamps, £100; 8 H.-P. RENAULT, De Dion engine, four-seated tonneau, detachable, £110; and nine other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland St., W. (Cars run by the year.)

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A "Boater-Car": As a water craft

An amphibious automobile has just been invented by a M. A. Ravaillier, of Paris, which does equally well for land or water travel. For land running a changeable gear and a reverse are provided, while the propeller clutch is operated by a separate lever

whose surface the largest car looks puny and insignificant. On Friday next, at midnight, Mr. S. F. Edge, who has hired the Brooklands track for the occasion, will attempt to drive a six-cylinder Napier for twenty-four hours at sixty miles an hour. Sixty miles an hour seems a stupendous pace for a continued run, but last Thursday, on the track, Mr. Edge made a run of 10¼ miles in 6 min. 4 sec., which shows what can be done. Indeed, the test which Mr. Edge is preparing to undergo is more one of a physical nature than anything else. To drive for twenty-four hours on end round a track which has every facility for the driver requires abnormal endurance on his part rather than on the part of the car. The Napier Co. will obtain a very good advertisement if Mr. Edge is able to keep up the strain of a continuous twenty-four hour drive, a feat he will, doubtless, accomplish; but, with due respect to him, I could name half a dozen British cars and British drivers who could do the same thing—only they were not equally smart in getting first call on Brooklands.

* * *

Motor-Car Advertising

Motor-car advertising of to-day clearly demonstrates that competition between the various firms is becoming keener. The results of big competitions, like the Tourist Trophy in the Isle of Man and the Herkomer Trophy in Germany, have provided striking instances of the extraordinary lengths to which unsuccessful competitors will go in order to redeem their failure to get placed among the winners. In such fashion do certain firms word their catch-phrases that it is a difficult matter for the ordinary motorist to determine, after reading the advertisements which have appeared, whether the actual winning cars were not much inferior to others which did not even finish. There is, though, a limit to everything; and when, for the purpose of bolstering up an announcement of this sort, a firm seeks to make capital out of other makes *which did not even start* in the race, it appears to me that, at least so far as one particular firm is concerned, the sporting spirit of motor racing is allowed to be a dead letter in view of possible commercial benefits. In plain English, there is a wide difference between the actual results of the Herkomer Trophy and the impression given of them in the advertisements of interested parties.

* * *

Speed Limit in the Parks

Last Wednesday the Motor Union obtained, on appeal to the Divisional Court, a decision that motor-car drivers' licences shall not be endorsed for the first conviction when exceeding the ten-mile speed limit in the Royal parks. The appeal was on behalf of the driver of Mr. McCall, K.C., against the decision of Mr. Marsham, the Bow Street magistrate, by which his licence was endorsed for exceeding the speed limit in St. James's Park. The case was argued at great length before the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Darling, and Mr. Justice Lawrence, who all gave separate judgments. In the result, the appeal was allowed and the endorsement quashed.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

If you still doubt the advantage of four-cylinders over six, a trial of the WESTINGHOUSE will definitely prove to you the undoubted superiority of four.—A. GAAL AND CO., 17, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W. Telephone: 2761 Mayfair.

Learn to understand a Motor before you buy one, then you are not in the hands of Chauffeurs or Dealers. Special private lessons for Ladies or Gentlemen.—HANOVER MOTOR INSTITUTE, 6E, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

Photos *Topical Agency*

A "Boater-Car": As a road vehicle

This vehicle has been tested by the French Minister of Marine and favourably reported upon. On land it is said to be able to attain a speed of thirty miles per hour

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ADLER CARS.

HIGH IN GRADE.
LOW IN PRICE.

The "ADLER" is a Motor of the very finest construction, down to the smallest detail. It is pre-eminent for strength and reliability, due to accurate workmanship and employment of best materials. Remarkably silent and free from vibration, it is confidently recommended as one of the best Motors offered to the public.

9 h.p. to 50 h.p.

The

PERFECTION of a MODERN AUTOMOBILE

is a "MORGAN" Body on an "ADLER" Chassis, with a "CROMWELL" Patent Folding Wind-Screen.

Intending purchasers should procure our interesting and lucid Illustrated Booklet, which explains fully the mechanism of the engine and every part.

MORGAN & Co. LTD.

Sole Agents for the United Kingdom

127, LONG ACRE, W.C. & 10, OLD BOND ST., W.

LEADING MOTORISTS

"Pratt's Motor Spi

SUITS US BECAUSE

IT SUITS OUR ENGI

TRY IT.

Sealed Tins. Obtainable Ever

THE CAR FOR THE MAN OF MODERATE MEANS.

6 H.P. to 20 H.P.

100 Gns. to £400.

6 H.P., 100 Gns.

ROVERS

Perfect Combination of Elegance and Sound Mechanism. Economical and Easy of Control.

THE ROVER Co., Ltd., Meteor Works, COVENTRY.

LONDON: 59 & 61, New Oxford St. W.C. *(Corner of Shaftesbury Avenue.)*

HOTCHKIS

THIS FAMOUS CAR is now making

A BRITISH TOUR

of 10,000 miles under the official observatio Royal A.C. The car is travelling upon "unpicked and has already covered nearly 6,000 miles w a single mechanical stop.

Call at our Showrooms, or write for Catalogue

Sole Concessionaires:

THE LONDON and PARISIAN MOTOR CO.

87, Davies Street, Oxford Street, W.

Early Deliveries Guaranteed.

STARTLING VALU

18 h.-p. complete ... £300

10 h.-p. 4 seats £165

REO MOTORS LTD.,

BROAD SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.

Telegrams: "JELAMCO," LONDON. *Telephone:* 59 WESTMINSTER.

REO

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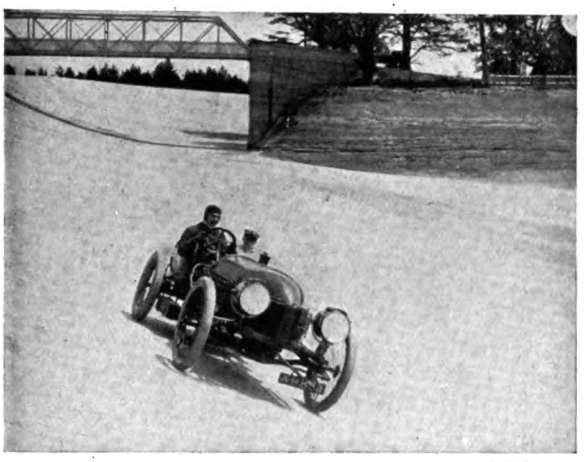

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Mr. S F. Edge travelling at 100 miles an hour at Brooklands

During the last week Mr. Edge has been practising on his 6-cylinder Napier for the feat which he hopes to accomplish on June 28 and 29 of running at sixty miles an hour for twenty-four hours. Notice the angle of the car when coming round the banking at the end of the track

Miscellanea

The grey antiquity of the little town of Melksham, in West Wilts, has no suggestion of decay. True, the place has had its vicissitudes. Its mineral springs gave it a short-lived rivalry with Bath in our grandfathers' days, and the woollen industry is now centred elsewhere. In its place, the great works of the Avon India Rubber Company, Ltd., go far to maintain the air of comfort and prosperity which pervades Melksham, for they employ several hundreds of men. This prosperous concern is known for the high quality of its goods, which has secured it a position as contractors to the War, India, and Colonial Offices, and the Admiralty, besides the railway companies. Rubber goods of all kinds are made, including the famous Avon Tyres for motors—the tyre of long life.

English automobilists who intend to travel in France this season will be interested to learn that the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company have installed in their new building, which has recently been opened in Paris, Avenue Malakoff, 146, a Touring Office. This new department is well equipped, and every motorist calling there can obtain from experienced officials all reliable information on any question with regard to motoring, roads, hotels, garages, etc.

Mr. K. Okura, a Japanese gentleman and prominent motorist in this country, who possesses three F.I.A.T. Cars, places great faith in the capabilities of this particular make, which recently won such a notable victory in the Italian Targa Florio Race. He has now purchased a 120 h.-p. F.I.A.T., with which he will compete for the Montagu Cup, in the opening Meet at Brooklands.

As a result of exhibiting Daimler cars at the Madrid Exhibition, in addition to the Duke of Saragasa, among other clients, a car has been sold to the Marquis of Taracana. Spain offers a very good field for motoring manufacturers. The Spanish have a very high opinion of British cars, but the British manufacturers do not give much attention to Spain, on the assumption that Spain is not a country to buy cars, which is a great mistake. As a country, Spain is but a shadow of her former great self, but there are a large number of wealthy noblemen and gentry; while the Spaniard is, by nature, very keen on anything to do with mechanism. I congratulate the Daimler Company on their success.

The number of motors at Ascot this year far exceeded all previous records. I was, for the nonce, a passenger on a private coach, and motor after motor passed us. Daimler cars were greatly in evidence, nearly every second car appearing to be one of this famous make. The Daimler Company seem to be able to maintain their list of weekly wins, having last week been first at three hill-climbing competitions.

Our readers will be interested and amused at seeing two photographs of a *canot-voiture* which attracted an enormous crowd in the Rue Royale, Paris, quite recently. The inventor has demonstrated the properties of this "boater-car" before the French Minister of Marine, who expressed his pleasure at the result of the trial. It should prove a boon to explorers in little-known tracts, such as Equatorial Africa.

THE AITCHISON HIGH POWER "DAY MARINE" PRISM GLASSES

EXCHANGE YOUR OLD-FASHIONED GLASSES.

OUR NEW SCHEME. We will allow a reasonable price for Prism or other Field Glasses in part payment.

Send for our new Illustrated Price List, select the glass you would like, then send your old glass to us by parcel post, and we will write and inform you what we can allow you for it, and return it carriage paid if you do not accept our offer.

POWERS UNEQUALLED BY ENGLISH OR FOREIGN MAKERS.

No. 12, MAGNIFICATION 12 DIAMETERS, £7 10 0 | No. 20, MAGNIFICATION 20 DIAMETERS, £10 10 0

No. 16, MAGNIFICATION 16 DIAMETERS, £8 10 0 | No. 25, MAGNIFICATION 25 DIAMETERS, £12 10 0

With Central Focussing Motion, £1 extra each Glass. Monocular (Single Tube) Glasses half above prices.
Parcels post paid to any part of the world.

THE "NIGHT MARINE," same model as above, magnifying 9 diameters, £6 10 0
" ditto ditto with central focussing motion, 7 10 0
(This is the most useful all-round Glass for Tourists and Travellers.)

DETAILS.—The above are all fitted with object glasses 1 7-16 inches (37 millimetres) in diameter. Iris diaphragms controlled by a simple screw movement from central bar, this permits the glasses being used under all conditions of atmosphere and in all climates, securing perfect definition at all times. The body of the glass is turned from a solid aluminium casting and renders it practically impossible to throw it out of adjustment. All the work is executed at our own factory in London, and every glass is examined and tested personally by Mr. Aitchison.

AITCHISON & CO., OPTICIANS TO THE BRITISH AND UNITED STATES GOVERNMENTS,
12 CHEAPSIDE, 428 STRAND, 281 OXFORD ST. (Between Bond St. and Oxford Circus),
47 FLEET ST., 6 POULTRY, 46 FENCHURCH ST., And 14 NEWGATE ST., LONDON.
ALSO AT 37 BOND ST., LEEDS.
Write for Illustrated Price List and Pamphlet giving "THE SECRET OF THE DAY MARINE."

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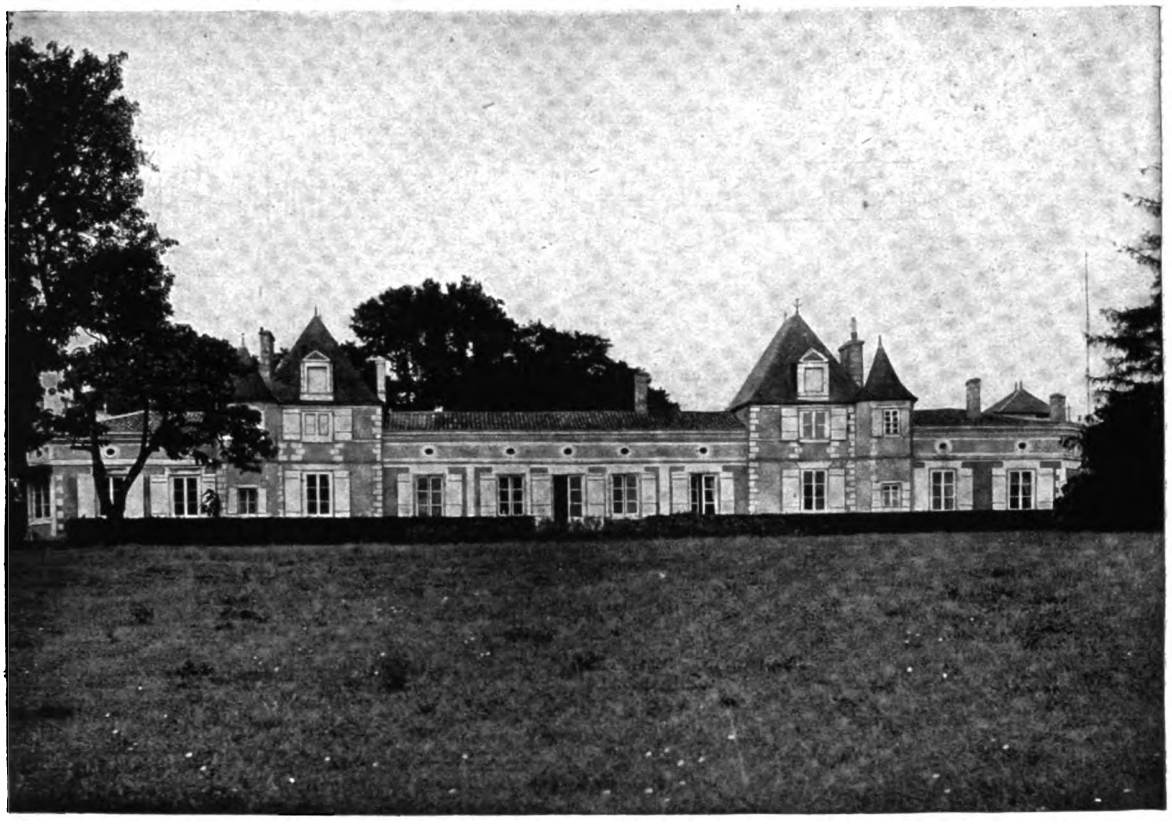


Chateau Loudenne, Medoc, France, the Property of W. & A. Gilbey.

Gilbey's Chateau Loudenne Claret, 24/= per dozen

Is the produce of W. & A. Gilbey's own vineyards at Chateau Loudenne, awarded the Gold Medal of the French Minister of Agriculture for the best Cultivated Estate in the Medoc.

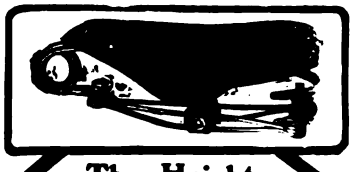
VITTEL

Great cure for Gout, Uric Acid, Gravel, Kidney Diseases, Albuminuria, Intestinal Catarrh, by using the water of the "Grande Source"; Gall-stones, Liver complaints, Obesity, Diabetes, by the "Source Salée."

FINE GOLF LINKS.

5½ hours from Paris. Bracing climate, 1,100 feet above sea level. GOOD SANITATION. MAGNIFICENT PARK. Twelve Hotels, for all purses and all tastes. Casino and good Theatrical Companies. Pretty wooded country. Interesting Excursions. English Physician and Church. Racecourse, Tennis, English Croquet, Bowls, Archery, Pigeon-shooting, etc.

Particulars from Direction Soc. des Eaux de Vittel (Vosges).



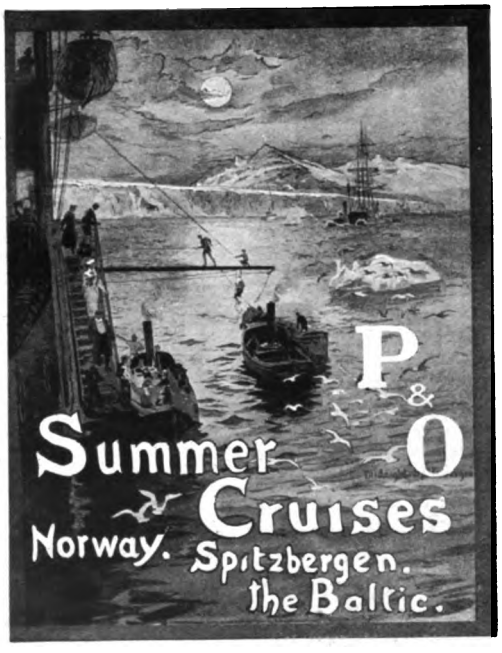
The Height of Saddle Excellence is found in the renowned

BROOKS

CYCLE SADDLES—now, as 20 years ago, the leading saddles of the world.

To enjoy the best cycling you must ride the BEST Saddle—a BROOKS. Ask for "Saddle Manual." Free. Dept. 20.

J. B. BROOKS & Co., Ld., *The Saddle Specialists,* **BIRMINGHAM.**



10 July. 28 Days. SPITZBERGEN & the FJORDS.
FARES FROM 30 GUINEAS.

14 August. 21 Days. The BALTIC & NORTHERN CAPITALS, NORWAY, SWEDEN, DENMARK, HOLLAND.
FARES FROM 21 GUINEAS.

Illustrated programme may be obtained at P. & O. Offices:
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C.; 122, LEADENHALL ST., E.C.

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S FRILLS BELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

week is commencing; ecome a social desert, ered by the embarrass- tainties" for both the or, terrible as the con- tion, the last thing to ks. That there are so do with it, also the is always so terribly eading extenuation of ank, is a genuine love

Henri Manuel
d Lawn
Sœurs, of Paris)

But given the smallest atmosphe at Ascot will be really remarkable tl particularly so the millinery. And weight of some of the flower-decl literally weigh pounds, and this no finest ingenuity on the part of the r away stems and all superfluities of But everything in the way of trimmi year, be it of ribbon, feathers, or however, proving by far the worst matter of weight. At the same covetable millinery remains empha general effect, and the big prices claimed entirely on the score of tl costly straws and the rich exc trimmings.

The Simple Life and Simp

In obedience to the general de our thoughts, after a surfeit of sm tend to simplicity, in which rega proclaim the elegance of some l made suits, arranged in fine stripe in *piqué*. The word "paletot" is exceedingly long, close-fitting c leaves nine inches or thereabouts In *piqué*—the single-breasted fron gold buttons the size of a shillin averagely tall figure—these suits and look especially well on the l or as a smart automobile costume prototypes should prove ideal for seaside or in the country, com tucked lingerie shirt, finished v father's frill down the front. templating a sojourn in one of seaside or foreign watering-places, consider the merits of these un effective toilettes as a morning ba

At a well-known West-End ho enterprise and individual underst way, under petticoat government being made of these long palet their universal success gives mo the assertion that a good cut ready-made article. As recen this was true enough, and still s quarters, but it has passed ent auspices I have in mind, while fair to add, are in no way increa

Furthermore, for those who a to stand the shortening influe paletot, there are charming litt tweed suits arranged with the sh

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Letter Orders have prompt and special attention.

SPIERS & POND'S STORES.

QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

All Footwear orders carefu l/ registered for future reference

Illustrated Catalogue "H" of all Departments sent free on request.

Ladies' Fashionable and Inexpensive Footwear

SAMPLE BOOT OR SHOE SENT ON APPROVAL.

ALL FOOTWEAR SENT CARRIAGE PAID IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PURE MILK FOR BABIES.

In the feeding of children a supply of pure milk is of the utmost importance, for a young infant is quickly upset by partially souring milk. The "*Allenburys*" *Milk Foods* are made from perfectly fresh milk, and the method of manufacture absolutely precludes all risk of contamination with noxious germs. A complete substitute for the natural food of the child is obtained and vigorous growth and health are promoted. No diarrhœa or digestive troubles need be feared when the "*Allenburys*" *Milk Foods* are given. The Milk Foods are made in a minute by the addition of hot water only.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

Milk Food No. 1 from birth to 3 months. **Milk Food No. 2** from 3 to 6 months. **Malted Food No. 3** from 6 months upwards.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., 37, Lombard Street, LONDON.

THE LATEST SUMMER MOTORING HAT, IN ALL COLOURS,

18/6

THE LIGHTEST HAT EVER DESIGNED.

35, OLD BOND STREET, London, W.

Tel. 3501 May

Crême de Japo

A skin of beauty is a joy for ever.

LATEST AND BEST FACE CRÊME.

Guaranteed not to produce hair.

A Boon to Lady Motorists.

In Jars, 2/-, 4/-, 6/-.

Treatments for the Face and Neck, 5/-
Manicure, 2/6.

CRÊME DE JAPON CIE,
13 & 14, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON,

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Photo *Reutlinger*

A Chapeau from the Maison Miaiggio

about the sartorial difficulties of which so much has been made, allied to skirts modelled in accordance with the latest decrees, the stripes dropping horizontally over the hips, and affording a delightful *svelte* appearance to the figure. A feature of these skirts is the complete absence of any decoration, if one excepts a narrow panel frequently introduced up the centre of the front, in which the stripes are dovetailed, that seem to exact a certain decorative relief in the coatee, usually supplied by tiny folds or strappings of self-coloured cloth.

Then the latest cotton frock to attract attention is of self-coloured linen or casement cloth, the skirt slightly eased in at the waist, united to a cape corsage that falls a considerable depth down the arm, and is afforded a shapeliness and fitting by means of a series of close gaugings run from the top of the shoulder to the edge. At the waist, back and front, the cape affair narrows off to nothing, to disappear beneath one of the many effective belts. The costume is necessarily completed by the inevitable lingerie slip, which latter, in the case of a young girl, looks exceedingly well in one of the pretty spot muslins, the three-quarter-length sleeve finished with superposed frills of narrow lace, arranged in a close-fitting band, and a tiny outstanding frill of the same lace at the summit of a high, well-fitting collar-band.

And now to other matters.

T. and J. Perry, 224, Regent Street

The wedding-gift, like the poor, we have always with us, and so have we Messrs. T. and J. Perry, who give its quest their very particular consideration. The advantages of dealing with such a firm are many and various. Primarily, all the mounting of jewellery is done on the premises; then they guarantee the genuineness of the stones, and their prices, being all net cash, are the very lowest compatible with reliable quality of material and the best workmanship.

A quite inexpensive but charming gift for a bride is one of Messrs. Perry's bar brooches, hung in various tasteful fashions with jewels. To spell the word "*Dearest*," an example is shown in which a diamond, emerald, amethyst, ruby, emerald, sapphire, and topaz are set in flexible gold chains of graduated length. Briefly, the choice of gifts here, suitable alike for weddings, birthdays, or christenings, ranges from half a guinea, and includes a quantity of exclusive silver and plated-ware designs. The Georgian tea and coffee service is especially handsome, and is probably a replica of one in the possession of the firm at the beginning of their career in 1828. A Queen Anne solid silver afternoon tea set is most remarkable value at three guineas the three pieces, while the choice in smaller trifles is almost embarrassingly large, and the price correspondingly small. This establishment at 224, Regent Street is certainly a source that needs the earliest cultivation.

Tubs for Shrubs

The above title has such a pleasant lilt with it, I am tempted to give it precedence over the name of the purveyor of these enchanting teak affairs, one Alexander Hamilton, 11, Conduit Street. An accompanying illustration shows the Quadruped, a tub raised on four legs, of polished teak, enclosed within burnished bronze hoops, and sold in three sizes, ranging in price from £2 5*s.* to £2 12*s.* 6*d.* There is, however, choice galore, and, by an admirable contrivance, those that have the appearance of standing firm on the ground are really free of it, so that drainage is assured. For palms and the like these tubs are simply invaluable, and are all built either of seasoned oak or teak that has been in store a full seven years. Praise is superfluous on the score of their artistic merit, while that also, which will appeal very strongly to patriotic supporters, is the fresh lease of life afforded the cooper's handicraft, an industry rather inclined to languish through an influx of cheap inferior foreign stuff dumped down, as usual, in an obliging land. Apart, however, from all utilitarianism, these decorative tubs carry a distinct artistic claim, not only as receptacles for greenery, but also for wood blocks or coal screens.

A Chapeau from the Maison Miaiggio

Our photograph shows a novel *capeline* of delicate rose crin, plumed on the one side with lovely ostrich feathers of the same hue.

A Tub for Shrubs

(*Manufactured by Alexander Hamilton, of 11, Conduit Street, W.*)

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The most delightful trip this year is a visit to

THE

DUBLIN EXHIBITION

(Irish International)

Now in full swing.

A white city of handsome buildings in a verdure-clad landscape of natural beauty.

The story of the World's progress in the 20th Century told in a living panorama of Machinery, Manufactures, Science, Art and Commerce.

Music & Novel Amusements Galore.

Practically every country in the world has contributed of its choicest pictures, its rarest antiquities, its most recent discoveries in science and manufacture. The Exhibition is a wonderland of the new, and a treasure-house of the historical.

All the Railway and Steamship Companies are offering special facilities and low excursion rates.

Caterers: J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.

JAMES SHANKS, *Chief Executive Officer.*

S.H.R.

When you notice symptoms of nervous strain, troubled sleep, impaired digestion, don't delay, begin a course of

Sanatogen

The Tonic Food

It is the greatest tonic food remedy yet discovered, and combines the nutrient elements of pure milk with the nerve-strengthening properties of Phosphorus. Sanatogen tones the nerves and improves the digestion, thereby enriching the blood, re-invigorating the system, and making life worth living. There are no depressing after-effects, as with so many other tonics, and it differs from these also in that you know what you are taking.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET says: "I do not think I have come across anything which I believe a more suitable nutrient for all forms of weakness than Sanatogen."

Sold by All Chemists. 1/9 2/9 5/- 9/6

PORTUGAL

TOURS AND CRUISES EVERY TEN DAYS.

14 DAYS £12 23 DAYS £16 TO £20.

The Splendid New TWIN-SCREW Steamers LANFRANC and ANTONY (6,400 tons) are employed in this service.

BOOTH LINE, 8, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London. 30, James Street, Liverpool.

GAMAGES

Holborn, London, E.C.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SPORTS OUTFITTERS ARE SPECIAL AGENTS FOR

MASS RACQUETS

The Racquet of Champions.

The great French Racquet as used by the majority of Continental Champions and English players of repute.

These racquets are constructed of specially selected straight-grain ash frames, finest English gut, double centre-mains where extra strength is required, and are the tightest-strung racquets made.

The following, among many other Championships, were won with the MASS RACQUET:—

International of Monte Carlo.
,, ,, **Paris (covered courts.)**
Championship of France, singles.
,, ,, ,, **doubles.**
International ,, Paris, doubles.
etc., etc., etc

GAMAGE'S PRICE strung as illustration, **25/-** or with ordinary stringing, **22/6**

New Sports List just out, sent post free anywhere.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?

He is said by those who have consulted him to be greatly gifted. He has recently opened offices in London. To introduce his famous system he **will send you**

A Written Chart of your Life

as a test of his ability.

Hundreds who have already written say he might have known them all their lives, so surprisingly correct was he.

He was consulted by Miss Alice Roosevelt and her brother Theodore (daughter and son of the President of the United States), in America, last August.

Mrs. Kendal, the great actress, has written to him saying, "You have astonished me with your accuracy. It is marvellous." Numerous other distinguished people have said the same.

Take an impression of your right thumb by rubbing a little ink or stove blacklead over it and pressing on piece of white paper. Send this with birth date and 1s. P.O. to cover postage, etc. (*Abroad, 1s. money order.*)

DO IT NOW. YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

His address is—

Prof. S. L. KENDAL, 89, Regent Street, London, W.

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Raised Beds and Large Vases

Raised beds and large vases are excellent devices for relieving the flatness of formal bedding. As shown in the photograph, the neighbourhood of trees and shrubs also lessens the openness, the want of seclusion, which, to the English mind, is one of the chief objections to this style of gardening. Ivy-leaved geraniums are admirable plants for the raised beds, and especially for the vases, but they must be allowed to grow more or less naturally, and to hang down here and there. If they are kept to a stiff outline, the artistic effect is quite spoiled. In one respect raised beds and vases are troublesome ; in a hot summer they require an enormous amount of water. If there is any failure here, the plants will soon go out of flower. The trouble may be reduced by mixing manure with the soil, but unless it is moderate in amount the result will be an excessive growth of foliage. For manure, to which many people object for beds near the house, spent hops make an excellent substitute. They are clean, free from any unpleasant smell, and easy to apply either before planting or as a top-dressing afterwards. As regards their manurial value, they contain a large percentage of potash and a fair percentage of phosphorus, but are rather deficient in nitrogen. They are, therefore, most useful for applying to plants grown for flowers or fruit. If much growth is also wanted, nitrogen should be supplied in the form of either nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia.

Plants to Cover the Ground

There is far too much bare earth visible in most gardens. Every inch of it should be covered during the summer. No doubt, there are many plants which have very little foliage near their base ; but it is easy to grow around them dwarf spreading plants which will hide the ground. Though the majority of the latter are, like the aubrietias and many saxifrages, spring flowers, they are evergreen, and that is the great thing. They do not interfere with the taller plants, for their roots occupy a different layer ; on the contrary, they are useful by shading the surface and so checking evaporation. Far too often, the setting of the beautiful flowers in the rose-garden is a waste of brown soil. No one would have it so who had ever seen the effect of covering it with violas or pansies. It is the same in the mixed border ; from end to end it should be filled with greenery and colour. If there are gaps now, this is not the best time to stop them permanently, though annuals will serve temporarily, but preparations for doing so later should be made without delay. Plants suitable for the purpose should be chosen, and seed should be bought and sown—in a seed-bed situated, if possible, where it is shaded from the mid-day sun. In consequence of the comparatively high temperature of the soil at this season, seeds sown outside will germinate very quickly, but if moisture fails them they are killed. For this reason it is inadvisable to sow them in a sunny position, unless they are shaded by means of matting. The seedlings should be pricked out when they require more space, and transferred to the borders in autumn.

H. C. Davidson.

A Fine Example of Artistic Bedding

Raised beds and large vases are excellent devices for relieving the flatness of formal bedding, while a background of trees and shrubs lessens the openness, one of the objections to this style of gardening

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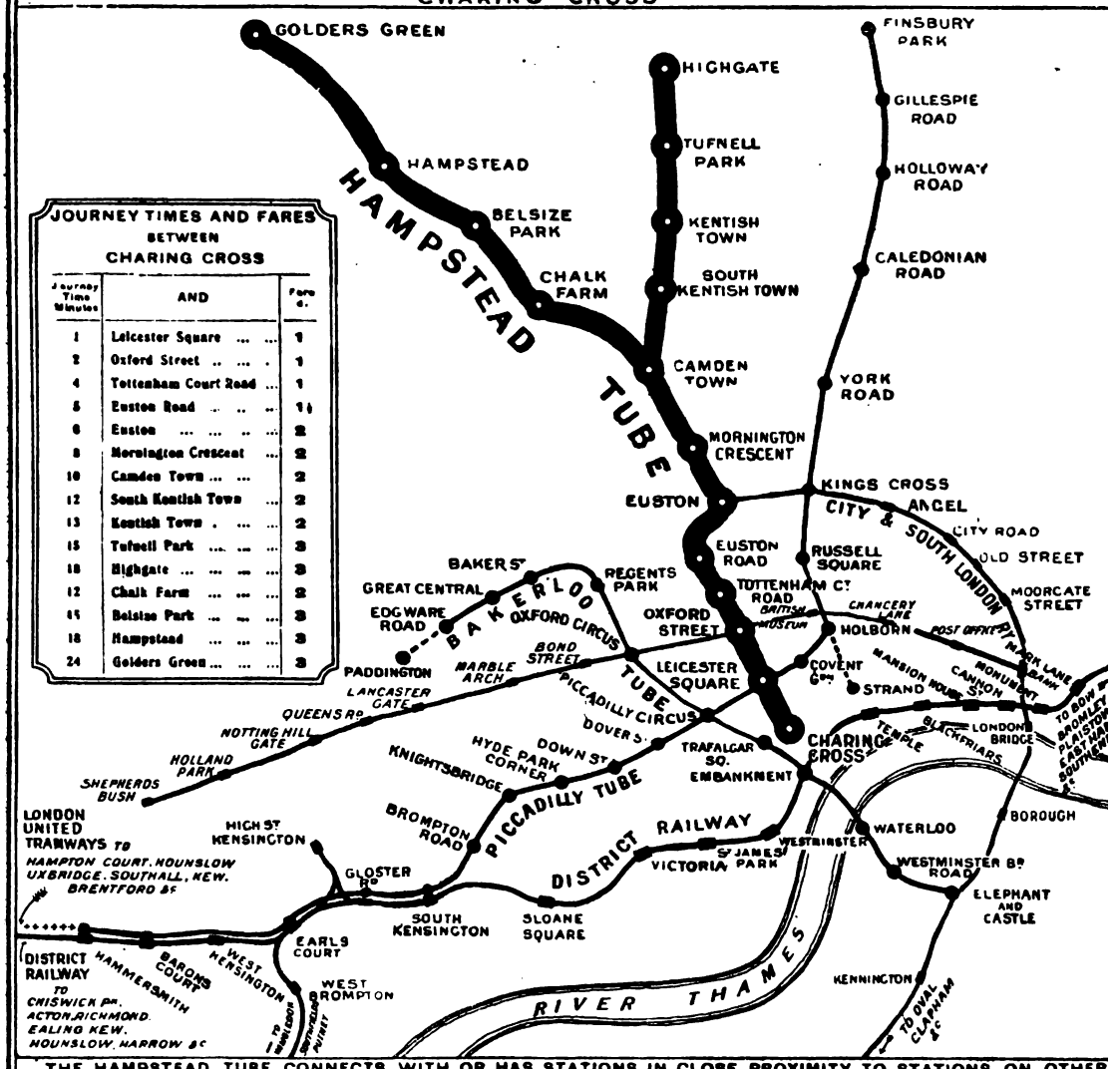
HAMPSTEAD TUBE

(CHARING CROSS, EUSTON & HAMPSTEAD RAILWAY)

HAMPSTEAD – HIGHGATE

CHARING CROSS



JOURNEY TIMES AND FARES BETWEEN CHARING CROSS

Journey Time Minutes	AND	Fare d.
1	Leicester Square	1
2	Oxford Street	1
4	Tottenham Court Road ...	1
5	Euston Road	1½
6	Euston	2
8	Mornington Crescent ...	2
10	Camden Town	2
12	South Kentish Town ...	2
13	Kentish Town	2
15	Tufnell Park	3
16	Highgate	3
12	Chalk Farm	2
15	Belsize Park	3
18	Hampstead	3
24	Golders Green	3

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‡ Bakerloo Tube (Trafalgar Square)	Charing Cross	‡ Metropolitan Electric Tramways . ... (Finchley, Whetstone, Barnet)	Highgate
† Central London Railway	Oxford Street	‡ Midland Railway	Kentish Town
* † City and South London Railway	Euston	† South Eastern and Chatham Railway ...	Charing Cross
‡ District Railway	Charing Cross	‡ Tottenham and Hampstead Junction Railway... (Junction Road)	Tufnell Park
* † Piccadilly Tube	Leicester Square		
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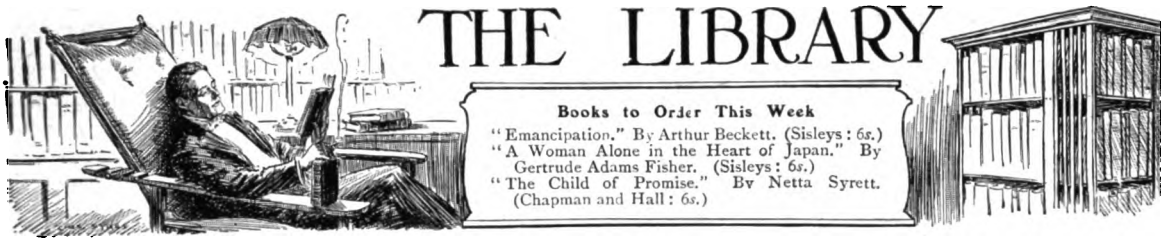

Mark Twain's Visit

Mark Twain's pluck in coming over here, after the horrible warning afforded of the excesses of British hospitality by the visit of the Colonial Premiers, cannot but earn fresh admiration for his notorious pluck and endurance. If Mark dreamed that, coming immediately *after* that orgie, he might find some slackening off in the entertaining energy of our public bodies, he must by this time be rudely awakened, for much dining and much speechmaking has been his unhappy lot since he landed last Tuesday. Mr. Twain has been made, among other things, a D.C.L. "Few escape it," as he himself once said of the Legion of Honour. In addition to that, he has been mercilessly interviewed and snapshotted, entertained by the Pilgrims Club and other festive bodies, and insulted by Mr. Shaw, who, on a public platform, and in the presence of a group of Pressmen, deliberately called him a sociologist!

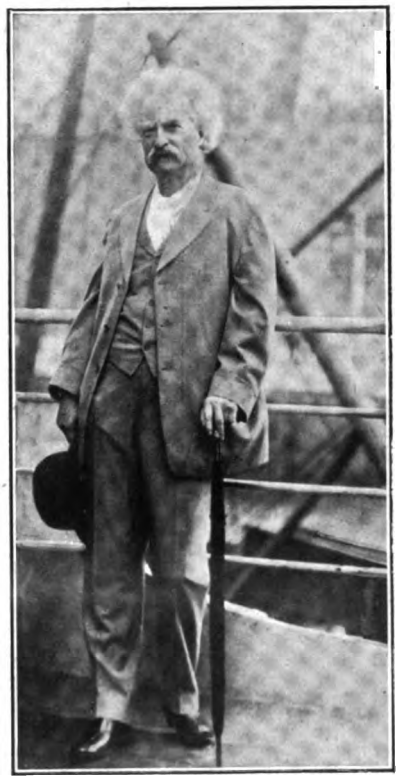

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Mark Twain

Snapshotted on the *Minneapolis*, by which he arrived, last week, in England, to be subjected to much interviewing. He is now visiting the Oxford Pageant, dining, making jokes, and—arrangements for his forthcoming funeral

A Plea for Female Freedom

Presumably of the male gender, Mr. "Arthur Beckett" has distinct leanings towards the feminine point of view in *Emancipation*, his first novel, published by Sisleys (6*s*.) It is a sort of special plea for woman's freedom—freedom from social bonds, freedom in her choice of lovers, freedom from the obligation to enchain herself in matrimony. Without being at all an unmoral woman, Charity Woodhams, the heroine of *Emancipation*, is a strangely fickle young person. Overwhelmed with a sense of her own superiority, she leaves her farmhouse home to become a shop-assistant in Brighton. There is, it seems, in her taking such an employment, some social descent, as a result of which she gives herself irritating airs, and rejects, with a cruelty that is simply callous, an adoring young suitor in the establishment. Charity is extraordinarily ambitious, and has, romantically, got to know a young banker-politician, and become tacitly engaged to him. Then, suddenly, he writes to say that his "people" disapprove, and that he must "wait"; whereat the superb Charity enjoys a paroxysm of rage. Speedily, however, somebody else comes along—an aspiring young poet, afflicted with the strange delusion that there is money in his line of business. Charity does not exactly marry this young man, because his wife is, awkwa already alive; but she does the next best th and shares his humble cot, his name, and ecstatic joy of welcoming home nightly his reje MSS. The poverty of the life puts Charity's lo the test, and when the banker reappears, she fa victim to *his* blandishments, and with light fluency transfers herself to festive board, and assumes name. All along, let me i Charity seems to be conscio doing nothing that is particu wrong, nor has Society, o enough, anything much to sa the subject! Of course, ending is tragic, and ext plenteous teardrops, for it spires, much to the rea surprise, that Charity has l the poet all along. On the of his illness (with small-pox) flies back to him, and, doing so, nobly sacrifices own life—(what the autho were up to to permit of a thing is not stated— no matter!) The story is conscientious, and it is very written, for Mr. Beckett h wealth of classical imagery sophistry, is a most attra word-painter, and is particu happy in his sketches of socia in Brighton, and of the life i shop. There are two point objection—the one is that selfish, conceited, and altog unattractive a young perso Charity should be thus ideal My other reservation is Mr. Beckett is far too lenient with the young in his estimate of the effect of her conduct public opinion. It is not very likely that a wo could, as Charity does, suddenly cease to (nominally) Mrs. A. at Pevensey and bec (nominally) Mrs. B. in respectable Brighton wit very much more social censure than here falls to lot. Despite her tragic death in the end, I am b to look on Miss Charity as, in this respect, o the most fortunate, as she is one of the most ent objectionable, of the young ladies I have m recent fiction.

Far East or Far West?

So much that we kno Japan comes from Ame sources, that it is likely shall, in the near future, g think of the island Empire as the Far West r

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than the Far East. Certainly, very much more literature about that country hails from scribes of the Yankee than of the English variety. This ensures, if not much else, brightness of observation and of description. *A Woman Alone in the Far East* is the title of a most readable volume by Gertrude Adams Fisher (Sisleys: 6*s*.). The author seems to have got away from the beaten track, and her eye has been awake for details of a piquant and unusual character. For instance, she has given us a woman's view of that unique pageant, the Kioto annual procession of unfortunates—the march past of gaily draped and decorated *demi-mondaines*, which all sorts and conditions of men turn out to witness. The author professes great horror at the publicity of so degrading a spectacle, and for the callous way in which the shame of the participants is observed by their fellow-countrymen. Personally, I am unable to see why an organised annual procession of this kind in Kioto is, morally, any more offensive than the unorganised and much less picturesque procession of the kind which is to be witnessed nightly in the West End of London. The author is a little unctuous, methinks, in her regard for Japanese morals. If a little more concern could be extended to those of the Christian nations, I think the cause of purity might be better served. The author, however, would seem herself to have some inkling of the "peculiar" religious status of her country, for does she not relate how, badgered by natives asking whether she was a "Chreeschin," she once gave the startling reply:

"No, I am an American!"

The Revolt Against Rebellion

"But this Balham," said Anna, at last. "Is it the world?"

I have extracted this one sentence from Miss Netta Syrett's new novel, *The Child of Promise* (Chapman and Hall: 6*s*.). Even apart from its context, it is beautiful. It is, in itself, a monument to the interest of the book. One can look at it, subconsciously, for hours, caring neither by whom said, to whom, when, where, nor with what meaning. "This Balham!" Yes, is it, indeed, the world? I should like to leave the reader rolling the problem over his tongue, and say no more about the novel, save out of a scrupulous desire to do justice to a very clever author. For *The Child of Promise* is a decidedly clever book, with a valuable satirical strain. It tells of a revolt against the conventionality of the unconventional, of a rebellion against rebellion. Brought up in a community of "free-unions," living the Simple Life, away from outside influences, a young girl, of beauty and natural feminine instincts, revolts against her very freedom—thirsts for the chains of that very conventionality from which her tribe has released itself. The point at which she is pitchforked into civilisation is the Balham of the question above quoted, and what she learns of the world she is taught by the preceptors of Balham. Without detailing the plot—which has that sex interest which, according to our American critic, is the bane of every modern British novel—it is only necessary to say that Natasha, the heroine, learns very speedily the awful truth as to "the world," and becomes, herself, a champion of the very doctrines from which she had rebelled. For the fervour with which she preaches the cause, she is indebted to a desire to be avenged on the man who had betrayed and deserted her, an episode which provides the story with its needed human interest. However, it is the central satirical idea of the book—that of the rebellion of the rebel against rebellion—which remains most firmly implanted in my mind. As a story, and from the point of view of dramatic sequence, Miss Syrett's book is not so strong; for, towards the end, the satire having spent itself and the action being purely human, there is a tendency to drag. However, this is one of the season's notable books, on no account to be missed by thoughtful novel readers.

The "Blacklegs" of Journalism

A little question of some interest to journalists has cropped up in the Jarrow Election. In reply to Mr. Curran's charge that there were "too many journalists in Parliament," Mr. Hughes, the Liberal candidate, twitted the Labour Party with the fact that a great many of their M.P.'s were journalists themselves—to the injury of the "trade" of journalism. Mr. Curran's reply has been that

he would certainly decline to write for the Press if it could be shown that such action was hostile to the opinion or the interests of working journalists.

I sincerely hope Mr. Curran will duly be convinced on the point. For it is most certainly the fact that, of late years, the ranks of journalism have been invaded in the most alarming fashion by non-professionals. Labour M.P.'s are not the only "blacklegs" who have come into journalism to the crowding out of trained workers. Actors and actresses, clergymen, doctors, scientists, charity organisers, Lord Mayors, sportsmen and sportswomen, ex-convicts—in fact, every condition of human being, famed or notorious in any sphere—have been dragged helter-skelter into writing and signing articles—for the Press. Side by side with the filling of column after column with the experiences, the fads, and the pleas of these people, there is known to exist a very serious difficulty on the part of hundreds of competent literary men to get their work accepted, not because of its unsuitability, but because of the inexhaustible passion of some editors to fill their columns with articles decorated with the signature of celebrities, and their prejudice against MSS. not thus adorned. I am exceedingly glad Mr. Hughes has had the wit and the courage to apply the term "blackleg" to these literary space-grabbers, and I hope one of his Parliamentary ambitions, in the event of his election, will be to champion, so far as possible, the rights of his fellow-journalists against a form of competition which would be tolerated in no other profession or trade.

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